The Times

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THE

Ottawa Daily Times,

(Published every morning, Sundays excepted.)

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY TIMES NOW enjoys THE LARGEST CIRCULATION of any paper published in the Ottawa Valley, issuing of the Daily over 2,000 a and Weekly over 4,000 a making a total circulation in the week over 12,000 a thus outstripping all competitors, and affording the best medium for business men to advertise in.

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Legal Cards.

MOSGROVE & TAILLON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c. Office—Mosgrove's Buildings, Rideau-street, Ottawa.
WILLIAM MOSGROVE. GEORGE TAILLON.
Ottawa, Feb. 20, 1868. 366-tf

N. TETREAU,
NOTARY PUBLIC for the Province of Quebec, HULL, near the Post Office.
Dec. 6, 1867. 390tf

LAPIERRE & HAYCOCK,
ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, Solicitors-in-Chancery, Conveyancers and Notaries Public, corner of Sussex and York-streets, Ottawa.
Ottawa, February 26, 1867. 368y

D. O'CONNOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., Sussex Street.
OFFICE: Union Buildings, Ottawa.
February 21, 1868. 55-y

R. H. HAYCOCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, and Patent Right Solicitor.
OFFICE: Post Office Building, Elgin Street, Ottawa
February 7, 1868. 43-y

P. J. BUCKLEY, LL.B.,
BARRISTER and Attorney-at-Law Solicitor-in-Chancery and Notary Public, Office, over Mr. Lake CARSON'S Boot and Shoe Store, Rideau street, Ottawa, C. W.
January 17 1867. 334y

AUGUSTUS KEEFER,
BARRISTER and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.
Office: Opposite Post Office, Elgin Street, in the rooms lately occupied as the Custom House
Ottawa, March 30. 87-c

LEES & GEMMELL,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICE: In the Court House, Ottawa, C. W.
ROBERT LEES. JOHN J. GEMMELL.
Ottawa, February 7, 1866. 43-utf

EDWARD T. DARTNELL,
BARRISTER, Solicitor, Attorney, and Notary Public, Clerk of the Peace and County Crown Attorney, for the United Counties of Prescott and Russell.
OFFICE: In the Court House, L'Original.
January 27, 1866. 34-6m

J. P. MACPHERSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Ottawa. Office Lang's Buildings, opposite Post Office
Ottawa, March 19, 1868.

G. J. O'DOHERTY,
LAW, Chancery, and Conveyancing Office, Aumond's Buildings, Rideau street.
Ottawa, December 8, 1867.

NICHOLAS SPARKS,
BARRISTER and Attorney-at-Law Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.
Office—Lang's Buildings, Elgin-st., opposite the Post Office, Ottawa.
489y

Medical Cards.

DR. C. LEGGO,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Office: Hunton's Block, Sparks Street.

DR. OLIVER MARTIN,
DENTIST. Office: Sparks Street, Central Ottawa.
Ottawa, January 27, 1866. 34-utf

DR. C. A. MARTIN,
DENTIST. Office: Sussex Street, over Messrs. Campbell & Co.'s, Grocers.
Ottawa, January 27, 1866. 34-utf

DR. GEORGE HUTCHISON,
DENTIST: Office, Sparks-street, opposite Magee & Russell's.
Ottawa, October 30, 1867. 576y

DR. W. J. HENRY,
CORNER of Kent and Wellington-Streets, Ottawa.
November 6. 43utf

DR. O C. WOOD,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur Ottawa. Day office opposite Magee & Russell's Sparks Street, Center Town; Night Office at his Residence, Maria Street, Center Town.
CANCERS CURED, without the use of the knife, by a new, but certain, speedy, and almost painless process. References given to parties successfully treated, if required.
Ottawa, April 14 17w-169y

CONCENTRATED LYE.
CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.
The remarkable success which has attended the introduction of the celebrated Concentrated Lye into Canadian market, by the subscriber, has excited the cupidity of an unprincipled firm in town (which has already been convicted of borrowing other people's brains) by a spurious imitation called Saponifier. To avoid disappointment purchasers should be careful to ask for Hartz's Concentrated Lye, which is sold by all respectable Druggists and Grocers in town and country. 76tf

SHINGLES FOR SALE.
The subscriber having completed his
SHINGLE FACTORY!
OFFERS FOR SALE,
EXTRA, No. 1, and CULL, PINE and CEDAR SHINGLES,
AT MARKET PRICES,
In lots to suit purchasers.
JOHN ROCHESTER, Jr.
Ottawa, June 1868. 783tf

Hotels and Saloons.

TORONTO HOUSE, Sparks-st.
MRS. TROTTER begs to announce that she has at present several commodious and handsomely furnished suites of apartments, in every respect eligible for civil or military officers, or private gentlemen remaining in the city.
Ottawa, June 20, 1868. 773tf

CHAMPAGNE HOTEL,
SIGN OF THE BEAVER,
No. 71, ST. PAUL-STREET, No. 71,
Opposite Bonsecours Church,
MONTREAL.
This beautiful House, four stories high, being M. Dubois's property, can receive 50 Boarders, and offers All possible comfort to travellers. Meals quickly served at all hours to the taste and wish of visitors.
N. B.—Good Yard and Stabling all at
REDUCED PRICES.
ISIDORE CHAMPAGNE,
779y Proprietor.

THE RUSSELL HOUSE,
LATE CAMPBELL'S HOTEL, Ottawa, C. W. The undersigned, proprietor of the above-named Hotel, begs leave to acquaint his numerous friends and the travelling public, that he has re-painted and newly-furnished throughout this commodious establishment, in the management of which by strict attention to business and guests, he hopes to deserve encouragement and support.
JAMES E. GOUIN,
Lately, and for many years connected with Russell's Hotel, Quebec Street, Quebec
REVERE HOUSE, OTTAWA.
G. A. BUCKE, W. H. SANGER, } PROPRIETORS.
THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL has been re-furnished and refitted throughout, and now combines all the requisites of a first-class establishment.
Ottawa, Nov. 6, 1867 582tf

THE ALBION HOTEL
NICHOLAS Street, Court-House Avenue, Ottawa, John Graham, Proprietor.
This House is conveniently situated, and still maintains its character as a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. Considerable additions have recently been made to the premises, and it has been entirely repainted and renovated. No pains will be spared to accommodate and please.
OMNIBUSES to and from the cars and boats free of charge. There is a FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE attached to the Hotel.
Ottawa 1868. 1-y

JOHN MALTMAN
LATE McDADM'S, Commercial Hotel, Packenham.
The above Hotel, one of the oldest and best known in Packenham, has been leased by the undersigned and thoroughly overhauled and refitted for the special accommodation of guests. THE TABLE AND BAR will at all times be furnished with the very best the market affords.
GOOD STABLING and a careful Hostler always in attendance
JOHN MALTMAN.

THE "QUEEN" RESTAURANT,
M. KAVANAGH, Proprietor, Corner of Metcalfe and Wellington Streets, opposite the main entrance to the Government buildings.
The "QUEEN" comprises all the requisites for a first-class Restaurant. The House has been refitted and refurnished throughout. The BAR contains the choicest Brandies, Wines and Liquors, and every delicacy of the season will be found on the table. The proprietor's best efforts will be directed to the comfort of his guests and patrons.
Oysters, Game etc., daily

THE METROPOLITAN
Aumond's Block,
Rideau Street Ottawa.
P. O'MEARA, PROPRIETOR.
Ottawa, November 27. 2v2tf

DOMINION HOUSE,
WELLINGTON STREET.
THE undersigned, formerly head waiter at the Russell House, begs to notify his friends and the public generally that he has leased the above hotel, which is now well furnished, and will be kept as a first class house. The bar is well stocked with the choicest brands of liquors. The table will be furnished with the best the market affords. Good yard and stabling attached to the premises.
GEORGE IRVINE.
Ottawa, March 26. 658y

SMITH & RODNEY
MERCHANT TAILORS and General Outfitters, Elgin-street, opposite the Russell House, and second door from Eaton's Gilding Store, having just received a choice stock of
English, French and Canadian
CLOTHS and TWEEDS,
And a general assortment of gentlemen's furnishing goods, would intimate to their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute all orders in their line at the shortest notice, in the most approved styles and at prices that we defy competition.
Ottawa Oct. 1, 1867. 551tf

A. MORTIMER,
BOOKBINDER
AND
Blank Book Manufacturer,
26, METCALFE-ST., OTTAWA.
HAVING every facility in the way of first-class Machinery, and employing none but first-class workmen, I am prepared to turn out every description of Binding in as good a style of workmanship as any other establishment in Canada.
A. MORTIMER,
Metcalfe-street.
Ottawa, Feb. 6. 384y

MUSICAL ACADEMY.
Mr. GUSTAVE SMITH, (Organist of the Cathedral) a Graduate of the Imperial Conservatory of Paris. Lessons on Piano and Singing. Rideau-street, corner of King-street.
Ottawa, June 23, 1868. 775y

PIANOS. PIANOS.
JUST RECEIVED AT THE
London Music Store!
Her Majesty's Theatre,
Wellington Street,
A new and splendid assortment of
PIANOFORTES!
UNION MAKE.
Every PIANO from this establishment warranted for 5 years.
Also just received a new stock of
VICTORIA ORGANS and MELODEONS
VIOLINS, CONCERTINAS, GUITARS, &c., in great variety.
Second hand Pianos taken in part payment for new ones.
Connected with this establishment is a Piano Manufacturer, who will attend punctually to all orders for TUNING left at the London Music Store.
E. MILES,
Lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre
Ottawa, March 25, 1868. 551-39y

Druggists.

THE MEDICAL HALL
Soda Water and Ginger Ale Factory,
22 Great St. James-street, Montreal,
OPPOSITE the POST OFFICE.
THE SUBSCRIBERS
Beg to intimate to their patrons that they have commenced the manufacture of Ærated Waters of every description, and on the most extensive scale.
Particular attention will be paid to the preparation of "Belfast Ginger Ale," a beverage first introduced into this country by our Mr. Brown, who alone possesses the original receipt, and who has also taken out a TRADE MARK for the same.
The proprietors believe their Ærated Waters will be superior to any others at present prepared in Montreal, for the following reasons, viz:—
1st. The employment of the most improved machinery the United states can produce.
2nd. The application of strictly scientific principle to the details.
3rd. Extra care given to the chemical purity of the articles used in the different processes.
4th. The possession of chemical knowledge, without which it is simply impossible to produce Ærated Waters in perfection.
The following Waters and Beverages are the principal ones prepared at the MEDICAL HALL Factory: Belfast Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Sarsaparilla, Winter Beverage, Summer Beverage, Soda Water, Seltzer Water, Potash Water, Kissengen Water, Vichy Water.
KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO.,
Apothecaries to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
W. M. MASSEY,
Agent for Ottawa. 472y

Spectacles for all Sights.
OPTICAL Instruments Electro-Magnetic and Galvanic Apparatus, Photographic Chemicals, &c.
W. HEARN,
Market Drug Store,
637y York-street.

Miscellaneous.

D. CODD & CO.,
PATENT AGENTS, SOLICITORS, &c. Drawings, Specifications, Models, and all other business in connection with the procuring of Letters Patent of Invention, attended to at the shortest notice.
OFFICE—Elgin-street, opposite the Post Office, Ottawa. 741-6m

I. B. TACKABERRY'S
AUCTION ROOMS, No. 36, Rideau-street, below Whyte's Stationery Store. The sale of Real Estate at Auction or private sale promptly attended to. Consignments received and immediate attention will be paid. Sales attended in any part of the city or country. 699y

R. SPARKS
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, Draughtsman, &c., (commissioned for Upper and Lower Canada.) Office and residence, Gloucester, near Ottawa. Surveys of every description executed with accuracy. Communications addressed Ottawa City, (post-paid), or left at the office of N. Sparks, Solicitor, &c., Ottawa, will receive prompt attention.
Ottawa, February 21, 1868. 55-

H. McLEAN'S
AUCTION Rooms, No. 19, Sparks Street, Centre Town, Ottawa, opposite Hope's Stationery Store.
The sale of Real Estate at Auction or Private Sale promptly attended to. Consignments received for positive sale. Parties wishing to purchase Real Estate will receive all information FREE OF CHARGE by calling at the office.
Ottawa, Dec. 18, 1865. 1-y

B. BILLINGS, JR.,
ARCHITECT, Elgin-street, opposite the Post Office.
REFERENCES—R A Sims, Esq, Architect, Philadelphia; Thos Fuller, Esq, Architect, Albany Dr J A Grant, M P., Ottawa; Thos Reynolds, Esq, Managing Director G & P R W 744tf

S. CHRISTIE,
COMMISSION Merchant and General Agent. Sole agent for Read's Highwines and Proof Whiskey; also, Dawes' Lachine Ales and Porter. Pork, Flour, &c., for sale.
OFFICE: No. 5, Sparks Street, near the Russell H. Ottawa city, C. W. y

O'CONNOR & WALLER,
EXCHANGE Brokers, Fire, Life and Accidental Insurance, Commission and Collecting Agents. Office, No. 27, Sussex-street, Ottawa.
E. S. O'CONNOR. W. H. WALLER.
March 378y

HOLGATE, OLIVER & ANNABLE,
WHOLESALE Manufacturers of Bedsteads Chairs, &c., Chandlers Island, Ottawa, C. W.
WILLIAM HOLGATE,
JOHN OLIVER,
506y WILLIAM ANNABLE.

R. H. McGREEVY,
CONTRACTOR and Builder. Office: North side York street, second door from Sussex Street.
Ottawa, March 20, 1868. 78-y

LADIES CALL AT THE CAPITAL
Boot and Shoe Store!
YORK-STREET.
For Cheap Gaiters
AT
ONE DOLLAR A PAIR!
Good at 95 cents.
Men's ware equally low, in every variety of style
This is the place to buy cheap at the "Capital," York-street.
429y GEORGE MURPHY.

Bottled Ale,
Bottled Ale,
Bottled Ale.
THE Subscriber would call the attention of Families and others to his
Fine Bottled Ale!
Which is in splendid condition. Also,
Scotch Irish, Old Rye
And other Malt Whiskies,
Ports, Sherries, Brandies Gin, &c.,
To other with a General Assortment of
FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES.
A Call kindly Solicited.
D. WHELAN,
44, Rideau-street,
Opposite Allan's Crockery Store
Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1868.

GEO. MAYES,
COPPER PLATE PRINTER,
Bank Street, Centre Town,
Between Sparks & Queen Streets.
Bills of Exchange, Bill Heads, Visiting Cards, &c., Printed on the shortest notice.

W. NOTMAN
Photographer to the Queen
CORNER OF
WELLINGTON AND METCALFE STREETS,
WOULD intimate that having all his arrangements completed, his
Establishment will be Opened
—ON—
Monday Next, 3rd February
When he will be prepared to fulfil orders for different branches of Photography.
Ottawa, Jan. 31, 1868. 582y

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS!

Great Cheap Sale of Dry Goods!

As GEO. FEATHERSTON & CO.,

Intend winding up their business in AUGUST NEXT. They will from this date offer their large stock of

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS

At greatly reduced prices for cash as the whole must be disposed of by the 24th day of AUGUST. The following list of prices will satisfy all that this is a chance rarely to be met with, and will be for the benefit of every one to take advantage of.

Full width Prints from	4½d per yard.	Grey Cottons	from 4½d per yard.
Printed Muslins "	6d "	Silk Parasols	" 2s 6d each.
" Delaines "	4½ "	Hoop Skirts	" 10½d "
6-4 Alpacca Lustres "	7½ "	Canadian Oil Cloth	" 2s 11d per yard.
Cobourgs "	9 "		

A large lot of Women's White Cotton Hose, from 4½d per pair. A lot of Summer Shawls from 11s 3d to 27s 6d, usual price from 17s 6d to 40s. A lot of cloths for Boy's Summer Wear, very cheap, and all other goods proportionately low.

Shop to Rent from 1st Sept. Next.

GEO. FEATHERSTON & CO.,
Ottawa, June 15, 1868. 34 Sparks-street, Centre Town. 768 2m

BLYTH & KERR,
Successors to Chas. Garth,
No. 25, RIDEAU-STREET.
PLUMBERS, GAS AND STEAM FITTERS.
TIN & COPPERSMITHS, BELL HANGERS, &c.
All materials for the above branches kept constantly on hand.
Also, Importers and Dealers in House Furnishing Hardware.
Just received a well selected assortment of Fishing Tackle, Baskets, Bait, Reels, Lines, Flys, Rods, &c. Manufacturers of all descriptions of work for Water and Gas Works, Brewer's Distilleries, Mills, &c. Makes and fits up Galvanized Iron Cornices, Gutters, Conductors, Roofing, &c.
Public and Private Buildings, Conservatories, Vineries, Manufactories, &c., warmed by Steam, Hot Water or Warm Air, on the most approved principles.
Orders from the country will receive strict attention. 740y

Great Clearing Sale of Dry Goods.

Cunningham & Lindsay
No. 14, RIDEAU-STREET.
WILL COMMENCE
ON MONDAY, the 15th INSTANT,
TO SELL THE BALANCE OF THEIR SUMMER STOCK OF
Millinery, Mantles, Shawls, Dress Goods, Prints, Muslins, &c.,
At Prices which must effect a Speedy Sale.
For Particulars See Circulars.
Ottawa, June 12, 1868. 510y

CRICKETING GOODS,
CROQUET, FISHING TACKLE
FOILS,
Masks & Boxing Gloves
AT THE
Sheffield House, Ottawa.
Ottawa, May 5, 1868.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINE
WERE AWARDED THEIR 67TH
Prize and Gold Medal, Paris,
1867.
Gold Medal, Paris, 1867.
Great rapidity, Simple Machinery, quiet in action, easy to operate, price from $47. Prospectuses, and instructions gratis.
G. A. WALTON, Agent, 37 Sparks Street, Ottawa.
Sole Agent for Ontario, and 105 King st., West, Toronto.
The "HOWE" SEWING MACHINES are the best for carriage Trimmers, Harness Makers, Boot and Shoe makers, are the best Shuttle Machines for Tailors, Dressmakers, Families, etc., etc. Price from $40. Prospectus free and instructions gratis.
479 43y R. W. STEPHEN, 37 Sparks-street, Ottawa.

STOVES. STOVES. STOVES.
STOVES. STOVES. STOVES.
STOVES. STOVES. STOVES.
"CAPITAL" 35, H.
STOVE SUSSEX MEADOWS
DEPOT! St. & CO.
WE have received our fall and Winter Stock of STOVES, STOVE PIPES, ELBOWS, DUMB STOVES, TINWARE and LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES, which we offer Wholesale or Retail at low prices. In Cooking, Parlor, Box and Hall Stoves, for wood or coal we have the largest and most varied assortment ever shown in Ottawa.

COOKING STOVES.	COOKING STOVES.	COOKING STOVES.
COOKING STOVES.	COOKING STOVES.	COOKING STOVES
COOKING STOVES.	COOKING STOVES.	COOKING STOVES.

Our stock of the above comprises the latest improvements in both ELEVATED and LOW OVEN STOVES

	BOX AND HALL STOVES.	BOX AND HALL STOVES.
BOX AND HALL STOVES.	BOX AND HALL STOVES.	BOX AND HALL STOVES.
BOX AND HALL STOVES.	BOX AND HALL STOVES.	BOX AND HALL STOVES.

Suitable for private Dwellings and Churches Warehouses and Stores

PARLOR STOVES.	PARLOR STOVES.	PARLOR STOVES.
PARLOR STOVES.	PARLOR STOVES	PARLOR STOVES.
PAR TOVES.	PARLOR STOVES	PARLOR STOVES.

New and most beautiful designs, very cheap.

COAL STOVES. PARLOR GRATES.
Hot Air Furnaces.
We still continue to manufacture every description of TIN, SHEET IRON, and COPPER WARE, RUSSIA IRON PIPE, and DUMB STOVES. Also all kinds of out-door Job Work in our line attended to by competent and experienced Mechanics. Country Merchants supplied with Stovepipes, &c., at reduced rates.
Lumbermen's Supplies Lumbermen's Supplies! Shanty Plates! Basins! Camp Kettles, &c.
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS!
Bird Cages! Bird Cages! Bird Cages!
Price Lists sent free on application.
Any part of a Stove sold by us can be replaced when broken or burnt out, a fact intending purchasers would do well to note.
An inspection of the above goods invited at the
"CAPITAL" STOVE DEPOT,
35, SUSSEX STREET,
Ottawa October 2 1867. H. MEADOWS & CO. 62-y

SEE FOURTH PAGE.

A TREE OF LIBERTY.

Guines is a dull town in the north of France, about seven miles from Calais; and needs much to enliven it. It was on a Sunday afternoon, in December 1848, that I ran into a small apartment, shouting out; 'Tom! my lad, let us off to Andres. Come along. The elections are on to-day, I hear, and all goes in favour of Napoleon. Vive la Republique!'

France in 1848! What pleasing recollections, what happy thoughts crowd upon me whenever I revert to the days I passed in La Belle France throughout that memorable year. Happy, I say, for I was a Briton, though a young one—left without control for the first time in my life, with a moderate amount of pocket money and a good deal of assurance. I was about eighteen years of age—had blue eyes and a fair complexion; and having from a lad, imbibed a certain taste for raw beef and porridge, was pretty muscular, and exceedingly fond of fun. It will be therefore seen at once, when I say that a kind papa had sent me to France to learn the language in a short time, and nothing but the language, that he could not have sent me to a better place. Young as I was, however, I was almost involuntarily driven into politics.

The Tom I addressed above was an English youth of about my own age, but a great deal more bull-doggy, and a terrible cracker of cocoa-nuts, as he termed Frenchmen's heads; a friend after my own heart. He was in Guines to learn to *parlez-vous*. Arcades ambo! With him all went jollily. Beefsteaks and home were well nigh forgotten—never repined after. Together we sung *Scots wha hae*, and *Old England shall weather the Storm*; and more than once have we silenced the cabaret chant of *Guerre aux Anglais* with a broadside of *Rule Britannia* or *Tipitiwitchet*. Where Tom went, I went; what I did, Tom did, and, *entre nous*, for a long time very little progress was made in French.

Tom was delighted with my proposition, and it was agreed that we should call for old B——, to accompany us. Off we started, and upon crossing the Place, came as usual upon Henri, moustache, long sword, cornered hat, and all complete. He showed his dirty teeth as usual—for he had vowed vengeance on us—like a vicious horse such as not even a Rarey could tame. Henri was the commissary's head man, and an inveterate and undisguised hater of all and everything English, the folks of which nation he was continually looking up, and making them understand the true nature of a *proces-verbal*. His red moustache was gummed and twisted, and it stuck out at right angles with his small turned up nose, a distance of three inches on either side. He got up this forky appendage, he said, to keep in awe all *mauvais sujets*. A 'ha, ha, ha!' from Tom as he passed, annoyed him; and he twisted one end of his facial cross bar, and looked from under his shaggy eyebrows, as much as to say: 'I'll nail you yet my chicks.'

We found old B—— indulging in a cigar, and sipping strong coffee and cognac. 'Will you go Baron?' 'Ve! ve! Quite a votre service.'

Who was old B——? Now, I cannot tell you, nor could any one I ever met with tell me. He couldn't, or wouldn't, tell himself. This is all I know. he was a pompous, jolly, crafty, good-tempered, very poor professor of ten languages, but teaching only one—his own—German, which I was told he couldn't spell. He was, however, a baron; he would always stick to that. It is very desirable I should dwell somewhat on the merits and demerits of old B——. My narrative requires it. Old B—— demands it.

He was a podgy short-legged man, of about five and fifty, who got himself up for thirty or five and thirty, on Sundays and gala-days. He wore a wig, a broad-brimed white hat, and a snuffy moustache; was very upright, and had all the appearance of a live baron, especially when supported by his gold eye-glass and immense diamond brooch, his tightly strapped blue inexpressibles of chess-board pattern, his small pointed-toed patent boots, and well-fitting swallow-tailed dress-coat of a greenish hue.

His appearance was certainly *distingue*, but the most curious thing was, no one ever remembered the baron to have been dressed differently. This had been his gala dress from time immemorial—when in his prosperous times he had lost his thousands at *rouge et noir* in Paris; the garments, perhaps, he condescended to to wear when he dined tete a tete with the President of the United States, and those in which the Patagonians, or some other onians of South America, desired to crown him their king. His coat like himself never grew threadbare, nor his yarns either. He had captivated an English countess, and often related, to our immense satisfaction, how in consequence he was forced to fly from England; he had drunk tea in China, and flirted with the maidens of Otaheite; in short he was the wonder and delight of all who met him, and he did look a real baron, although his brilliants were paste, and he had been a valet. This singular old person, strange as it may appear, nearly brought me to the hulks. This was the way it happened.

Rapidly did we leave Guines, passing the English iron works to our left, ascending the hill, flanked by its double row of trees, until we stood on the memorable ground. We crossed the Field of the Cloth of Gold. I ventured to bring old B—— out on the subject, but the professor evaded my general question, and quietly answered that he didnt see anything about the scene that it should be christened by so fine a name. The baron seemed colder than usual. Tom tried politics, but it was of no use; I had to come back to the old subjects. Les jolis bleus yeux! Vive la bagatelle! The right cord was struck; The baron yarned and yarned away, and kept us in a roar, and on we went, determined to be jolly for that evening.

An hour's walk brought us within view of the ancient—once strongly fortified—pretty little town of Ardres, where many a battle had been fought, to be fought over and over again; and where we English made our last stand in France—to be eventually kicked out altogether. Now, a six pounder would bring the whole place down. Yet there is the fosse, the portcullis and long arched gateway, with its ponderous doors and rusty irons; the fosse is dry, the walls are crumbling—all is decay.

There resides here one remarkable Englishman—remarkable because he ought to have been hanged fifty years ago, and is himself of the same opinion. He is a wiry little man, upwards of a century old, and receives a pension from the French government for having sold Nelson in the Mediterranean. He was intrusted, it appears, with some important despatches and other documents from Nelson, which he ran off with, and delivered into Bonaparte's hands. Exiled a handsome pension has ever since been his reward. He was wont to ridiule strangely to the plunder of Malta. I once asked him how he felt, when he heard afterwards of the affair in Aboukir Bay. Tears started to his grey eyes and a blush passed over his weather-beaten face. He invariably spoke well of Old Albion, and I fancy there was a great longing within him to visit once again his native land. This old traitor lives at Ardres.

Through the famous long archway, we entered the town, and found all bustle and excitement. Flags were flying and drums tattooing. Some were discussing, under the influence of long pipes and shrugged-up shoulders, the glories of La Belle France; while others marched in a row, bawling out the Marseillaise. Cries of 'Vive Napoleon' resounded from the old ramparts. The town was full, gay, and happy.

'Suppose we seek Monsieur H——,' I said; 'we can then have a four handed game of billiards. He must have put up near at hand.'

'A la bonne heure,' rejoined the baron; 'I will go hunt him out myself. I know well he will come.' Pointing to a particular house, he marched off in his usual dashing style, saying as he left us: 'you will enter la, and vait for us. Au revoir!'

Through clouds of tobacco-smoke, innumerable dominoes and cards, and all kinds of noises and smells, we entered the cafe. The rapid click of the billiard-balls was to be heard amid the incessant jingling of glasses and clattering hubbub which Frenchmen alone can make. But now they had assembled to uphold the glorious privilege of wholesale liberty and universal suffrage. How, then, could there be less excitement? If a sinister-looking fellow had followed us from the time we first came into the town, and continued to track old B——'s steps from cafe to cafe in his search for H——, what of it? The baron was always an attraction. Mr. H—— could not be found. 'Nimporte! I will play you a game,' said the baron, examining a cue. 'It is a good table. Allons!' We continued to play upwards of an hour. I made some excellent cannons; but the baron was, beyond doubt, the great gun of the room. Tired of play, we sat down at a small side table over our cigars and grog, and placidly examined the motley group around us. This was enjoyment. *Vive la France.*

More than another hour had flown by when we thought of returning; but lo! what meant that eager gaze of the outdoor population? There was no necessity to think even, for a fellow in a blouse came quickly up and told us we were discovered; and must be off. Qu'est-ce que c'est? Ha! we were detected and foiled. We were politicals—spies direct from Paris to tamper with the voters. Oui, il n'y connait personne. Ils viennent de Paris—oui.

The fact was—however incredible it may appear—the good people of Ardres had really and positively been led away, by the baron's distinguished manners and appearance, to imagine that we had come to their town to interfere with the voting.

Half-a-dozen fellows, armed with stout sticks, were deputed to show us the way out, and give us a sound drubbing in the bargain.

Upon leaving the cafe, we were roughly collared. Here Tom floored his man; the baron remonstrated and the brooch sparkled; but it was of no avail: we were spies, and off we should pack.

They dragged us through the town, and with kicks and cuffs sent us flying homeward under a heavy volley of stones from the gamins of the place.

O Liberty! Liberty! 'It's your absurdly *degage* manner that's done it all, baron,' I cried. 'But what shall we do?' again I shrieked, for I was in a towering passion, 'Fight? Nonsense. Pocket the affront? No—I will have revenge!'

'Revenge!' echoed Tom. 'I will punch the first Frenchman's head I come across; but, I say, that was a good one on Crapaud's figure-head. My knuckle's cut.'

'Parbleu, my pack is cut too. Diable ve will go to the prefet. Oh, my coat is ruined—my hat is smashed.' Thus lamented old B——.

In quite a different spirit from that in which we had set out, we trudged homeward: I plotting vengeance—but what I didn't know; Tom intending to fight the first opportunity. The baron did nothing but eye his ruined coat and battered-in chapeau.

Upon entering in Guines, old B—— parted hurriedly from us. Tom and I continued our way very dejectedly, and were crossing the Place, when, lo! vengeance was in my grasp, all, all was clear as noonday—we could shock the whole nation in its nicest point. My mind was relieved.

'Tom,' said I, with startling earnestness, looking him straight in the face, and clapping one hand on his shoulder, while with the other I pointed in the direction of the Hotel de Ville—'Tom, we will cut down that tree of hughug.'

'Bravo, bravissimo!' shouted Tom.

'Hush!' I resumed. 'Come to my apartment to-morrow, and we will concoct our plans.'

'That tree is doomed. Bon soir.'

We met next evening, and, for the benefit of future historians, and guidance of all would-be plotters, I will explain how we purposed to carry out our desperate resolves.

'I have,' I began, 'thought over the whole matter, and see no great obstacle to the attainment of our wishes, provided we can overcome the first that presents itself. We must get a saw, and that so cleverly, that not a soul must even dream of such a thing. How is it to be done? Now look ye here! Tom,' I continued: 'you know little W—— at the ironworks better than I; call upon him to-morrow—keep your eyes open for the tool-house—you will fall over abundance of saws there—unobserved, clap one up your back, button your coat, bid little W—— adieu, and hasten here to me.'

'Very pretty; to be nailed stealing a saw; no, no! hit upon something better than that.'

'Tom,' I answered quickly, 'I have pondered over the affair all night and to-day, and this is the only feasible plan I see; besides, if you are detected, it was a wager, you understand, and we must let our project fail to the ground.'

'Fall, yes; the tree must fall; all right—I'll get the saw.'

'Tom, you're a brick.'

Here, cigar in mouth, he threw himself into a chair, cocked his legs on the mantelpiece, and folded his arms, while I proceeded.

'The saw obtained, we must choose a dark night, and issue out of the house, about two o'clock, by the front-parlour window; for, by that time, we shall probably find Henri asleep.'

'Well,' rejoined my companion, 's'pose t'other—s'pose Henri finds us awake?—his carbine is loaded.'

'What, the white feather, Tom?'

'O dear, no; I should think not—go ahead: we shall only be shot down by Redspikes, or have a little quiet recreation for five or ten years in the hulks—capita opportunity to arrive at a thorough knowledge of the idioms of the languages. I never shall speak French if I don't do something—so down with the humbugging tree, and the sooner the better.'

We settled on the following Friday.

The inhabitants of Guines were justly proud of their emblem, as three attempts had been made, and had failed, to transplant a suitable poplar to its consecrated space in the Place, just before the Hotel de Ville, before they possessed the largest and finest Tree of Liberty in the whole of France.' They dug about it and dunged it, placed a pretty tricolored painted wooden railing round its enclosure, and bid Henri guard it with his most zealous care, ay, with his life.

By Friday, it was known that Napoleon had gained the presidentship. Guines was said to have favoured Cavaignac.

'Tom, all right. Come along, are you ready? It rains in torrents, and the wind is awful high—so much the better? Yes shut your door. Hush! hark! Tread gently down this corridor—mind that step: c'est le premier pas qui coute!'

I had brought Tom to my room, as arranged. As the clock struck two, we buttoned up our old coats to the neck, fastened thick towels round our heads, tied on our slippers, and glided softly down a short flight of stairs into the parlour, where the window was soon opened, and the green blinds outside thrown back.

With palpitating hearts, we looked out upon the darkness. What a night! The rain fell, and the wind howled fiercely through the deserted streets. The prospect was anything but inviting, and I must own I began to feel my courage oozing away like that of Bob Acres's, when Tom very cleverly dropped into the street below, and called on me to follow. In the open air my pluck revived, and we had taken only a few steps forward, when—bang, bang.

'What on earth is that row? It will rouse the whole place. It's only a loose half of the blind flapping against the wall. Quick, on to my back; you must close and tie it. Leave the window open.'

Again we stealthily glided away along the most secluded thoroughfares, now and then stoping to listen for an unwelcome footstep; but nothing was to be heard save the roaring wind and pelting rain. We reached the place unmolested, and strained our eyes towards the Hotel de Ville. We gained the door; good—Redspikes was asleep.

'To work.'

A few hasty strides brought us to the object of our vengeance. The saw is drawn, Tom's arm is stretched.

'*Diable!*' he whispered, 'I can't reach the tree. We are done—these cursed rails. Shall we get over?'

'No, escape were then impossible. By Liberty we won't be done,' said I, placing my shoulder firmly against the fence-work. 'Now for your weight, Tom.' One, two, three. Ugh—crack went the wood-work; and in another minute we were in the enclosure, and hard at work.

Sawing to windward, we had well nigh brought the monster low, when we heard footsteps approaching; and we had to lie down flat by the side of our victim till the unconscious individual had passed away. Soaked to the skin, we rose and resumed our task, and soon had the satisfaction to find the tree give. Another vigorous essay, and it cracked; then placing a round stone in the incision made by the saw, which opened wider and wider with every succeeding gust of wind, we prepared to leave the spot.

'Do you think she'll go?' said Tom.

'Depend on it, she'll go now with the first heavy squall; she'll go, but we'll wait the issue yonder at the corner. Sharp's the word. By Jove, she's off!'

I had barely uttered these words, when the ponderous tree fell with a roar, smashing through the fence-work that surrounded it. The noise was a fearful one to be heard in the middle of such a night. We had scarcely reached a sheltering position, a few yards off, when up flew a dozen windows, and out flew Henri, carbine in hand.

'Qui va là?' No reply.

He stood still a moment, then dropped his head in the act of listening. We suffered an agonizing suspense. Just then a door slammed violently in the opposite direction to where we lay concealed, and off we bounded. We had escaped. It was the work of a few minutes only to regain the parlour, fasten up the blinds and window, and creep quietly into bed.

Next morning, the town was in an uproar. Telegraphs were at work—so was poor Henri. Louis Nap. was furious—so was poor Henri. The authorities had the impudence—sheer thoughtless impertinence—to interfere with my appetite for a whole month, by quartering a dozen blood-thirsty gendarmes in a court-yard right facing our *salle a manger*. But, however, in spite of awful moustache and Napoleonic messages; in spite of the tales of Cherie, the maid, who archly hinted at dirty marks on the window-sill; in spite of