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THE FUTURE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.—LORD DUFFERIN.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LORD DUFFERIN.

On the retirement of Lord Lisgar from the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion, no one was surprised to learn that his successor had been appointed in the person of Lord Dufferin, who had already been spoken of as likely to succeed Lord Mayo as Governor-General of India. The appointment has given satisfaction to all parties at home, and there is little doubt that his Lordship and Lady Dufferin, who are both favourites in society, will become exceedingly popular on this side of the Atlantic.

Frederick Temple Blackwood, K.P., P.C., K.C.B., Earl of Dufferin and Baron Claudeboye, was born June 21, 1826. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded to his father's title, July 21st, 1841. Under the Liberal Administration he was for some years (1848-52 and 1854-8) Lord in Waiting on the Queen. At the time of the famine in Ireland, 1846-47, he paid a visit to that country, and on his return published an account of his observations. In 1859 he made a yacht voyage to Iceland, and a narrative of the trip appeared in 1860 under the title of "Letters from High Latitudes." The same year he was sent to the East by Lord Palmers on as British Commissioner in Syria, for the purpose of prosecuting inquiries into the massacre of the Christians there, in which capacity he acted with great tact and firmness, and was made a K.C.B. for his services. From 1864 to 1868 he held the office of Under Secretary for India, and in 1868 that of Under Secretary for War. In 1868 he was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In 1862 he married Harriet, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Rowan Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, Co. Down.

His Lordship is a man of considerable property in Ireland, noted for his appreciation of art and literature. (In 1867 he acted as President of the Social Science Congress at Belfast) and a staunch man of business. He presided over the Royal Commission upon Army Education, and more lately over an Admiralty Committee on the designs of recent ships of war.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

St. John's, Nfld., May 17, 1872.

AMONG THE ICEBERGS AND ICEFLOES—GREAT ICE-RIVER IN THE OCEAN.

Should any one wish to study the wonderful phenomena of ice-fields and icebergs, let him come to Newfoundland, and during the first four or five months of the year, he will find, around our coasts, ample materials for such studies. During those months, the great ocean-river or Arctic current, which sets out of Davis' Straits, is laden with the icebergs and ice-floes of which Baffin's Bay is the huge factory. Even so early as January these ice-masses begin to show themselves; but February and March are the favourite months for the transport of the vast ice-crop from the place of its growth to the bosom of the Gulf stream. A river of ice, from one to two hundred miles in breadth, and from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles in length, then flows slowly and majestically past these shores. The icy stream is not continuous, varying considerably at different times, according to the season, and the manufacturing and exporting energy of the ice-works. Neither does this frozen river follow the same track invariably, as the direction of the prevailing winds determines whether it shall press closely on our shores, choking up bays and harbours and, at times, establishing an ice-blockade, or be broken up and driven off many miles out of sight of land. A few hours of easterly wind deflect the great ice-current and drive it in on the shore; while before a westerly wind it speedily vanishes, and the green waves are dancing where, an hour before, the ice-fields were spread, grim and ghastly. Still, the ice-laden stream steadily pursues its way, bearing on its bosom thousands on thousands of icebergs, and transporting ice-fields hundreds of thousands of square miles in extent. There sails the towering iceberg, its white pinnacles glittering in the sunbeams, or reflecting tremulously, by night, the stars from its gleaming, snow-white peaks. There, when the winds are hushed, the ice-field spreads its ridges and furrows, wrapping ocean in a huge windings-sheet and gliding along in silence deep as death. But when the storm rises and rends the glittering sheets, by ocean's swell, into floes and hummocks, dashing them against and over each other, then the thunders awake; then begins, for the poor mariner, the reign of terror. With a mighty swing, an ice-floe a million tons in weight is hurled against a huge iceberg which is like an Alp afloat, its summit being 200 feet above the waves and its base 1,800 feet below. The blow makes the ice-mountain shiver, but cannot overturn it, and the floe is rent and torn, with a noise like thunder, into a thousand fragments, which are piled on one another or strewn over the ocean far and wide. Or perhaps two enormous fields of ice, under the influence of opposite rotatory motions, rush together in a death-grapple. The struggle is frightful, but is only for a moment. The weaker yields, and with a noise louder than thunder, is crushed beneath the waves, while fragments of the weightier giant are piled to the height of thirty or forty feet on the back of his conquered foe, and fifty or sixty yards in length, as though to bury him deep in the fathomless sea. Ice twenty and thirty feet in thickness is rent in enormous fissures, and beaten into fragments. The ocean is covered with rolling masses of ice, hard as floating rocks of granite, as this tournament of the ice-giant proceeds. Heaven help the unhappy ship that is caught in this drifting "pack!" Perhaps the night comes down around her, dark and stormy, while the choking, blinding snow-drift is hurled on the wings of a fierce nor-easter, and the spray beats perpetually on the deck and freezes as it falls. No situation more trying to human courage and endurance can be imagined. The straining and groaning of the ship's tim-

bers, while the huge blocks of ice strike her, as if hurled from a catapult, making the masts quiver at each blow—the thunder and crash all around as the blows of the ice-giants resound—the rush and roar of the snow-storm overhead—these make up a scene enough to appal the stoutest heart. And yet it is amidst dangers such as these that our sealers pursue their perilous calling; and undismayed by all the terrors of the scene they boldly steer their vessels into the hideous tumult, in pursuit of their prey. That the dangers are not imaginary may be gathered from the results of this season's operations amid our ice-fields, in hunting the seal. At this date it is known that seventeen sailing vessels and three large steamers have been wrecked and totally destroyed, and at least fifty seal-hunters have met a watery grave, and twenty or thirty besides are seriously injured. Not for half a century has such a season of peril and destruction of life and shipping been known. Such are the dangers of seal-hunting. Nevertheless—

"Men must work and women must weep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning."

COURSE OF THE ICEBERGS—DANGERS FROM THEIR MOVEMENTS.

The vast numbers in which icebergs are borne past these shores is almost incredible. Three days ago I took a walk to the top of Signal Hill, an eminence 600 feet high, which overlooks the harbour, and commands a splendid view of the ocean. The day was clear, and with the naked eye I could make out close on sixty icebergs, great and small, moving slowly southwards to their grave in the waters of the Gulf Stream. I do not know a more strikingly beautiful object than one of these stately wanderers of the deep, huge and solitary, proudly sailing onwards, regardless alike of wind and tide, borne irresistibly along by the deep-sea current. The waves that dash in foam against its sides shake not the strength of its crystal walls, nor tarnish the sheen of its emerald caves. Sleet and snow, and storm and tempest are its congenial elements. Ice-floes come in its way and are shivered to atoms; storms rage but it heeds them not. Proudly it flings back the billows from its projecting crags and pinnacles which gleam like cliffs of chalk or white marble. We fancy that nothing could avail to destroy such a giant mass, and that it may sail on for ever. But all the while, the rays of the sun are playing on its surface, and penetrating its substance, and the warm breath of spring is loosening its joints, and relaxing its strength. Streams begin to pour down its great sides. Huge crags drop down, with sullen plunge, into the ocean, awakening the echoes along the neighbouring rocks and hills. Large pieces are detached and float away in independent existence. The iceberg is "calving," as the sailors say. Presently it becomes top-heavy, loses its equilibrium and turns on its side or heels completely over with a thundering crash, making the sea bed into foam, and causing a swell that is perceptible for miles. Woe to the luckless boat or vessel that may be in too close proximity when this occurs. At times the berg cannot recover its equilibrium, and continues rolling and tumbling, like a huge porpoise, dropping fragment after fragment, in its unceasing gambols, till the whole mass falls asunder like a wreck. These rolling icebergs, which are peculiarly dangerous, our sealers call "growlers." Or the berg may right itself by a complete inversion, and sail onward, reduced in dimensions, and enveloped in mist, until it reaches the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, where it is finally dissolved. Seldom are any icebergs ever met with farther south than 40° of north latitude. Even now, when the summer warmth is but slight, it is surprising to note how rapidly the smaller bergs that drift into our bays and harbours, and get aground, dissolve under the influence of the sun's rays. As the summer advances, they become very brittle; and then a slight degree of violence is enough to rupture them. It sometimes happens that during a storm the seamen try to moor their ship for safety under the side of an iceberg. In planting an ice-anchor in its surface, when in the brittle stage, even the blow of an axe will sometimes rend the huge mass asunder, and the ice-fragments, falling on the vessel, will crush her like a nutshell, and send the ill-fated mariners to a watery grave. It is a perilous matter to make friends of such treacherous voyagers. The best plan is to keep a respectful distance from the monsters. Many a gallant ship has met her doom by striking on an iceberg during the darkness of night, or when enveloped in thick fog.

The utmost vigilance is requisite in navigating our ice-laden seas at this season. The submerged part of an iceberg has often sharp, angular points projecting, on which, should a vessel strike, a fatal wound may be inflicted in a moment. It sometimes happens, too, that a fragment of ice, 200 feet in length, has an iceberg resting on each extremity, and keeping it sunk at a certain depth below the water. Ships may then sail between the bergs and over the sunken fragment, but it is a perilous undertaking. Should one of the bergs shift its position and set free the sunken ice-floe, it will rise to the surface and hurl the ship into the air with tremendous force, leaving her a shattered wreck. Should a vessel be caught between two bergs, or between a floe and a berg in motion, she could no more resist the pressure than a wine glass the effect of a ball discharged from an Armstrong gun.

SIZE AND FORMS OF THE ICEBERGS.

The majority of the bergs that float past are of no great size; but occasionally we see them of vast dimensions. One was reported last year by several captains as half a mile in length. This might seem to be an exaggeration; but one was seen by Ross in Baffin's Bay, the birth-place of our bergs, two miles and a half long, two miles wide, and fifty feet high; nine times as much of its bulk being under the water as above the surface. The weight of this iceberg was estimated at 1,292,357,673 tons. The visible portion of an iceberg is only about one-ninth part of the real bulk of the whole mass; so that if one be seen a hundred feet high, its lowest peak may perhaps be 800 feet below the waves. But bergs are frequently seen 200 and even 300 feet above the sea; and these, if their sub-marine portions sank to the maximum depth, must have reached the enormous total height of 2,700 feet—that is rather higher than the Cheviot Hills. The bergs are of all shapes, as well as sizes, sometimes rising into pointed spires, like steeples; sometimes taking the form of a conical hill; sometimes having domes and pinnacles. I have seen one or two bearing a striking resemblance to the form of a crouching lion; and others which, at a distance, might be taken for one of the old abbey's adobe, with walls and buttresses of marble. The most general form, however, is with one high perpendicular side, the opposite side very low, and the inter-

mediate surface forming a gradual slope. When of this form, the higher end is generally to windward. Some have been seen containing prodigious caverns, and some with hollows having vast accumulations of snow. Their appearance is that of chalk cliffs, with a glittering surface and emerald-green fractures. Pools of azure-blue water lie on their surface frequently, or fall in cascades from them. From these reservoirs vessels often obtain supplies of water, peculiarly sweet and agreeable.

HOW THE BERGS ARE FORMED.

The icebergs of these seas have a course of not less than 2,000 miles from the place of their birth to that of their dissolution. They are entirely of land formation and consist of fresh water frozen. The huge glaciers along the Greenland coast, which project their masses into the foids, are the parents of the icebergs. From the sea-ward face of the glacier, as it is pushed farther and farther into deep water by the pressure behind, masses are detached by fracture, which float off as bergs. They often bear, embedded in their substance, clay, boulders and great fragments of rock torn from the sides of the Greenland hills; and drop them, as they melt, at the bottom of our seas, or on the sub-marine Banks of Newfoundland; thus helping to build new isles and continents.

JASPER AND BLOODSTONE.—Jasper, one of the many varieties of quartz, is very compact, and is found of various colours—dark, green, reds brown, yellow, grayish, and sometimes bluish and black. It is very hard, and takes a fine polish. Occasionally it is found banded, or in stripes of different colours, when it is termed ribbon-jasper; the stripes are usually red and green alternating. Jasper alone is infusible before the blow-pipe, but it will melt with the addition of carbonate of soda. It is sometimes found imbedded in trap rock, but more frequently in pebbles in the beds of rivers. The yellow jasper is found near the Bay of Smyrna, in Greece, and other places; the red in the plains of Argos; the variety known as ribbon-jasper comes from Siberia and Saxony; another kind, termed Egyptian jasper, is found on the banks of the Nile. This latter is of a fine brown on the exterior, and clouded with brown of various shades, frequently spotted with black, the markings in this variety occasionally resembling natural objects. A specimen in the British Museum is thought to exhibit a likeness of the poet Chaucer. The yellow variety is used in Florentine mosaic-work called *petra dura*. The ancients were well acquainted with this stone, and prized it most highly. Onomakritos, 500 years before the Christian era, speaks of the "grass-green jasper, which rejoices the eye of man, and is looked on with pleasure by the immortals." The emeralds spoken of by Roman and Greek authors were most probably green jasper, as we hear of pillars of temples cut out of one piece. Pliny, who describes no less than ten kinds of jasper, relates that it was worn by the natives of the East as an amulet or charm. This stone was much used for cameos; many specimens are extant, having several layers, and the objects represented are cut deep or shallow, so as to bring the colours into contrast—for instance, in some specimens may be seen the head of a warrior in red jasper, the helmet green and breastplate yellow. In the collection of the Vatican are two marvellous vases of this substance; one of red jasper with white stripes, the other of black jasper with yellow stripes. This stone is cut on copper wheels, with fine sand and emery, and polished on wooden or metal wheels with putty and Tripoli. The jasper, according to the Authorized Version of the Scriptures, was the twelfth stone in the breastplate of the High Priest; and as the Hebrew name is "yashaph," which is strikingly similar to jasper, and almost all the translations agree, there can be little doubt as to its identity. Galen, among other sage advice, relates that if a jasper be hung about the neck, it will strengthen the stomach. The bloodstone is another jasper-variety of quartz, of a dark green colour, and having those minute blood-red specks disseminated throughout, which give its name. The word *heiotrope*, from *hēio*, the sun, and *trope*, a turning, is derived from the notion that, when immersed in water, it changed the image of the sun into blood-red. Pliny relates that the sun could be viewed in it as in a mirror, and that it made visible its eclipses. It is found in large quantities in India, Bokhara, Siberia, and Tartary, and also in the Isle of Rum in the Hebrides, occurring generally in masses of considerable size. It is translucent, and susceptible of a beautiful polish; its commercial value, as in the case of other stones, varies with the quality of the specimen. The bloodstone is used for the same purpose as agate and onyx. There is a tradition that at the Crucifixion the blood which followed the spear-thrust fell upon a dark green jasper lying at the foot of the cross, and from this circumstance spring the variety. In the Middle Ages the red-specks alluded to were supposed to represent the blood of Christ; and this stone was thought to possess the same medicinal and magical virtues as the jasper.—*American Watchmaker and Jeweller.*

A PERSIAN RACECOURSE.—SIR R. Kerr Porter, in relating his travels, gives the following account of a Persian racecourse in the presence of royalty which would rather scandalise our home notions of head-quarters:—"My curiosity was fully on the spur to see the racers, which I could not doubt must have been chosen from the best in the nation to exhibit the perfection of the breed before the sovereign. The rival horses were divided into three sets, in order to lengthen the amusement. They had been in training for several weeks, going over the ground very often in that time, and when I did see them I found so much pains had been taken to sweat and reduce their weight, that their bones were nearly cutting the skin. The distance marked for the race was a stretch of twenty-four miles, and the horses had set out long before, by three divisions, from the starting point—a short interval of time passing between each set, so that they might begin to come in a few minutes after the king had taken his seat. The different divisions arrived in regular order at the goal, but all so fatigued and exhausted that their former boasted fleetness hardly exceeded a moderate canter when they passed before the royal eyes."

At a late meeting of the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute, Professor Vander Weyde exhibited artificial musk, made by treating blood in a peculiar manner. By adding little hairs, such as are found in genuine musk, the deception is so complete that it cannot be detected even by the microscope.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

SENATE.

May 20.—Hon. Mr. CAMPBELL stated, in reply to a question from Senator BUREAU, that measures would be taken for the appointment of a sixth Puisne Judge of the Superior Court of Montreal, and that a revision of the salaries of all judges would be made.

May 21.—The Quarantine Bill was read a third time with an amendment; also the Dominion Notes Bill. Senator SANDHORN then moved the second reading of Mr. Colby's bill to repeal the Insolvency Laws, and spoke at some length in its favour. The debate was then adjourned.

May 22.—The Dominion Notes Bill passed its third reading and the debate on Mr. Colby's Bill was then resumed. Senator MACFARLANE moved a three months' hoist. The debate was then adjourned.

May 23.—After some debate Senator MACFARLANE's amendment was carried on a division; Contents, 35; Noncontents, 24. Several bills were advanced a stage, and the House adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The following is a summary of the Estimated Expenditure of Canada, submitted last week, for the Financial year ending 30th June, 1873, as brought down by the Government:

SERVICES.	
	\$ cts.
Public Debt	5,719,967 75
Charges of Management	152,028 04
Civil Government	713,936 05
Administration of Justice	345,596 05
Police	35,000 00
Legislation	98,491 75
Geological Survey and Observatories	79,701 00
Arts, Agric. Bure. and Statistics (including Census)	1,257,000 00
Immigration and Quarantine	227,232 29
Marine Hospitals	48,000 00
Pensions	59,227 71
Superannuation	41,200 00
Public Works and Buildings chargeable to Capital	9,911,700 00
Public Works and Buildings chargeable to Income	1,290,000 00
Railway Subsidies chargeable to Provinces	1,290,000 00
Ocean and River Steam Packet Service	45,191 81
Penitentiaries	25,851 82
Militia and Defence	1,542,000 00
Lighthouses and Coast Service	471,841 50
Fisheries	113,723 00
Cutting Timber	75,225 00
Steam Boat Inspection	13,500 00
Indians	45,500 00
Miscellaneous	576,591 00
Collection of Revenues.	
Customs	59,181 00
Inland Revenue	187,500 00
Do. for Standard Weights and Measures	1,000 00
Post Office	1,000,000 00
Public Works	1,439,576 00
Miscellaneous	10,000 00
Subsidies to Provinces	1,816,879 50
Total	23,675,400 19

May 20.—The business of the House was almost exclusively confined to the answering of questions and motions for correspondence, etc. In answer to Col. GRAY, Hon. Mr. LANGEVIN stated that the Government had under consideration the subsidizing of a line of steamers between the Maritime Provinces and the British and Spanish West Indies. Mr. ROSS (Dundas) moved for a committee for the purpose of imposing a protective duty on barley, wheat, oats, and Indian corn, but the Speaker ruled it out of order. Mr. COSTIGAS moved for an address on the subject of the New Brunswick School Law, and praying that the same be disallowed. A debate ensued which lasted until 12.30, when the House adjourned without coming to a vote.

May 21.—The Act respecting the Treaty of Washington passed through Committee and was read a third time. Sir FRANCIS HICKS, in moving the House into committee on the resolution to repeal the duties on tea and coffee, stated that he deemed it only justice to allow merchants to rebound and warehouse original packages of tea and coffee in order that the amount of specific duty paid on such goods might be repaid to the owner. Mr. BODWELL moved that rice be added to the free list, but after some debate withdrew his resolution. The House then went into Committee of Supply and passed several items. The Geological Survey Bill was read a third time. Sir GEORGE CARTIER then moved the reception of the report of committee on the Canada Pacific resolutions, and in doing so moved that they be amended so as to provide that the subsidy to the main line be granted by instalments, as any portion of the railway is built in proportion to length, difficulty of construction and cost of such portion; also that the land grant to the branches shall not exceed 20,000 acres per mile for the branch line in Manitoba, nor 25,000 acres per mile for the branch line to Lake Superior. After a long debate the House went into committee and adopted the resolutions. On the motion for concurrence Mr. MACDONALD (Glengarry) moved an amendment to provide that the route to be adopted be subject to the approval of Parliament, which was rejected. Yeas, 39; nays, 83. Mr. MACKENZIE moved an amendment providing that all proposed contracts before being entered upon receive the approval of Parliament, and to expunge that portion which authorizes the Governor in council to charter a company to construct the railway without the sanction of Parliament. Lost—yeas, 39; nays, 82. Mr. YONG moved to amend by providing that Parliament be not prevented from dealing with the public lands not granted to the company in such a manner as the public interests may from time to time require, and so as not to leave in the hands of the governor in council the power of binding the country to the disposition of 50 millions. Lost—yeas, 30; nays, 86. The report was concurred in on a division, and the House adjourned at 11.30.

May 22.—In answer to Dr. Schultz, Sir G. CARTIER stated that the present volunteers would be continued at Fort Garry till next May; and if necessary recruits could be obtained in the Province. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD stated that the Government had under consideration the subject of granting to old settlers, land in Manitoba on the same terms it was granted to the half breeds. Mr. O'CONNOR moved for correspondence with the Ontario Government relative to the appointment of Queen's Counsel by the Ontario Cabinet, and in doing so he proceeded to read articles from the *Globe* newspaper, reflecting in very disrespectful terms upon the Roman Catholic population of Canada. After a debate, the matter was dropped, Mr. O'CONNOR stating that he would bring the question up at

another time and place. Hon. Mr. GRAY resumed the debate on the New Brunswick School Law, and after a long speech moved that the House do not interfere with the legislation of New Brunswick in this instance. The debate was finally adjourned to allow time for consultation among New Brunswick members. The debate on Mr. BODWELL's motion for a change of gauge on the Intercolonial R.R. was then taken up. Messrs. TUPPER, SHANLY, WORKMAN and ANGLIN opposed the change, and the motion being put to the vote was lost: Yeas, 51; Nays, 88. Hon. Mr. BLAKE then moved the second reading of the bill for the holding of elections on one and the same day. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved the six months' hoist, which was carried: Yeas, 81; Nays, 51. Hon. Mr. BLAKE's motion for the second reading of the bill to secure the Independence of the Senate shared the same fate, and the House rose at 1 a.m.

May 23.—Several private bills were brought in, and Mr. MILLS' Dual Representation, and the Controverted Elections Bills got the six months' hoist. Mr. COSTIGAS's bill to compel members of the Local Legislature in any Province where dual representation is not allowed, to resign their seats before becoming candidates for seats in the Dominion Parliament passed its second reading, a motion for the six months' hoist being lost: Yeas, 39; Nays, 65. At 12:40 the House adjourned till Monday.

VIEW AT MOODY, DIETZ AND NELSON'S MILLS, BARRARD INLET, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

This view represents the shipping of saw logs at Moody, Dietz and Nelson's saw mills, and the surroundings at Burrard Inlet, British Columbia. The end of the mill is only dimly seen through the masts and rigging of the ships. The logs in the foreground, as can be perceived, are of very huge size, much larger than any obtained on the eastern slope of the continent. The description of timber is what is known as the Douglas Pine which in British Columbia attains a height of 350 feet, and in some instances has been found to exceed that enormous height; the diameter of the larger of these trees at the butt is usually from six to nine feet, but scattering trees may be found up to ten and even twelve feet in diameter. They are not what is termed by lumbermen "swell butted," but taper very gradually from the ground to the top.

The Douglas pine, interspersed with spruce, hemlock, cedar, &c., covers the elevated ridges and bases of the mountains along the coast of the mainland and Vancouver's Island, higher up on the mountain sides it almost disappears, and there the prevailing description of timber are cedars, hemlock mixed with white pine in limited quantity; these again at a still greater elevation give way to the yellow cypress, which produces a most superior description of lumber, and which in the hands of the artizan can be worked with the facility of the best description of white pine, is much finer grained and presents when planed a smooth hard polished surface; it is the only timber known that defies the attack of the "Teredo Navalis," whose known extraordinary powers of destruction in some seas to shipping wharves and other wooden constructions, when unprotected by metal, has been a source of wonder and in some cases of dismay.

Burrard Inlet is situated about twenty-five miles north of the United States boundary and about eight miles north of Fraser River, it stretches inland from the Gulf of Georgia for a distance of about eighteen miles in a direction almost parallel to that river. It differs from the other inlets north of it in having an almost uniform depth with good anchorage throughout, and is likely to become distinguished as the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, though other points dispute that honour with it, and the final decision will, we trust, as it should, be left in the hands of the practical and scientific men charged with the responsibility of locating the line.

THE RIVIERE DU LOUP RAILWAY.

Our special artist and correspondent in the Lower Provinces, Mr. E. J. Russell, of St. John, has furnished us with a sketch of the ceremony of turning the first sod on the line of railway to connect Fredericton with Rivière du Loup, and thus with Montreal and the West. This sketch we reproduce in the present issue.

The ceremony took place on Tuesday, the 7th ult., in presence of over three hundred spectators. The spot selected—one at which the grade of the road strikes the surface—was in a field in St. Mary's village, on the right bank of the River St. John, and just opposite the City of Fredericton. Among those present were Alexander Gibson, Esq., of Nashuaak, President; E. R. Burpee, C. E., of St. John; Isaac Barpee, Mayor of Portland; A. F. Randolph, President of the People's Bank, Fredericton; Thomas Temple, High Sheriff of York, Fredericton; Robert Robinson, M.P.P., Canterbury; Alexander Jardine, President of the E. & N. B. (eastward), St. John; John Boyd, St. John; Hon. Geo. E. King, Attorney-General; Hon. George L. Hatheway, Provincial Secretary; Hon. J. J. Fraser, M.L.C.; J. S. Bois Deveber, St. John; H. F. Perley, St. John; Charles Macpherson, M.P.P., Fredericton; C. H. Fairweather, President of the Board of Trade, St. John; Mayor Robinson, St. John; Jeremiah Harrison, St. John; Hon. John A. Beckwith, M.P.P., Fredericton; Judge Steadman, Fredericton; Stafford Barker, Col. Otty, T. B. Robinson, James S. Beck, J. S. Hodson, Grand Falls; Hon. Mr. Beveridge, C. Grosvenor, Edwin Jas. Tibbetts, jr., S. S. Hall, W. A. Nichols, Chief Engineer, and others. Mrs. James Tibbetts, Mrs. Capt. Duncan, Miss Bertha Temple, and Mrs. McDonald, were amongst the ladies present.

The St. John *Telegraph* thus describes the proceedings: "There was a platform of rough boards built for the Speaker. A wheelbarrow built by Peter Macfarlane, which was of the kind commonly used for railway construction, and with a spade with a steel blade and walnut handle, on which were two silver plates bearing the record of the fact that it had been used to turn the first sods of the E. & N. A., and the Fredericton Branch Railways, were at hand.

"Sheriff Temple announced from the platform that the first sod of the Rivière du Loup Railway was about to be turned by His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor with the spade that had turned the first sods of the E. & N. A. and Fredericton Branch Railways, and as the latter had been run so successfully without even the scratch of a finger, so might the present undertaking be crowned with the same success.

"The Governor placed two sods in the wheelbarrow, which

he took up in a workmanlike style and trundled away along a plank staging to the bank of a little brook running through the field, and dumped it amid loud cheering. The Governor declined to offer any remarks, though cries for "a few words only," were numerous. He said his heart was willing but his health was such that he could not speak."

The ceremony was concluded with speeches from Hon. Mr. Fraser, John Boyd, (who spoke in high terms of the energy and enterprise of Mr. Burpee, the engineer of the road, and of the spirit and patriotism of such men as Alexander Gibson and Sheriff Temple), the Provincial Secretary, Mr. Willis, the Attorney-General, Mr. Wedderburn, Hon. Mr. Beveridge, Dr. Dow and Mr. Needham.

THE REPORTERS' GALLERY.

There is no more important place in the Parliament Buildings than the Reporters' Gallery. From that narrow elevation great men are made or unmade. Thence proceeds, over the telegraph wires, the intelligence or the nonsense which make up the sum of a Parliamentary debate. The reporters are hard-working, painstaking men, who get little credit, and sometimes not very much pay, for the heavy and delicate work they do. Upon them too frequently falls the blame of any mistakes that may occur in transmission or reproduction of their reports, and to them too seldom comes the simple word of commendation or the more substantial acknowledgment which their services merit. Our artist, during his visit to Ottawa, took a sketch of their gallery, which we reproduce this week. He has failed however to give a portrait of the architect of the half section of a coracle which now disgraces the gallery, outrages every law of acoustics, and compels the short-hand writers to make many of the blunders that usually figure in the daily reports of Parliamentary proceedings. Were the Reporters' Gallery placed on a level with the top of the screen behind the Speaker's chair, as it ought to be, those who do the Parliamentary reporting would be able to discharge their duties with much more ease to themselves and greater satisfaction to the public.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ST. JOHN, N. B.

This handsome structure, the property of a joint stock company incorporated in 1870, has recently been completed, and reflects very great credit on its promoters, as well as on those who have been engaged in its construction. It is situated on Germain Street. Every appointment for the accommodation of artists has been provided in the interior arrangements, and while the purposes to which the building are to be devoted will tend to elevate the tastes of the citizens, its elegant architectural proportions are an ornament to the city.

VARIETIES.

A Western editor came near being cowhided for printing the line, "Burkhardt is a villain." It was the printer's fault. The editor wrote, "Barkis is willin'."

The Danbury *News* says: "How any unprejudiced man can look upon the present sized penny-ake of maple sugar, and claim that the world is growing better, passes our comprehension."

The intelligent compositor has broken out at Natick, where, aided by the vigilant proof-reader, he entered into a conspiracy against a dead clergyman, and remarked: "Fraud after fraud departs."

An afflicted editor, who is troubled with hind-organs under his window, longs for the "evil days" mentioned in Ecclesiastes, when "the grinders shall cease because they are few," and "the sound of grinding shall be few."

An agricultural correspondent displays, in the following, a wild and ferocious cruelty to animals which we hope will not be imitated. Besides, it can be no easy matter to whitewash mice:—"I have kept rabbits and mice, for many years from my fruit trees, by whitewashing them in fall or winter."

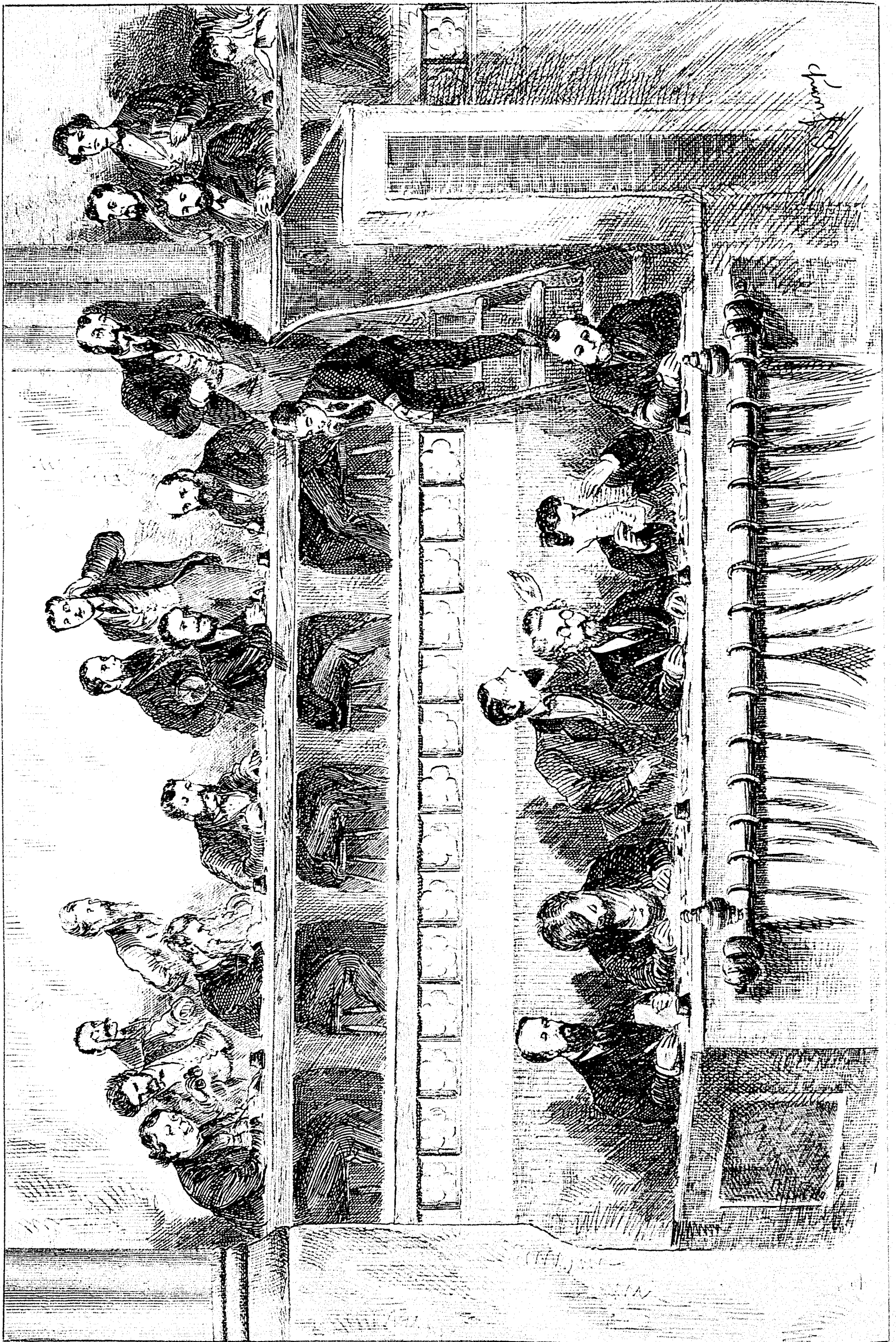
One rainy day the minister of Birse was out visiting his parishioners, and going along a very muddy road he met one who was measuring the breadth of the road in a rather zig-zag manner. The minister remarked, "It's no good walking to-day, Joems." "Weel, minister, it's no muckle better tumbling, for I have tried baith."

Here is a description of the weather in Skye, which if not absolutely and strictly accurate, is at least above criticism as regards conciseness and exhaustiveness:—

"The south wind always brings wet weather;
The north wind wet and cold together;
The west wind always brings us rain;
The east wind blows it back again.
If the sun in red should set,
The next day surely will be wet;
If the sun should set in gray,
The next will be a rainy day."

CALL ME GEORGE.—There is a good story afloat about Mr. Bancroft. The old fellow is quite a dandy, and very fond of flirting with the girls. Passing out upon a balcony one evening with a gay New York lassie, he began making love to her. She called him "Mr. Bancroft." "Now, really, my dear Miss C—," said the ancient bean, "you must not call me that—call me George!" A few moments afterwards they returned to the drawing-room and mingled with the throng, when, to the amazement and horror of our Ambassador, the mischievous girl exclaimed, loud enough for the whole company to hear, "George, I have dropped my glove; please go back and look for it." George went, but has not returned with that glove yet.

HOW THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step towards health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No mistake can be made in their administration. In Scrofula, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Confirmed Dyspepsia, Liver and Lung Complaints, Rheumatism, &c., &c., the most beneficial effects have been and always must be obtained from the wholesome power exerted by this Indian Medicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health by the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills, after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopoeia of physic, attest this fact. 5-22 u



SECTORS AT THE CAPITAL.—THE REPORTERS' GALLERY, HOUSE OF COMMONS.—BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



M. STÄMPFLI. (Switzerland.)



COUNT SCLOPIS. (Italy.)



SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN. (England.)



BARON DO ITAJUBA. (Brazil.)



Mr. C. F. ADAMS. (United States.)

THE GENEVA BOARD OF ARBITRATION.



ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS: OPENING OF A NEW CRATER IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE OBSERVATORY.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY.
JUNE 8, 1872.

SUNDAY,	June 2.	—First Sunday after Trinity. Fenian Skirmish at Limeridge, 1866.
MONDAY,	" 3.	—Champlain arrived at Tadoussac, 1608. Madame Youville established the Scours Grises, 1753.
TUESDAY,	" 4.	—Kingdom of the Netherlands divided, 1831. Battle of Magenta, 1859.
WEDNESDAY,	" 5.	—St. Boniface, Abp. & M. Battle of Stony Creek, 1813. First meeting of the Corporation of Montreal, 1833.
THURSDAY,	" 6.	—Battle of Burlington Heights, 1813. Count Cavour died, 1861.
FRIDAY,	" 7.	—Bishop Warburton died, 1779. First Reform Bill passed, 1832.
SATURDAY,	" 8.	—First Student admitted to Toronto University, 1843. Millais born, 1829.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 28th May, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

W.	May	22.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Th.	"	23.	71°	49°	60°	30.00	30.02	29.94
Fri.	"	24.	65°	53°5'	59°2'	29.65	29.70	29.80
Sat.	"	25.	63°	48°5'	55°7'	29.90	29.85	29.2
Su.	"	26.	65°	51°	58°	29.76	29.76	29.80
M.	"	27.	70°	54°	62°	29.95	30.00	29.95
Tu.	"	28.	66°	51°	58°5'	29.85	29.75	29.70
			64°	53°5'	58°	29.67	29.73	29.90

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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, JUNE 1, 1872.

THE rapid progress of the publishing business in Canada is one of the best evidences of the substantiality of the national growth. Men do not buy books, or even pause to read newspapers, when their lives are ground down to a struggle for bread. Those who merely "wear the life out to keep the life in" are not the purchasers of the publisher's wares, though many of them we know are the chief factors of his material. The writing and the reading classes have a curious relationship; the former have to struggle through life because they write, the latter read because they do not have to struggle. Even writers on the daily press in this country are now receiving salaries that enable them to maintain some approach to the social position to which by their educational and intellectual attainments they are entitled.

It was not so in Canada some fifteen or twenty years ago. An incident, still fresh in our recollection, though the principal in it has long since passed to his final "composition," will illustrate our meaning; a clever compositor worked in a certain western office where his average earnings were from twelve to fourteen dollars a week. He was an enterprising Scotsman, and being afflicted also with the *cacoethes scribendi*, resolved upon starting a paper in a rising town still farther west. He was ahead of time. The town desired the paper, but could not support it. The man's hard earnings at "case" were thrown away after a few years of editorial life, and he returned to the old establishment he had left, wherein he accepted a reporter's situation at six dollars a week! That sum was less than half what he had formerly made as a journeyman printer, and certainly less by a dollar or two than what any active man steadily employed in sawing wood could have made in the same city at the time we speak of. We might speak of other instances of hard brain work for very small return, but the one we have mentioned is sufficiently in point to give an idea of what were the early struggles of Canadian journalists.

With the development of the country, however, the "art preservative of all arts," both in its mediate and immediate connections, has grown to be a better paid industry. Compositors and pressmen take rank on the pay bill with skilled mechanics of their own class. Reporters, proof readers, and other *attachés* of the printing office, are rewarded in most cases according to their abilities and the importance of the positions they fill, while those discharging more responsible duties, many of which are merely supervisory, receive, at least in a few instances, salaries which do not compare unfavourably with many professional incomes.

This manifest elevation of the press is a sure sign that the country's means are being fairly devoted to the development of its intelligence. The properties that have grown up in Canada from very small beginnings by the mere agency of the press are immense; and some of those that have been

started of late years on a large money basis show equally gigantic proportions.

We shall not refer here to the Desbarats Printing Works, wherein we are now writing to the healthy, if not very pleasant, music of some twenty-five or thirty printing machines, lithographic or letterpress; nor to the successful organization, with a capital of a quarter of a million, of a company to "carry the war into Africa," by introducing similar works in New York, or, in other words, to show our good American cousins that Canadians have a fair share of the go-a-head-itiveness peculiar to the Western Continent; because this would "smell of the shop." It would be unfair, however, in speaking of the development of journalistic enterprise, to omit all mention of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, *L'Opinion Publique*, and *The Hearthstone*. They are journals of a special class, and come into competition almost exclusively with those published in foreign countries; in Canada, they have few competitors and no rivals.

The immense increase in the value of newspaper plant within the past twenty years could only be fairly ascertained by a reference to the books of the American, British and Canadian Type Founders and Press Builders, who have filled the constantly increasing demand. But a new value has grown up in the business the "good will," or copyright of the paper. The latter, curiously enough, has mainly come into recognition just as the ownership is passing from the hands of the merely practical man to those of the capitalist. We do not insinuate that practical men, whether printers or journalists, are necessarily inferior business men; but the fact is very patent that if a man's chief attention is devoted to one specialty, he is quite likely to fail in any other into which he half-heartedly enters. Our acquaintance with journalists, or perhaps we should say "Editors" extending over a pretty long period, warrants us in saying that, with very few exceptions—where their hearts are in their work—they all preferred any business arrangement whereby the cares of the office, outside their own immediate sphere, were laid upon other shoulders than theirs, provided they were remunerated according to the value of their services.

This is now being done to a very large extent. In the old country it has been the custom, for generations, at least in many instances, that the proprietors of a newspaper never write a line for it; and now in Canada the same system is becoming quite common under the operation of the Joint Stock Company's Act. This system has introduced a large amount of capital into the newspaper business; it has given a special value to the standing of a newspaper, apart from its plant, because men of capital count upon the annual product more than the first cost, as may be readily seen by looking at the share list in any of the daily papers; and, what we think best of all for the public, it has relieved the working journalist of the care and turmoil incident to commercial transactions, leaving the full scope of his energies to be devoted to his special duties.

Those who only remember the *Toronto Globe* establishment as first started nearly thirty years ago, would be very much surprised to learn that it is now capitalized at \$300,000, upon which it is generally believed that its business pays a handsome dividend. The *Leader*, some ten or fifteen years younger than the *Globe*, upon whose staff some of the best journalists that ever wielded the pen in Canada have been employed, was, we believe, anxiously sought after but refused at the handsome figure of \$200,000. The *Montreal Gazette*, the *Montreal Herald*, and other journals we might name, are, as well as the *Toronto* journals, practically managed on the joint stock principle, as, whether there be one or more owners, the journalistic is held entirely distinct in its management from the editorial department. We believe the same may be said of the *Hamilton* and *London* dailies, as well as of all or nearly all the *Ottawa* papers, one of the latter, the *Times*, having, we are told, been capitalised at \$40,000—a sum which twenty years ago would have bought any two of the best newspaper establishments in Canada. The new concern in *Toronto*, the *Mail*, has been started on a capital of a quarter of a million, but though it promises exceedingly well, it will depend upon its management whether its income will give a good return for the outlay. Yet the very fact of its existence is a proof of what we might call the immensity of newspaper property in Canada.

It is only to illustrate the extent of this property, hardly ever counted by those who speak of the wealth and industry of Canada, that we make free with the names of a few of our *confrères*. Many others might be mentioned, both French and English, that are really valuable private properties now yielding handsome dividends, but space will only permit us to refer to another journalistic joint stock company enterprise as illustrative of the value of newspaper property. The *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, one of the newspaper institutions of the country,

it is said, is to pass into the ownership of a company on a capital of \$100,000. As the leading English journal in the *Ancient Capital*, and with its long established business, it will no doubt return a handsome dividend, and we presume the present proprietor sees the advantage of running such an establishment on the joint stock principle already so common with the same class of property both in Great Britain and America and now being introduced into Canada with manifest success. We fancy that were our Census Bureau to give us a detailed statement of the value of the printing offices, the publications and the number of the people to whom they gave employment, throughout the Dominion, many who preach protection for more trifling branches of business would be surprised at the magnitude of that one which, while fighting the battle of others, is permitted, so far as the tariff is concerned, to "become a castaway," but which has grown, in spite of that neglect, as fast as any other industry in the Dominion.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

(For the ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

Canada ought to pause before escheating private rights in connexion with this great enterprise until she has ascertained whether the Imperial Government would be willing to build the line on its own account, assuming the subsidy we are ready to offer. If Britain knew her own true interests she would certainly undertake the work, and it would be far more for the future interest of this Dominion that she should possess the line, whether she chose afterwards to lease it to a private company for working or not. The English Government would not think of interfering with our local politics, whilst a private company, endowed with ownership of the soil, would almost certainly do so to a very great extent—and that on the narrow grounds of feudalism and of a merely commercial speculation.—*Com.*

[Our readers will understand from what we have already said that we do not sympathise wholly either with the views of our correspondent or the policy of the Government, in respect of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We believe the Government has made a grave mistake in not constructing the road on public account and paying for it wholly out of the sale of public lands. Under such circumstances the only outlay to the country would have been the excess of working expenses over receipts which might occur for the first ten or fifteen years of the running of the road. That sum would undoubtedly be recouped by the profits that would accrue in following years, so that after a while the Dominion would have had the whole road for nothing; and, like the British postal service, it would have become a source of revenue to the national exchequer in addition to its being a great public convenience. We do not dispute the assertion that "if Britain knew her own true interests she would certainly undertake the work;" that is, provided Britain desires to remain an American power. But we do not believe that Imperial aspirations take so high a flight; hence our conviction that Canada should have had the courage, as she undoubtedly had the means, to build the Pacific Railway and make it public property. All public highways, like all water routes, should be public property; but while holding this view we have little fear that even a private corporation will retard the progress of the country by a system of "feudalising" so long as it is compelled to sell its lands to meet its dividends and other current outlays—as the Pacific Company will undoubtedly have to do. However, the road is a necessity, and "any terms are better than none"—*Ed. C. I. N.*]

DECKER PARK RACES.—These have become an established institution in the city. The summer meeting takes place on the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th inst., beginning on Tuesday and ending on Friday of next week. The premiums offered amount to nearly nine thousand dollars, and we understand the entries are numerous. No doubt there will be a large attendance of visitors. The "Park" is now beautifully laid out and much improved in appearance from what it was last year, though then it was a credit to the city and a tribute to the taste and enterprise of its proprietor. The races commence each day at two o'clock p.m.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The re-appearance of Mr. Dominick Murray on Monday evening called forth a large audience, testifying the estimation in which this excellent actor is held by the Montreal public. Mr. Murray appeared as "Softy" in his own play of that name, and fully maintained his high reputation by his artistic rendition of the character. The light and shades of flickering reason were admirably portrayed and given with great fidelity to nature. He was ably supported by Miss Waugh, Messrs. Davis, Ogden, Wilson and other members of the company. On Wednesday Mr. Murray gave an excellent rendition of *Bob Brerly* in Tom Taylor's play of "The Ticket-of-leave Man." On Friday he appeared for his benefit in Boucicault's great Irish play, "The Colleen Bawn." The theatre has of late been very much improved and is now quite a comfortable place in which to enjoy a few hours' recreation.

THE GENEVA BOARD OF ARBITRATION.

Sir Alexander James Edmund Cockburn, the representative of Great Britain at the Conference, was born in London in 1802. His father was Mr. Alexander Cockburn, formerly English Minister in Columbia. Having completed his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated L.L.B. in 1829, he soon after was called to the bar at the Middle Temple. In 1841 he became Q. C., and during the railway mania of 1846 had the good fortune to obtain a large share of the Parliamentary practice which arose out of the various lines projected, and at the general election of 1847 was returned for Southampton in the advanced Liberal interest. He did not take a very prominent place as a debater until he made his memorable defence of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, on the Don Pacifico question, in 1850, which was one of the most eloquent and successful speeches ever delivered in the British House of Commons. In return for this and for other assistance which he gave to the Liberal party from time to time, he was appointed Solicitor-General by Lord John Russell, and received the honour of knighthood. In the early part of 1851 he received the Attorney-Generalship, which office he held until the dissolution of Lord John Russell's ministry in the spring of 1852. On the formation of the Coalition Cabinet, he resumed his post as Attorney-General, and was, in 1854, appointed Recorder of Bristol. On the death of Chief-Justice Jervis, at the close of 1856, Sir Alexander was created Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and was advanced to the high office of Lord Chief-Justice of England on the elevation of the late Lord Campbell to the woolsack in 1859. The year previous he had succeeded to the baronetcy of his uncle, the Rev. Sir William Cockburn, dean of York. Sir Alexander Cockburn especially distinguished himself in the prosecution of Palmer, in which he displayed the most consummate ability; and in the defence of Gen. Nelson and Lieut. Brand, prosecuted by the Jamaica Defence Committee. His charge to the Grand Jury delivered in this case at the London Central Criminal Court in April, 1867, which was regarded as a most masterly performance, contained an elaborate exposition of martial law and of the manner in which it has been applied at various periods of English history.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the United States representative, is the grandson of John Adams, second President of the United States, and son of John Quincy Adams, sometime Minister to Russia and England, and subsequently sixth President. He was born at Boston, Mass., on the 18th of August, 1807. He commenced his studies in Europe at St. Petersburg and in London, whither he accompanied his father; and on his return to America entered at Harvard, where he graduated in 1825. In 1828 he was admitted to the bar, and soon after married the daughter of Mr. Brooks, who brought him a large fortune. In 1831 he became a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. He did not, however, wholly devote himself to politics, for in 1840 we find him hard at work editing his grandfather's papers and despatches, which he published the following year, under the title of the "Life and Works of John Adams." This was followed in 1848 by the "Letters of Mrs. Adams." The same year he was chosen by the Abolitionist party as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the Republic. In 1850 he was sent by Massachusetts to represent that State in Congress; and in 1861, immediately on the outbreak of the Civil War, he was sent to England, in the place of Mr. Dallas, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States. It is worthy of note that it was Mr. Adams who carried on the diplomatic correspondence with Earl Russell in reference to the steam rams built by Mr. Laird.

The other members of the Board are less known to general readers, though they have all won distinction in their political career. Count Schepis, the nominee of King Victor Emmanuel, is a man of no slight honour in his own country, for not only is he a *juris-consulte* of high repute, but for several years he has held the post of President of the Italian Senate.

Herr Staempfli, the representative of the President of the Swiss Confederation, commenced his career as a literary man, and for some time occupied the editorial chair of the *Bund*, an important journal published at Bern. The position he occupies in the esteem of his countrymen will be easily understood when it is known that he has several times been placed by them at the head of the nation. Several years ago he retired from political pursuits, and has since become manager of the largest joint-stock bank in Switzerland.

The Brazilian member of the Board, the Baron do Itajuba, has won honours in more than one career. He made his *début* as a professor of law at Rio Janeiro, and was subsequently appointed to represent his country as Consul-General at Hamburg. He was then moved to Berlin; and now has the honour of representing the Imperial Court of Brazil as Minister Plenipotentiary at Versailles.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

The following is an account of the eruptions from Mount Vesuvius, translated from a Neapolitan journal:—

On the 24th of April, the eruption was marvellous. On the evening of the 25th, although it had begun to decrease, a large number of people, forming a compact column, composed of foreigners, Neapolitans, and inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and villages, ascended the mountain from Resina as far as the Observatory, wishing to have a nearer view of the magnificent spectacle. Suddenly the earth was shaken beneath their feet, and formidable growlings and mutterings were heard from the mountain. A great gulf opened in its side in the direction of San Giorgio, San Sebastiano, and Somma, and from this enormous mouth there rushed with extraordinary violence a column of fire and smoke that covered for a great distance all the surrounding country. Many persons were overwhelmed and destroyed by it; many others injured. According to information received to-day (26th), at half-past three in the afternoon, the number of victims cannot be less than 200. At the news of this terrible disaster, the Prefect and General Pettinengo, followed by guards of public safety and soldiers, hastened to the spot, and delegates from Torre del Greco, Portici, and Resina were sent to the authorities to ask for men and help. Physicians, ambulances, carts, and even chairs carried by men from the San Carlo Theatre, were immediately sent forward. At the moment of writing these lines (five o'clock in the afternoon) the eastern sky is completely obscured by a dense smoke, which resembles a mass of cotton wool. It swells, grows larger, breaks into fringes; here it is quite white, there tinted with blue or gray.

The lava flows on either side with awful speed and abundance; it threatens Torre del Greco on one side, San Giorgio, Somma, Vesuviana, San Sebastiano, on the other. From time to time terrible thunderings announce that the earth is rent before this advancing river of flame, and at the same instant a column of thick black smoke is seen to gush out, indicating the spot where a new opening has been made.

The populations sprinkled along the line of Portici and the other villages we have named are all flying from their homes. The shaking of the walls announces to them the approach of the mysterious and awful enemy that threatens them. Innumerable are the vehicles of all sorts and conditions that arrive at Naples, bringing household goods and families fleeing from the scourge. The authorities of the threatened localities demand that the railway company shall put on extra trains, and the wish is at once acceded to. In this city (Naples) the spectacle has another character. Upon all the higher points, in every square, before the municipality, a vast crowd stands gazing at the line of black smoke that lies like a gigantic serpent coiled above the mountain and the doomed villages. Near the gates of the Hospital des Pèlerins a throng of people look on at the arrival of the wounded. At one o'clock about ten had been brought in, of whom one is already dead, the others in a hopeless condition. We remark among them a young English girl. The great doors of the Hospital are closed and guarded by soldiers, and about them stands a crowd of people waiting for news of their missing friends, while the arrival of each carriage conveying some victim is the signal for cries and tears and lamentations.

This morning, at Portici, the lookers-on were profoundly moved by the sight of a young English lady covered with blood, and dreadfully burned. The poor creature uttered piercing shrieks, and tried to throw herself out of the vehicle in which she had been placed between two carabinieri, who did all they could to restrain her. At half-past four it was announced that a new gulf had opened near the Cemetery of Portici. The men employed at Pompeii and Herculaneum had reached Naples in safety, and were lodged in the Convent of Santa Teresa. At five o'clock the authorities have taken possession of all the city omnibuses and sent them to the scene of the disaster. It is said that the lava has reached the village of San Sebastiano. Eleven more wounded and one dead have been brought in. There has been some disturbance near the Bishop's palace. Several women wanted to carry in procession the statue of Saint Januarius, incited thereto by some priests. The Questor went at once to the Cardinal, and both together proceeded to the spot and dispersed the crowd before any serious disorder occurred.

The sight of the monstrous furnace is something stupendous, even to those who see it only from Naples. The cloud, which has now risen and covers a part of the sky, resembles that which is described by Pliny the younger in his description of the eruption that buried Pompeii—sometimes white, sometimes dark and spotted, as if with earth and stones or ashes. We can count each "expiration" of the mountain; it is like the puffs of smoke from the mouth of a cannon. In Naples many houses have been felt to tremble, and in some cracks have appeared in the walls, while all day long from the terraces and in the interior of the houses could be heard formidable growlings or rumblings, as of a locomotive passing near. A great crowd is still before the Hospital des Pèlerins, watching the dead and wounded as they are brought in. Here is one, burned from head to foot, and wrapped in a sheet. He utters heart-rending shrieks. Another is just expiring, and, although his garments are untouched, he is of the colour of a lobster, and seems to have come out of a cauldron of boiling water. At Resina, at San Giovanni, at Torre del Greco, at all the villages strwn about the foot of Vesuvius, the terror is indescribable. The awful thunderings from the mountain, the approach of the lava, the thick smoke that ever increases, the trembling of the ground, all combine to augment the terror. Rich and poor abandon their houses and fly—some weeping, some shrieking, some praying, and many blaspheming. All rush toward Naples for refuge, and the thick cloud that at this moment spreads over the sky seems to precede and announce their coming. At one o'clock many dreadful rumours were abroad. Two hundred and even three hundred dead were spoken of. It was said that a great many foreigners were missing from the hotels (Naples was full of English and Americans). More than twenty persons were said to be surrounded by the lava and cut off from help. At two o'clock p.m. the Prefect, who has shown the most laudable activity under these deplorable circumstances, sent the following telegram:—

"Vesuvius vomits fire from a great number of mouths. For the moment the direction of the lava cannot be determined. Point most threatened, San Sebastiano. Wounded sent to the Hospital des Pèlerins, 12; three dead. A large number of persons swallowed up by the lava."

The trains and numerous vehicles which arrive from the scene of the disaster present a heart-rending spectacle. Men, women and children fly, carrying in their arms a few things snatched up in haste. The railway transports all without charge, and the trains succeed each other incessantly. His Majesty Victor Emmanuel has sent his aides-de-camp to the spot with money to distribute among the most destitute.

The Naples correspondent of the *Daily News* started early in the morning of the 2nd instant, and proceeded towards the Observatory, by the short-cut, as it is called, which lies on one side of Resina. The path, he writes, is covered a foot deep with the cinders, thicker and thicker the further you proceed. The sky then was clear enough, and Mount Vesuvius stood before us in all its menacing magnitude. The country about is a scene of utter desolation. Not a green leaf, not a single tree saved from the relentless enemy; all are withered and burnt up. This general ruin of the country extends from Palleri to near Torre del Greco, and two years will hardly be sufficient to bring back the soil into good condition. We turned at a point called Teramo. On our left we contemplated the gulf, with the calm blue sea crowded with sails and small boats. On our right we beheld the torrent of lava which flowed in 1858 still smoking, as though it were but of yesterday. We proceeded some time in this extremely narrow path, and then entered the road traced on the lava. We twisted and twisted about amid a perfect sea of black lava, with nothing else before us anywhere but these huge solid waves of strange fantastic shape. We halted a moment at the Hermitage, and leaving the horses to the care of the old guard, proceeded on foot. The guides were in bewilderment. The topography of Vesuvius is no longer the same as that with which they pretended to be well acquainted. It is as though an earthquake had altered everything. Hills have appeared where

but a few days ago stones stood for visitors to rest upon. Precipices have been formed, which almost prevent further advance. All is altered; the very shape of the mountain has lost its well-known outlines, and the view is appalling.

Our illustration shows the Observatory—from which the celebrated Professor Palmieri takes his observations of the workings of the volcano—at the time of the breaking out of a new crater in its immediate vicinity.

CHESS.

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

R. M. B., Toronto, and "Green Horn," Montreal.—Solutions to Problem No. 49 received, correct.

Game No. 5.—Petroff's defence.

Hamilton. White, Mr. W. P. Taylor. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. R. Kt. to B. 3rd. 5. Q. P. takes Kt. 6. Castles. 7. P. to Q. Kt. 4th (b). 8. P. to Q. R. 4th. 9. B. to K. 2nd. 10. Kt. to Q. 4th. 11. Kt. takes B. 12. P. to K. B. 4th. 13. P. to K. B. 5th. 14. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd. 15. Kt. to K. 4th (c). 16. P. to Q. R. 5th. 17. Q. to K. 2nd. 18. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd. 19. Q. to K. sq. 20. Kt. to K. 2nd. 21. Q. to K. B. 2nd. 22. B. to K. 3rd. 23. Kt. to Q. B. sq. 24. Kt. to Q. 3rd. 25. B. to B. 5th (f). 26. B. takes B. 27. B. to Q. B. 5th. 28. Q. takes P. 29. Q. R. to K. sq. 30. R. takes R. 31. Q. to Q. sq. 32. Q. takes R. Unfinished.—drawn by mutual consent.

(a) The best defence to this variation. (b) This seems to trap Black considerably. (c) Q. to Kt. 4th. (as suggested by our contemporary of the Toronto Mail) might have been stronger. (d) This Kt. is now well-posted, and is a serious obstruction to the development of White's game. (e) Black's position now appears to be impregnable, and should win. (f) Q. R. to R. 2nd. in order to play Kt. to Kt. 2nd. might have had a better result.

Seaforth. White, Mr. E. Cresswell. 1. P. to Q. 4th. 2. P. to Q. B. 4th. 3. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 4. P. to K. 3rd. 5. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 6. B. to Q. 3rd (a). 7. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 8. Q. takes Kt. 9. Castles. 10. P. to K. R. 3rd. 11. Kt. to K. 5th. 12. P. to K. B. 3rd. 13. Kt. takes Kt. 14. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd. 15. Q. Kt. P. takes P. 16. P. to Q. 5th. 17. P. to K. 4th (c). 18. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd (e). 19. B. to K. R. 4th. 20. B. to K. 3rd. 21. K. R. to Q. Kt. sq. 22. P. to Q. R. 3rd. 23. Q. takes P. 24. R. to R. 4th. 25. K. R. to Q. R. sq. 26. R. to R. 5th. 27. Kt. to B. sq. Unfinished.—drawn by mutual consent.

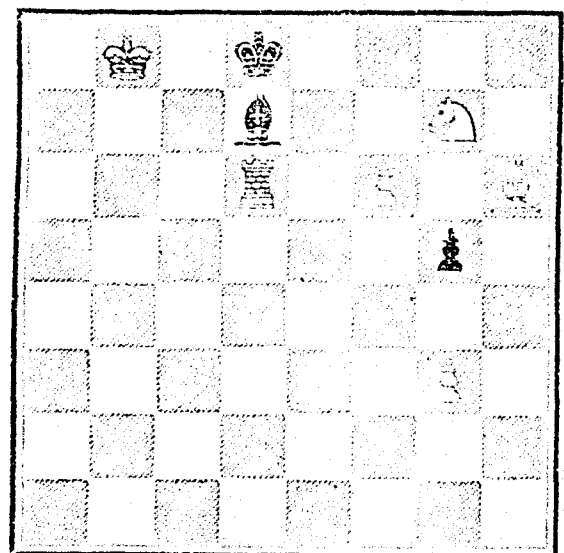
(a) P. to Q. R. 3rd or B. to K. 2nd seems better. (b) An error which leaves the attack with a strong passed pawn. (c) A resource apparently overlooked by Black. (d) P. takes P. would have been preferable: White's centre is now impregnable. (e) P. to Q. R. 3rd would have been the move here. (f) The game is about even: White's pawns, however, look like winning in the end.

PROBLEM No. 50.

By a native chess-player of India.

From *Amal's Treatise*.

BLACK.

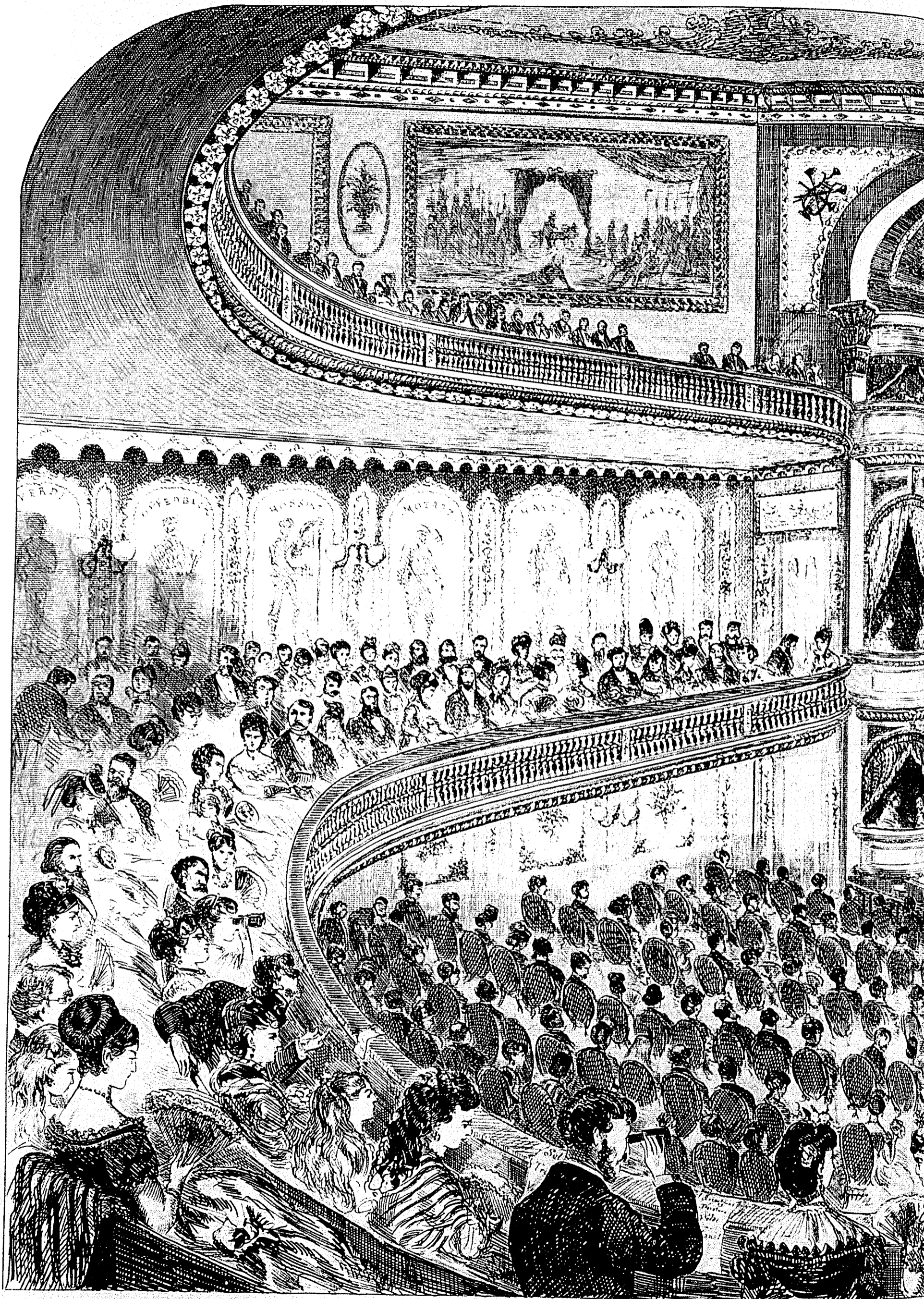


WHITE.

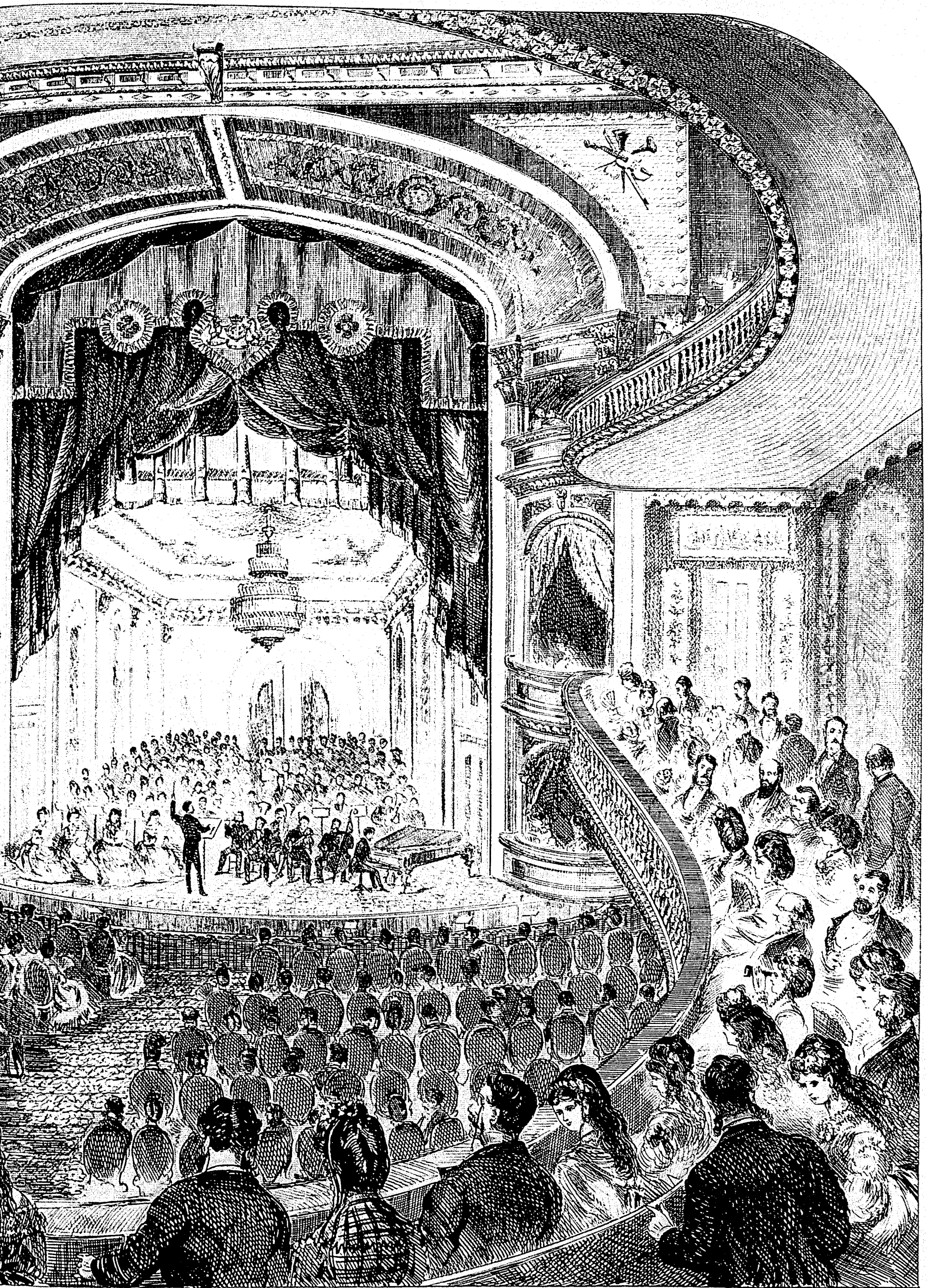
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 49.

White. 1. R. to R. 5th. ch. 2. R. to K. R. sq. 3. R. to K. 5th. mate. Black. K. to K. 2nd. K. moves. VARIATIONS. White. 1. R. to K. Kt. sq. 2. R. to R. 5th. mate. Black. K. to R. 2nd. R. moves.



OPENING OF THE ACADEMY OF MU



ST. JOHN, N. B.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE BOBOLINK.

Come with me: let us leave this darkened room from which God's blessed sunshine is so carefully excluded; let us pass into the sweet pure outer air; let us feel its balmy breath upon our cheek, and inhale its freshness. We will stand upon this grassy knoll strewn thick with the gold of the dandelion and the purple of the violet.

Yonder above the tops of the trees rises the rounded summit of Mount Johnstone, farther to the left the irregular outlines of Rougemont and Belœil, and farther still, eastward, the blue ethereal hills of Vermont. Through the rifts of this tree beneath which we stand, patches of blue sky and silver cloud appear; at our feet a little brook ripples musically; on its surface myriad sunbeams dance; and yonder on the maple a bobolink has perched, and with black dilated eyes and outstretched throat, is pouring forth a flood of molten melody.

I.

O bobolink,
Oft times I think
When on my ear your sweet voice falls,
A spirit bright
From worlds of light
From earth to woo me gently calls.

II.

For in each trill
A something still
Of Eden music echoes clear,
And through the air
It waits me where
The fadeless bowers of bliss appear.

III.

The maple bough
That holds you now
Has blushed and burned to living red;
It heard your song
And bore your strain,
And love's own colour o'er it spread.

IV.

Sweet bobolink,
Sing on nor think
Songs so divine are wasted here;
Earth's heart of pain
Shall catch the strain
And hear faith's whisper—Heaven is near.

* In the spring the young leaves of the maple are of a carmine tint which gradually changes to a soft and tender green as summer advances. Of their autumn glories it would be superfluous for me here to speak.

EROL GERVAZE.

CAPTURED BY CONFEDS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN REBELLION.

TRAVELLING in the United States at the breaking out of the great rebellion, and wishing to see something of war service, I accepted a captain's commission offered me in a cavalry regiment belonging to Tarbet's division.

We were lying near Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley, just before Sheridan made his celebrated ride; the Confederate General, Early, covering this town, and occupying the crossing of Opequan Creek.

The company I commanded held the extreme left of Tarbet's division; and in front of this we were thrown out on picket duty, along the skirts of a tract of woodland.

In advance of the line, upon which I had placed my sentries, ran a narrow but very deep creek—a tributary of the Opequan—but with a fordable crossing close to the spot I had fixed upon for my temporary quarters.

I had just returned from visiting the picket sentries, and was warming myself at a small camp fire we had kindled. Although in the month of September it was a raw chilly morning, with a drizzling mist fast thickening into rain.

Suddenly I heard the tramp of cavalry, with the clank of bits and sabres. The sound seemed to come from the rear. Within a hundred yards of the place where our fire had been kindled, ran the stream above mentioned. At the ford it was crossed by a narrow wood road; which turned sharply on the other side—thence running parallel with the creek in the direction of Berryville. It was down this road the sounds appeared to come; and, although nothing was more natural than that our scouting parties should be out in that direction, I felt alarm, upon hearing the tread of approaching troopers.

Turning to my sergeant, a wiry six-footer from Maine—the only man near me who was awake, I said:

"Totten, what troops can those be?"

The sergeant was not only awake, but remarkably "wide-awake;" and with head bent down, and ear close to the ground, was already listening intently to the hoof strokes of the approaching horsemen.

As I spoke, he started to his feet, saying in an excited tone:

"By jiminy, cap! them 'ere don't sound like our horses; not half o'them air 'hod!"

Before he had finished speaking the horsemen were into sight, filing round a bend of the road; and, without any hesitation whatever, headed toward the creek crossing, in front of our camp fire. Every man of them had a blue cavalry cloak, and most wore the Union cavalry hat. There were five of us altogether round the fire; Sergeant Totten with three privates, all fast asleep—and myself. Our horses were hitched close by, saddled and ready for any emergency; revolvers in holsters, and carbines slung from a neighbouring tree, with an Indianrubber blanket carefully spread over them to keep off the rain. The position we occupied was quite an isolated one—being over half a mile from the next relief station; connected, to be sure, by a chain of picket sentries, who would have been in sight of each other, but for the dense undergrowth of the wood in which we were stationed. As it was, unless when they came into the open space, they could not see what was going on, beyond fifty yards on either side of their post.

The suddenness with which the party of horsemen—now in full sight—had come upon us, was, no doubt, the principal reason why I felt suspicious of their character. I had done so, even before sighting them.

They must have emerged from the woods, and struck the road, but a short distance above the bend; for the tramping first heard was not that of a gradually advancing troop, but

clear, distinct, and suddenly close at hand. Anyhow, there they were, right at the crossing of the creek—their approach unnoticed by any of our pickets. I challenged them at once, in a loud sharp voice, holding my revolver in hand:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friends!" was the immediate and ready reply, as they pulled up in compliance with the challenge.

"Dismount, one friend! Advance and—"

The last word had hardly parted from my lips; their leader had actually thrown one of his legs over his horse's croup, as if to advance as ordered; when, with a muttered word of command, he turned back into his saddle; and in a second's time the whole party had dashed across the creek, up its bank, and were amongst us!

I fired my revolver, bringing down one of their horses; and, at the same time, called out to my companions. Too late—it was of no use; we were only five, totally unprepared and taken by surprise; they were a score at least, all ready and aware of their advantage.

With the instinct of habit, however, one of the sleeping men upon hearing the shouts and shots, sprang up and rushed towards our horses. In doing so, he was ruthlessly shot down; and seeing that this would be the fate of all, if we offered resistance—cut off, and overpowered as we undoubtedly were—I at once cried out, "Hold your fire; we surrender!"

In ten minutes from the time this blue-coated troop of guerillas came in sight, we were captured; our arms taken from us; ordered to mount our horses; and were galloping at a slapping pace along a poorly constructed clay road, leading towards the Shenandoah, with six of Mosby's rough riders on each side of us.

It was a neat thing, no doubt, for the Confeds—a feat, skillfully and daringly carried out.

The chagrin and shame I felt at being thus overreached, made my blood fairly tingle to my finger-ends. There were four of us captured—Sergeant Totten, two privates, and myself—their own dismounted man, whose horse had been shot, having appropriated the one belonging to our comrade they had killed.

I had little hope that any effort would be made to rescue us. The alarm would, no doubt, be given; but too late for pursuit to be of service. Before a sufficient force could be collected to make it safe, we should be carried far out of reach of rescue.

As we rode along, I managed to count the party of Confeds. They were twenty-one in all—nineteen men and two officers; he in command being a handsome black-eyed fellow with a pleasing cast of countenance, and riding one of the most splendid chargers I ever saw. Indeed, all of them were upon good stock, and our northern horses made but a poor show beside them. The party was evidently a picked one—selected for some special duty. Before they came upon us, they must have ridden hard and long; for, although their horses were still equal to the sharp pace at which we were going, they laboured heavily and showed most unmistakable signs of fatigue.

We must have ridden at least ten miles in silence, not a word having been spoken by any one; when suddenly the officer in command, checked his horse, and, wheeling round, cried out:

"Take it easy now, boys!"

We had reached the bottom of a steep rocky hill, the path over which was nothing more than the bed of a wet-weather stream, full of boulders and ruts. Here we were ordered into single file; and, after scrambling for about three-quarters of a mile, we gained the summit. The road again became better; running along a broad table land densely covered with a stunted growth of black-jack, and scrub oak. As we silently rode on, the black-eyed leader of the "Rebs" brought his horse alongside mine, and said quite good-humouredly:

"Captain, I was sorry to disturb you so early this morning; but to tell the truth, we were as much surprised to see you, as you at sight of us. When we came upon you, we had no idea that we were anywhere near your lines."

I was still in a savage humour with myself, and answered bitterly, and sternly:

"It was a pity that you did not strike our lines a trifle higher up; you would then have had a fairer chance for fight."

"Oh!" answered he, laughing, "I was not at all ambitious of that; and am quite thankful to get away as I did."

"It was odd," I remarked, looking at him steadily, "for one of Mosby's officers to be blundering so near the Shenandoah. They have the reputation of knowing this country thoroughly."

"And they deserve it," he answered. "Most of them have spent their whole lives hereabouts, and have hunted and tramped every foot of the valley. Unfortunately for you," he added with a smile, "I have but lately joined the command, and blunder now and then; otherwise, I can assure you, we would never have ventured to awake you as we did this morning. My orders were to do anything but that. Once in, however, I thought the boldest way out would be the best."

"It did not require much boldness," I retorted, "to lead twenty men on five—three of them asleep, and two unarmed."

"No," said he; "but how could I tell there wasn't a whole squadron of you at hand? However, here we are now at 'Granny Kitt's,' and I guess we had better have some breakfast."

He was a social, pleasant fellow, this Confed captain, and I have no doubt I should have found him an agreeable companion, had the manner of our introduction been different.

We had now arrived in full view of the Shenandoah river, and at the end of the table land. Here there was a log-cabin, at a little distance from the road, with some cultivated fields around it. At the door stood an old negress; who threw up her arms in great excitement, as we approached, greeting our captors with profuse courtesies and congratulations.

"Lud ha mercy, massa Cap'n Garber! So you've ben and gone an done it dis time shoo an satin. Fo' Yanks—bress de Lord—and dar hosses and guns too—an one o' dem a jient," she added, laughing, and pointing at poor Totten, who by some mischance was mounted on a very small horse; which, with his long legs nearly touching the ground, gave him a rather ludicrous appearance.

"Yes, Granny," replied the captain, "I've been getting up an appetite this morning, and am as hungry as a Texan. What have you got for us to eat?"

"Lor, massa; nuffin but some milk and corn dodger."

"That won't do for stomachs so hungry as ours," answered the captain. "Boys," he cried, turning to his men, "I think I see some provender in the enclosure behind the house; you have permission to make the most of it. I shall give Granny

some Confederate scrip for the damage; and she can hand it to the owner, when he comes home."

To a Confederate partisan nothing could have been more welcome, than this licence for free forage; and in less than three minutes' time, half a dozen of them were over the fence and had "roped" a cow, to be killed for their midday meal; while another half dozen were making havoc among the hens and ducks belonging to the little plantation.

The four prisoners were placed together on a log near the cabin-door; on the sill of which the Confed captain and his lieutenant had seated themselves. They talked in a low tone; but my hearing is wonderfully acute—never more than at that moment—and by listening attentively, I made out from their conversation that our guard would soon be reduced to six men, with only the lieutenant to command them. I had not before taken much notice of this subordinate officer; except to perceive that he was a very young man with a sallow and sinister cast of countenance, and a most unmistakably contemptuous look in his eye, whenever he glanced at us. But now, as a remark of his reached my ear, I turned round on the log, and took his measure more fully.

He was a mere boy in appearance; of tall, gaunt frame, with a pair of small weasel-like eyes. He was evidently a very different sort of person to his handsome, frank-spoken superior. A bitter, remorseless enemy I could easily see; and one who would shoot us down, as readily as he would pick off a squirrel, if we gave him the slightest provocation for doing it. Nevertheless, I rejoiced at hearing that we were soon to be left to his tender care; for I had hopes from his youth, as also his evident over-confidence in his own great merit as a soldier. I knew he would be found off his guard ten times for once his seemingly careless captain would be likely to make a slip.

In the meantime the saddles had been taken off the horses, and a detail of men was engaged in attending to their wants. Water was given them from a draw-well near by with a bag of corn brought out from the cabin, and distributed in a log-trough which ran all along the building.

The old negress still kept up her garrulous enjoyment, making many remarks at our expense. Every now and then, she would appear in the doorway, clap her hands, and slap her knees, repeating with apparent delight,

"Bress de Lord! fo' Yanks all took togedder!"

After a time, she brought out a bucket of water, and an old tin cup. Placing them near us on the ground, and kneeling down beside them, she bent over the bucket, pretending, as I could see, to skim out with the cup some imaginary object in the water. Just then, I heard her say in a low tone, and as if talking to herself:

"God lub you Lincoln sagers! Don't mind what dis old fool nigger say. She only skeert to say nothing else. Look out I tell you, for dat Massa Barker; he kill you all ef you don't."

Having cornered what she had been trying to capture in the water, she threw it on the ground; and, filling the cup, offered it to me with a grin.

Here then was a friend in disguise, after all. I knew at once that the lieutenant was the "Massa Barker" who was such a terrible fellow in her eyes; and I knew, also, that her warning was not to be made light of. I resolved to act carefully, and avoid running risks where the odds would be hopelessly against us. But I had fully determined, and sworn in my own heart, that with the slightest glimmer offering a chance of success, I would risk heavy odds to escape.

I caught Totten's eye, as my thoughts ran thus. There was a decisive wicked look in it, that fully answered mine; and I knew I had a fearless comrade for whatever I might undertake.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, we again started forward—descending the hill towards the Shenandoah. But, before reaching the river, the captain with the bulk of his party drew off from us, taking a road leading down a stream, and leaving his stern lieutenant with six men as our guard.

As the horses picked their way slowly down the rough road, I managed by degrees to increase the distance between the leading file of rebels and myself; so that Totten and I had the chance of exchanging a word or two, unheard by either our comrades or captors.

"Totten," said I, "you don't want to go to the Libby prison, if you can help it, I suppose?"

"By jiminy!" he replied, this being his usual form of affirmation, "I'd just as soon have a bullet sent through me. At least I would willingly run the risk of a dozen rather than go there."

"I am afraid that young Reb will give us but a slight chance to escape."

"I don't know about that; he may think so little of our pluck as not to give us credit for enough to make the attempt. Jiminy! if I had a square blow at that yellow scoundrel of his, wouldn't I show him stars. Do you notice the way he speaks to and looks at us, as if we were meaner than dogs?"

"Sergeant, could you manage to sprain your ankle at our next stopping-place? They are going to change horses soon. I overheard one of them say so. If I have to wait on you, and bathe your damaged ankle, and all that—"

I had no chance to finish what I intended saying. The lieutenant at that moment rode up, and kept alongside of us.

On reaching the bottom of the hill we came to a clearing—in the centre of which stood a farm-house. It was a large log building with two wings, and an open space between them roofed over—one of the wings only having the appearance of a dwelling, the other without any windows, only an entrance from the open space between.

We were ordered to dismount as soon as we had ridden into the enclosure in front of the house. Then, after hitching our horses to a long rack, we were taken through the open passage to another enclosure in the rear, which was several feet below the level of the ground in front. Totten and I were walked along, side by side; and, just as we came to the steps leading down into the back yard, he stumbled, and fell violently forward in an unsuccessful attempt to recover himself. Two of the Rebs who were striding before us with their rifles in hand, turned round on hearing the noise. When they saw the sergeant scrambling in the dust they burst out laughing, and seemed greatly to enjoy the sight.

Totten had fallen with such violence, and so natural, I really imagined he had seriously hurt himself. I was sure of it when, on raising him up, he dropped down again with a groan, crying out, "Cap, I've sprained my ankle darned badly."

The lieutenant now came up, and roughly inquired the cause of the rumpus. On getting satisfied, he ordered us to be

taken to a small stable that stood in one corner of the yard. I requested him to allow Totten to remain outside, and myself along with him, so that I might bathe his ankle with cold water, and see if I couldn't get him into walking condition before we started again.

"Bah! you can doctor him in the stable as well as here," replied the young wolf with a grin.

"But, lieutenant, it will be more convenient here," I said in the most conciliating manner I was capable of. "The water is near at hand."

"Put in the other two, then," he exclaimed, pointing to Hill and Carey, the two privates. "Turn all the horses into the old field; four of you get 'fresh mounts,' and be ready to come along with me."

Hill and Carey were taken on to the stable, and thrust into it; the door was closed and bolted behind them, and two sentries stationed near by.

I managed with some difficulty to get Totten close up to the stoop of the dwelling and under a large tree, against the trunk of which I placed him in a sitting posture. Then, using my hands as ladders, I kept pouring a continual stream of cold water upon the injured ankle.

One of the sentries had been placed over Hill and Carey by the stable door, while the other kept guard upon Totten and myself—a gaunt, stalwart fellow, with a very wide-awake and dangerous expression in his small greenish eyes.

With joy I saw the Confeds take the saddles from their horses, lead the animals down a narrow lane, and turn them loose into a large inclosure.

When they came back into the yard four of them stepped into a second stable, larger than that in which the prisoners were secured. In a short time they came out again, each leading a horse. These they hitched to a long rack in front of the house.

The horses were at once saddled and bridled, and I could see through the open door of the stable that it was now empty, and that the animals brought forth were all of their reserve stock.

Each wing of the building was entered by a door that fronted on the central space. One was a heavy open door opened outward. Could be secured by a strong shooting bolt, and a thick that swinging bar of iron attached to it.

Shortly after I had got Totten up to the back step I noticed that this door had been left ajar, and that the lieutenant had gone inside, where he had seated himself.

The door was sufficiently open to allow me a good view of the room inside. I saw there was a large heap of shelled corn in one corner, and on a bench close by lay the rifles and revolvers of the men, who were out looking after the horses. The heavy padlock belonging to the door-bolt lay on the porch outside.

After saddling their horses, the four men sat down on the front step. In a few minutes, two of them got up again, and lounged into the store-room; where presently they became engaged in wiping their revolvers.

Soon another rose up, and also went inside the store-room, where he threw himself down on the corn heap. The fourth man remained in the porch, employed in mending the broken rein of a bridle. Presently he, too, got up, and walked into the building, where I could hear him asking for an awl. Just then I felt a quick beating at the heart, and a sudden flushing in my face, as a thought came across my brain, that promised a plan of escape.

Although I felt cool and collected as ever in my life, I could hear my heart thumping against my ribs, like the strokes of a trip-hammer. My anxiety was extreme, for I knew every moment that passed lessened our chance of success. At any instant the Confederate lieutenant might start us to the road again.

The trooper, who had been strap-mending, once more came upon the porch, and walked off to where his horse stood at the rack.

Buckling on the mended rein, he returned to the house, and went straight into the store-room. Crossing to his comrades, he sat down on the bench beside them.

I looked at Totten, and then asked the guard in a low voice, if we could not have a cabbage leaf to place on the sprained ankle.

"Cabbage leaf!" he replied, "where the h—l's there any cabbage about here?"

"Right there," said I, pointing to a corner of the inclosure, where I had observed a few miserable heads growing in a sort of garden patch.

"Oh! answered he, with a laugh, "if you think them 'ere will do you any good, you kin take 'em, I 'pose."

"Thank you, sir," said Totten; "won't you have some tobacco?"

And the sergeant drew from his pocket a plug of the weed—which by good luck he happened to have about him.

The Reb, stepping up, took it readily; and, cramming a quid into his jaw, drew off again.

As Totten wished it, the movement placed him several feet nearer us, than he had been before.

"I reckon a bit o' baccy air better than a cabbage leaf," he remarked with a grin.

"Not to us, now," replied Totten, with a glance given to me that, had the sentry seen, had he been anything of a physiognomist, would have done us damage.

"Rube!" he said, calling out to the other guard, who was about fifty paces off, and nearer the patch of cultivated ground, "pitch one o' them 'ere old heads of greens this way; the Yank wants it for his crippled foot."

Rouben, propping his long rifle against the log he was seated on, and slowly rising up, walked towards the "greens."

I glanced at Totten. He was gathering his legs under him, and furiously rubbing the sprained ankle with one hand. Our sentry had turned half way round while speaking to the other; the butt of his gun rested on his boot, not more than a dozen feet from the sergeant's grasp. I was close to Totten, only a little outside, and in full view of the Confed. I saw that the sergeant was quite ready, and watching me with eager eyes.

The outside guard had reached the cabbage patch, and was stooping to pluck the "greens." The time for action had at length arrived; and I raised my right hand.

With the spring of a catamount, Totten threw himself forward upon the unsuspecting sentry. As he did so, I rushed up the steps, caught hold of the heavy door, dashed it to, and drove home the shooting-bolt—before the men inside could stir hand or foot!

There had not been a second to spare. By the time I had

got the swinging bar into its place, the Rebs had thrown themselves against the door, uttering loud curses.

But the bolt was a strong one, and resisted all their efforts, until I had got the bar safe in its place, and secured it with the padlock. This done, I sprang out of the porch again, and ran for the rifle left leaning against the log.

All the while, Totten and the sentry were engaged in a deathlike struggle. On first flinging himself on the latter, Totten had caught him round the legs, at the same time securing his gun, and bringing him to the ground. I knew that few men could equal the sergeant in rough strength; and, satisfied he would soon have the mastery over his opponent, I left him to settle that matter for himself.

As I rushed to get possession of the rifle, its owner, bewildered by the sudden surprise, was now running towards it himself—making a loud outcry and still holding the head of cabbage in his hand. Fortunately I was the swifter, and reached the log first; but, as I stooped to grasp the gun, the Reb, threw himself impetuously upon me. Seizing the butt in one hand, with the other he struck me a violent blow in the face. But I had the barrel firmly grasped; and, exerting all my strength, I succeeded in becoming master of the weapon—drawing the man down upon his knees. Before he could recover himself, I dealt him a crushing blow with the butt, that felled him flat upon the earth.

To rush to the stable, and set free our comrades, Hill and Carey, was but the work of a few seconds. Then we all ran to where the sergeant and the big sentry were still engaged in their deadly wrestle.

Totten had his antagonist by the throat; and would no doubt have strangled him, but that the Confed was a very powerful man, and had got hold of the sergeant's wrist.

Our arrival put an end to the struggle; as the sentry, seeing himself outnumbered, with a rifle held close to his head, cried out, "Quarter!"

While all this was taking place, the party in the store-room were making furious efforts to burst open the door. But as the oak was sound, and the bolts strong; we saw it would take them some time to make their way out.

Before they did this, we were all four mounted, and galloping away.

We knew we had little to fear from pursuit by those left at the log house. On the tired horses that remained to them, and the start we had obtained, there would be no chance for the Confeds to overtake us.

Fortune proved friendly to us. Not a soul did we encounter, as we dashed along at a breakneck pace; until we fell in with a body of our own cavalry, several miles beyond where we had been captured in the morning; which at length put an end to our apprehensions.

I had some explanations to make, after rejoining my regiment—as to how I got the very handsome black eye I had brought from the other side of the Shenandoah.—*London Society.*

PROPHETS OF EVIL.

There are a number of people moving in our midst who take their pleasures sadly. They wear an aspect of impenetrable gloom, suggestive of a career of life-long disappointment. Their speaking faces proclaim the fact that they are blighted beings, who have been cruelly and unjustly treated. The remembrance of their wrongs precludes all possibility of their ever again being blithesome creatures. There may be joy and mirth in the world, but not for them. They are dead to earthly pleasures, their faces can never smile again, or their voices be raised above the most melancholy of melancholy drawls. The utmost they can do is to bear their fate with becoming meekness, and to point out to people in general the pitfalls into which they are liable to fall. This they do with much complacency. With a bitter kind of satisfaction do they throw cold water upon the ambitious aspirations of many a proud youth. He, in his innocence, exults, perhaps, over the prospect before him. There lies the world; in it there are numberless priceless prizes awaiting him, and which he has only to put forth his hand in order to obtain. He can, with little trouble, secure a princely fortune, a peerless wife whose beauty and virtues shall be the talk of the world, and who will bestow upon him such affection as man never before received from woman, and crown himself with immortal fame. They inform him that it is quite possible he may become a beggar and die in a workhouse. Better men than he have done that before now. He is told that his wife may turn out a vitago, a slut, or a drunkard; and it is pointed out to him with great clearness that, out of the mass of people who plan to become famous, not one in a hundred achieves anything but the most miserable failure. It is hinted—very broadly hinted—that there are more talented men than himself living, and that luckless beings are pursued by a sanguinary Nemesis when they least expect it. They do not say it will be so, but it would not surprise them if his future were one of the most abject misery. They have seen so many people fall into the slough of despond, where they have floundered till they were hopelessly lost, that nothing would astonish them. It would strike a disinterested on-looker that they would be rather glad than otherwise to see their prophecies of ill-omen verified; but this is, no doubt, a mistake. Though they do their best to dishearten people, and give every-day life a cheerless and gloomy aspect, they profess to regard all mankind with the most profound charity, and avow that they are prepared to make, as they are ever making, great sacrifices on its behalf. Probably, then, the injury they do, they do unconsciously. But this much is certain. They have no word of comfort for the despairing soul. The man who is bankrupt in purse they plainly infer will shortly be bankrupt in reputation, and he who, in his trouble, is looking round for help and succour, they bluntly say is looking in vain.

The prophet of evil flourishes among all classes of the community, and has a word to say in reference to every passing event. When a picnic is arranged he straightway sets to work to make everyone concerned feel miserable by declaring that it is very likely the day will be wet. Not even will a gloriously fine morning on the day chosen silence his croakings. As he travels along in carriage or boat he keeps a sharp look-out for stray clouds which have a suspicious look, and his search is rarely in vain. In commiserating tones the ladies are asked if they have brought their umbrellas, or if they have anything on which "will spoil." If the nasty-looking cloud floats away into space, and the sun shines out bright and warm as ever, though rather disappointed that his evil prognostications have come to nothing, he is no way disheart-

ened, but straightway sets to work to discover fresh signs of bad weather. If the weather prove too settled even for him to say anything disheartening in reference to it, he has other cards to play. He has a strong suspicion that a particular wheel on the carriage is by no means safe, and that it will be coming off, thereby placing the party in great danger. Or the boat is cranky, and has a tendency to turn over—an event which could not happen, he asserts, without putting everybody in the most serious jeopardy; indeed, it would be nothing less than a miracle if everyone in the unfortunate craft did not perish. He is continually haunted by doubts that some of the party will take cold. If he finds them reclining upon the grass, in touching tones he advises them not to do so, informing them, at the same time, of some of the awful effects of such folly which have come under his personal observation. He has a horror of the chilly night air. In trembling accents he beseeches everybody to wrap themselves up warm, because nothing is so dangerous as a cold caught under such circumstances. He knows more than one unlucky mortal who has gone to an early grave by such means. When he parts from those he has attempted to warn and save, his last words are, "I hope you won't catch cold," delivered in such a tone that those whom he is addressing cannot avoid the conviction that, if they do not do so, no one will be more astonished than he will. All this may be very considerate and very kind, and people ought to feel very thankful, perhaps, that so much interest is taken in their welfare. But they don't. They persist in regarding the prophet of evil as an unmitigated nuisance, who damps their spirits when they want to be merry, and is only enjoying himself when he is making everybody else miserable. In addition to all this, the prophet of evil deems himself privileged to criticise the domestic economy of almost every household into which he has any insight. The heart of these criticisms is, that the majority of people are going to the dogs as quickly as they can go. When told that his neighbour is indisposed, he asserts with portentous face that he for some time has seen that the unfortunate man has not long to live. And no argument will induce him to think that this is not the case. When speaking of the national business he is equally dolorous. The country is going to rack and ruin, and nothing can save it. There are troubles looming ahead which no one but himself can properly estimate the importance of. He does not see that anything can be done to avert them. The nation has had its day of triumph, and, like Greece, and Rome, and Egypt, it must have its hour of humiliation and distress. In short, he looks upon the dark side of everything, especially of other people's concerns, and takes care to let them see the dismal aspect, too. No doubt he experiences a sort of gloomy pleasure in making other folks, something like himself, melancholy and misanthropical.

Occasionally these prophets of evil are people who have met with real disappointments, and, to a certain extent, have become soured gloomy. More frequently, they are beings who, for the lack of real troubles, manufacture that which passes for them. In time they succeed in persuading themselves, perhaps, that the world is a very sad place, in which there are numberless snares to trap unwary mortals. Now, there is no objection to any man, woman, or child making himself or herself—as the case may be—miserable. If they like that sort of employment we, at any rate, shall not grumble at them for indulging in it.—*Liberal Review.*

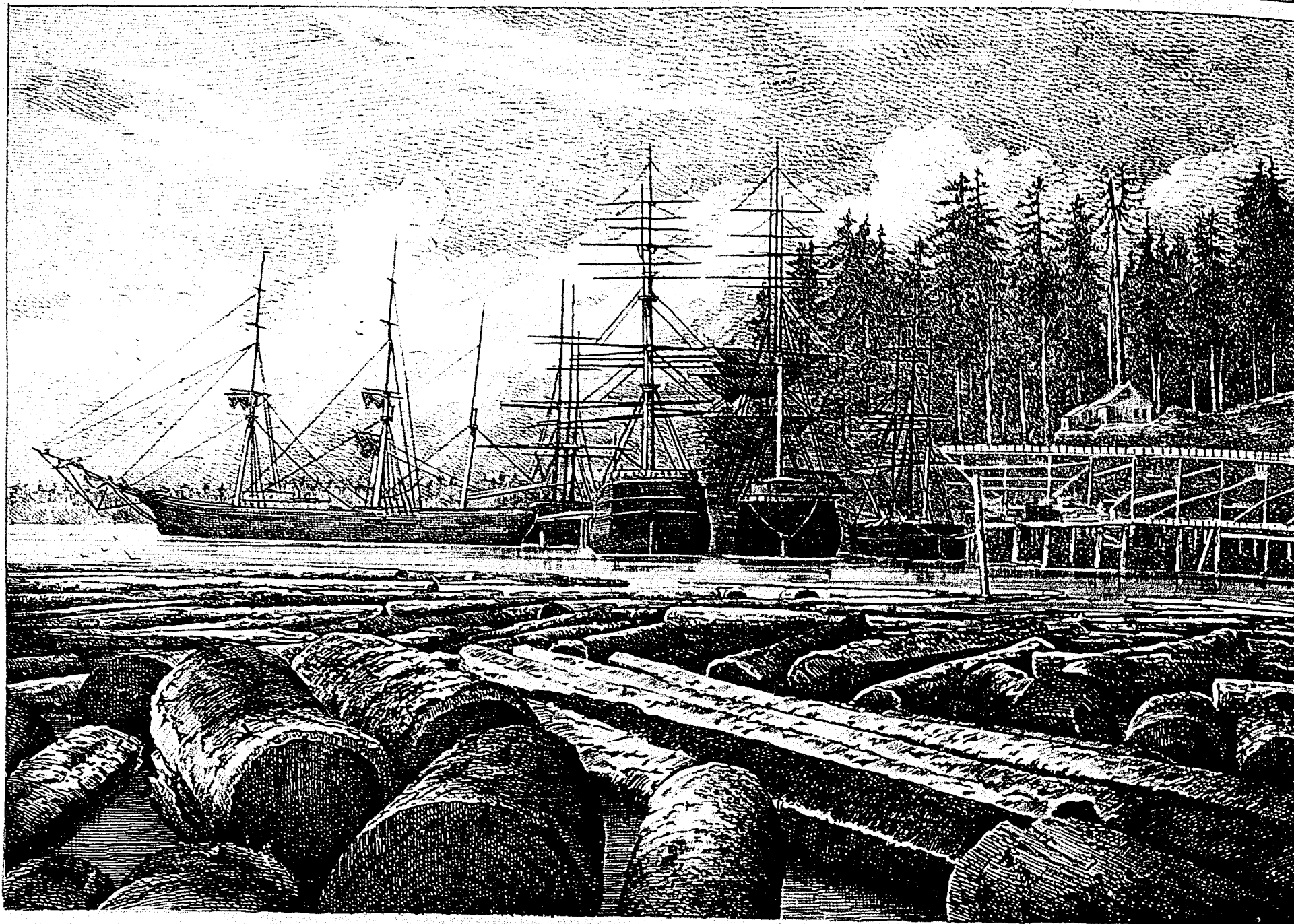
The following extraordinary case of spontaneous combustion is related by the *New York Insurance Journal*: A lady watching at the bedside of her husband, was astonished, about midnight, to perceive flames burst from the surface of a dressing-table from no apparent cause. Upon the table was some writing paper and the table-cover, with an open newspaper spread above them. Although alarmed, the lady was not unnerved, and cast the burning mass into a contiguous vessel, where the flames were soon extinguished. In searching her memory for a cause for this perilous incident, she remembered that a day or two previously, she had saturated some linen with sweet oil to be laid over a blister, and had left it for a short time upon the table, occasioning a grease spot upon the cover. The paper was laid upon this spot. Probably, accelerated by the temperature of the room, combustion commenced on the greased cloth, communicated to the paper, and slumbered until the oxygen of the atmosphere was the final cause of the flame.

A Chicago paper is responsible for the following incident:—A touching incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer last week, and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of a marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, bursting into tears, "had been worn by my dear, dead child." "Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected; "I am rich; let me make restitution; here are \$20 for your little son." He gave the farmer a \$50 bill and received \$30 in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer since dried his tears and loaded his shot gun. The \$50 bill was bad.

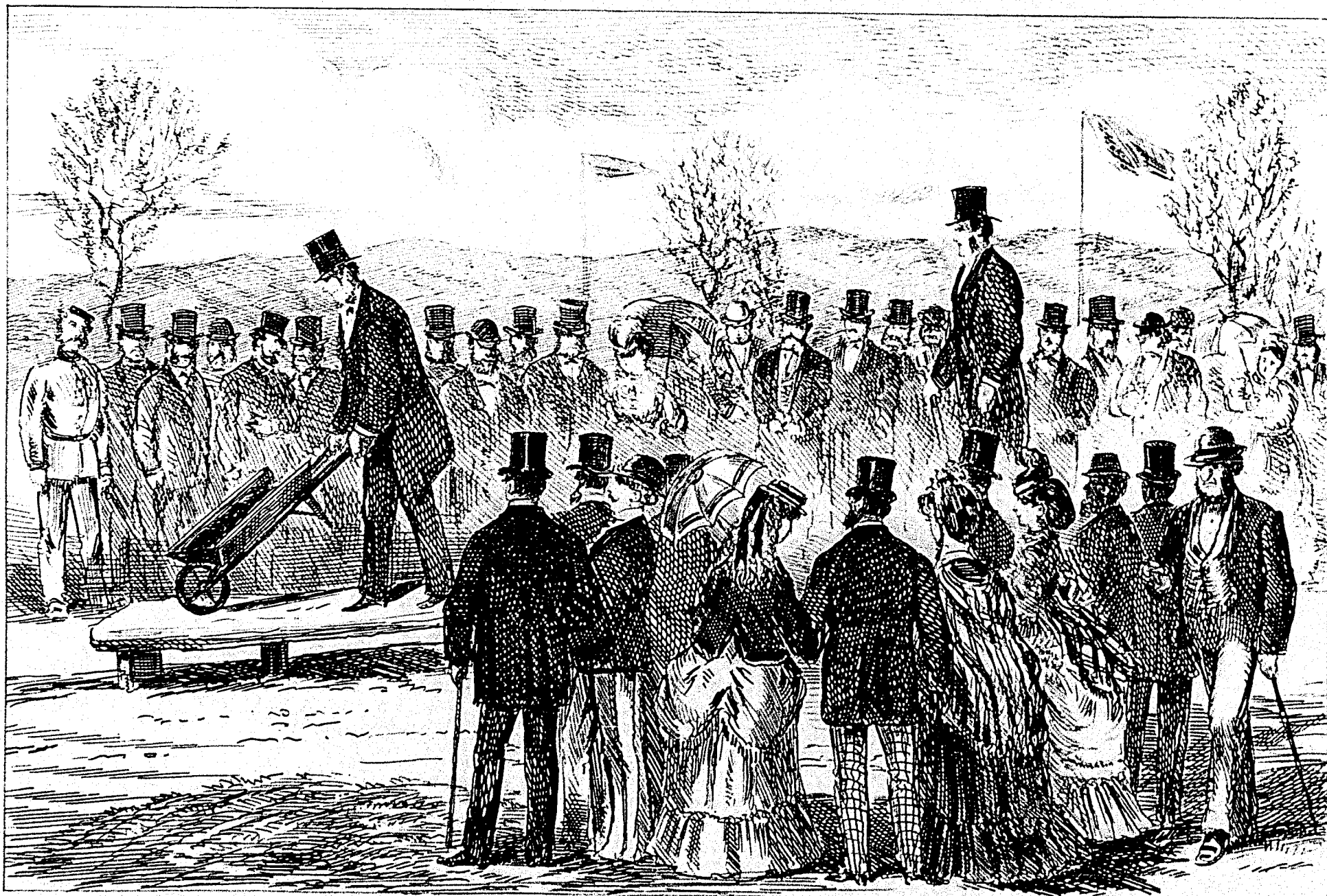
A THREAT.—A refined young lady who has long loved and cherished a tall and handsome conductor on the Third Avenue line, recently discovered that he was taking fare from her and dead-heading another girl who lived on Fourteenth street. She did not eat pickles and pine away, but wrote him an affecting epistle, which read: "You want to nok down enuff stamps to get me a paisier shawl & a dolly vardin before sunday or I will put an awning over that girls eye the next time I meet her in society. You hear me." The company is desirous that he "make up" with the girl again.

It is fortunate that there are no Darwinians on the Committee for revising the translation of the Scriptures. For one of that school suggests the following reading for the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm: My protoplasm was not hidden from thee when, far back in the Silurian epoch, I floated on the sea a frilled and flounced Medusa. Yea, in ages still more remote, before differentiation had begun, thine eyes did see my sarcode, and in thy thought my limbs took form before they were evolved.

Hon. Wm. Parson, in a New York town, found himself advertised to lecture on "Wicked Angels." The secretary declared that he wrote "Michael Angelo," but of course the "printer was to blame."



BRITISH COLUMBIA.—VIEW AT BURRARD INLET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. WITROW.



NEW BRUNSWICK.—TURNING THE FIRST SOD ON THE RIVER DU LOUP RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE FASHION PLATES.

PROMENADE COSTUMES.

Figs. 1 & 2.—These are two costumes of the same pattern, but different material. Fig. 1 is of brown silk, with a brown velvet sash to correspond; Fig. 2 of patterned foulard, of a yellowish shade, with a silk sash. The underskirt is trimmed with a gathered flounce half a yard in depth, headen with a 2½ inch pleating. The overskirt is trimmed with similar pleatings.

COIFFURES.

Fig. 1.—The hair is waved in front, and combed slightly on the forehead, so as to curl over the temples. The back hair is arranged in curls, short and long, with a bow of broad ribbon.

Figs. 2 & 3.—The front hair is waved, the upper part combed downwards, and the lower part drawn backwards, so to cross the chignon as shown in Fig. 3. The chignon consists of two puffs, and is worn with curls on either side of the ear. A braid crosses the top of the head *en diadème*.

Fig 4.—The hair is arranged in wavy curls in front. At the sides it is drawn back and mingles with the back hair, forming the chignon.

Figs. 5 & 6.—The



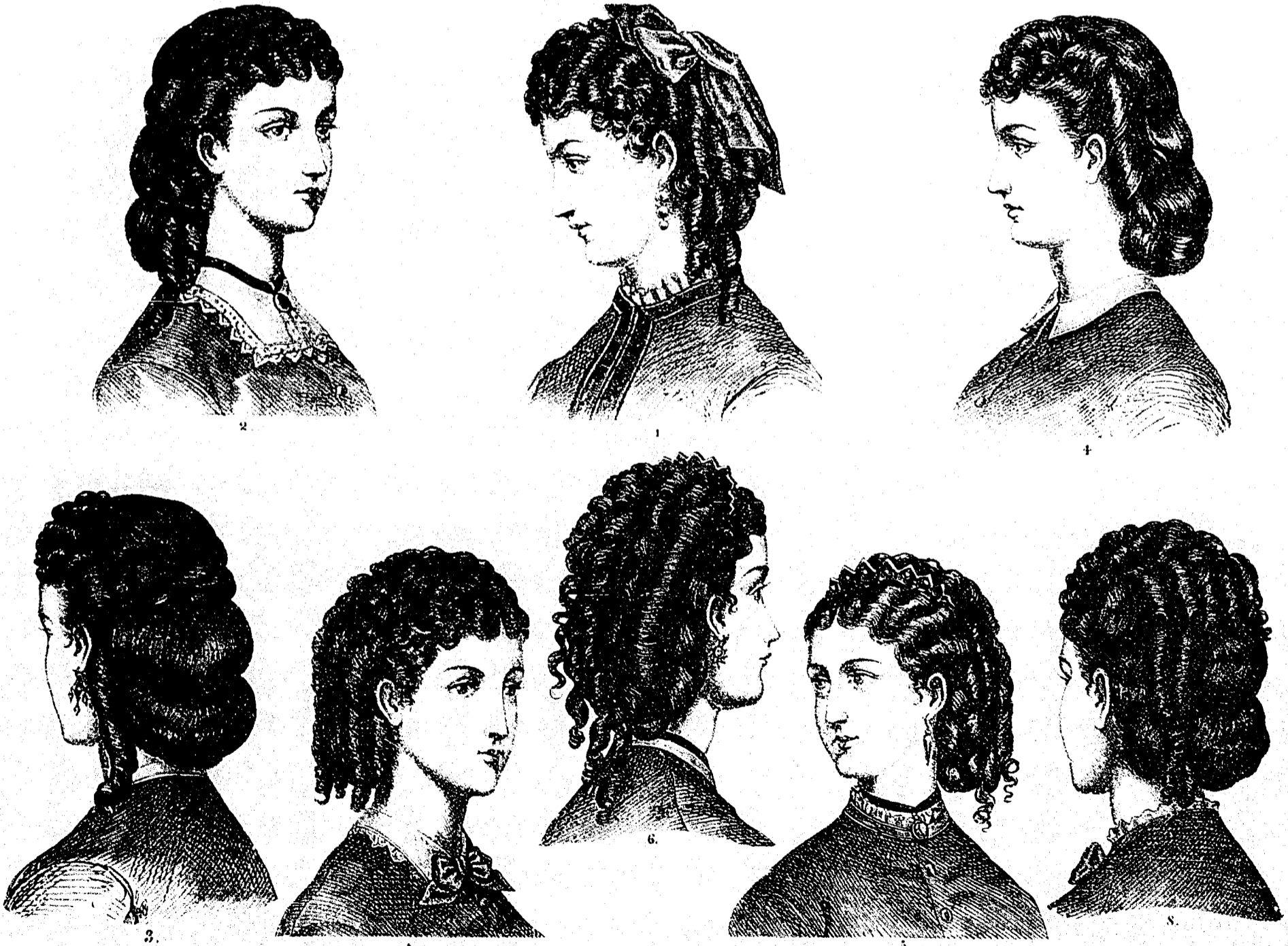
THE FASHIONS.—PROMENADE COSTUMES.

front hair is waved as far as the ear, behind which it is plaited into a heavy braid. The back hair is divided into two rolls, round which the braids are looped. Jet coronet, and curls falling over the chignon.

Figs. 7 & 8.—This coiffure consists of a chignon, arranged in two large puffs, with a spiral roll and three curls on the left side, as shown in the cut, and four or five short curls falling over it. The front hair is waved and brought down behind the ear in similar curls, and is worn with a braided diadem.

A NEW BLUE.—If metallic antimony be dissolved in *aqua regia*, after filtering through granulated glass, a solution of prussiate of potash being added as long as any precipitate is produced, a beautiful and permanent blue colour is exhibited which can scarcely be distinguished from ultramarine. With chrome or zinc yellow, it gives a green, almost equal in colour to Schweinfurth green and far less poisonous.

Were we to believe nothing but what we could perfectly comprehend, not only our stock of knowledge in all the branches of learning would be shrunk up to nothing, but even the affairs of common life could not be carried on.



THE FASHIONS.—COIFFURES.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

HOME.

Sweet word! almost the sweetest in our noble English tongue,
Sweet name! almost the dearest that ever poet sung,
Sweet place! so cherished in our heart, so hallowed in our thought,
For its present full enjoyment, or its past with memories fraught,
For memory loves to linger in the home of "long ago,"
And to the meditative mind her pictures loves to show,
Recalling to our vision each beaming childish face,
And bringing back the voices sweet that echoed through the place
Where the household fire was lighted, and the family altar stood,
Where the charms that ever brighten the child home of the good,
Shed their warm and happy radiance o'er the hearts that nestled there,
From the wife and husband downward to the babe with silken hair,
Yes, pleasant are the memories that cluster round the spot,
Where as children we were gathered, and hatred entered not,
But peace and love and happiness outspread the sheltering wings,
And humble virtues grew and bloomed, like flowers in the spring,
O Home, sweet Home! far better than the joys of sinful mirth,
Are the calm and blameless pleasures that decorate thy hearth,
And better than the noisy world it is to fly to thee,
Where the wife so fondly welcomes, and the children climb the knee,
O Home, sweet Home Eternal! where the scattered members meet,
Who once in that dear place on earth each other loved to greet,
We would to thee look forward, thou best boon to mortals given,
And yearn to leave these weary sins, and safe attain to Heaven,
Sweet word! by far the sweetest in our grand old English tongue,
Sweet name! by far the dearest that poet ever sung,
Sweet place! still hidden from us by Death's dividing foam,
Keep us, O Lord! our wandering feet guide to our Father's Home!

H. K. C.

Montreal, 16th April, 1872.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1878.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE people of Colmar think Colmar to be a considerable place, and far be it from us to hint that it is not so. It is—or was in the days when Alsace was French—the chief town of the department of the Haut Rhin. It bristles with barracks, and is busy with cotton factories. It has been accustomed to the presence of a prefect, and is no doubt important. But it is not so large that people going in and out of it can pass without attention, and this we take to be the really true line of demarcation between a big town and a little one. Had Michel Voss and Adrian Urmand passed through Lyons or Strasbourg on their journey to Granpere, no one would have noticed them, and their acquaintances in either of those cities would not have been a bit the wiser. But it was not probable that they should leave the train at the Colmar station, and hire Daniel Bredin's carriage for the mountain journey thence to Granpere, without all the facts of the case coming to the ears of Madame Faragon. And when she had heard the news, of course she told it to George Voss. She had interested herself very keenly in the affair of George's love, partly because she had a soft heart of her own, and loved a ray of romance to fall in upon her as she sat fat and helpless in her easy chair, and partly because she thought that the future landlord of the Hôtel de la Poste at Colmar ought to be regarded as a bigger man and a better match than any Swiss linen merchant in the world.

"I can't think what it is that your father means," she had said. "When he and I were young, he used not to be so fond of the people of Basle, and he didn't think so much then of a peddling buyer of sheetings and shirtings."

Madame Faragon was rather fond of alluding to past times, and of hinting to George that in early days, had she been willing, she might have been mistress of the Lion d'Or at Granpere, instead of the Poste at Colmar. George never quite believed the boast, as he knew that Madame Faragon was at least ten years older than his father.

"He used to think," continued Madame Faragon, "that there was nothing better than a good house in the public line, with a well-spirited woman inside it to stand her ground and hold her own. But everything is changed now, since the railroads came up. The pedlars become merchants, and the respectable old shopkeepers must go to the wall."

George would hear all this in silence, though he knew that his old friend was endeavouring to comfort him by making little of the Basle linen merchant. Now, when Madame Faragon learned that Michel Voss and Adrian Urmand had gone through Colmar back from Basle on their way to Granpere, she immediately foresaw what was to happen. Marie's marriage was to be hurried on, George was to be thrown overboard, and the pedlar's pack was to be triumphant over the sign of the innkeeper.

"If I were you, George, I would dash in among them at once," said Madame Faragon.

George was silent for a minute or two, leaving the room and returning to it before he made any answer. Then he declared that he would dash in among them at Granpere.

"It will be better to go over and see it all settled," he said.

"But, George, you won't quarrel?"

"What do you mean by quarrelling? I don't suppose that this man and I can be very dear friends when we meet each other."

"You won't have any fighting. Oh, George, if I thought there was going to be fighting, I would go myself to prevent it."

Madame Faragon no doubt was sincere in her desire that there should be no fighting; but, nevertheless, there was a life and reality about this little affair which had a gratifying effect upon her.

"If I thought I could do any good, I really would go," she said again afterwards. But George did not encourage her to make the attempt.

No more was said about it; but early on the following morning, or in truth long before the morning had dawned, George had started upon his journey, following his father and M. Urmand in their route over the mountain. This was the third time he had gone to Granpere in the course of the present autumn, and on each time he had gone without invitation and without warning. And yet, previous to this, he had remained above a year at Colmar without taking any notice of his family. He knew that his father would not make him welcome, and he almost doubted whether it would be proper for him to drive himself direct to the door of the hotel. His father had told him, when they were last parting from each other, that he was nothing but a trouble. "You are all trouble," his father had said to him. And then his father had

threatened to have him turned from the door by the servants, if he should come to the house again before Marie and Adrian were married. He was not afraid of his father; but he felt that he had no right to treat the Lion d'Or as his own home unless he was prepared to obey his father. And he knew nothing as to Marie and her purpose. He had learned from her that were she left to herself she would give herself with all her heart to him. But she would not be left to herself, and he only knew now that Adrian Urmand was being taken back to Granpere,—of course with the intention that the marriage should be at once perfected. Madame Faragon had, no doubt, been right in her advice as to dashing in among them at once. Whatever was to be done must be done now. But it was by no means clear to him how he was to carry on the war when he found himself among them all at Granpere.

It was now October, and the morning on the mountain was very dark and cold. He had started from Colmar between three and four, so that he had passed through Munster, and was ascending the hill before six. He too stopped and fed his horse at the Emperor's house at the top, and fortified himself with a tumbler of wine and a hunch of bread. He meant to go into Granpere and claim Marie as his own. He would go to the priest, and to the pastor if necessary, and forbid all authorities to lend their countenance to the proposed marriage. He would speak his mind plainly, and would accuse his father of extreme cruelty. He would call upon Madame Voss to save her niece. He would be very savage with Marie, hoping that he might thereby save her from herself—defying her to say either before man or God that she loved the man whom she was about to make her husband. And as to Adrian Urmand himself—he still thought that, should the worst come to the worst, he would try some process of choking upon Adrian Urmand. Any use of personal violence would be distasteful to him and contrary to his nature. He was not a man who in the ordinary way of his life would probably lift his hand against another. Such liftings of hands on the part of other men he regarded as a falling back to the truculence of savage life. But on such an occasion as this he found himself obliged to acknowledge that, if the worst should come to the worst, some attempt at choking his enemy must be made. It must be made for Marie's sake, if not for his own. In this mood of mind he drove down to Granpere, and, not knowing where else to stop, drew up his horse in the middle of the road before the hotel. The stable servant, who was hanging about, immediately came to him; and there was his father standing, all alone, at the door of the house. It was now ten o'clock, and he had expected that his father would have been away from home, as was his custom at that hour. But the innkeeper's mind was at present too full of trouble to allow of his going off either to the wood-cutting or to the farm.

Adrian Urmand, after his failure with Marie on the preceding evening, had not again gone down-stairs. He had taken himself at once to his bedroom, and had remained there gloomy and unhappy, very angry with Marie Bromar; but, if possible, more angry with Michel Voss. Knowing, as he must have known, how the land lay, why had the innkeeper brought him from Basle to Granpere? He found himself to have been taken in, from first to last, by the whole household, and he would at this moment have been glad to obliterate Granpere altogether from among the valleys of the Vosges. And so he went to bed in wrath. Michel and Madame Voss sat below waiting for him above an hour. Madame Voss more than once proposed that she should go up and see what was happening. It was impossible, she declared, that they should be talking together all that time. But her husband had stayed her. "Whatever they have to say, let them say it out." It seemed to him that Marie must be giving way, if she submitted herself to so long an interview. When at last Madame Voss did go up-stairs, she learned from the maid that M. Urmand had been in bed ever so long, and on going to Marie's chamber, she found her sitting where she had sat before.

"Yes, Aunt Jossey, I will go to bed at once," she said. "Give uncle my love."

Then Aunt Jossey had returned to her husband, and neither of them had been able to extract any comfort from the affairs of the evening.

Early on the following morning, M. le Curé was called to a consultation. This was very distasteful to Michel Voss, because he was himself a Protestant, and, having lived all his life with a Protestant son and two Roman Catholic women in the house, he had come to feel that Father Gondin's religion was a religion for the weaker sex. He troubled himself very little with the doctrinal differences, having no slightest touch of an idea that he was to be saved because he was a Protestant, and that they were in peril because they were Roman Catholics. Nor, indeed, was there any such idea on either side prevalent in the valley. What M. le Curé himself may have believed, who can say? But he never taught his parishioners that their Protestant uncles and wives and children were to be damned. Michel Voss was averse to priestly assistance; but now he submitted to it. He hardly knew himself how far that betrothal was a binding ceremony. But he felt strongly that he had committed himself to the marriage; that it did not become him to allow that his son had been right; and also that if Marie would only marry the man, she would find herself quite happy in her new home. So M. le Curé was called in, and there was a consultation. M. le Curé was quite as hot in favour of the marriage as were the other persons concerned. It was, in the first place, infinitely preferable in his eyes that his young parishioner should marry a Roman Catholic. But he was not able to undertake to use any special thunders of the Church. He could tell the young woman what was her duty, and he had done so. If her guardians wished it, he would do so again, very strongly. But he did not know how he was to do more. Then the priest told the story of Annette Lolme, pointing out how well Marie was acquainted with the bearings of the case.

"But both consented to break off in that case," said Michel. It was singular to observe how cruel he had become against the girl whom he so dearly loved. The Curé explained to him that neither the Church nor the law could interfere to make her marry M. Urmand. It might be explained to her that she would commit a sin requiring penance and absolution if she did not marry him. The Church could go no further than that. But—such was the Curé's opinion—there was no power at the command of Michel Voss by which he could force his niece to marry the man, unless his own internal power as a friend and protector might enable him to do so.

"She doesn't care a straw for that now," said he. "Not a

straw. Since that fellow was over here she thinks nothing of me, and nothing of her word."

Then he went out to the hotel door, leaving the priest with his wife, and he had not stood there for a minute or two before he saw his son's arrival. Marie, in the meantime, had not left her room. She had sent word down to her uncle that she was ill, and that she would beg him to go to her. As yet he had not seen her; but a message had been taken to her, saying that he would come soon. Adrian Urmand had breakfasted alone, and had since been wandering about the house alone. He also, from the windows of the billiard-room, had seen the arrival of George Voss.

Michel Voss, when he saw George, did not move from his place. He was still very angry with his son, vehemently angry, because his son stood in the way of the completion of his desires. But he had forgotten all his threats, spoken now nearly a week ago. He was altogether oblivious of his declaration that he would have George turned away from the door by the servants of the inn. That his own son should treat his house as a home was so natural to him that it did not even occur to him now that he could bid him not to enter. There he was again, creating more trouble; and, as far as our friend the innkeeper could see, likely enough to be successful in his object. Michel stood his ground, with his hands in his pockets, because he would not even shake hands with his son. But when George came up he bowed a recognition with his head; as though he should have said,—"I see you; but I cannot say that you are welcome to Granpere." George stood for a moment or two, and then addressed his father.

"Adrian Urmand is here with you, is he not, father?"

"He is in the house somewhere," said Michel, sullenly.

"May I speak to him?"

"I am not his keeper; not his," and Michel put a special accent on the last word, by which he implied that though he was not the keeper of Adrian Urmand, he was the keeper of somebody else. George stood awhile, hesitating, by his father's side, and as he stood he saw through the window of the billiard-room the figure of Urmand, who was watching them.

"Your mother is in her own room; you had better go to her," said Michel. Then George entered the hotel, and his father went across the court to seek Urmand in his retreat. In this way the difficulty of the first meeting was overcome, and George did not find himself turned out of the Lion d'Or.

(To be continued.)

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5-22

AN ITALIAN "BATTLE OF DORKING."

A pamphlet entitled "The Narrative of a Coastguard, Caprja, 180—" has recently appeared in Rome. It is supposed to be written by an experienced officer of the Italian navy, and it describes, in much the same fashion as the "Battle of Dorking," of which it professes to be a free translation, the catastrophe which the author believes to be inevitable if Italy continues to neglect her navy. The "Coastguard" relates to his grandchildren how, at the beginning of the eightieth year of the present century, Italy was at the height of her prosperity. After long and arduous efforts the unity of the nation was established, and the dispute with the Pope was practically closed by the occupation of Rome. Italy had everything in her favour; her industry and commerce were flourishing, and her good fortune was the envy of other nations. But the appearance was more brilliant than the reality, for what the Italians begin with enthusiasm they often abandon soon after with indifference. Parliament was somewhat too lavish of new laws, and there was something to complain of in the administration; but the narrator says that, being a seaman, these are matters which he does not profess to understand. Much money was spent on railways and harbours. But since 1865 nothing had been done for the fleet. In Parliament there were few members who understood naval abuses, and those who did had good reasons for holding their tongues. The Ministers did not dare to propose reforms, and even allowed their colleagues to appropriate to their own departments the funds voted for the Admiralty; and the pay of the officers and clerks of the Admiralty was so small that every other career was preferred to that of the navy. This was the state of things when France declared war against Italy. It was said that the pretext was a trifling one, but the real cause was easily to be found in the event of the last ten years. Italy had upwards of a million soldiers on paper, but only 450,000 of them actually existed. There were also 150,000 volunteers collected in Central and Southern Italy, who, however, had to be armed and drilled. The Chamber voted all the necessary funds, and there was great enthusiasm in the country. But in the navy it was otherwise. Italy had twelve iron-clad frigates with large engines, thick plates, and heavy guns; the enemy, however, had guns of longer range, and some of the Italian ships were built before the new big naval guns had been introduced. It soon appeared that the iron plates of two or three of these frigates were so eaten up with rust that they could be penetrated with one's fingers. Some of the engines, too, were defective. After much trouble and labor the Admiralty succeeded in making nine ironclads and a dozen avisos and cruisers fit for sea. The confusion was tremendous; everybody wanted to help, but few understood how to do it, as no serious work had been done in the fleet before, and people had grown accustomed to wait for orders and shirk responsibility. The crews were totally inexperienced. The sailors had had no military drill, and there were few officers or sub-officers who had been trained on board ship. Only those had remained in the service who were married or had no other means of obtaining a living. All aspired to wipe out the disaster of Lissa, but even those who understood but little of naval affairs knew that a useless sacrifice would be made to the national honour. Something was done to fortify the harbours, but all was unfinished and antiquated, and everywhere there was a want of guns. More than half of the gulf of Spezia was still open, and as the useless ships had been sold, it was necessary to buy new vessels at great expense and then sink them. Moreover, the sea there is eight fathoms deep, and cables and chains therefore had to be used in order completely to close the harbour. Most of the torpedoes, too, had to be given to the commercial ports, so that the naval arsenals had to dispense with the additional protection. Such was the state of things when the French fleet, consisting of thirty-two ironclads, sixteen floating batteries, and an immense number of gunboats, started from Toulon, while at the same time an army of 400,000 men was posted on the frontier, and another of 200,000 behind it in Provence. The "Coastguard" then describes how the fleet at Spezia was destroyed, the arsenal and the town bombarded, and the army in the valley of the Po isolated by a French army which landed at Piombino, and forced to retreat to the Quadrilateral, where it was attacked on both sides and obliged to capitulate. Naples, Genoa, and Leghorn were burnt, and the storehouses and merchant fleet destroyed, after which Italy purchased peace by the loss of Sardinia and Sicily. The story is told with much vigour and animation, and it has produced a deep impression on the Italian public.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

INSECT WAX.

In China, prior to the thirteenth century, beeswax was employed as a coating for candles; but about that period the white wax insect was discovered, since which time that article has been wholly superseded by the more costly but incomparably superior product of this insect. The animal feeds on an evergreen

shrub or tree (*Ligustrum Unidum*) which is found throughout Central China, from the Pacific to Tibet.

Sometimes the husbandman finds a tree which the insects themselves have reached, but the usual practice is to stock them, which is effected in spring with the nests of the insect. These are about the size of a fowl's head, and are removed by cutting off a portion of the branch by which they are attached, leaving an inch each side of the nest. The sticks with the adhering nests are soaked in unhusked rice water for a quarter of an hour, when they may be separated. When the weather is damp or cool, they may be preserved for a week; but, if warm, they are to be tied to the branches of the tree to be stocked without delay, being first folded between leaves. By some, the nests are probed out of their seats in the bark of the tree without removing the branches. At this period they are particularly exposed to the attacks of birds, and require watching.

In a few days after being tied to the tree, the nests swell, and innumerable white insects the size of mites emerge and spread themselves on the branches of the tree, but soon with one accord descend towards the ground, where, if they find any grass, they take up their quarters. To prevent this, the ground beneath it is kept bare, care being taken also that their implacable enemies, the ants, have no access to the tree. Pinding no congenial resting place below, they reascend and fix themselves to the lower surface of the leaves, where they remain several days, when they repair to the branches, perforating the bark to feed on the fluid within. From mites, they attain the size of lice; and having compared it to this, the most familiar to them of all insects, our Chinese authors deem further description superfluous. Early in June, they give to the trees the appearance of hoar frost, being changed into wax. Soon after this, they are scraped off, being previously sprinkled with water. If the gathering be deferred till August, they adhere too firmly to be easily removed. Those which are suffered to remain to stock trees the ensuing year secrete a purplish envelope about the last of August, which at first is no larger than a grain of rice; but, as incubation proceeds, it expands and becomes as large as a fowl's head, when the nests are transferred, in Spring, to other trees, one or more of each, according to their size and vigour, in the manner already described. In being scraped from the trees, the crude material is freed from its impurities, probably the skeletons of the insects, by spreading it on a strainer, covering a cylindrical vessel, which is placed in a cauldron of boiling water; the wax is retained in the former vessel, and, on congealing, is ready for market. The *yellow* or white wax, in its chemical properties, is analogous to purified beeswax and also spermaceti, but differing from both, being in my opinion an article perfectly *in genere*. It is perfectly white, translucent, shining, not unctuous to the touch, inodorous, insipid, crumbles into a dry, inadhesive powder between the teeth, with a fibrous texture resembling felt-pap; melts at 100° Fahr.; insoluble in water; dissolves in essential oil, and is scarcely affected by boiling alcohol, the acids or alkalis.

The aid of analytical chemistry is needed for the proper elucidation of this most beautiful material. There can be no doubt it would prove altogether superior in the arts to purified beeswax. On extraordinary occasions, the Chinese employ it for candles and tapers. It has been supposed to be identical with the white wax of Madras; but as the Indian has been found useless in the manufacture of candles, it cannot be the same. It far excels, also, the vegetable wax of the United States (*Myrica Couleteri*).

Is this substance a secretion? There are Chinese who regard it as such—some representing it to be the saliva and others as the excrement of the insect. European writers take nearly the same view; but the best native authorities expressly say that this opinion is incorrect, and that the animal is changed into wax. I am inclined to think that the insect undergoes what may be styled an anæreous degeneration, its whole body being permeated by the peculiar product, in the same manner as the *coccus cacti* is by carmine. It costs at Ningpo from 22 cents to 35 cents per pound. The annual product of this humble creature in China cannot be far from 400,000 pounds, worth more than \$100,000.—*Dr. D. J. Macgowan.*

THE ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.—The recent development of the reproductive power of petroleum wells that had been for some years abandoned because they were believed to be exhausted (says the *Petroleum Monthly*), is not alone a matter of value to the owners of the territory that was until lately presumed to be incapable of further production, but it affords a more trust-worthy basis than any the world has hitherto been able to obtain for forming an approximately correct opinion concerning the chemical process whereby petroleum is generated. Until within a few days, a popular opinion prevailed that petroleum, in spite of its name, was the product of coal; and so nearly was this idea general among a majority of people, that many foreign receivers of pe-

troleum are still accustomed to order it as "coal oil." The belief, however, that the terrene oil of Pennsylvania and Canada is exclusively a product of bituminous coal may now safely be pronounced to be an error. There is certainly no evidence that coal is not one of the substances from which petroleum is distilled; but, at the same time, it is a somewhat strange fact, allowing a proper degree of credit to the belief that coal does enter into the composition of petroleum, that no coal beds susceptible of being worked are known to exist within fifty miles of the oil-producing territory. Again, it is a manifest and recognized fact that carbon does predominate as an integral essence of petroleum; and the other fact that the oil territory of Pennsylvania is surrounded by beds of bituminous coal, renders it eminently reasonable to believe that coal enters largely—if not, indeed, more largely than any other substance—into the process of distillation whereby petroleum is produced. Petroleum is certainly a mineral oil. But whatever may be the number and chemical variety of the minerals from which it is formed, the distillation of it is more intimately associated with limestone than with any other mineral. Sandstone is also found in boring oil wells, but it is from the pores of limestone that, in the chemical process of extracting oil from the minerals found in connection with its production, the greatest quantity of petroleum is taken. It is singular that, in boring for oil, no coal has ever been found, even in the smallest quantities, while sand, sandstone, and limestone abound. The inference, therefore, cannot be escaped that petroleum is the product of the distillation of at least two, and probably of more than three distinct mineral properties.

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1872.

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 PURSE No. 1—\$500, for Horses that have never trotted better than 2:38—\$400, \$150, \$50.
 PURSE No. 2—\$500, for Horses that have never trotted better than 2:32—\$400, \$200, \$100.
 PURSE No. 3—\$100, for all Pacing Horses—\$50, \$20, \$10.
SECOND DAY.
 PURSE No. 4—\$500, for Horses that have never trotted better than 2:38—\$400, \$150, \$50.
 PURSE No. 5—\$1,000, for all Trotting Teams in Double Harness—\$500, \$250, \$100.
 PURSE No. 6—\$1,000, for all Horses—\$1,000, \$400, \$200.
THIRD DAY.
 PURSE No. 7—Open Hurdle Race, \$700, two miles, over eight hurdles, 3 ft. 6 in. Weight—\$200, \$100, \$50.
 PURSE No. 8—Flat Race, \$500, for all ages; mile heats—\$200, \$100, \$50.
 PURSE No. 9—Queen's Plate, 50 Guineas, the gift of Her Majesty, for Horses bred and trained in the Province of Quebec that have not won Public Money. Weights for age. Dash, two miles. Entrance \$10. The whole of the Entrance Money to go with the Plate to the winner.
FOURTH DAY.
 PURSE No. 10—Handicap Hurdle Race, \$500, For Horses only that run in No. 7 race. Two miles, over 8 hurdles, 3 ft. 6 in. \$350, \$100, \$50.
 PURSE No. 11—Flat Race, \$1,000, for all ages. Two mile heats—\$650, \$250, \$100.
 PURSE No. 12—Flat Race, \$500, for Horses bred and trained in the Dominion of Canada. Weight for age; *non-claimant*, except Mares and Geldings; allowed 3 lbs. Mile heats—\$400, \$150, \$50.

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

ON the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the Act respecting the Customs, Section 4, intituled "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Port of Perce, now under the Survey of the Port of Gaspé, in the Province of Quebec, shall be and the same is hereby constituted and created into a Port of Entry and a Warehouse Port for all the purposes of the said Act, under the name of "The Port of Perce."

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA. **MONDAY, 25th Day of April, 1872.**

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

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under the authority given and conferred by the Act respecting the Inland Revenue, intituled "An Act respecting the Inland Revenue," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that in addition to the Ports mentioned in the 10th clause of the Order in Council of the 5th day of April, 1872, and subsequent orders, as the Ports from which Goods subject to Duties of Excise shall be exported in Bond, the following Port shall be, and it is hereby constituted a Port for the above-mentioned purposes, viz:—

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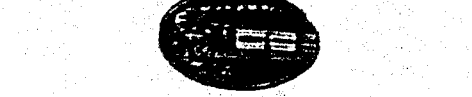
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