

Pether had offered; but ten dollars a head for man, woman and child,—and down went his hand again to show that the size of the child was not to be taken into consideration when the time arrived for his allotment of dollars."

There can be little doubt but that the Indians will be persuaded to moderate their demands when the Government come to treat with them, but their promptitude in pressing their claim at the earliest opportunity shows that they are keenly alive to their own interests. There must be no attempt made to destroy the cordial good feeling which the Indians now entertain towards the Government; for it will be cheaper to pay a little money to preserve their good nature than to run the risk of reviving in the Lake Superior country the scenes of robbery and bloodshed that have so often been enacted on the plains and prairies of the Western States. But, on the other hand, the Indians should be made to understand that the opening up of travel through their country would confer a positive benefit upon them, even if they gave the right of way without consideration. Settlers coming in would afford them opportunities for trading which they do not now possess, and increase the market for the limited articles of merchandise in which they traffic. Their services would necessarily be frequently called into requisition to assist travellers on their journey, and they would thus command more steady employment at equally as remunerative rates as those they now receive from the few chance surveying or exploring parties which occasionally engage their services.

Circumstances must, however, compel Canada to complete this communication without delay. With the difficulties encountered by the Military expedition this summer, the usual class of immigrants to the new Province could never be expected to cope. But many of these have been removed already; and it does not appear that there are insuperable difficulties in the way of having it ready for next year's influx of settlers to Manitoba; though the better established and less tedious American route will likely continue to be preferred by many, being considered freer from the risks of mishap, and more convenient for the transport of the various articles that make up an emigrant's family outfit. We conclude, therefore, that while parties of young men but slightly encumbered, accustomed to "roughing" it, and fond of adventure withal, will prefer the Thunder Bay route during the late summer months, Canadians will have to depend mainly upon the American route for several years to come.

As a temporary expedient this is no great matter for regret. But every year of its continuance adds to the difficulties of successfully prosecuting the colonization of the great North-West. It is this consideration that should influence the Government to determine without delay, not only the practicability of building a railway to Fort Garry, but also the most advantageous route on which to build it. It is reported that some explorations are to be made in the Lake Nipigon region, and that this, though further north, offers fewer engineering difficulties, and better agricultural lands than the Lake Superior country. It is time now to take effective measures for a thorough exploration, to be followed by exact surveys where necessary, so that the question of route, at least, may receive early and intelligent discussion.

Another important link in the chain of communication with the North-West, the want of which was but recently felt by the Canadian authorities, is the connection of the lakes Huron and Superior navigation by the construction of a canal at Sault Ste. Marie. The American Canal, through which our troops were refused passage in June last, is already complained of as being insufficient for the demands of existing trade, and a new one on American soil is projected. Why not build the new canal on the Canadian side? The situation is said to be much better than on the south side, and the distance is so short that its expense would be but trifling compared with its advantages, some of which would be that it would pay handsomely from the beginning, and make us independent of American favours in passing between the two lakes.

KING STREET, TORONTO.

Toronto possesses but two principal streets—Yonge and King. These thoroughfares are the only ones that possess the advantages that combine to make a street agreeable—the only ones that are sufficiently broad, well lit, well paved, and lined with handsome shops. The remainder are either narrow and dirty, with the light of heaven almost shut out, or broad and wretchedly paved, certainly with a number of sufficiently handsome houses, but at the same time with an undue preponderance of common, and generally having the appearance of being laid out on a sand-flat.

But between the two principal streets of the Western capital is a great gulf; not a patent, material gulf of the Curtius kind, but a gulf made by the inflexible laws of fashion and society—a gulf as great as separates Broadway from the Bowers, the Rue de Rivoli from Rue Montparnasse, or Regent Street and Rotten Row from the lumber thoroughfares of Pentonville and the City Road. The buildings on King street are grander and greater than their neighbours on Yonge, the shops are

larger and dearer; and last, though far from being least, King street is honoured by the daily presence of the aristocracy, while Yonge is given over to the business-man, the middle class and the beggar. Among the upper classes there is a performance that goes on daily, that is known among *habitués* as "doing King." It consists principally of marching up and down a certain part of the street at a certain hour—performing, as it were, *ko-tou* to the goddess of Fashion, and sacrificing to her sister divinity of Society. At three o'clock in the afternoon the first stragglers appear on the scene—which extends perhaps a quarter of a mile. These consist principally of young ladies whose proper place should be at school, and young men attired in the height of fashion. By the time these ardent devotees have made few turns, the regular *habitués* make their appearance, and until six in the evening one side, for one side only is patronized, is crowded to excess. It is rather considered "the thing" to patrol King street in this manner, and of a fine afternoon every one who belongs to the *élite*, as well as many who do not, may be seen perseveringly trudging up and down, no doubt to their own great comfort and to the intense discomfort and dismay of others less smiled upon by Nature or less favoured by their tailors and dressmakers. King street is, in a sort of a way, the great social change, where "everybody" meets Everybody and his wife, where the latest fashions are exhibited, and the last quotations of the matrimonial market exchanged. Would you see the newest styles in hats or paucers? they are to be seen on King street. Would you know how many young swells are doing nothing for a living? you are sure to find them on King. Would you wish to hear the last imprudence of young Harumscarum, or the progress of Miss Slowcome's engagement? You may be sure that before you have taken half-a-dozen turns, some convenient, intelligent busybody of your acquaintance will have whispered the facts of the case in your ear, all of which he has "on the best authority, Sir." It is on King street that Clelia makes his appointment with Clelia, for their afternoon walk; that Thersites, jealousy-stricken, scowls at Adonis, and that Pomponia depreciates the value of her dear friend Amalthæa's new silk and trimmings. Here Cornelia, the careful mother, brings out her treasures, and exhibits to the public gaze those desirable lots of which she is so anxious to dispose on advantageous terms. While far above all Diogenes in his garret—little more roomy or commodious than the ancient tub—looks down upon the motley throng, notices their petty follies and foibles, and thanks his stars that he is "not as other men are."

"AT THE SEA-SIDE IN SEPTEMBER."

Nothing can be more refreshing and reinvigorating than a trip to the sea-side in the hot days of summer. Not only does it give relaxation from the cares of business to the "head of the house," but it braces his nerves for the next season's "operations," makes him feel that he has done a real kindly not by his wife and children, and has put a "nick in the post" which marks him and them out as eligible sharers in the home festivities of the coming fashionable season. To be able to proudly answer the question—"Where did you spend last summer, Mrs. Firkin?"—by replying: "Oh! Mr. Firkin was so engrossed with business until quite late in July that we only had a six week's run to Shiver Point on the Gulf," is sonorous of magnificent humility, and puts the questioned lady quite at ease, even among those who might have had the good fortune to have enjoyed an earlier escape from city life, and a less distant scene of recreation at some of the more modest resorts on the inner St. Lawrence. For Shiver Point is an intensely sea-breezy place, and excessively fashionable, if you only know where it is, and how to go to it. Now, an artistic friend of ours did know where it was and how to get there, and his mind was vividly impressed with the unfailing regularity with which the boarders at Shiver Point Hall, sat it out until bed-time on the balcony, no matter how the wind might blow, or the coming frosts cast their shadows before them by concentrating the bloom meant to adorn two pretty cheeks into the extremity of one pretty nose! It is possible that the painful effort of art which is designed to express and illustrate this extreme devotion to the balcony, even in September, when the cold wind blows harshly, may owe its chief distinguishing characteristics to the deep sympathy of our artistic friend with the distressing situation of the family group which forms his subject. No doubt he has visited Shiver Point more than once, or that he has seen several other water-riding places on this continent, where the visitors believe that whether they go down to the sea in ships, or even by railroad or stage-coach, to enjoy its refreshing breeze, they are bound to sit on the balcony, let the wind blow ever so roughly. It may be thought by some common-place folks that even at a fashionable seaside resort it is not absolutely necessary to brave a sudden change in the thermometer on the balcony when there are cosy, comfortable rooms waiting for occupants; but, bless you! the regular "tourist" is bound to "do" the place in the most approved fashion, so in defiance of comfort and the "cold, cold winds," he faces the blustering breeze. The picture under consideration is a study. There are the two young ladies with chignons flying in distress, and skirts threatening ominously to outline the figure in spite of the resistance of the latest improved patent steel spring hoops, taking shelter behind a monster "dorg," whose melancholy expression suggests that if he cannot "poo-h-poo," he would fain "bow-wow" all the attractions of Shiver Point. Next there is paterfamilias, who has ingeniously clutched his ears with his two hands; and, by resting his elbows on the top rail of the balcony, and planting his knees against its side, has so entrenched himself so as to make it certain that no breeze can blow his head from his shoulders. By his side sits materfamilias, blessed by Nature with a "huge rotundity" that no wind could shake; and no doubt she admires the cunning device of her liege lord for keeping all his "pieces" together. Behind her stands, or nods, a little boy, the hope of the house of Firkin, who is so intently trying to find out "what are the wild waves saying," that an unpoetic observer would imagine the lad had gone to sleep. The "nuss gal" with her precious charge ought to have formed a separate picture; at least the pair are a study by themselves. However, by diving into the mysteries of art it may be discovered that the immense oral opening in the facial display of the former is quite as charming an embodiment of practical life as can be found in any other figure in this attractive group. Stupid people might suppose that the Firkins, since the old gentleman's last lucky speculation in butter, had hired a girl to do the crying for the baby, and thereby save the latter from fatigue. Now, such an idea had never entered the brain of the very practical Firkin, or of his unimaginative spouse. Oh no! the fact was, (as our artistic

friend secretly confided to us, which information is private) that the girl, who was comparatively new in the family, had heard so much, before old Firkin could be persuaded to take the trip, of the wonderful benefits to be derived from the sea breeze that she had resolved to have her full share of it. She is, therefore, to be contemplated, in the picture before us, as opening her mouth to its widest latitude for the purpose of drinking in the greatest possible amount of sea air; and not, as might be supposed, merely crying to relieve the baby. As for the baby itself, it is too young to notice other than very near objects, therefore it is lost in wonder at the tremendous contortion of nurse's features. It would be pleasant to say a word or two of the figures on the beach; but who would leave the balcony for the rough sands in such a breeze? And with the tide rolling somewhere, and the figures looking quite plain enough to be allowed to speak for themselves?

THE NIEDERBRONN AFFAIR.

Almost the first combat that took place, since the French and Prussian armies came in front of each other, was the cavalry skirmish of the 25th ult., when two Baden dragoon officers were taken prisoners. On the day before a reconnaissance was made in the neighbourhood of Hagenau by Captain Count Zeppelin, of the Wurtemberg staff, and three Baden officers, accompanied by four dragoons. They crossed on Sunday morning to the French town of Lauterburg, cut the telegraph wires at Hundsbach station while the people were at church, passed the day in riding about the country, and were not caught until Monday morning, when they were surprised by a party of French hussars, while at breakfast in a farmhouse between Neuweiler and Niederbronn. A hand-to-hand combat ensued, in which an Englishman named Lieutenant Winslow, in the service of the Grand Duke of Baden, was killed, and the others, with the exception of Count Zeppelin, were taken prisoners. They were brought to the French head-quarters at Metz on the 1st instant, and were confined in an apartment on the ramparts, under the custody of a French gendarme. As they were conducted through the streets, lightly handcuffed, by two grenadiers of the Guard, the townspeople crowded to see them, but no insult was offered to them; and Marshal Leboeuf ordered that they should be well treated in every respect. Their names are Lieutenant von Gubling and Lieutenant von Wechmar. The unfortunate Lieutenant Winslow, who is described as a very strong man, a good rider and swordsman, was cut down after a desperate resistance, and the two Lieutenants, together with the orderly officers, were captured. Only Count Zeppelin, who rode a very spirited horse, made his way through the enemy, though not without receiving many cuts and blows. He brought with him the horse of a French officer which he had captured. On arriving at the Bavarian outposts he was received with loud cheers for his gallant conduct.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE OF PECULIAR NAMES—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued.)

I.

THE ISLE OF MAN—WHY THIS ISLAND IS SO CALLED.—I WAS recently pondering over the name of that interesting little island, situate in the Irish Sea, between latitude 45 deg. 4 min. and 54 deg. 7 min. N., and longitude 4 deg. 17 min. and 4 deg. 34 min. W., and over which in former times the Stanleys exercised regal sway. My desire to know more of this interesting spot of earth has been rewarded by a Runie legend which I discovered in Kirk Braddyn. *Draigish*, high priest of the Druids (A.C. 316), left a tradition which was incised on marble by *Snorrelych* the bard. It relates that the island was in long, long ages ago inhabited by monkeys, twelve in number. These were the noblest of the Simian race. Their progeny increased and multiplied; but it was found that the fruits of the island worked a wondrous change in the physical structure of these bipeds. The heel contracted; the hair of the body and face, especially of the females, became less with each generation; and the caudal appendage contracted more and more, until at length each joint of the tail had shrunk into mere scales, and no trace of this prehensile organ could be discovered in the animal exteriorly. This new race assumed thenceforth the name of Man; and although so recently as the time of Caesar the island was called *Mona* (the Milesian or modern Spanish for monkey,) yet, as the birthplace of the human race, the Teutons subsequently named it the *Isle of Man*. As the Scandinavian inscription attributes the denudation of tails suffered by the original inhabitants of *Mona's* Isle to the fruits of the earth, it would be curious to know what fruits they can be which possess so wondrous a quality. From the fact that the cats and some of the poultry of the island have also lost their tails, may be presumed that Grimalkin and Madame Parcelet have likewise eaten of this mythical fruit.

The letters I H S V, and I H S, often seen in ancient churches, and on crosses, &c. The first four letters are supposed to be the initial letters of the words which the Emperor Constantine thought he saw in the heavens the night previous to his great victory over heathenism: *In Hoc Signo Vinces!*—under this sign thou shalt conquer. And the I H S are supposed to be a contraction of the Greek word *IHSOUS*—*Jesus*, or the initials of Ignatius Loyola's motto, under a cross (!): *In Hoc Salus*—in this is safety.

We append the following letter which lately appeared:

J. D. B.

To the Editor of the *Gazette*:

Sir,—In Monday's issue of your paper, the Rev. Mr. Borthwick, in commenting upon the meaning given in Appleton's Journal to the mystic letters I. H. S., tells us that he has always taken them to be the initial letters of the words *Jesus Nominum Salvator*. The editor of an old Canadian paper, *The Church*, gives us another rendering of the monogram. He supposes it to be the first three letters of the Greek *IHSOUS*—*Jesus*—and says in support of this hypothesis that, having inspected a collection of the earliest Christian emblems, we found that where any of them bore inscriptions, those inscriptions were in every case written in the Greek language. The loss of the knowledge of the Greek tongue in the Western Church, easily accounts for the Greek *S* (sigma) being corrupted and changed into the character *S*.

E. J. FESSENDEN.

[The retention of the Greek *H* (a long) simply causes confusion. I.H.S. are the first three letters of *Jesus*, and make a common Greek contraction.—ED. GAZETTE.]