

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S CELEBRATED OILMEN'S STORES, all of superior quality.

PICKLES, SAUCES, SYRUPS,
JAMS, IN TINS AND JARS.
ORANGE MARMALADE.
TART FRUITS, DESSERT FRUITS.
MUSTARD, VINEGAR.
FATTED MEATS AND FISH.
PRESERVED FRESH SALMON.
KIPPERED SALMON AND HERRINGS.
PICKLED SALMON.
FRESH AND LOCHFYN HERRINGS.
FRIED SOLES.
FRESH AND FINTON HADDOKS.
PURE SALAD OIL.
SOUPS, IN PINT AND QUART TINS.
PRESERVED MEATS IN TINS.
PRESERVED HAMS AND CHEESE.
PRESERVED BACON.
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGES.
BOLOGNA SAUSAGES.
YORKSHIRE GAME PATES.
YORKSHIRE PORK PATES.
GALANTINES.
TONGUES, BROWN, POULTRY.
PLUM PUDDINGS.
LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

Fresh supplies of the above may always be had from
every Storekeeper in India.

CAUTION.

As the name of the above is so well known, the bottles of jam
with these productions, they should invariably be
destroyed when empty.
Goods should always be examined upon delivery, to
detect any attempt at substitution of inferior brands.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL,
PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN, THE EMPEROR OF
THE FRANCE, AND THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.
Soho Square, London.

At the Paris Exhibition of 1867, THREE Prize
Medals were awarded to CROSSE & BLACKWELL
for the marked superiority of their productions.

SUEZ CANAL.

THE VICTORIA DOCK offers special advantages
for the long term vessels likely to be engaged in
trading between ports in the East and London, by
means of the Suez Canal.
The Victoria Dock entrance is the first dock entrance
arrived at on coming up the River Thames. It is situated
half-a-mile below Blackwall, and by its steam vessels
avoid all the bends in the more crowded parts of the
river.

The depth of water on the sill of the gates is 28 feet
and the capacity of the dock is adequate to the largest
class of vessels.
Most of the iron-clad, the *Minotaur* and *Northumberland*, of 6,620 tons burthen, and 450 feet in
length, were fitted out in the Victoria Dock.
The large water space of ninety acres, and spacious
jetty, each of which is 500 feet long and 50 feet wide,
with convenient warehouses, afford the utmost
dock and wharf accommodation; and attached to the
dock is a pontoon, for raising, examining, and repairing
large vessels, whereby the risk and expense of removal
to dry docks is avoided.

The quays are surrounded by railway communication,
so that trucks come alongside vessels, and merchandise
can be conveyed by railway to and from all the man-
ufacturing places in the United Kingdom.
By means of hydraulic cranes, vessels are unloaded
and loaded with unexampled despatch. Goods to and
from the Victoria Dock are received at and delivered
from the Minotaur Station, by frequent trains in the day.
Passengers are conveyed to and from the Dock by
trains between the Fenchurch Street and Bishopsgate
Stations every quarter of an hour.

THOMAS CHANDLER,
London and St. Katharine Docks House,
Lundenhall Street, London.
December, 1869.



ELLWOOD'S
PATENT AIR-CHAMBER
CORK AND FELT HELMETS
ARE MANUFACTURED

Without India-Rubber,
and are perfectly free from the objectionable and
dangerous qualities of all articles of clothing made
of that material when used in tropical climates.
SAMPLE ROOMS—99, Gracechurch Street,
London, E.C.

HATS, CAPS, AND HELMETS,
Every description, manufactured at the Works of
J. ELLWOOD & SONS,

Great Charlotte Street, St. E. London,
Contractors to the Police Forces. Army Helmets
and Caps with latest improvements.
J. ELLWOOD & SONS' Goods are kept by all
respectable Grocers and Storekeepers.
CAUTION.—No Air-Chamber Hats or Helmets
genuine, unless bearing "ELLWOOD & SONS'" name.
Orders through Mercantile Houses care-
fully shipped.

FRAUD.
On the 27th June, 1869, MOTREWALLAH, a Printer
was convicted at the Supreme Court, Calcutta,
of counterfeiting the
LABELS
of Messrs. CROSSE & BLACKWELL, London, and
was sentenced by Mr. Justice Phe to

TWO YEARS RIGOROUS IMPRISONMENT
And on the 30th of the same month for
SELLING SPURIOUS ARTICLES
bearing Labels in imitation of Messrs. CROSSE and
BLACKWELL'S, Shank Baginoo was sentenced, by
the same Judge, to

TWO YEARS RIGOROUS IMPRISONMENT.
CAUTION.—Any one SELLING SPURIOUS OILMEN'S
STORES, under Crosse & Blackwell's name, will be
liable to the same punishment and will be vigorously
prosecuted. Purchasers are recommended to examine
all goods carefully before taking delivery of them.
THE GENUINE Manufactures of Messrs. Crosse &
Blackwell may be had from every Respectable
dealer in India.

BISHOPS.
GRANULAR
Effervescent Citrate of Magnesia
PREPARED BY
ALFRED BISHOP
Manufacturing Chemist,
17 & 18, SPECK'S FIELDS, MILE END NEW TOWN
LONDON.

THIS perfectly white and delicately clean granulated
preparation possesses remarkable effervescent
qualities, which far surpasses the ordinary Salts
in its cooling, refreshing, and mild aperient
properties, as well as in its favour as a saline
draught. It is particularly well adapted for women
and young children, on account of its most agree-
able flavour and mild effect.

N.B.—The genuine has the name of BISHOP upon
the Bottle, also the Name and Trade Mark upon the
Label, and is sold in convenient sizes, and secured in
so perfect a manner that it may be shipped with
safety to any part of the world.

Manufacturer also of Granulated and Effervescent
Carbonate of Iron, Citrate of Quinine, Citrate of
Quinine and Iron, Carbamate of Lithia, and Tal-
cium Citrate of Lithia, Vichy Salt, Sedlitz mixture, and
other Granulated Preparations.
IS CHANCERY.—CAUTION.—BISHOP'S GRANULAR
EFFERVESCENT CITRATE OF MAGNESIA.—Mr. Bishop
having discovered that the Label which he has used
since 1861 was being imitated, he has recently applied
to the COURT OF CHANCERY for an INJUNCTION
to restrain such imitation. The Injunction was imme-
diately granted, and the Defendant was ordered to
pay all Mr. Bishop's costs and destroy the Labels
complained of.



LEA & PERRINS'
CELEBRATED
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS
TO BE
THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE.

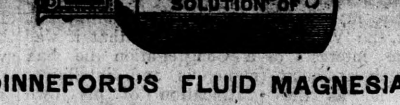
CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD.
The success of this most delicious and unrivalled
Condiment having caused certain dealers to apply the
name of "Worcestershire Sauce" to their own inferior
compounds, the Public is hereby informed that the
only way to secure the genuine, is to

ASK FOR LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,
and to see that their names are upon the wrapper
label, stopper, and bottle.

Some of the foreign markets having been supplied
with a spurious Worcestershire Sauce, upon the wrapper
and label of which the names of Lea and Perrins have
been forged, L. and P. give notice that they have
furnished their correspondents with powers of attorney
to take instant proceedings against manufacturers
and Vendors of such, or any other imitation by which
their right may be infringed.

Ask for Lea & Perrins' Sauce, and see Name
on Wrapper, Label, Bottle, & Stopper.

Wholesale and Retail Export by the Proprietors
Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.
and by Grocers and Oilmen universally.



DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA
The best remedy for
Acidity of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEAD-
ACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and the best mild
aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted
for Ladies, Children, and Infants, and for regular use
in Warm Climates.

Wholesale and Retail Export by the Proprietors
Dinneford & Co., Chemists, London, and of Drug-
gists and Storekeepers throughout the world.
N.B.—Ask for DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

D. HOGARTH AND Co.,
Preserved Provision, Manufacturers, Export Oilmen
and General Purveyors,
ABERDEEN,
"BOX ACQUED" WHARF, 223, WAPPING,
LONDON.

And by Special appointment to "H.M.'s Navy," at
the ROYAL VICTORIA YARD,
DEPTFORD.

PREPARE (OF THE FINEST QUALITY) FOR EXPORT,
Soups, Fish, Meats, Poultry and Game, Vegetables,
Bacon and Ham, Jams, Jellies, Sausages (all kinds)
and Pates. They also supply Pickles, Sauces, Tart
Fruits, Biscuits, &c., and all Articles for Domestic Use.
Price Lists forwarded on application.



Silver Medal
PARIS EXHIBITION 1867.
PEPSINE
WINE-LOZENGES-GLOBULES.

The most agreeable and popular remedy for weak
digestion. In bottles and boxes.

PANCREATIC EMULSION in 4 oz. 8 oz. and 16 oz.
SACCHARATED WHEAT PHOSPHATES, a valuable
dietetic preparation for Invalids and Children in
packets.

GELATINE AND GROSSET'S (MORSON'S).
Chlorodyne, in bottles (MORSON'S).
Pure Chemicals and Latest Preparation
See Name, Address, and Trade Mark.

T. MORSON & SON,
JUBOBS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION 1862,
27 & 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.
Orders to be made payable in London.
SHIPPING ORDERS CAREFULLY PACKED.

PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT.
OFFICERS in charge of BUILDINGS will find
the PYRMONT ASPHALTE the most effective
and economical material for covering FLAT ROOFS,
and for suppressing the rising of moisture through
WALLS and BASEMENTS. Also for the FLOORS

of
STORES and WAREHOUSES,
PRISONS—LABORATORIES,
ABATTOIRS and MARKETS,
BARRACKS—MORTUARIES,
ELEPHANT HOUSES, STABLES, and
Floors generally. The WHITE ANT and other
vermin excluded.

A LIST of WORKS to which the material has
been successfully applied for upwards of 30 years,
can be had post free on application to
J. FARRELL, Secretary,
Parliament Street, London.

Orders must describe the class of work for which
the material is wanted, and the superficial area,
that the shipment may embrace the proper quantities
and quantities. Payment in England is required to
secure attention to an order.
All Boxes are impressed on two opposite sides
with the words

PYRMONT
SEYSEL.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.
KEARLEY'S ORIGINAL WIDOW
WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS,

long celebrated for their peculiar virtues, are strongly
recommended as a safe and valuable medicine in
removing obstructions and relieving other incon-
veniences to which the female frame is liable; es-
pecially those which at an early period of life
frequently arise from want of exercise and general
debility of the system.

Purchasers should see that each box is wrapped in
white paper, and has C. KEARLEY, printed on the
Government stamp.

Price 2s. 9d. per box. May be had of all Chemists
throughout the world. Also
Dr. Locock's Lotion for insect bites, tan, sunburns, or
any roughness of the skin; in bottles 1s. 14d.,
sold everywhere.

J. SANGER & SONS,
150, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

THE ROYAL VISIT.
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
THE INDIAN SPORTSMAN.

Mr. J. D. Dougall,
GUN AND RIFLE MANUFACTURER,
St. James's Street, London.

Desires to bring into special notice the fact of his
having had the sole charge of the equipment of
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, for his present
voyage and visit to India.

The unrivalled skill of the Advertiser in adapting
Rifles and Shotguns to the requirements of Indian
hunting, &c., &c., having obtained for him the
patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of
Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, he now an-
nounces that all Indian orders are executed with
the same care and fidelity as for the Royal Family.
Drawings, Prices, &c., &c., post free on application.

SOAPS FOR THE TOILET.

Osborne & Co.'s Cosmetic Petrolene Soap
prepared with the purest Barbadoes Tar. In addi-
tion to the invaluable medicinal qualities this
Soap possesses, it will be found far superior to
other Perfumed Soaps for the ordinary purposes
of the Toilet. Its extreme mildness, and ex-
cellent detergent properties, make it an indis-
pensable requisite to all who suffer from tender
skin. Recommended by all the eminent skin
doctors. Price 1s. per box.

OSBORNE & CO.'S PETROLEUM SOAP,
prepared with the same ingredients as the above
in a more concentrated form, for acute cases of
skin eruptions. It will be found especially useful
as a disinfectant. Price 6d. per tablet.

OSBORNE & CO.'S INDIAN BATH SOAP.
A new and elegant preparation for the Bath and
Toilet, in large tablets, 1s., fragrant, perfumed
strongly recommended for hot climates.

Osborne & Co.'s Juniper Tar Soap, 6d.
OSBORNE & CO.'S REAL OLD BROWN
WINDSOR SOAP, as prepared in the last
century from the original formula, exquisitely
perfumed. Sold in packets of 3 and 6 squares,
2s. 6d. per lb.

OSBORNE & CO.'S IMPROVED BROWN
WINDSOR, 2s. per lb., or in boxes of 3 tablets
1s. per box.

OSBORNE & CO.'S FAMILY BROWN WINDSOR
SOAP. This is a beautiful perfumed Soap, and
for family use is the best extant. Price 1s. per
lb., sold in wood boxes of 7 and 14 lbs.

OSBORNE & CO.'S PURE OATMEAL SOAP,
for the skin, fragrant, perfumed. Sold in boxes
of 3 tablets, 1s. per box.

PERFUMERY
Osborne & Co.'s Celebrated Extractions.
Jockey Club Bouquet, Eau de Cologne, Stock Ex-
change Bouquet, Oriental Bazaar; put up in
neat boxes containing three bottles assorted. A
great variety of choice and fashionable perfumes.
OSBORNE & CO.'S PERFUMED SPIRITS LAVENDER
An extremely fragrant and refreshing Perfume;
the finest scent of the pure Mitcham Lavender,
being combined with that of the choicest flowers
and aromatics.

Patronized by the Queen and the leading members
of the European Aristocracy.

POMADES, &c.
Osborne & Co.'s Persian Pomade, Quinine
Cream, Golden Oil, Moline Brilliantine.
(Flower scented), for giving a beautiful gloss to
the hair and whiskers.

TOOTH POWDERS, AND PASTES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
OSBORNE, BAUR & CHEESEMAN
ROYAL PERFUMERS,
Golden Square, Regent Street, London
For upwards of a quarter century Manufacturers and
Managers to the late ROBERT HENDRICK,
Agents in all parts of the World.
N.B.—See that you get OSBORNE & Co.'s Preparations

EUROPEANS IN CEYLON.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The leading professional men of England recommend
the following popular preparations of SAVORY &
MOORE, who obtained the Silver Medal at the late
Paris Exhibition.

For Breakfast and Lunch—"Pancreatic
Cocoa."Nutritious, palatable, and indis-
pensable to all suffering from indigestion,
debility and Pains in the stomach. Sold
in tins of 1 lb. and upwards.

Digestion is restored and perfected by the use of
"Pancreatic." This valuable natural pro-
duct properly assimilates every kind of food
and precludes nausea. Sold in Bottles and
Wine and in powder.

**Wasting Diseases—Immediate relief and per-
manent benefit is obtained by using "Pancreatic**
Emulsion." It is agreeable to the
taste, and assimilates all fatty substances
Cod Liver Oil, &c. Sold in bottles.

Consumption—In all cases where Cod Liver Oil
is taken, the "Pancreatic Emulsion" increases
appetite, nourishes the system, and materially helps the
system. Sold in Bottles.

**Asthma, &c.—In diseases of the throat and res-
piratory organs the use of "Datura Tatiana"**
gives instant relief, and its good results are
confirmed by the personal experience of most
eminent Physicians. Sold as Cigars, Ciga-
rettes, Pastilles for inhalation, &c.

Diarrhoea, Cholera, &c.—Jerome's celebrated
Sedative and Anti-spa-modic has never been
known to fail in the most desperate cases of
Cholera. Sold in Bottles.

**Food for Infants—The Royal Nurseries are sup-
plied with the food prepared by Savory &
Moore. It has received the marked approval
of eminent medical men for its nutritive and
digestive qualities. Sold in tins ready for use.**

SAVORY & MOORE,
Chemists to the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
the Emperor Napoleon III., the King of the Belgians, &c.
143, New Bond Street, London.
See Trade Mark on every Bottle and Tin.

Sold by all Chemists, Druggists and Storekeepers
throughout the World.

BENSON'S GOLD
JEWELLERY.
Of all kinds. Neatest Designs.

LEVEL. DRAWING-ROOM. BRACELETS.
HORIZONTAL. DINING-ROOM. BROOCHES.
CHRONOMETER. CARRIAGE. EAR-RINGS.
KEYLESS. CHURCH. LOCKETS.
CHRONOGRAPH. HALL AND SHOP. NOSE RINGS.
GOLD LEVER. HUNTERS. 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s. 5s. 6s. 7s. 8s. 9s. 10s. 11s. 12s. 13s. 14s. 15s. 16s. 17s. 18s. 19s. 20s. 21s. 22s. 23s. 24s. 25s. 26s. 27s. 28s. 29s. 30s. 31s. 32s. 33s. 34s. 35s. 36s. 37s. 38s. 39s. 40s. 41s. 42s. 43s. 44s. 45s. 46s. 47s. 48s. 49s. 50s. 51s. 52s. 53s. 54s. 55s. 56s. 57s. 58s. 59s. 60s. 61s. 62s. 63s. 64s. 65s. 66s. 67s. 68s. 69s. 70s. 71s. 72s. 73s. 74s. 75s. 76s. 77s. 78s. 79s. 80s. 81s. 82s. 83s. 84s. 85s. 86s. 87s. 88s. 89s. 90s. 91s. 92s. 93s. 94s. 95s. 96s. 97s. 98s. 99s. 100s. 101s. 102s. 103s. 104s. 105s. 106s. 107s. 108s. 109s. 110s. 111s. 112s. 113s. 114s. 115s. 116s. 117s. 118s. 119s. 120s. 121s. 122s. 123s. 124s. 125s. 126s. 127s. 128s. 129s. 130s. 131s. 132s. 133s. 134s. 135s. 136s. 137s. 138s. 139s. 140s. 141s. 142s. 143s. 144s. 145s. 146s. 147s. 148s. 149s. 150s. 151s. 152s. 153s. 154s. 155s. 156s. 157s. 158s. 159s. 160s. 161s. 162s. 163s. 164s. 165s. 166s. 167s. 168s. 169s. 170s. 171s. 172s. 173s. 174s. 175s. 176s. 177s. 178s. 179s. 180s. 181s. 182s. 183s. 184s. 185s. 186s. 187s. 188s. 189s. 190s. 191s. 192s. 193s. 194s. 195s. 196s. 197s. 198s. 199s. 200s. 201s. 202s. 203s. 204s. 205s. 206s. 207s. 208s. 209s. 210s. 211s. 212s. 213s. 214s. 215s. 216s. 217s. 218s. 219s. 220s. 221s. 222s. 223s. 224s. 225s. 226s. 227s. 228s. 229s. 230s. 231s. 232s. 233s. 234s. 235s. 236s. 237s. 238s. 239s. 240s. 241s. 242s. 243s. 244s. 245s. 246s. 247s. 248s. 249s. 250s. 251s. 252s. 253s. 254s. 255s. 256s. 257s. 258s. 259s. 260s. 261s. 262s. 263s. 264s. 265s. 266s. 267s. 268s. 269s. 270s. 271s. 272s. 273s. 274s. 275s. 276s. 277s. 278s. 279s. 280s. 281s. 282s. 283s. 284s. 285s. 286s. 287s. 288s. 289s. 290s. 291s. 292s. 293s. 294s. 295s. 296s. 297s. 298s. 299s. 300s. 301s. 302s. 303s. 304s. 305s. 306s. 307s. 308s. 309s. 310s. 311s. 312s. 313s. 314s. 315s. 316s. 317s. 318s. 319s. 320s. 321s. 322s. 323s. 324s. 325s. 326s. 327s. 328s. 329s. 330s. 331s. 332s. 333s. 334s. 335s. 336s. 337s. 338s. 339s. 340s. 341s. 342s. 343s. 344s. 345s. 346s. 347s. 348s. 349s. 350s. 351s. 352s. 353s. 354s. 355s. 356s. 357s. 358s. 359s. 360s. 361s. 362s. 363s. 364s. 365s. 366s. 367s. 368s. 369s. 370s. 371s. 372s. 373s. 374s. 375s. 376s. 377s. 378s. 379s. 380s. 381s. 382s. 383s. 384s. 385s. 386s. 387s. 388s. 389s. 390s. 391s. 392s. 393s. 394s. 395s. 396s. 397s. 398s. 399s. 400s. 401s. 402s. 403s. 404s. 405s. 406s. 407s. 408s. 409s. 410s. 411s. 412s. 413s. 414s. 415s. 416s. 417s. 418s. 419s. 420s. 421s. 422s. 423s. 424s. 425s. 426s. 427s. 428s. 429s. 430s. 431s. 432s. 433s. 434s. 435s. 436s. 437s. 438s. 439s. 440s. 441s. 442s. 443s. 444s. 445s. 446s. 447s. 448s. 449s. 450s. 451s. 452s. 453s. 454s. 455s. 456s. 457s. 458s. 459s. 460s. 461s. 462s. 463s. 464s. 465s. 466s. 467s. 468s. 469s. 470s. 471s. 472s. 473s. 474s. 475s. 476s. 477s. 478s. 479s. 480s. 481s. 482s. 483s. 484s. 485s. 486s. 487s. 488s. 489s. 490s. 491s. 492s. 493s. 494s. 495s. 496s. 497s. 498s. 499s. 500s. 501s. 502s. 503s. 504s. 505s. 506s. 507s. 508s. 509s. 510s. 511s. 512s. 513s. 514s. 515s. 516s. 517s. 518s. 519s. 520s. 521s. 522s. 523s. 524s. 525s. 526s. 527s. 528s. 529s. 530s. 531s. 532s. 533s. 534s. 535s. 536s. 537s. 538s. 539s. 540s. 541s. 542s. 543s. 544s. 545s. 546s. 547s. 548s. 549s. 550s. 551s. 552s. 553s. 554s. 555s. 556s. 557s. 558s. 559s. 560s. 561s. 562s. 563s. 564s. 565s. 566s. 567s. 568s. 569s. 570s. 571s. 572s. 573s. 574s. 575s. 576s. 577s. 578s. 579s. 580s. 581s. 582s. 583s. 584s. 585s. 586s. 587s. 588s. 589s. 590s. 591s. 592s. 593s. 594s. 595s. 596s. 597s. 598s. 599s. 600s. 601s. 602s. 603s. 604s. 605s. 606s. 607s. 608s. 609s. 610s. 611s. 612s. 613s. 614s. 615s. 616s. 617s. 618s. 619s. 620s. 621s. 622s. 623s. 624s. 625s. 626s. 627s. 628s. 629s. 630s. 631s. 632s. 633s. 634s. 635s. 636s. 637s. 638s. 639s. 640s. 641s. 642s. 643s. 644s. 645s. 646s. 647s. 648s. 649s. 650s. 651s. 652s. 653s. 654s. 655s. 656s. 657s. 658s. 659s. 660s. 661s. 662s. 663s. 664s. 665s. 666s. 667s. 668s. 669s. 670s. 671s. 672s. 673s. 674s. 675s. 676s. 677s. 678s. 679s. 680s. 681s. 682s. 683s. 684s. 685s. 686s. 687s. 688s. 689s. 690s. 691s. 692s. 693s. 694s. 695s. 696s. 697s. 698s. 699s. 700s. 701s. 702s

COLOMBO:—MAY 27th, 1870.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.
By Charles Dickens.

CHAPTER II.

A Dean, and a Chapter also.

Whosoever has observed that sedate and clerical bird, the rook, may perhaps have noticed that when he wings his way homeward towards nightfall, in a sedate and clerical company, two rooks will suddenly detach themselves from the rest, will retrace their flight for some distance, and will there poise and linger; conveying to mere men the fancy that it is of some occult importance to the body politic, that this artificial couple should pretend to have renounced connection with it.

Similarly, service being over in the old cathedral with the square tower, and the choir scuffling out again, and divers venerable persons of rook-like aspect dispersing, two of these latter retrace their steps, and walk together in the echoing Close.

Not only is the day waning, but the year. The low sun is fiery and yet cold behind the monastery ruin, and the Virginia creeper on the cathedral wall has showered half its deep-red leaves down on the pavement. There has been rain this afternoon, and a wintry shudder goes among the little pools on the cracked uneven flag-stones, and through the giant elm trees as they shed a gust of tears. Their fallen leaves lie strewn thickly about. Some of these leaves, in a timid rush seek sanctuary within the low arched cathedral door; but two men coming out, resist them, and cast them forth again with their feet; this done, one of the two locks the door with a goodly key, and the other flits away with a folio music book.

"Mr. Jasper was that, Tope?"
"Yes, Mr. Dean."
"He has stayed late."

Yes, Mr. Dean. I have stayed for him your Reverence. He has been took a little poorly."

"Say 'taken,' Tope—to the Dean." The younger rook interposes in a low tone with this touch of correction, as who should say: "You may offer bad grammar to the laity, or the humbler clergy, not to the Dean."

Mr. Tope, Chief Verger and Showman, and accustomed to be high with excursion parties, declines with a silent loftiness to perceive that any suggestion has been tendered to him.

"And when and how has Mr. Jasper been taken—for, as Mr. Crisparkle has remarked, it is better to say 'Taken—taken—'" repeats the Dean; when and how has Mr. Jasper been Taken—"

"Taken, sir," Tope deferentially murmurs.

"—Poorly, Tope;"

"Why, sir, Mr. Jasper was that breath-

"I wouldn't say 'That breathed,' Tope," Mr. Crisparkle interposes, with the same touch as before. "Not English—to the Dean."

"Breathed to that extent," the Dean (not unflattered by this indirect homage), condescendingly remarks, "would be preferable."

"Mr. Jasper's breathing was so remarkably short;" thus discreetly does Mr. Tope work his way round the sunken rock, "when he came in, that it distressed him mightily to get his notes out: which was perhaps the cause of his having a kind of fit on him after a little. His memory grew DAZED." Mr. Tope with his eye on the Reverend Mr. Crisparkle, shoots this word out, as defying him to improve upon it: "and a dizziness and giddiness crept over him as strange as ever I saw; though he didn't seem to mind it particularly, himself. However a little time and a little water brought him out of his DAZE." Mr. Tope repeats the word and its emphasis, with the air of saying: As I have made a success, I'll make it again."

"And Mr. Jasper has gone home quite himself, has he?" asked the Dean.

"Your Reverence, he has gone home quite himself. And I'm glad to see he's having his fire kindled up, for it's chilly after that wet, and the Cathedral had both a damp feel and a damp touch this afternoon, and he was very shivery."

They all three look towards an old stone gatehouse crossing the Close, with an arched thoroughfare passing beneath it. Through its latticed window, a fire shines out upon the fast-darkening scene, involving in shadow the pendulous masses of ivy and creeper covering the building's front. As the deep Cathedral-bell strikes the hour, a ripple of wind goes through these at their distance, like a ripple of the solemn sound that hums through tomb and tower, broken niche and defaced statue, in the pile close at hand.

"Is Mr. Jasper's nephew with him?" the Dean asks.

"No, sir," replies the Verger, "but expected. There's his own solitary shadow betwixt his two windows—the one looking this way, and the one looking down into the High Street—drawing his own curtains now."

"Well, well," says the Dean, with a sprightly air of breaking up the little conference, "I hope Mr. Jasper's heart may not be too much set upon his nephew. Our affections, however laudable, in this transitory world, should never master us; we should guide them, guide them. I find I am not disagreeably reminded of my dinner, by hearing my dinner-bell. Perhaps Mr. Crisparkle you will, before going home, look in on Jasper?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dean. And tell him that you had the kindness to desire to know how he was?"

"Ay, do so, do so. Certainly. Wished to know how he was. By all means. Wished to know how he was?"

With a pleasant air of patronage, the Dean glances his quaint hat as a Dean in good spirits may, and directs his comely gaiters towards the ruddy dining-room of the snug old red-brick house where he is at present "in residence" with Mrs. Dean and Miss Dean.

Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, fair and rosy, and perpetually pitching himself head-foremost into all the deep running water in the surrounding country; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, early riser, musical, classical, cheerful, kind, good-natured, social, contented, and boy-like; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon and good man, lately "Coach" upon the chief Pagan high road, but since promoted by a patron (grateful for a well-taught son) to his present Christian beat; betakes himself to the gate-house, on his way home to his early tea.

"Sorry to hear from Tope that you have not been well, Jasper."

"Oh, it was nothing, nothing!"

"You took a little worn."

"Do I? Oh, I don't think so. What is better, I don't feel so. Tope has made too much of it I suspect. It's his trade to make the most of everything appertaining to the Cathedral, you know."

"I may tell the Dean—I call expressly from the Dean—that you are all right again?"

The reply, with a slight smile, is: "Certainly, with my respects and thanks to the Dean."

"I'm glad to hear that you expect young Drood."

"I expect the dear fellow every moment."

Al! He will do you more good than a doctor, Jasper."

"More good than a dozen doctors. For I love him dearly, and I don't love doctors, or doctors' stuff."

Mr. Jasper is a dark man of some six-and-twenty, with thick, lustrous, well-arranged black hair and whisker. He looks older than he is, as dark men often do. His voice is deep and good, his face and figure are good, his manner is a little sombre. His room is a little sombre, and may have had its influence in forming his manner. It is mostly in shadow. Even when the sun shines brilliantly, it seldom touches the grand piano in the recess, or the folio music-books on the stand, or the bookshelves on the wall, or the unfinished picture of a blooming school-girl hanging over the chimney-piece; her flowing brown hair tied with a blue ribbon, and her beauty remarkable for a quite childish, almost babyish, touch of saucy discontent, comically conscious of itself. (There is not the least artistic merit in this picture, which is a mere daub, but it is clear that the painter has made it humorously—one might almost say, revengefully—like the original.)

"We shall miss you, Jasper, at the 'Alter-nate Musical Wednesday' to-night; but no doubt you are best at home. Good-night, God bless you! 'Tell me, shep-herds-to-e-ell me; tell me-ee, have you seen (have you seen, have you seen, have you seen) my-y-y Flo-o-ora-pass this way!'" Melodiously good Minor Canon the Reverend Septimus Crisparkle thus delivers himself, in musical rhythm, as he withdraws his amiable face from the doorway and conveys it down stairs.

Sounds of recognition and greeting pass between the Reverend Septimus and somebody else, at the stair-foot. Mr. Jasper listens; starts from his chair, and catches a young fellow in his arms, exclaiming:

"My dear Edwin!"

"My dear Jack! So glad to see you!"

"Get off greateson, bright boy; and sit down here in your own corner. Your feet are not wet? Pull your boots off. Do pull your boots off."

"My dear Jack, I am as dry as a bone. Don't moddley-coddley, there's a good fellow. I like anything better than being moddley-coddleyed."

With the check upon him of being unsympathetically restrained in a genial outburst of enthusiasm, Mr. Jasper stands still, and looks on intently at the young fellow; divesting himself of his outer coat, hat, gloves, and so forth. Once for all, a look of intensity and intensity—a look of hungry, exacting, watchful, and yet devoted affection—is always, now and ever afterwards, on the Jasper face whenever the Jasper is addressed in this direction. And whenever it is so addressed, it is never, on this occasion or on any other, dividedly addressed; it is always concentrated.

"Now I am right, and now I'll take my corner, Jack. Any dinner, Jack?"

Mr. Jasper opens a door at the upper end of the room, and discloses a small inner room pleasantly lighted and prepared, wherein a comely dame is in the act of setting dishes on table.

"What a jolly old Jack it is!" cries the young fellow, with a clap of his hands. "Look here, Jack; whose birthday is it?"

"Not yours, I know," Mr. Jasper answers, pausing to consider.

"Not mine, you know? No; not mine, I know! Pussy's."

Fixed as the look the young fellow meets, is, there is yet in it some strange power of suddenly including the sketch over the chimney-piece.

"Pussy's, Jack! We must drink Many happy returns to her. Come, uncle take your duffel and sharp-set nephew in to dinner."

As the boy, (for he is little more) lays a hand on Jasper's shoulder, Jasper cordially and gaily lays a hand on his shoulder, and so Marsailaise-wise they go in to dinner.

"And how?" cries Mrs. Tope! "cries the boy."

"Lovelier than ever!"

"Never you mind me, Master Edwin," retorts the Verger's wife. "I can take care of myself."

"You can't. You are much too handsome. Give me a kiss, because it's Pussy's birthday."

"I'd Pussy's, you, young man, if I was Pussy, as you call her, Mrs. Tope blushing retorts, after being saluted. "Your uncle's too much wrapt up in you, that's where it is. He makes so much of you, that it's my opinion you think you've only to call your Pussys by the dozen, to make 'em come."

"You forget, Mrs. Tope," Mr. Jasper interposes, taking his place at table with a genial smile, "and so do you, Ned, that Uncle and nephew are words prohibited here by common consent and express agreement. For what we are going to receive His holy name be praised!"

"Done like the Dean! Witness, Edwin Drood! Please to carve, Jack, for I can't."

This sally ushers in the dinner. Little to the present purpose, or to any purpose, is said, while it is in course of being disposed of. At length the cloth is drawn, and a dish of walnuts and a decanter of rich-coloured sherry are upon the table.

"Have you lost your tongue, Jack?"

"Have you found yours, Ned?"

"No, but really;—isn't it you know, after all?"

Mr. Jasper lifts his dark eyebrows inquiringly.

"Isn't it satisfactory to be cut off from choice in such a matter? There, Jack! I tell you! If I could choose, I would choose Pussy from all the pretty girls in the world."

"But you have not got to choose."

"That's what I complain of. My dead and gone father and Pussy's dead and gone father must needs marry us together by anticipation. Why the—Devil, I was going to say, if it had been respectfu' to their memory—couldn't they leave us alone?"

"Tut, tut, dear boy," Mr. Jasper remonstrates, in a tone of gentle deprecation.

"Tut, tut? Yes, Jack, it's all very well for you. You can take it easily. Your life is not laid down to stake, and lined and dotted out for you, like a surveyor's plan. You have no uncomfortable suspicion that you are forced upon anybody, nor has anybody an uncomfortable suspicion that she is forced upon you, or that you are forced upon her. You can choose for yourself. Life, for you, is a plum with the natural bloom on; it hasn't been ever-carefully wiped off for you."

"Don't stop, dear fellow. Go on."

"Can I anyhow have hurt your feeling, Jack?"

"How can you have hurt my feelings?"

"Good Heaven, Jack, you look frightfully ill! There's a strange film come over your eyes."

Mr. Jasper, with a forced smile, stretches out his right hand, as at once to disarm apprehension and gain time to get better. After a while he says faintly:

"I have been taken opium for a pain—an agony—that sometimes overcomes me. The effects of the medicine steal over me like a blight or a cloud and pass. You see them in the act of passing; they will be gone directly. Look away from me. They will go all the sooner."

With a staid face, the younger man complies, by casting his eyes downward at the ashes on the hearth. Not relaxing his own gaze at the fire, but rather strengthening it with a fierce, firm grip upon his elbow-chair, the elder sits for a few moments rigid; and then, with thick drops standing on his forehead, and a sharp catch of his breath, becomes as he was before. On his so subsiding in his chair, his nephew gently and assiduously tends him while he quite recovers. When Jasper is restored, he lays a tender hand upon his nephew's shoulder and, in a tone of voice less troubled than the purport of his words—indeed with something of railery or banter in it—thus addresses him:

"There is said to be a hidden skeleton in every house; but you thought there was none in mine, dear Ned."

"Upon my life, Jack, I did think so. However, when I come to consider that even in Pussy's house—if she had one—and in mine—if I had one—"

"You were going to say (but that I interrupted you in spite of myself) what a quite life mine is. No whirl and uproar around me; no distracting commerce or calculation, no risk, no change of place, myself devoted to the art I pursue, my business my pleasure."

"I really was going to say something of the kind, Jack; but you see, you, speaking of yourself, almost necessarily leave out much that I should have put in. For instance: I should have put in the foreground, your being so much respected as Lay Precentor, or Lay Clerk, or whatever you call it, of this Cathedral; your enjoying the reputation of having done such wonders with the choir; your choosing your society, and holding such an independent position in this queer old place; your gift of teaching (why, even Pussy, who don't like being taught, says there never was such a master as you are!) and your communion."

"Yes; I saw what you were tending to. I hate it."

"Hate it, Jack? (Much bewildered.)"

"I hate it. The cramped monotony of my existence grinds me away the grain. How does our service sound to you?"

"Beautiful! Quite celestial."

"It often sounds to me quite devilish. I am so weary of it. The echoes of my own voice among the arches seem to mock me with my daily drudging round. No wretched monk who drowns his life away in that gloomy place, before me, can have been more tired of it than I am. He could take for relief (and did take) to darning demons out of the stalls and seats and desks. What shall I do? Must I take to carving them out of my heart?"

"I thought you had so nicely found your living in life, Jack," Edwin Drood returns, astonished, berding forward in his chair to lay a sympathetic hand on Jasper's knee, and looking at him with an anxious face.

"I know you thought so. They all think so."

"Well; I suppose they do," says Edwin, meditating aloud. "Pussy things so."

"When did she tell you that?"

"The last time I was here. Your remember when. Three months ago."

"How did she phrase it?"

"Oh! She only said that she had become your pupil, and that you were made for your vocation."

The younger man glances at the portrait. The elder sees it in him.

"Anyhow, my dear Ned," Jasper resumes, as he shakes his head with a grave cheerfulness: "I must subdue myself to my vocation, which is much the same thing outwardly. It's too late to find another now. This is a confidence between us."

"It shall be sacredly preserved, Jack."

"I have reposed it in you, because—"

"I feel it I assure you. Because we are fast friends, and because you love and trust me, as I love and trust you. Both hands, Jack."

As each stands looking into other's eyes, and as the uncle holds the nephew's hands, the uncle thus proceeds:

"You know now, don't you, that even a poor, monotonous chorister and grinder of music—in his niche—may be troubled with some stray, not of ambition, aspiration, restlessness, dissatisfaction—what shall we call it?"

"Yes, dear Jack."

"And you will remember?"

"My dear Jack, I only ask you, am I likely to forget what you have said with so much feeling?"

"Take it as a warning, feeling?"

In the act of having his hands released, and of moving a step back, Edwin pauses for an instant to consider the application of these last words. The instant over, he says, sensibly touched:

"I am afraid I am but a shallow, surface kind of fellow, Jack, and that my headpiece is none of the best. But I needn't say I am young; and perhaps I shall not grow worse as I grow older. At all events, I hope I have something impressive within me, which feels—deeply feels—the disinterestedness of your painfully laying your inner self bare, as a warning to me."

Mr. Jasper's steadiness of face and figure becomes so marvellous that his breathing seems to have stopped.

"I couldn't fail to notice, Jack, that it cost you a great effort, and that you were very much moved, and very unlike your usual self. Of course I knew that you were extremely fond of me, but I really was not prepared for your, as I may say, sacrificing yourself to me, in that way."

Mr. Jasper, becoming a breathing man again without the smallest stage of transition between the two extreme states, lifts his shoulders, laughs, and waves his right arm:

"No; don't put the sentiment away, Jack, please don't; for I am very much in earnest. I have no doubt that that unhealthy state of mind which you have so powerfully described is attended with some real suffering, and is hard to bear. But let me reassure you. Jack, as to the chances of its overcoming me, I don't think I am in the way of it. In some few months less than another year, you know, I shall carry Pussy off from school at Mrs. Edwin Drood. I shall then go engineering into the East, and Pussy with me. And although we have our little tiffs now, arising out of a certain unavoidable flatness that attends our love-making, owing to its end being all settled before-hand, still I have no doubt of our getting on capitally then, when it's done and can't be helped. In short, Jack, to go back to the old song, I was freely quoting at dinner (and who knows old songs better than you!), my wife shall dance and I will sing, so merrily pass the day. Of Pussy's being beautiful there cannot be a doubt;—and when you are good besides, Little Miss Impudence," once more apostrophising the portrait, "I'll burne your comic likeness and paint your music-master another."

Mr. Jasper, with his hand to his chin, and with an expression of musing benevolence on his face, has attentively watched every animated look and gesture attending the delivery of these words. He remains in that attitude after they are spoken, as if in a kind of fascination attendant on his strong interest in the youthful spirit that he loves so well. Then, he says with a quiet smile:

"You won't be warned, then?"

"No, Jack."

"You can't be warned, then?"

"No, Jack, not by you. Besides that I don't really consider myself in danger, I don't like your putting yourself in that position."

"Shall we go and walk in the churchyard?"

"By all means. You won't mind my slipping out of it for half a moment to the Nuns' House, and leaving a parcel there? Only gloves for Pussy, as many pairs of gloves as she is years old to-day. Rather poetical, Jack?"

Mr. Jasper, still in the same attitude, murmurs:

"Nothing half so sweet in life, Ned?"

"Here's the parcel in my 'gratecote pocket.' They must be presented to-night, for the poetry is gone. It's against regulations for me to call at night, but not to leave a packet. I am ready, Jack!"

Mr. Jasper dissolves his attitude, and they go out together.

COLOMBO: MAY 24th, 1870.

A SUGGESTION.—Among the many wonderful things recently shown to the Duke of Edinburgh in India was a tame Thug. This once dangerous person obligingly went through the process of strangling human beings for the edification of the Royal traveller. The Thug's performance on the interesting occasion was beyond all praise. The pull at his victim's throat was eminently scientific. No throat that has ever yet belonged to man could have stood it. Under no circumstances could death, summoned by so proficient an artist, be otherwise than instantaneous. Since we have just had to relieve a man from being hanged because of a misshapen neck, rendering it probable that he would be suspended only and not hung, the knowledge of the existence of so clever a thing is by no means inopportune. Were the man sent for he would render valuable service to the Home Office. Calcutta is wearing with years, and he bungles over his work. The Thug would, no doubt, be glad of the place, and the chance of killing somebody. In a short time he would learn to look upon murderers as mere travellers with money in their pockets, and despatch them with ease and celerity. At all events, he would be present to save Mr. Bruce from the very awkward dilemma in which he was recently placed, and the public from hearing disgusting details of the maiming of a murderer's throat.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTICES.—**DOMESTIC.**—The Fenians are moving upon Canada; two senile Micks and a superannuated Biddy. President has sent to Congress the correspondence relative to the assassination of Americans in Cuba. This is good news to their bereaved grandmothers. The Senate has been presented with the Lord's Prayer in one hundred languages. The Senate does not know it in one. Indiana divorces are valid in all the States, but marriages in other States are not regarded in Indiana. Bill Booth beat his mother, and his brother interfered. Bill shot his brother, and then quickly disappeared. An empty arsenic bottle was all that remained to point out the road he had taken. A bogus Prussian Count is in jail for obtaining a wife under false pretences. He is much cut up at this double punishment. Steamer burnt on the Mississippi. Ten or twelve persons roasted and boiled. A clerical lunatic in New York has joined Mrs. Stowe in slinging mud at dead Byron. Col. Baker attacked a camp of Indians in Montana and killed 275, 158 of whom were women and children, but as they were all down with small-pox they hadn't long to live anyhow. The price of cadetships seems to have risen from a few of tobacco to small cottage. —*San Francisco News Letter.*

LORD ANGUS, THOU HAST LIED!—So great is our confidence in the judgment of the editor of the *Sacramento Union*, with regard to the character of men, that if he should assert himself a magnificent donkey, we should implicitly believe him one; and even the fact that, saying nothing, he must necessarily believe himself one, we are inclined to accept as strong presumptive evidence that he is one. We confess this touching faith in our contemporary's knowledge of men in the result of observation upon his choice of a San Francisco correspondent; he invariably secures the services of the most unblushing and imaginative liar obtainable on this side the Rocky Mountains. We all remember the letter in the *Union* a year ago in relation to the "grain ring" of this city. As pieces of pure and malicious fiction they were unequalled in contemporary literature, and have stood without a rival ever since. But the *Union's* present correspondent—we do not know if he be not the old one—bids fair to excel even these notable performances. He telegraphed to that sheet the statement that the attendance at the musical festival on the first day was five thousand, and on the second day still less; and that "a feeling of disappointment seemed to pervade all that were present." As the attendance every day was over ten thousand, and every one betrayed and expressed an unmistakable and even absurd delight, we can do no less than congratulate this gentleman upon the execution of the most exalted fibbing of the season. There is something to admire in the man who throws off all restraint and absolutely wallows in falsehood with the delicious abandon of a mud-crusted hog in a swill-trough. We like to paddle timidly in the shoals of mendacity ourselves, but to the youth who boldly projects himself from the bank and drops like a king-fisher into the centre of the pool, we respectfully take off our hat—gripping it tightly meanwhile, lest he steal it.—*Id.*

CONVING.—Hans, where was you born?—On the Haidorbarrick. What! always!—Yaw! and before, too. How old are you, then?—When the old schoolhouse is built, I was two more nor a year, what ish painted red, as you go home mit your back behind you, on the right-hand side, by the old blacksmith shop, what stands where it was burnt down next year will be two weeks.

IN THE WINDOW SASHES.—"Tobias, come up with your lesson. What does g-l-a-s-s spell?"—Well, I knew once, but I forget now. What's in your mother's window sashes?—There is so many things that I can't remember them all. There's the hogs blanket in one place, brother Job's hat in another, sister Patience's bonnet in another, and dad's old breeches in the hole that Job and I made yesterday. Take a run-out, Toby; you may go and play for a while.

When Milton was blind he was married to a shrew. Some one told him she was a rose. I am no judge of colours, said Milton, and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily.

Mark Twain thinks that soda water is not reliable for a steady drink. It is too gassy. The next morning after drinking 48 bottles he found himself full of gas and as light as a balloon. He hadn't an article of clothing that he could wear except his umbrella.

A RETORT.—A witness was produced who had a very red nose, and one of the counsel, being desirous of putting him out of countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, "Well, let's hear what you have to say with your copper nose." "Why, sir," said he, "by the oath I have taken I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face."

A young and very pretty lady, riding on the cars of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, was observed to have a piece of court plaster on her lip. When the car had emerged from the long dark tunnel on this road into the light, it was observed to have disappeared; but the eye instantly detected it clinging to the lip of a young man on the same seat with her; they both looked as innocent as if they had not been doing anything.

THE POET'S MISTAKE.

O grim and ghastly Mussulman,
Why art thou wailing so?
Is there a pain within thy brain,
Or eke within thy toe?
The twilight shades are shutting fast;
The golden gates of Day,
Then shut up, too, your hallelaloo;
Or what's the matter, say?
That stern and sombre Mussulman,
He heeded not my speech;
But raised again his howl of pain,
A most unearthly scream!
"He dies!"—I thought, and forthwith rushed
To aid the wretched man,
When, with a shout, he yell'd—"Get out!
I am singing the Koran!"

STATEMENT OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTICLES OF IMPORT LANDED AT COLOMBO SINCE OCTOBER 1st, 1869.

Articles.	During the month of March 1870.	Previously landed.	Total this Year.	At the same Period in 1869.
BEER IN BOTTLES, <i>do.</i>	4,500	27,399	31,899	28,400
BEER IN WOOD, <i>do.</i>	22,412	62,263	84,675	41,917
BEAN, <i>do.</i>	1,000	10,000	11,000	17,654
COTTON WARE, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	434
COTTON GOODS, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	6,106
Do. FROM COAST, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	1,615
GLASSWARE, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	6,890, 114.7
IRON, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	12,228
GLASS, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	4,495. 16. 6
HARDWARE, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	13,140. 18. 6
IRON BAR, BOLT AND ROD, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	299. 9. 2. 27
Do. <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	835. 0. 2. 0
Do. <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	56. 1. 0. 14
Do. <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	2,380, 821
Do. <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	2,278	29,090

QUANTITIES OF COTTON GOODS, SPIRITS AND WINE IN BOND ON THE 1st MARCH COMPARED WITH THOSE IN PREVIOUS MONTHS.

Articles.	1st April.	1st March.	1st Feb.	1st Jan.	1st Dec.	1st Nov.	1st Oct.	1st Sept.	1st Aug.	1st July.	1st June.	1st May.
COTTON GOODS, <i>Bales</i>	1,278	1,000	824	1,480	1,403	1,469	1,209	981	1,000	1,477	788	921
Do. <i>Cases</i>	1,278	1,000	824	1,480	1,403	1,469	1,209	981	1,000	1,477	788	921
COTTON TWIST, <i>Packages</i>	1,278	1,000	824	1,480	1,403	1,469	1,209	981	1,000	1,477	788	921
BEAN, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	824	1,480	1,403	1,469	1,209	981	1,000	1,477	788	921
WINE, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	824	1,480	1,403	1,469	1,209	981	1,000	1,477	788	921
GIN, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	824	1,480	1,403	1,469	1,209	981	1,000	1,477	788	921
WINE, <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	824	1,480	1,403	1,469	1,209	981	1,000	1,477	788	921
Do. <i>do.</i>	1,278	1,000	824	1,480	1,403	1,469	1,209	981	1,000	1,477	788	921

SHIPPING IN THE COLOMBO ROADS.

ARRIVED.	VESSELS.	TONS.	COMMANDERS.	AGENTS.	DESTINATION.	WHEN TO SAIL.
1870.	FOR GREAT BRITAIN.					
April 3	Granville	661	Freebody	Geo. Hedges & Co.	London	28 May
do 17	Granville	661	Freebody	Geo. Hedges & Co.	do	Ready for Sea
do 22	Cornwall	798	Wilson	Armitage Brothers	do	In May
do 23	Whitehall	937	Redden	do	do	In June
do 25	Liberator	445	Watson	George Stewart & Co.	do	
do 25	Garnock	677	Auld	Duncan, Symons & Co.	do	15 May
May 1	River Indus	1045	Shearer	Lee, Hedges & Co.	do	Discharging
May 28	Avon	960	Gibson	J. M. Robertson & Co.	do	Discharging
do 30	Marian Moore	948	Dickson	George Watt & Co.	do	Discharging
do 31	Francis Ramsdell	1353	Pender	Mackwood & Co.	London	End of May
do 31	Emma Ash (str.)	745	Parkin	Duncan, Symons & Co.	London	6th June
	INDIA & AUSTRALIA.					
do 30	Dauphin	357	Blanchet	J. Gibson Thomson & Co.	Marseilles	
May 1	Stanley	110	Griffiths	Armitage Brothers	Melbourne	
	UNSETTLED.					
March 24	Artistic	600	Nicholson	C. Shand & Co.	do	
April 22	Gairdnie	607	Simpson	J. Gibson Thomson & Co.	do	
do 24	Prince Alfred	603	Hankin	Armitage Brothers	do	Discharging
do 29	Nicola	629	Evans	C. Shand & Co.	Unknown	Discharging
do 29	Golden Fleece	681	Goodbridge	Darley, Butler & Co.	Unknown	Discharging
May 14	Ranee	182	Taffrensis	C. Shand & Co.	Unknown	
do 17	Tamara	712	Phillips	Fryer, Schultze & Co.	do	
do 27	Alce Riton	689	Matthe	do	do	

SHIPS AFLOAT FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO CEYLON.

VESSELS.	FROM WHAT PORT.	CARGO.	DATE OF DESPATCH.	DEPARTURE.
Woodcote	Sunderland	Coals	Nov. 10	
Athole	Cardiff	Coals	18	
Navigator	Cardiff	Coals	20	In May
S. D. Thurston	London	Coals	18	
Geraldine Paget	London	Coals	26	
Shooting Star	London	Coals	8	
A. O. A.	Calcutta	General	12	
Demerara	Calcutta	General	12	
Gauntlett	Calcutta	General	12	
Wynaud	Calcutta	General	12	
Ocean Rover	Calcutta	General	12	
S. S. Great Victoria	Calcutta	General	12	
Lancelotti	Calcutta	General	12	
S. S. Carolina	Calcutta	General	12	
Octavia	Calcutta	General	12	
Amoy	Calcutta	General	12	
S. S. Chrysolite	Calcutta	General	12	
S. S. Bolivar	Calcutta	General	12	
Glenfallack	Calcutta	General	12	
S. S. Staghaw	Calcutta	General	12	
Palestine	Calcutta	General	12	
Empress of India	Calcutta	General	12	
S. S. Alexandria	Calcutta	General	12	
S. S. Lavalie	Calcutta	General	12	
Alabama	Calcutta	General	12	
Muscat Merchant	Calcutta	General	12	
Timoor Shah	Calcutta	General	12	
Anna Bella	Calcutta	General	12	
S. S. Dapabu	Calcutta	General	12	