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Montreal Illustrated News

Vol. II.—No. 7.]

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1870.

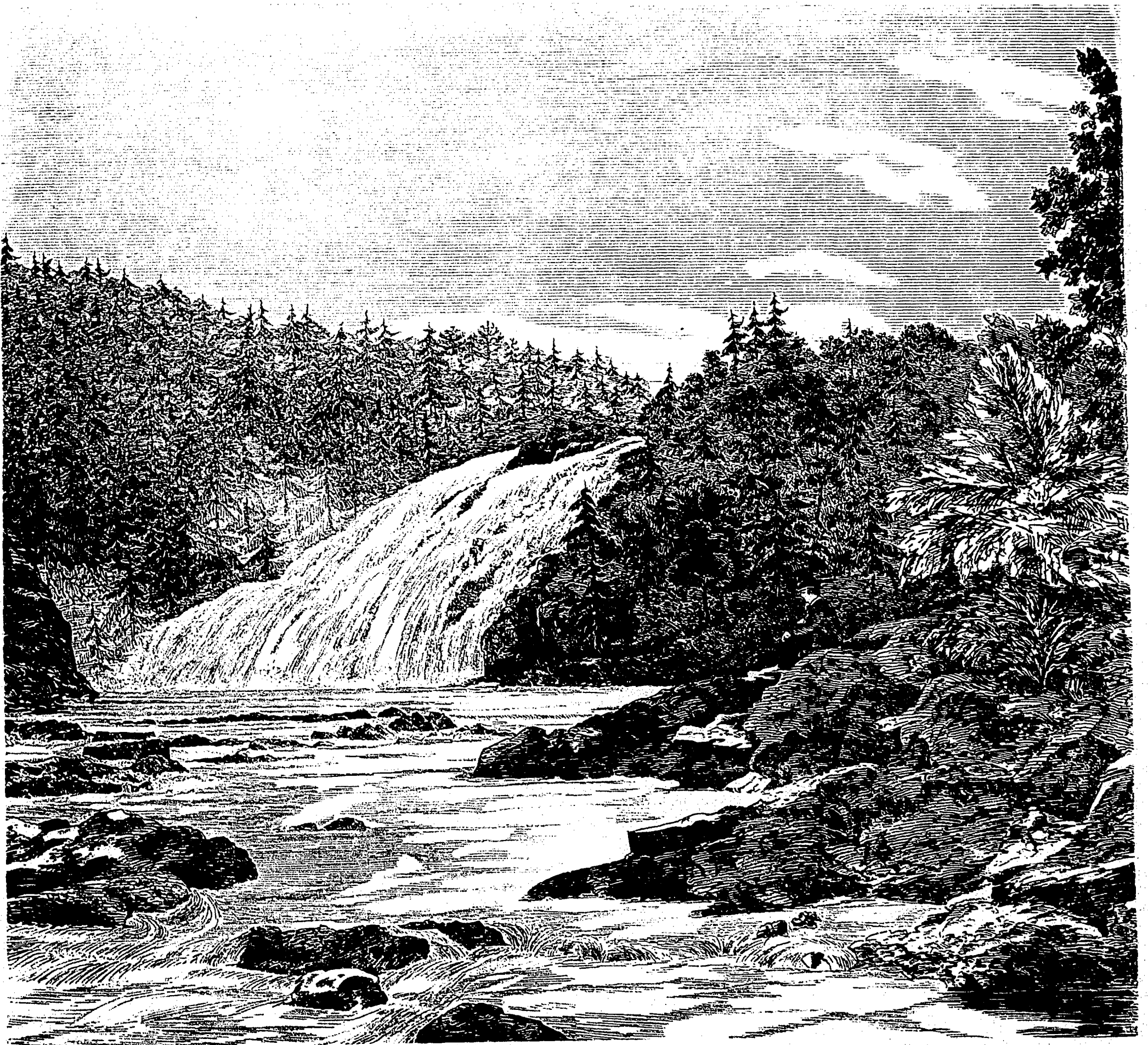
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FRENCH REVERSES.

At the time we write it is somewhat difficult to form an exact estimate of the consequences of the brilliant victory achieved by the Prussians over the French, on Friday and Saturday of last week. The retreat of the French to Metz and their pursuit by the Prussians, is a complete

reversal of early predictions as to the course of the campaign. It was said with great confidence that France, from the superiority of her preparations, the *elan* of her soldiers, and the determination of the Emperor to strike a decisive blow at once, would win the early victories of the war. The result has been very different. From the

time that the Prussians blew up the railway bridge at Bitche and thereby broke the line of communication between Marshal McMahon and the main body of the French, every movement up to Tuesday last was a decided triumph for Prussian over French generalship. The incident to which we have referred—the first of the actual



FALLS OF THE RIVER DU LOUP, BELOW QUEBEC. From a photograph by Notman.—SEE PAGE 99.

war—shows the *Punic* faith of Prussia. On the evening of the 18th July the declaration of war was despatched from Paris to Berlin. That same evening orders were issued for the destruction of the viaduct at Bitché, and though it was three days later before its accomplishment, we have in the fact of the Prussian movement a proof that, while France was declaring war, Prussia was making it. The whole campaign up to this time proves the readiness of Prussia, and her triumphs so far have placed the Napoleonic dynasty in great danger of destruction.

But while we cannot accept the stilted paragraphs concocted under the official inspiration of the Tuileries as giving a truthful account of the state of affairs, it would be no less of a mistake to believe all that we read from Berlin, or through the jaundiced medium of the *New York Tribune's* commissioner, who seemingly manufactures, or at least manipulates the greater part of the cable news with which the western world is favoured. There can, however, be no doubt as to the complete defeat of Generals McMahon and Froissard, or of the loss by the French of the little advantage which the affair of the 2nd at Saarbrücken might have given them. It would seem that the Emperor is no General; and it is also probable that he has the conceit to think that he is. He will soon be compelled to abandon the pretension, as in the presence of such a foe approaching the very heart of France, the French people will forget Napoleon in their zeal to deliver their country from the tread of the invader. The rumours of threatened revolution in Paris have far less significance to our view than the acceptance by the Emperor of the services of Generals Changarnier and Trochu. These men do not go to fight for the Emperor, but for France; and their presence on the field means that the whole French nation is resolved upon repelling the Prussians. In this light, we can hardly understand the price of gold, the steadiness of the markets, and the buoyancy of stocks. Transactions on 'Change, up to Wednesday, indicated an early peace, or at least the limitation of the struggle to the two combatants, with results not materially damaging to either. But the French fleet has yet to be heard from; the impending battle at Metz may turn the current of the campaign; or even should it result in another Prussian victory, there are dangers in the way of "On to Paris," sufficient to make us hesitate before according to Prussia the prospects of a speedy and complete triumph. If the Emperor cannot be credited with generalship, and surely he cannot in the face of his permitting McMahon's command to be fallen upon by the bulk of the Prussian army and no supports near, he may certainly be allowed to have had some prophetic vision when he declared that the war would be a long one. Nothing less than several successive defeats of the French, with, perhaps, a revolution in Paris, can now give any reasonable hope of a short war, and these things are not very likely to occur. Metz is a strong position; it is, in fact, virtually an outpost of Paris. Should that fall, Châlons has to be disposed of before the Prussians can make their way to the capital; and even were they there, it can hardly be supposed that France would surrender without a fierce struggle. In the presence of a foreign foe internal dissension ceases; or the local quarrel is postponed to another day for reckoning. Legitimist, Republican and Imperialist will unite for the time being; and they will unite all the more heartily should Napoleon have wisdom enough to abandon the pretence of personal command for the duties of which he has neither the genius nor the physical strength. With the success of Prussia there is little prospect of a short war; but if French generalship or prowess in the field turn the tide of battle, the prospect of an early peace is still more remote. Prussia will endure defeat better than France; and before her complete exhaustion, which is not by any means probable, it is all but certain that Russia would take sides against France for the purpose of serving her own policy in the East. The moderate exhaustion of both powers would, we believe, be generally gratifying to all the great and many of the small States of Europe; but the ultimate strengthening of either one would be viewed with alarm by their neighbours. Should France carry itself through its present day of trial, without turning upon the Emperor and avenging its disgrace by the destruction of his dynasty, then it may at once be acknowledged that Napoleon is firmly seated on his throne. His rule was never subjected to so severe a strain as the reverses of last week brought upon it. Besides, the political troubles at the capital indicate the presence of internal danger, though it may be presumed that the temporary excitement, or even alarm, at the first news of a serious misfortune, would soon give place to the determination to adopt every means possible for its reparation.

The line of perpetual snow varies in different parts of the earth, depending upon latitude. Thus, at the equator it is 15,000 feet; in latitude 62° it is only 4,000 feet; and in latitude 71° it is as low as 1,000 feet above the level of the sea.

VIGER GARDENS; MONTREAL.

Montreal can hardly be called a gay city in the summer time. In winter, when the snow is several feet on the ground, there is plenty to enjoy in the way of private entertainments, sleighing parties, private theatricals, and other amusements of a more public character. But in summer, when the sky is blue, the sun shining, and the thermometer touching the nineties, Montreal is like every other large city, and all who can afford it and are able to get away, flee from its blistering sidewalks and stifling atmosphere. This state of affairs will be to some extent improved when we get the long-talked-of park on the side of the mountain. But as matters now stand, the expedients to which the unhappy man who is forced to stay in town can betake himself to while away the time are but few. He may go to the theatre to witness the performances of the many troupes who visit the city, but good as the acting may be, a man must partake of the nature of a salamander who can stand a three hours' baking in the theatre in this sweltering weather. Or he may take a skiff and, after a sharp struggle with the current, land a mile or so below the point he intended reaching. Or he may take a hack and drive round the mountain or to Lachine; but unfortunately the prettiest drive is apt to become stale and uninteresting after having been "done" two or three times. After trying all these expedients one is led to believe that the wisest thing is to stay quietly at home, choose the coolest spot in the house, and enjoy a cigar as best one may, trusting to the chapter of accidents to turn up some new excitement. Fortunately, however, there is a cool retreat in the east end of the city whither one may repair of an evening to enjoy the air and escape from the heated flag-stones and close atmosphere of the streets. The Viger Gardens are a great boon to the citizens, and one need only go there any evening when the band plays to see how they are appreciated. The gardens, situated on St. Denis Street, are the finest, in fact the only gardens in the city. They are handsomely and extensively laid out with flower-beds, fountains, walks, and kiosques, and contain a miniature hot-house. The band of the Rifle Brigade play there once a week, on which occasions, thanks to the zeal and energy of Messrs. Globenski and Doutré, the gardens are always brilliantly lighted, and a display of fireworks takes place. The funds to defray the cost of this additional attraction to the gardens were collected by the gentlemen named, who have since taken the trouble of superintending the lighting of the gardens. The excellent music of the band under the leadership of Mr. Miller, is of itself a very great attraction, and, consequently, on the nights when the band plays, usually Wednesday evenings, the Viger Gardens are always crowded with visitors who, in listening to the music, promenading round the walks, watching the fireworks, or gossiping with friends, appear to enjoy themselves most heartily.

SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

FRASER RIVER AND LILLOUETT.

As a sequel to the illustrations of British Columbian scenery which appeared in the fourth number of the present volume, we now publish two views, one on the Fraser river, the largest and most important stream of British Columbia—the other of Lillouett, a flourishing town situated on the right bank of the Fraser, 212 miles from the port and capital, New Westminster. At one time the banks of the river in this neighbourhood were exceeding rich in gold, and attracted many speculators even from the rich mines of Cariboo. Since this time the town of Lillouett has gradually gone on increasing in size and importance, and now ranks as one of the principal posts on the Fraser. It lies half-way between New Westminster and Cariboo, following the Fraser river route as far as Fort Yale. A very full description of the Fraser river and its tributaries has already appeared in these pages, in the Rev. Mr. Dawson's instructive papers on the North-West.

THE FIRST WALTZ.

This is a lively little picture of home life in Germany. A couple of youngsters are dancing—their first waltz—to the music of a fiddle played by their grand-father, who appears thoroughly to enjoy the children's delight. The aged grand-mother sits at one side engaged in the homely occupation of peeling potatoes, and stops every now and then to smile upon the children and at the gambols of a merry, shaggy little dog, who is evincing his surprise at the new kind of amusement by leaping up on the juvenile dancers, and sadly interfering with their steps. The little girl looks quite demurely at her companion, who seems inclined to be rather boisterous. The surroundings are perfectly in keeping with the scene. The low, stuffy little room with rough oaken floor and heavy beams running across the ceiling; the big curtained bed, and the eider-down quilt; the huge pipe hanging by the almanac, the cheap, bright pictures on the wall, and the sprig of blessed palm at the bed, are all little accessories to be met with in any bedroom among the lower classes of the German peasantry, and which, thus faithfully depicted, wonderfully help out the reality of this graceful little scene.

LE CHIEN D'OR

The famous *Chien d'Or* of Quebec, about which so many tales have been told, is in danger of early destruction, the design to build a new post office involving the pulling down of the present building. The following, from "Christie's History of Lower Canada," tells nothing about the real history of the *Chien d'Or*, but it does explode more than one of the traditional narratives concerning it:—

"The *bas relief* representing a golden dog gnawing his bone over the front door of the old stone house, known as "Free Mason's Hall," now in part occupied by the Post Office, in Buedé street, near the steps, leading from the Upper Town through Prescott Gate to the Lower Town of Quebec, has given rise to a multitude of fanciful conjectures as to its origin. The house, it would seem, was built in 1736, by a Monsieur Philibert, a merchant of Quebec. The inscription under the figure is in old, or according to modern orthography, bad French. Having very recently inspected, I find it to be *verbatim ac literaliter* as follows: I have been particular in this, believing it of importance to archaeologists:—

"JE SVIS VN CHIEN QVI RONGE LO
"EN LE RONGEANT JE PREND MON REPOS
"VN TEMS VIENDRA QVI NEST PAS VENU
"QVE JE MORDERAY QVI MAURA MORDU.
1736."

Various versions, all for the most part fabulous, have been given to the world of the origin of this legend, from that of Captain Knox, who was in the army, and present at the conquest of Canada, to those of Messrs. Bourne, Hawkins, Lieut.-Col. Cockburn, R. A., and more recently a Canadian gentleman, writing in French, under the signature A. S. S., (supposed to be the late Mr. Souldard, an Advocate of this City), in *Le Canadien*. Lieut.-Col. Cockburn tells the story thus:—

"Passing between the Post Office and the book store of Messrs. Thomas Cary & Co., to the Lower Town, the stranger cannot help noticing a gold dog over the door of the latter establishment. The following curious history attaches to this dog:—

"The house was built by Mons. Philibert, a merchant, residing in Quebec in the time of Mr. Bigot, the last Intendant under the French Government, and whose draft upon the Treasury for the expenses of this country were so enormous that one of the queens of that kingdom archly inquired—'whether the walls of Quebec were built of gold?' But to return to the story of the *Chien d'Or*, Mr. Philibert and the Intendant were on bad terms; but under the system then existing, the merchant knew that it was in vain for him to seek redress in the colony, and determining at some future period to prove his complaint in France, he contented himself with placing the figure of a sleeping dog in front of his house, with the following lines beneath it, in allusion to his situation with his powerful enemy.

"This allegorical language was, however, too plain for Mr. Bigot to misunderstand it. A man so powerful easily found an instrument to avenge the insult, and Mr. Philibert received as the reward of his verse the sword of an officer of the garrison through his back when descending the Lower Town hill.

"The murderer was permitted to leave the colony unmolested, and was transferred to a regiment stationed in the East Indies. Thither he was pursued by a brother of the deceased who had first sought him in Canada, when he arrived here to settle his brother's affairs. The parties, it is related, met in the public street of Pondicherry, drew their swords, and after some conflict the assassin met a more horrible fate than his crime deserved, and died by the hand of his antagonist."

Mr. Hawkins, in his "*Picture of Quebec with Historical Recollections*," gives the following account:—Mr. Philibert, who resided in this house, was a merchant of high distinction during the time when Mr. Begon was Intendant of New France. The latter had formerly been a merchant of Bourdeaux, and came to Quebec in 1712. Differences occurred between him and Mr. Philibert, over whom superior interest and power gave Mr. Begon every advantage. Unable to obtain redress for his injuries, real or supposed, Mr. Philibert bitterly, although covertly, expressed his sentiments under the image of the *chien d'or* to which he added the following inscription, &c., &c.

"Mr. Begon determined on revenge, and Mr. Philibert descending the Lower Town hill, received the sword of Mr. de R., a French officer of the garrison, through the body. The perpetrator of this murder made his escape, and left the Province, but the crime was too atrocious to be forgiven. The brother of Mr. Philibert came to Quebec to settle the estate, with a full determination of taking personal vengeance on the assassin. So determined was he to execute this part of his mission, that, having ascertained that Mr. de R. had gone to the East Indies, he pursued him thither. They met in a street of Pondicherry—engaged on the spot, and the assassin fell mortally wounded, under the hand of the avenger. The *Chien d'or* remains to perpetuate this tale of bloodshed and retribution."

A very pretty story, truly, of homicide and retribution, but according to the researches of my friend Mr. Jacques Viger, (from whose manuscript on the subject I take my information) nearly altogether fabulous. His inquiries establish the fact that Mr. Nicholas Jacquin Philibert did, unhappily, on the 21st January, 1748, die of a sword wound he had received in a sudden quarrel the previous day at the hand of a Mr. Pierre J. B. F. X. Legardeur de Repentigny, a Lieutenant in the French army, born at Montreal, 24th May, 1719, and son of Mr. J. B. Legardeur de Repentigny, who died there in 1741; but that with this quarrel and homicide, neither Mr. Begon, who left the country in 1726, nor Mr. Bigot, who did not come to it before September, 1748, had, nor possibly could have anything to do. The cause of quarrel and whole matter, are clearly and satisfactorily explained by Mr. Viger through official and incontestable documents and judicial records still extant, and that prove the story, in so far as Mr. Begon and Mr. Bigot are concerned, to be absolutely a fable, and wholly without foundation.

The Registers of the Parish of Quebec, according to Mr. Viger, prove that the family of Legardeur de Repentigny were in the country so early as 1637; and those of the Superior Council in like manner prove that the first Mayor of Quebec was a Mr. J. B. Legardeur de Repentigny, elected to that post by an assembly of citizens, held 7th October, 1663, before the Council, pursuant to an arrêt of that body of the 20th September, 1663, when a Mayor (Mr. de Repentigny) and two Aldermen (*échevins*) were chosen for Quebec.

In the matter alluded to, there was, Mr. V. observes, no assassination. It was an unfortunate homicide arising out of a sudden quarrel between Mr. Philibert and Mr. de Repentigny, as explained by authentic documents of record, and still open to the inspection of any one choosing to consult them. Mr. de Repentigny having, it appears, on the 20th of January, 1748, obtained, as an officer of the army, a billet to be quartered upon Mr. Philibert, the latter waited upon him at the lodgings where he then was, in the house of a lady of the name of La Palme, to endeavour to prevail upon him to remain in his lodgings with that lady, and to agree with her for the terms on which she might be willing to accommodate him. Not being able to come to terms with her, he was about leaving the house, observing that he would take steps to cause the billet to be changed. This being overheard by de Repentigny, who it would seem was standing by, he addressed Philibert in a tone to make him understand that he would not part with the lodgings to which his billet entitled him, adding that he (Philibert) was a "*nigaud*" (simpleton) to ask for an alteration of it. This so exasperated Philibert, that after using much violent language to de Repentigny, he struck him with a walking stick he had in his hand, whereupon the latter in a transport of rage drew his sword and ran Philibert through the body, of which he died the following day, "generously

forgiving," as the Parish Register attests, Mr de Repentigny, the unfortunate act by which he had fallen. "The *Chien d'or*" bears the inscription 1736. It consequently can have no reference to this affair which occurred twelve years afterwards.

Mr. de Repentigny, immediately after this unhappy occurrence, withdrew himself from Quebec, going overland, in the winter season, by way of the portage, then known as that of *Trois Pistoles*, to *l'Acadie*, now Nova Scotia. Whether he proceeded thence to France is not certain; but, on an application to the French King, setting forth the whole case, letters of grace and pardon were granted him, with which he returned the following year to Canada. These letters of grace and pardon, he it observed, were not final. They were, before having their intended effect, subject to enregistrement (*entièrement*) in the colony, and the facts upon which they purported to be granted were also to be proved, confirmed and enregistered before the proper tribunal there. Then, and not till then, they were final. All this, it appears, was done with respect to Mr. de Repentigny who, in consequence of it, was fully absolved, as Mr. Viger, by production of a copy of the letters of grace and pardon alluded to, and extracts of the subsequent proceedings, clearly shews.

This is sufficient to upset the whole tale as told by the gentlemen I have mentioned. But Mr. Viger does not stop here. Continuing his inquiries with characteristic acumen, he proves by extracts from Parish registers, that the same Mr. de Repentigny was, on the 30th of January, 1753, married, at Montreal, to Demoiselle Catherine Archange Payen de Noyan, at which time he was 34 years of age, and a Captain of Infantry—that his first child (Pierre) was baptized there, 14th of December, 1753—the second (Victoire Catherine), 21st of January, 1755—and finally that, so late as 18th of November, 1756, (eight years and ten months after Mr. Philibert's decease,) his third child (a girl) died, at which time he was still alive. Mr. Viger, by still further researches, subsequent to the above, when he lost sight of Mr. Pierre de Repentigny, again finds him honourably engaged in the battle of the 28th of April, 1760, on the plains of Abraham, where it is said, by a general order, or some public notice of the action, "the battalion of the city of Montreal, under Mr. Repentigny, served with the same courage as the regular troops. The same praise is due to the greater part of the Canadians." He was also at the Fort of Jacques Cartier in May following, but what afterwards became of him, Mr. Viger has not been able to learn.

Mr. Louis de Repentigny, a younger brother of this gentleman, went, it also appears, with the French army, after the conquest, to France, whence he was sent as Governor-in-Chief to Senegal, on the coast of Africa, where, after remaining some time, he returned to France, and died at Paris, 9th of October, 1786, not of a violent death, but of a long and lingering illness, making his will the 4th of that month, before Mr. Lormant, a Public Notary of that city. This gentleman was married at Quebec, 20th of April, 1751, to Demoiselle Chossegros d'Aray, by whom he had an only son, Louis Gaspard, born at Quebec, 10th of July, 1753, and who died at Point Petre Guadalupe, 2nd of July, 1808.

Another account makes a duel take place in France (Paris) between Mr. Pierre de Repentigny, in 1756, and an only son of Mr. Philibert, which *son* Mr. Viger shews, by the way, from the Parish registers of Quebec, to have been a daughter, Marie Anne, the eldest of five children Philibert. This tale also, Mr. Viger observes, is a mere fable—a dramatic incident, as devoid of truth as disgusting by its immorality, inasmuch as at the moment when this supposed only son, that is to say, *Marie Anne*, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. Philibert, left the country for France, in quest of the "assassin" of his father, that same assassin was in Canada, persuaded that, as far as human laws could go, he was absolved of homicide, and that no one *compromis* could any longer call him to account for this untoward incident of his life, inasmuch as: 1st, the victim had on his death bed "generously forgiven" him; 2nd, the widow Philibert had signified to justice under her hand, that she had been paid the damages and civil interests allowed her by the legal tribunals, and had no opposition to the (*enrôlement*) passing and confirmation of the letters of grace and pardon by the King; 3rd, as he had the letters of grace and pardon granted him, duly enregistered and confirmed at law before the proper tribunal at Quebec, after complying with all the necessary conditions stipulated in them according to the laws of the realm.

In a letter dated at Montreal, 11th of July, 1842, to Mr. Viger, from a Mr. Violet, of Pointe à Petre, Guadalupe, the Attorney-General of the heirs de Repentigny, who was then on a visit to this Province, on their business, it is stated:—"I affirm, in the name of the heirs de Repentigny, and you may without fear affirm it in turn, that never to our knowledge has a Repentigny died slain in duel, or otherwise, by a Philibert, or any relation or descendant of the family."

Mr. Viger remarks—"after the proofs obtained of the existence of Mr. Pierre de Repentigny, and of his uninterrupted presence either in Acadie or in Canada from 1748 to 1756," (and thence to 1760, as subsequently ascertained) "I may in effect assert, without offence to our bold romancers, that no more than his brother Louis, did Mr. Pierre Repentigny fall in duel or otherwise, by any Philibert or descendant of that family at Paris, more than at Pondicherry, and this, for the sole and good reason, that during all this time he had been at neither of these places."

Mr. Viger has, therefore, completely demolished the whole fabric of those fanciful but false tales relating to the "*Chien d'or*," perfectly exposing their fallacy, and satisfactorily explained the manner and cause of Mr. Philibert's death, not by assassination, according to once account, at the instigation of Mr. Begon, who had left the country long before, and to another, of Mr. Bigot, who had not yet come to it—both respectable names, and not likely in those chivalrous times to be instigators of such a crime, but by an unpremeditated homicide, arising out of a sudden quarrel, between that gentleman and Mr. Pierre de Repentigny, whose good name and fame, as well as those of the Intendants Begon and Bigot, Mr. Viger has rescued from the opprobrium to which those idle tales had consigned them, and given to history the true version of the matter."

Beyond this negative recital we have nothing to add to the history of the *Chien d'or*, which seems, after Christie's researches, to be as much obscured in mystery as ever. Our own impression is that it was simply the result of a whim of the owner of the building, and that therefore it has not the remotest historical value whatever.

THE FASHIONS.

Continued from page 109.

the crown is wound a bias strip of blue *crêpe de Chine*, forming five overlapping layers. The edge of the rim, as well as the whole underpart, is covered with brown velvet. On the right side of the crown is a *pouf* of *crêpe de Chine* with a black velvet centre. A long spray of white and red roses with leaves and buds is fastened in front of the *pouf*, and trails over the crown and down the back of the head. This is a very pretty and becoming hat for young ladies.

PANIERES.

No. 4.—Is of sand-coloured material with a red edging, intended for morning wear.

No. 6.—Is of grey *foulard de laine*, trimmed with a strip of the same, cut on the bias, an inch and three-quarters broad, and a grey silk fringe three inches deep. The bow at the back is of the same material and trimmed in the same manner.

No. 7.—Panier of silk, trimmed with *dentelle de Bruges*.

No. 8.—Panier of lilac *toile-de-laine*, with a fringe trimming.

No. 9 and 10.—Panier of coloured *crêpe de Chine* with net fringe trimming.

GENTLEMEN'S CAVATS—Nos. 11-16.

The necktie consisting of a simple bow has during the whole summer been a great favourite. For summer wear it can be made of any light material, the colours being left to the wearer's taste. For this time of the year blue and white, or purple and white stripes or checks are preferable. For the autumn these ties should be made of satin, silk or grosgrain, and the colours should be somewhat darker than those worn during the hot weather. The plate shows several shapes for bow-ties, and gives in the centre a simple means of attaching the necktie to the collar with a loop of elastic. If preferred, the neck-tie can be worn with a band passing round the neck, and fastened behind the bow by a spring or a narrow spike. A pin or a needle carefully fixed in its place will answer very well as a spike.

FALLS ON THE RIVER DU LOUP.

The River du Loup, after passing through the counties of Kamouraska and Rimouski, suddenly falls over a series of rocky ledges, forming a cataract of some 45 feet in height. These falls are situated two miles above the spot where the river empties itself into the St. Lawrence, immediately opposite the mouth of the Saguenay. The banks of the river, on either side of the falls, are covered with saw mills, and half-a-mile above the falls is the place when the Intercolonial Railroad, when completed, will pass. The neighbourhood of the falls is a great rendezvous for anglers, as large numbers of salmon and sea trout come up the river to spawn below the falls. The scenery in the neighbourhood is delightful, and this part of the country is for many reasons a great favourite with tourists and holiday makers.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, TORONTO.

Our account of the Queen's Hotel in the issue of last week contained several inaccuracies, due to the very imperfect and meagre information we had received respecting that establishment. Further and reliable information has since reached us, and we take the earliest opportunity of laying it before our readers.

The Queen's Hotel stands on Front street, between Bay and York, facing Lake Ontario. The late proprietor, Capt. Thos. Dick, considerably enlarged the building in 1865, to accommodate the large and increasing flow of travellers passing through the city. It now has a frontage of 256 feet, (not 156, as previously stated) with two side wings, each 180 feet long, and a centre wing extending northwards 108 feet. It is furnished with accommodation for 350 guests. The present managers, Messrs. McGaw and Irish, are constantly adding to the improvements already made, and have lately completed some alterations which have proved of great service in securing the comfort of guests. It is their intention to add a storey to the centre portion of the house, and to enlarge the wings on the east and west sides to twice their present size. The interior arrangements of the hotel are perfect, and a large and efficient staff of assistants are always ready to administer to the wants of the guests. Messrs. Winnott and Nolan, clerk and telegraph operator, are unsurpassed in their civility and attention to all who may require their services. Visitors to Toronto will find the Queen's a comfortable and well-conducted establishment, and the arrangements of the hotel will not fail to satisfy the most fastidious tastes.

EXPERIMENTS WITH HYDRATE OF CHLORAL.

BY DR. F. A. HOWIG.

(From the *Scientific American*.)

June 17th, 1870.—Weather clear and warm; temperature of the room, 74° Fah. At precisely 4 o'clock p.m., three hours after a hearty dinner, I dissolved 10 grains of the salt in one ounce of sweetened coffee and drank it. In 6 minutes after I lay down; in 20 minutes experienced a sensation of drowsiness; remained passive and quiet, conversing a moment occasionally, the desire to sleep continuing to become more marked; experienced no unusual feelings except languor, nor became at any time unconscious, but was aware of sounds in the street near and about the house. At 5 o'clock arose and sat up in a chair for a few moments, but still feeling drowsy; lay down again for another half hour, when I again arose and went about my usual business.

June 18th.—Weather clear and warm; temperature of the room, 80° Fah. At half-past 4 p.m., three and a half hours after a moderate dinner, I dissolved 16 grains of the salt in about two ounces of sugar and water, and drank it. In 10 minutes after I lay down; experienced some drowsiness immediately, and at 5 o'clock was in a sweet sleep and unconscious, remaining so (says the attendant) about 15 minutes—could easily be aroused at any time—the breathing and rest seeming natural. I observed no unusual symptoms except a slight fullness of the veins and arteries in the temporal region; arose at 20 minutes to 6 as if from ordinary sleep, with skin moist and pulse perfectly natural. I had anticipated some nausea, but experienced none.

June 19th.—Weather clear and warm; temperature of the room, 80° Fah. Lunched at 2 p.m.; at 5 o'clock dissolved 20

grains of the salt in two ounces of brandy and water sweetened, and drank it; sat up in a chair during the following 20 minutes. The pulse continued gradually to rise from 70 to 94, and the skin was perceptibly moist. No other unusual symptoms whatever. At the end of 20 minutes a perceptible drowsiness coming on I lay down, and in perhaps 40 seconds was asleep. Slept sweetly but not very soundly for 15 minutes; arose as the clock struck 6, feeling partially refreshed, and pulse nearly natural.

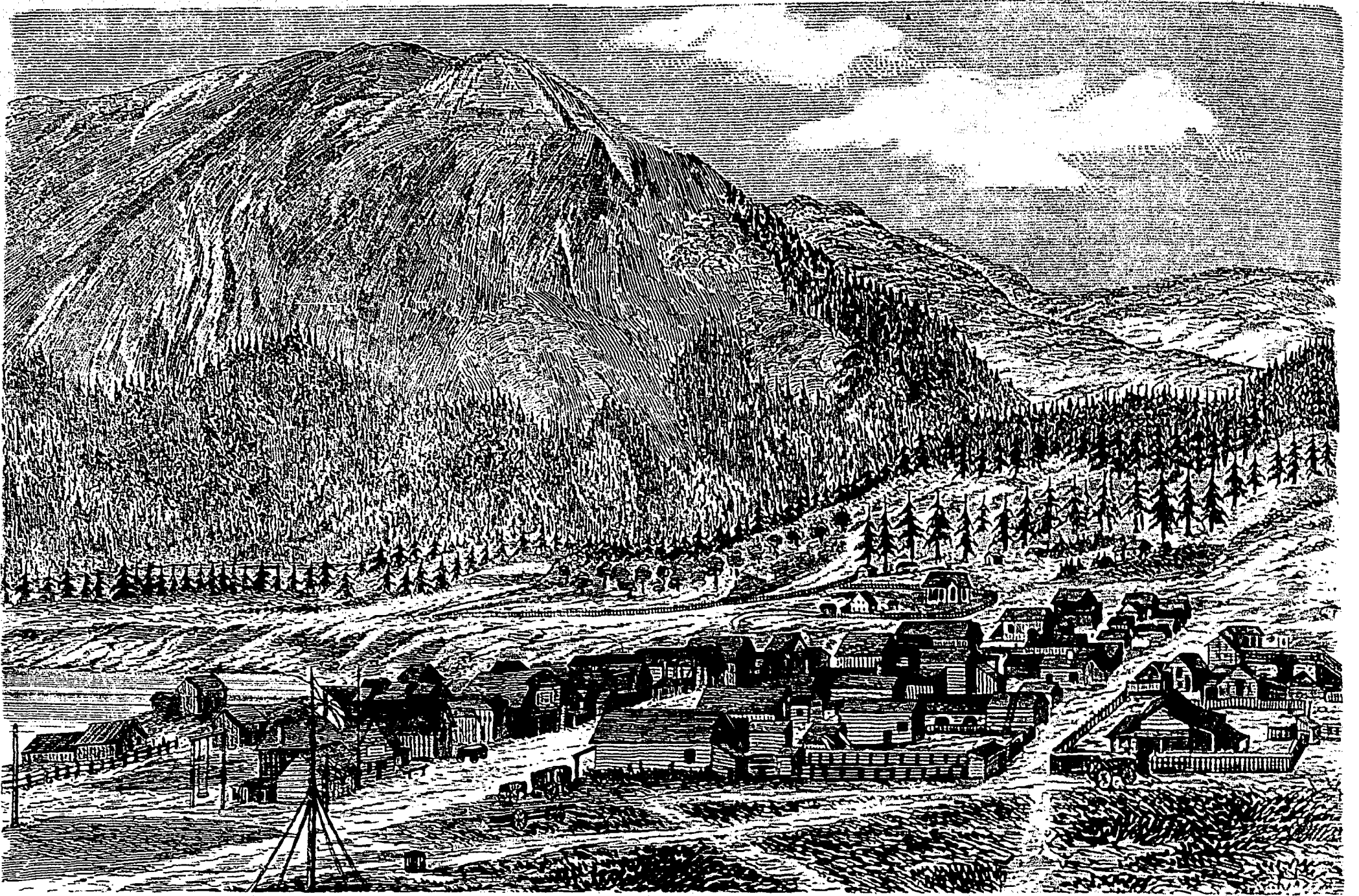
June 21st.—Weather clear; temperature of the room, 71° Fah. At half-past 1 o'clock p.m., five and a half hours after a light breakfast of toast and coffee, I dissolved 26 grains of the salt in about three ounces of brandy and water sweetened, and drank it. In 6 minutes began to feel its effects by a marked lightness and wildness of the brain. Continued to walk about for 12 minutes until such was the intense desire to sleep that I lay down. I now examined the pulse, and found it rising, and as near as I had power to recollect it was 84. I almost immediately became semi-unconscious, and remember of experiencing an inordinate desire to laugh aloud—the attendant says *did* laugh aloud at intervals—and that much restlessness was exhibited. No disagreeable feelings of any kind were present. The senses were somewhat confused, though consciousness seemed lost as in natural sleep. I had given orders to test the sensibility of the muscles, but other evidence of sensation rendered it unnecessary. I was spoken to three or four times, and rational answers were always obtained, though of this I have only an indistinct recollection; arose of my own accord at 10 minutes past 3 o'clock, feeling partially refreshed. I now examined the pupil of the eye, and found it much dilated. No nausea occurred, and as late as 5 o'clock felt no desire to eat although having fasted so long.

July 8th.—Weather cool; temperature of the room, 70° Fah. At half-past 2 o'clock, p. m., one and a half hours after a moderate dinner of vegetables and fruit, I dissolved 20 grains of the salt in 1½ ounces of peppermint water (sweetened) and drank it. The pulse now rapidly rose from 73 to 95. I continued walking about the room for fifteen minutes, experiencing no unpleasant sensations whatever, and only a slight drowsiness. At 15 minutes to 3 o'clock I again dissolved 15 grains more of the salt in about the same quantity of mint water (making 35 grains in all), and drank it. I still continued walking about—approached the mirror and found the pupils of each eye strongly contracted, although the room was partially darkened. Feeling an almost overpowering sense of drowsiness coming on, I was now obliged to note the symptoms rapidly while consciousness remained. I again examined the pulse, and found it 100. It quickly reached 112, and remained from 111 to 112 for six or eight minutes. At 8 minutes to 3 o'clock the pulse was 111, and at this time I had not power to stand erect, but reeled like a drunken man, and therefore lay down at once, and in a few moments was unconscious unless aroused. From that time until 5 o'clock, p. m., I have only a faint recollection of what occurred; remember of changing my position from one room to another, and of the attendant pricking my ears, which seemed more annoying than painful. Although consciousness and memory were lost for the time, yet sensation was always present in a great degree, as the attendant says, pricking the hands, feet, or ears invariably aroused me, and that evidences of pain were exhibited. I was called to tea at 7 o'clock; felt very little desire for food, but experienced no unpleasant sensations whatever. The drowsiness had not entirely passed off when I retired for the night at 10 o'clock, p. m. I may remark that on being called at 7 o'clock the pupils of the eye were very much dilated, and continued so for some time.

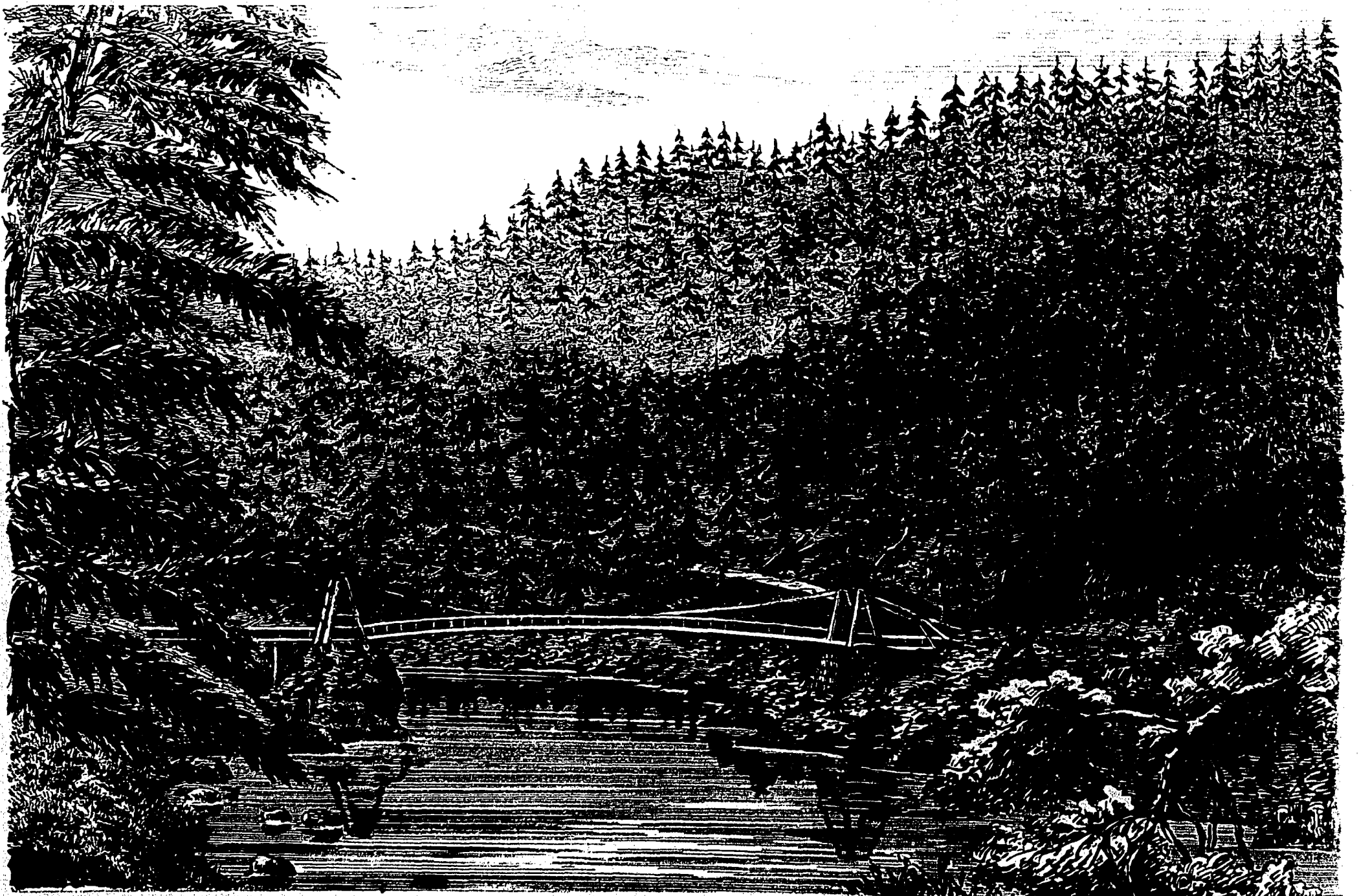
SALAD.

In every country salad is composed of nearly the same ingredients. Many vegetables contain potass, and when they can be eaten raw they are excellent antiscorbutic food. Boiling them would remove the potass; thus their principal virtue would be lost. The Romans ate salad freely, mixed with olive oil. The general ingredients of a salad are well known. In spring and summer, cos lettuce, mustard and cress, water cress, and radishes form the staple; in the autumn, endive and cabbage lettuce predominate. Nothing spoils a salad so much, both in appearance and flavour, as cutting it up too fine. Every atom should maintain its individuality. Radishes cannot be cut too fine, but the slices should be in rings, and not dice shape. Onions must remain a matter of taste; but not so as regards mint. Every salad should contain from three to six leaves of young mint, as it greatly assists its digestion. No salad can be properly made without one or two hard boiled eggs, because the yolks are necessary to blend the oil. The mixture should be made thus: Boil two eggs quite hard; when done take them out of the saucepan and put them into cold water. This causes the eggs to shrink, and the shells can easily be removed without disfiguring the white. Cut each egg into three parts, and remove the yolk into the salad bowl; cut the white into fine rings, some of the best of which should be preserved to place on the top of the salad when served. With a wood or silver spoon break up the yolk in the salad bowl, and add one tablespoonful of oil; these ingredients rub together, and they will blend; then add at least three tablespoonfuls more of oil, and again rub all together; now add a teaspoonful of moist sugar, again rub, and all will blend. Now add gradually, a little at a time, the vinegar, in quantity about twice as much as the oil used; lastly, put in pepper, salt, and ready-mixed mustard, the latter but little; but on no account use mustard that has not been previously mixed with water. A little tarragon vinegar, used scantily, improves every salad. It is very essential to mix the ingredients in the order laid down as above. When this is carefully done an excellent salad will be the result—soft, yet aromatic; creamy, but not greasy.

There are true chemical reasons for mixing yolk of egg with oil, as there are for mixing flour-of-mustard with water, and not vinegar; but this is not the place for examining them—the facts stated must be accepted. It is the general want of the knowledge of how to blend the oil that causes the common remark, "I am very fond of salad, but I'll not take any oil, thank you." Of course, served up as it frequently is, all floating and greasy, few things can be more objectionable, unless it be that rancid potion sold in ring bottles in shops under the name of "Salad Cream." Avoid this. Beet-root, as a staple to a salad, is not used sufficiently in England. At least half a good-sized beet should be cut up with every salad. It is digestible, nutritious, and in general favour.—*Optimus Pleas.*



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—LILLOUETT, FRASER RIVER From a sketch by Mrs. J. W., Toronto.—SEE PAGE 98.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—ON THE FRASER RIVER. From a sketch by Mrs. J. W., Toronto.—SEE PAGE 98.

No. 43.—P. GARNEAU, ESQ., MAYOR OF QUEBEC.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The question of municipal government is one which has a serious interest for the people of Canada, where so many matters of local import are left to the control of the municipal corporations. Indeed the taxing and expending powers of these civic bodies are practically limitless; if they are checked by the act of incorporation, they have only to bamboozle the electors into passing a "money by-law" to give them free access to the pockets of the tax-payers. Hence it has come to pass in Canada, as in other countries, that these small representative bodies who rule in townships, counties, and cities, not unfrequently fall into extravagant habits, or at the best make but a very bad use of the local revenues. Quebec has had its full share of such experiences; the Legislature has been called upon to interfere more than once in its local affairs, and last year an amended charter was obtained which resulted, at the end of the municipal term, in the election of a "reformed" corporation, of which Mr. P. Garneau, an enterprising citizen, was elected Mayor.

Pierre Garneau, Esq., merchant and Mayor of the city of Quebec, was born at Cap Santé on the 8th of May, 1823, and has resided at Quebec since 1839.

From 1852 to 1861 he was a member of the firm of L. & C. Tétu & Co., and since the latter year he has been a partner in the well-known dry goods establishment of Messrs. Tétu & Garneau.

It were well for the ancient Capital, and indeed for any city, did it contain many men of equal enterprise and activity. He has taken a leading part in almost every undertaking which seemed likely to benefit the city of Quebec or to advance the interests at large of his native country. To enumerate a few of them: he has been President of the Quebec street Railway Company from its commencement in 1862.



PIERRE GARNEAU, Esq.

With a few energetic citizens he united in the formation of the Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Company as Director, and filled the President's chair during two years. The difficulties which beset this Company before it had attained its present position rendered a seat at the Board of Direction anything but a sinecure.

He took an active share in the Quebec and Gosford Railway, of which he is one of the Directors. This is one of the first of wooden railways introduced into this Province, and if (as is confidently predicted) it should realise the expectations of its promoters, it will materially contribute to the prosperity of Quebec by opening up a most valuable back country.

Being desirous of introducing manufactures into Quebec, he originated the idea of establishing a rubber factory, and was successful in getting up the "Quebec Rubber Company," having been chairman of the committee appointed to take the initiative in this new and important branch of local industry.

Mr. Garneau has been during ten years a member, and for the last two years Vice-President, of the Quebec Board of Trade.

A statute having been passed in the last session to remodel the Corporation of the city of Quebec, he was elected alderman for St. Peter's Ward (the mercantile ward of Quebec), and unanimously chosen Mayor of the city of Quebec by the City Council. These are honours of some significance at present, the citizens of Quebec having been awakened from their apathy by the persistent exertions of the Citizens' Association.

Mr. Garneau speaks both languages with fluency, and is deservedly popular with his fellow-citizens of either origin in a city in which he has spent enough of his lifetime in prominent positions to have become well known and thoroughly appreciated.



"LE CHIEN D'OR" OF QUEBEC. From a sketch by W. Carlisle.—See page 93.

CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING AUG. 20, 1870.

SUNDAY,	August 14.— <i>Ninth Sunday after Trinity</i> Battle of Fort Erie, 1814.
MONDAY,	" 15.— <i>Assumption</i> . Napoleon Buonaparte born, 1769. Sir Walter Scott born, 1771.
TUESDAY,	" 16.—Battle of Detroit, 1812.
WEDNESDAY,	" 17.—Frederick the Great died, 1786. Gen. Hunter, Lieut.-Governor, 1799.
THURSDAY,	" 18.—Beattie died, 1803. Lieut. Bellot lost in the ice in the Arctic regions, 1854.
FRIDAY,	" 19.—River St. Lawrence discovered, 1535. Earl Russell born, 1792.
SATURDAY,	" 20.—Duke of Richmond, Governor, died, 1819.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL SATURDAY AUGUST 13 1870

The Colonial question has of late thrust itself on the attention of English statesmen in a manner which deprived them of any opportunity of blinking the issue. The result is just precisely what we have anticipated, and in fact, what we have all along advocated as the true Imperial policy towards Canada, and the policy which, in the end, would certainly win the confidence of the Canadian people. Outside of the circle of a few newspaper Editors, and many shop and saloon keepers, we do not believe that the people of Canada have ever wished for a large force of English troops to be stationed in the country in time of peace. On the contrary, the desire of most people, whose experience embraces all that can be learned of the household, is decidedly averse to soldiers being in the country, except in case of necessity; and if it is true, as Lord Kimberley has recently declared, that the best policy of defence is to concentrate the troops at headquarters, then we are sure not a loyal man in Canada will object to it. We have always felt ashamed of the dollars-and-cents loyalty of those Canadians who pinned their faith in the British Crown to the number of British bayonets which in time of peace might be clanking about our streets. For many years before the Trent affair, Canada had but few Imperial soldiers, and we might say no militia, for the annual muster on the Queen's birthday was a ridiculous farce, in which the captain or colonel had to play the part of clown, by paying for the "drinks" at the nearest tavern. All that has been exploded. Canada had, for several years after the excitement created by the Trent affair, from twelve to sixteen thousand British troops stationed within its borders; and they were here, not because Canadians desired their presence, but because, according to Imperial requirements, this country was the proper place for them in view of possible international complications. At the present time there is not the remotest danger of trouble to Canada. Even were England involved in the present continental war, not one of the contestants could afford a force to operate against this country which the Canadian people themselves could not with ease repel. But there is little prospect of England's being involved, and still less of Canada's being molested; hence we can afford to frankly assure the British people that the policy proclaimed by the Gladstone Government is, so far as Colonial defence is concerned, quite satisfactory to us. As we remarked in the second number of the first volume of this paper, "Why should the subjects of the Queen in Canada, or New Zealand, be privileged to forswear their allegiance, any more than those of Donegal or Yorkshire?" It appears now, according to the official declarations of even a Radical Ministry, that no such permission is to be accorded. The Gladstone cabinet has declared that in case of attack, in the hour of danger, the whole force of the British Empire shall be put forth to maintain the integrity of Canadian soil, and of every portion of the British Empire. Nothing more ought in fairness to be asked. The people of this country are very lightly taxed compared with their fellow-subjects in Great Britain; their industries are proportionately more productive and remunerative; so that with lighter burthens they have vastly more strength to bear them. Under such circumstances there is something almost contemptible in the demand for British troops to garrison Canada in time of peace. And there is something still more insensate and contemptible in the threat, whether covertly or openly made, that Canada should assume a position of independence in case of the refusal of Britain to keep a large military force in the country. Do those who advocate the latter course ever think of the cost of diplomatic service? of the blighting influence and the vast expense of a standing army? of the tax upon this young country which the defence of its long line of sea coast would impose? No! They simply know that there is a dispute between the United States and England concerning the so-called *Alabama* claims, and with a spirit of cowardice which ought to bring the blush to the cheek of every true Canadian, they raise the shout—"From under!"—forgetting or overlooking the fact that

they invite us to fall into still greater miseries than even a war with the United States—with England at our backs—would involve.

There is a movement now going forward for the confederation of the Australian Colonies of Britain; while at home a sort of indefinite aspiration for an Imperial Union of Great Britain and Ireland with all the outlying dependencies of the Crown, has even invaded the very sanctuary of Radical politics. It can hardly have been a fleeting whim of the moment that could have inspired the *Westminster Review* to discourse learnedly, intelligently, and hopefully of a future union of the British Empire, with a Central Imperial Government, and local institutions for the management of local affairs. Yet this idea, which a pretentious western (Toronto) journal professes to have discussed "months ago"—without approval—has been a living theme for more than twenty years, and has been advocated by several Canadian journals, at least several years ago, and before the Canadian Confederation became a fact. Did not even the Honourable Joseph Howe put the idea forward, in opposition to Canadian Confederation? Yet the *Toronto Globe* treats the proposal as if it had just started its "months ago," and as if the *Westminster Review* had run away with it! It may be remembered that about four years ago the *Montreal Gazette*, the *Ottawa Times*, the *Toronto Leader*, and perhaps other papers, discussed this subject with intelligence as a possible future of the Empire, when existing relations no longer served their purpose. We think it was in the summer of 1866 that Lord Mahon submitted this very idea to the consideration of the British public; and though it has been afloat for the last twenty-five years at least, without finding favour with the Radicals either of the Colonies or of the Mother Country, we are glad to find that it has at length made some impression on the *Westminster Review*, but we must acquit that able periodical of the imputation somewhat impudently cast upon it of having stolen its ideas from the *Toronto Globe*. It is a wholesome sign to see the literary journals propagating such enlightened political notions with respect to the Colonies and the future of the Empire as those which have lately been put forth in England; but, at the same time, the colonists should cultivate a spirit of self-reliance, and not throw themselves unreservedly on the protection and support of the over-taxed people of the Mother Country. Except in the case of an Imperial war, or in case of the prosecution of some Imperial design, such as the annexation of the North-West Territory to Canada, there is no reason why this country ought not to be charged with the sole responsibility of taking care of itself. The time for Canada's being a burthen on the Mother Country has passed, and every Canadian ought to recognise the fact.

The report that the Canadian Government had recommended an amnesty to be granted by the Queen to the Red River insurgents, has been positively contradicted. The fact is, as we have already explained, an amnesty would be practically worthless, for the reason that it could neither bar civil nor criminal prosecutions. As to political offences, it would be somewhat hard to prove them under the circumstances, and, so far as we are aware, nobody has ever contemplated the institution of a prosecution because of them. Individuals aggrieved will have their remedy at law, despite the Queen's amnesty, even were such issued.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Mr. Anthony Trollope's last novel can hardly be called a success. Undoubtedly it is clearly and carefully written. The characters drawn are truthfully presented to the reader, and throughout the whole book there is not the faintest trace of exaggeration or sensational writing. The narrative is told in an easy, formal sort of way, and as the novel is, like all Mr. Trollope's works, utterly destitute of striking incidents, and possesses but a slight plot, it is hardly the sort of book to take with the ordinary run of novel readers. Not that the Vicar of Bullhampton is inferior to any of the author's other novels; but its very truthfulness and reality prevent it from being to any degree a success. It is the sort of novel that would inevitably be stamped as "goody-goody" by the ordinary run of readers. And yet there are many very good points about it. The heroine does not, as is the custom with novelists' heroines, accept any man who proposes to her, whether she may care for him or not, and having merely "an eye to the main chance." Mary Lowther is an honest, truthful, open-hearted girl, who remains true to the man of her choice, although she thereby runs a great chance of losing a position that most girls would jump at. At one period of the story she does not perhaps quite know her own mind, but her delay in giving her unsuccessful lover a final answer is due only to the kindness of her heart and her unwillingness to give him pain. The Vicar is a fair sample of the English parson, a sincere, kind-hearted Christian; sincere, without be-

ing bigoted, and a thorough man, though he is a Vicar. The others characters are equally good and are drawn true to the life. To a careful, intelligent reader the book will repay perusal, although it is not in the slightest degree sensational. It is simply a faithful study of certain phases of English life, carefully written and ably reproduced. In the artist's department there is the usual fault to find. The cuts are simply execrable, and the figures lack both expression and grace.

STEWART'S QUARTERLY; Chubb & Co., St. John's, N. B.—The great fault that we find with this periodical is that it is not sufficiently Canadian. The great number of the articles are purely local, and lack sufficient general interest to secure for the magazine the wide circulation it deserves. The present number does not come up to the usual mark, so it would be unfair to take its contents as a sample of what is generally set before the public. The principal articles are somewhat heavy, and, as a rule, not quite as original as they might be. By far the most readable article is a paper by Mr. J. G. Bourinot, on the Maritime Enterprise of British America, containing much valuable information on a most interesting subject. Professor Lyall contributes an instructive article on the Augustan age; and the Rev. Mr. Harvey's paper—the third of a series—on the History and Geology of Newfoundland, will be found to be full of information respecting this ancient colony. "Pen Photographs" are rather weak. If we mistake not, we have already seen something of this kind treated by a master-hand. A paper by A. W. McKay, on the Unity of the True, the Beautiful and the Good, will well repay the reading, and Mr. Peiler's "Bach and Haendel," which looks like a translation from the German, is at once instructive and entertaining. As a rule the poetical contributions to *Stewart's Quarterly* are excellent, and in this point the present number forms no exception. The name of Enylla Alleyne is a sufficient promise of true poetry. "When Enon Died" is a beautiful sonnet, breathing the true spirit of poetry and worthy of a place in the most exclusive English periodicals. Professor Lyall also contributes an excellent poem entitled "To Carrick Castle." The Anacreontic stanzas by W. P. D. are perfect translations of the originals. We hope to see them continued. The sonnets on Distinguished Canadians are, at the best, but mediocre.

RURAL LIFE DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED IN THE MANAGEMENT OF HORSES, DOGS, CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, POULTRY, BEES, &c., by I. Sturer, F. R. G. S. James Thompson, Agent, Box 390 P. O., or 514 Craig Street, Montreal.

This valuable work is issued in separate numbers, or may be had complete in one volume for \$11.00. The information it gives is most exhaustive, including the history, proper treatment in health and disease, as well as directions for training or keeping, and thereby rendering serviceable the several animals of which it treats. In fact we know of no more valuable or interesting work for the farmer's fireside, and trust it will obtain a very wide circulation. Several of the numbers—those relating to the Horse—are now before us, and the information they contain is not only full and minute, but recited in a very pleasing style. The work is also embellished with a series of handsome and very finely executed engravings.

RECEIVED.—The Life of the Duke of Kent. Dr. W. J. Anderson.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, LONDON, ONT.—These valuable Springs are rapidly attracting the attention of the public. The number of chronic ailments they are calculated to alleviate or to cure will doubtless command for them a large share of public patronage, and we understand that the proprietor has made ample arrangements for the convenience and comfort of visitors.

THEATRE ROYAL.—After a long run of burlesque at the Theatre Royal a change is about to be made in the programme. During the whole of the coming week Mr. Frederick Robinson, the celebrated English tragedian, will appear. As a guarantee of what we may expect from Mr. Robinson, it is only necessary to mention that he has had the honour of appearing, by Her Majesty's express command, before the Court at Windsor, in the character of "Romeo." A treat is evidently in store for the lovers of the legitimate drama.

THE WAR NEWS.

The defeat of the Prussians at Saarbruck was followed by a series of unimportant skirmishes, in which the French generally succeeded in repulsing their opponents. On the 3rd an engagement took place at Gersweller, where a detachment of French crossed the frontier and took possession of the town. The Prussians then attacked the French and dislodged them from their position. On the same day an engagement took place in the neighbourhood of Weissebourg, a town on the French side of the frontier; and on the following day, the 5th, a large force of Prussian troops advanced between Weissebourg and Lauterbourg, ten miles into French territory, drove before them the advanced posts of the enemy, and destroyed several miles of the railway between Lauterbourg and Strasburg. Meantime the Crown Prince led an attack against the town of Weissebourg. His *corps d'armée* consisted of the 5th and 11th Prussian army corps and the 2nd Bavarian corps. With these he attacked Gen. Douay's division, reinforced by a brigade of light cavalry. The result of the fight was a serious defeat for the French, who were compelled to retreat, leaving Weissebourg in the hands of the enemy. The victory was announced in Berlin by the following despatch from the scene of the fight:—"We have won a brilliant but

bloody victory. The left wing was the attacking body, and consisted of the 6th and 11th Prussian corps, with the 2nd Bavarian. This force carried by an assault, under the eyes of the Crown Prince, the fortress of Weissenbourg, and the heights between Weissenbourg and Geisbourg. Gen. Douay's division of Marshal McMahon's corps was splendidly defeated, being driven from its camp. Gen. Douay himself was killed, five hundred prisoners were taken, but none of them were wounded. Many Turcos were among the captured. The Prussian General, Kirchbach, was slightly wounded. The Royal Grenadiers and the fifth regiment of the line suffered heavy losses.

A despatch from Paris confirms the news that Gen. Douay was killed, and states further that the French troops resisted the attack for several hours, and then retired to an eminence commanding the railway line to Bitsche. In this engagement one piece of artillery fell into the hands of the Prussians. French authorities place the Prussian loss at 10,500 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Prussians took 800 prisoners, including 18 officers. On the same day another engagement took place on the Saar, in which General Froissard was forced to retreat. The Prussian columns, commanded by General Kamers, found the enemy to the west of Saarbrücken, in a strong position in the mountains near Spiehren, and commenced immediately to attack them. After a severe fight the French were forced to retire, and on the evening of the next day, the 6th, the troops under General Steinmetz retook Saarbrücken. The French, in retreating from this latter position, set fire to the town, and spread the conflagration by firing hot shot on the ruins. The loss in these two days' engagements was heavy on both sides, the loss of officers among the French being especially great. But the greatest battle that has yet taken place in this war, was the defeat of Marshal McMahon by the Prussian Crown Prince in the neighbourhood of Werth on the 6th. Prussian despatches state that in this engagement "Marshal McMahon was totally defeated," and retired to Bitsche. The French themselves acknowledge this reverse; witness the following proclamation, published in the *Journal Officiel* of the 7th:

"Frenchmen!" up to this hour we have always given without reserve all the certain news which we have received, and we continue to do so. Last night we received the following: "Metz, August 6, midnight.—Marshal McMahon has lost a battle. General Froissard, on the Saar, has been obliged to retire. His retreat was effected in good order. All can be re-established."

"(Signed) NAPOLEON. "Metz, August 7, 3:30 a. m.—My communications have been interrupted with Marshal McMahon. I am going to place myself in the centre of the position."

"(Signed) NAPOLEON. "Metz, August 7, 4:30 a. m.—Major-General of the Army to the Minister of the Interior.—After a series of engagements, in which the enemy brought heavy forces into the field, Marshal McMahon was forced to fall back from his first line. The corps of General Froissard had to fight yesterday from two in the afternoon with an entire army of the enemy. Having held his position until 6 o'clock, he ordered a retreat, which was made in good order."

"(Signed) LEBŒUF. "Details of our losses are wanting. Our troops are full of *elan*. The situation is not compromised, but the enemy is on our territory, and a serious effort is necessary. A battle appears imminent. In the presence of this grave news, our duty is plain. We appeal to the patriotism and energy of all. The Chambers have been convoked. We are placing Paris, with all possible haste, in a state of defence, and in order to facilitate the execution of military preparations, we declare the Capital in a state of siege. There must be no faint-heartedness, no divisions. Our resources are immense. Let us pursue the struggle without flinching and the country will be saved."

"(Signed) M. OLLIVIER, "Minister of Justice, "and the remainder of the Cabinet."

In this battle, the most serious of the campaign, the Prussians took two eagles, six *mitrailleurs*, 30 guns and 4,000 prisoners. The combat lasted from 11 in the morning until 9 at night. After the defeat Marshal McMahon and General Froissard retreated to Nancy, the Prussians occupying McMahon's encampment at St. Avold. The situation at this time, the 7th, may be summed up as follows:—The Crown Prince had driven McMahon's army from Weissenbourg, Lauterbourg and Werth, and compelled the evacuation of Haguenau. The victory of Gen. Goeben at Saarbrück and Spiehren, and the advance from Homburg, drove Gen. Froissard's corps from Forbach and St. Avold and probably rendered Bitsche untenable. The prisoners taken by the Crown Prince and Gen. Goeben number eight thousand.

The announcement of Marshal McMahon's defeat caused the utmost consternation in Paris. The city was declared in a state of siege, martial law proclaimed, and every possible measure to secure the safety of the capital was put into operation. The *Journal Officiel*, in stating the number of troops at hand for the defence of the city, says that the numbers are ample, and expresses its conviction that "Paris is safe." The excitement in Paris was intense and the wildest rumours of possible or probable political changes were afloat. Among other things it has been stated that a National Committee was about to be formed with Gen. Trochu as Director. These rumours must all be taken *cum grano*. On Thursday it was reported that a great battle was in progress. If so it must have been in the neighbourhood of Metz, where the French had massed; and to which Napoleon is reported to have returned, after his temporary retreat to Châlons. It is presumed that Marshal McMahon had preserved his communication with Metz, despite his severe reverse. It is said the Emperor stubbornly refuses to surrender the personal command of the army; but his acceptance of the services of Gens. Changarnier and Trochu indicates that he sees the necessity of uniting the whole power of France against the enemy. The Ollivier Ministry was defeated in the *Corps Legislatif*, and a new government about being formed. Marshal D'Allilliers keeps the strictest watch on Paris, but the excitement of the populace is so intense as to make the preservation of the peace a work of extreme difficulty. The Prince Imperial was sent back to Paris after the French reverses, and the newspaper correspondents are busy planning conspiracies for the Empress. It should be remembered, however, that nearly all the despatches either come *via* Berlin, or through the still more dubious channel of

the New York *Tribune's* correspondent, Mr. Smalley. Under these circumstances the news may well be received with caution. A report that Italy and Austria were each about furnishing France with 100,000 troops does not appear to deserve much credence. Rumours are rife as to the probable restoration of one or the other branch of the ancient reigning family of France; but at present it hardly seems the case of Napoleon is so desperate as some of the reports represent it.

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

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued.)

CURFEW BELL.—From the French *Couvre feu*; to cover or put over the fire; at 8 o'clock at night, a bell rung and all fires and candles had to be put out. The law was abolished by Henry I., A. D. 1100, after it had been about 30 years in force.

This curfew bell was called in the low Latin of the middle ages, *ignitegium* or *peritegium*. The ringing of the curfew bell gave rise to the *Prayer Bell*, which in some countries is still retained. Pope John XXIII., with a view to avert certain apprehended misfortunes which rendered his life rather uncomfortable, gave orders that every person on hearing the *ignitegium* should repeat the *Ave Maria* 3 times. When the alarm of the Turks overspread all Christendom, Pope Calixtus III. increased these periodical times of prayer by ordering the prayer bell to be rung also at noon.

CZAR or TZAR from *Cæsar*.—The title of the Emperors of Russia. Ivan Basilowitz having triumphed over the Tartars, took the title of *Tzar* or *Czar*, signifying Great King, but generally applied from Peter the Great down.

D

DAISY.—A flower which closes every night, and at the approach of rain, but which opens its golden eye to the rising sun, when he appears in the Orient, and hence the name that has been given to it is *Day's eye* or *Daisy*.

DOMESDAY or DOOMSDAY BOOK.—A record made by order of William the Conqueror, which now remains in the Exchequer, and consists of two volumes, a large folio and a quarto; the former contains a survey of all the lands in most of the counties of England, and the latter comprehends some counties that were not then surveyed. The "Book of Domesday" was begun by five justices, assigned for that purpose in each county, in the year 1081 and finished in 1086. It was of such authority, that the Conqueror himself submitted, in some cases wherein he was concerned, to be determined by it. Camden calls it the *Tax-Book* of King William, and it was further called *Magna Rolla*. There is likewise a third *Domesday Book* made by command of the Conqueror; and also a fourth, being an abridgment of the other books.

DO NOT CARE A RUSH.—Before the introduction of carpets, to cover the floor with straw or rushes was deemed so necessary a point of courtesy, that when not performed it was said that the host "did not care a rush or a straw" for his guest—hence the origin of the expression so common now.

"DRESSED OUT TO THE NINES."—This is a common saying of any one too much dressed, and should be "Dressed out to the NINE." It is very common in Devonshire as well as elsewhere, and is supposed to mean the taking of the whole range of digits from one to nine.

DUN.—As "dun him." This term has been supposed to come from the French, where *dunne* signifies give me, implying a demand for something due, but the true origin of the expression is as follows. There was once a man, John Dun, a bailiff of the town of Lincoln, in England, who was so extremely active, and so dexterous at the management of his rough business, that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay his debts, to say "Why don't you Dun him?" that is "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" Hence it grew into a custom, and is now as old as since the days of Henry VII.

E

EASTER.—So called in England from the Saxon Goddess Eostre. The festival was instituted A. D. 68, the day for its observance in England fixed by St. Austin, A. D. 597. Easter is always the 1st Sunday after the *first full moon* that occurs after the 21st March.

EATING HUMBLE PIE.—When our forests were stocked with deer, and venison pasty was commonly seen on the tables of the wealthy, the inferior and refuse portion of the deer, termed the "umbles," were generally appropriated by the poor, who made them into a pie; hence "umble pie" became suggestive of poverty, and was afterwards applied to degradation of other kinds.

EPICUREAN.—A famous sect founded by Epicurus; their principal tenet was, that the happiness of mankind consisted in pleasure, not such as arises from sensual gratification, but from the enjoyment of the mind and the sweets of virtue.

F

FAIRY RINGS.—Are circles of dark green grass frequently observed in old pastures; they have long been known under the name of fairy rings, and have generally been supposed to be occasioned, in some way or other, by electricity.

THE FIRST AMERICAN POETRY.—There are few girls or boys in this country who have not heard the nursery rhyme sung by their mother while rocking the cradle:

"Lull-a-by baby upon the tree-top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come cradle and baby and all."

But how many of you know the origin of the simple lines? We have the following account, from the records of the Boston Historical Society:

"Shortly after our forefathers landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, a party were out in the field where the Indian women were picking strawberries. Several of these women, or squaws, as they were called, had papooses, that is babies, and having no cradles, they had them tied up in Indian fashion, and hung from the limbs of the surrounding trees. Sure enough, when the wind blew, these cradles would rock. A young man of the party observing this, peeled off a piece of the bark and wrote the above lines, which, it is believed, is the first poetry written in America."

FLAGELLANTS.—A fanatical sect which arose in the 14th century, A. D. 1348, who believed that scourging was the only means of obtaining a remission of Divine punishment. It originated in Hungary, was excluded from France, but reached England, A. D. 1349.

CURIOSITIES OF BREATHING.

The taller men are, other things being equal, the more lungs they have, and the greater number of cubic inches of air they can take in or deliver at a single breath. It is thought that a man's lungs are sound and well developed in proportion to his girth around the chest, yet observations show that slim men, as a rule, will run faster and further, with less fatigue, having "more wind" than stout men. If two persons are taken in all respects alike, except that one measures twelve inches more around the chest than the other, the one having the excess will not deliver more air at one full breath, by mathematical measurement, than the other.

The more air a man receives into his lungs in ordinary breathing, the more healthy he is likely to be; because an important object in breathing is to remove impurities from the blood. Each breath is drawn pure into the lungs; on its outgoing the next instant, it is so impure, so perfectly destitute of nourishment, that if rebreathed without any admixture of pure atmosphere, the man would die. Hence, one of the conditions necessary to secure a high state of health is, that the rooms in which we sleep, should be constantly receiving new supplies of fresh air through open doors, windows, or fire-places.

If a person's lungs are not well developed, the health will be imperfect, but the development may be increased several inches in a few months by daily out-door running with the mouth closed, beginning with twenty yards and back at a time, increasing ten yards every week until a hundred are gone over thrice a day. A substitute for ladies and persons in cities is running up stairs with the mouth closed, which compels very deep inspirations, in a natural way, at the end of the journey.

It is known that in large towns, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the deaths by consumption are ten times less than in places nearly on a level with the sea. Twenty-five persons die of consumption in the city of New York, where only ten die in the city of Mexico. All know that consumption does not prevail in hilly countries and in high situations. One reason of this is because there is more ascending exercise, increasing deep breathing; besides, the air being more rarified, larger quantities are instinctively taken into the lungs to answer the requirements of the system, thus at every breath keeping a high development. Hence the hills should be sought by consumptives, and not low, flat situations.

WATER-PROOF PACKING PAPER.

Water-proof packing paper is thus made by some manufacturers:—The paper is covered with a resinous liquid, then painted over with a solution of glue and soot, as without this the paper will later show blotches. After this is dried, the actual water-proof coat is applied. This is prepared with two and a half ounces of powdered shellac, dissolved into two pints of water, which is gradually brought to boil, and stirred until the substance is perfectly dissolved and softened, when gradually one third ounce of powdered borax is added, until an intimate union of the substances takes place. The liquid is then left to cool, and while still hot any mineral colour may be added, such as lampblack, yellow ochre, red ochre, iron blue, or burnt umber, whereupon it is left to get entirely cold. It is then ready for use. It is said the operation can be so quickly performed with a brush that two women can prepare three thousand feet in ten hours.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IAGO, DIXON, CALIFORNIA.—The correspondence would not be of special interest to our readers.

"THE RHINE FRONTIER," from the L. F., Ottawa.—A capital article, but too long for our columns.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Aug. 9, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 4 columns: Day, Date, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M.

Table with 4 columns: Day, Date, Max., Min., Mean.

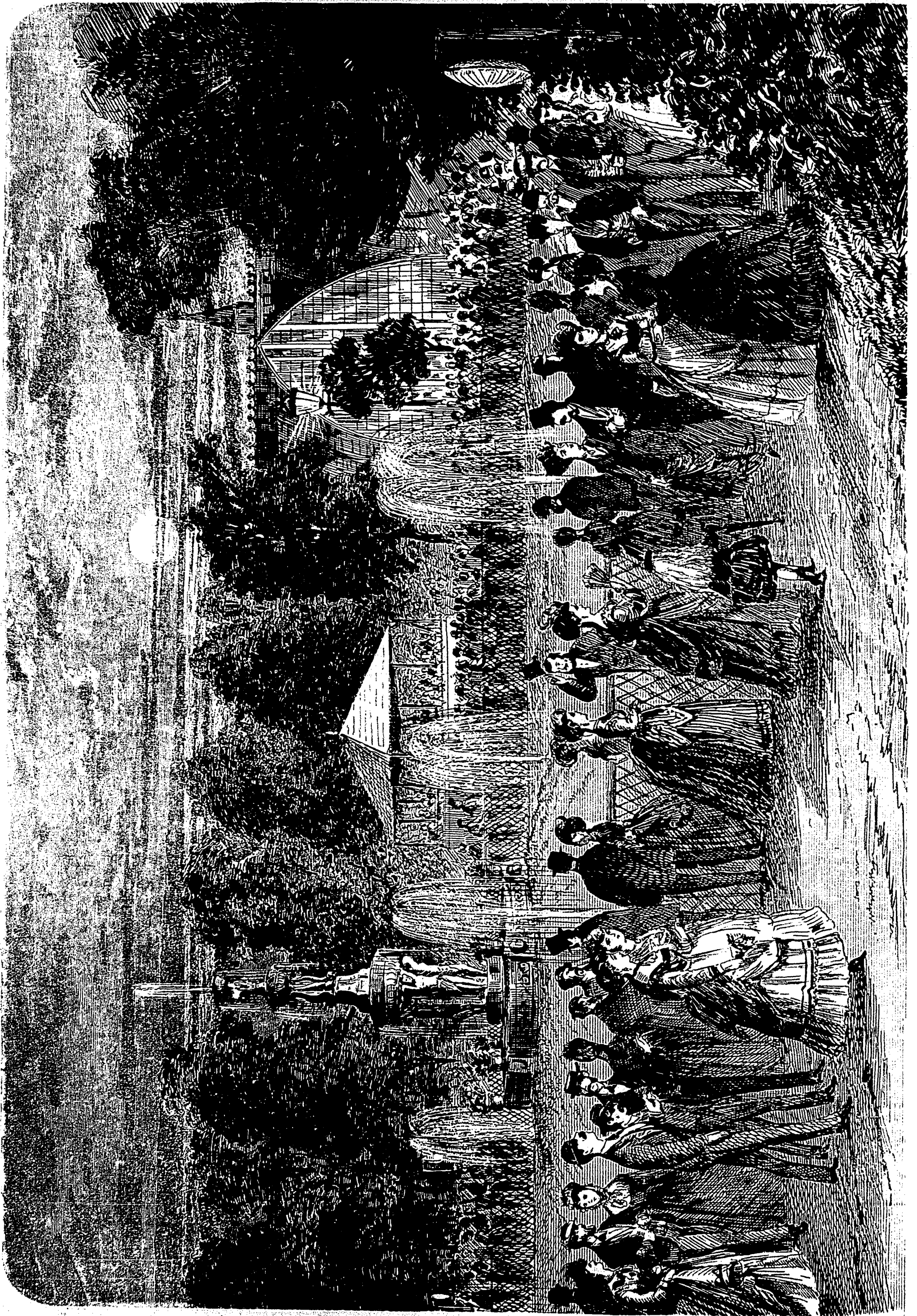
Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

Table with 4 columns: Day, Date, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M.

CHESS.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 14.

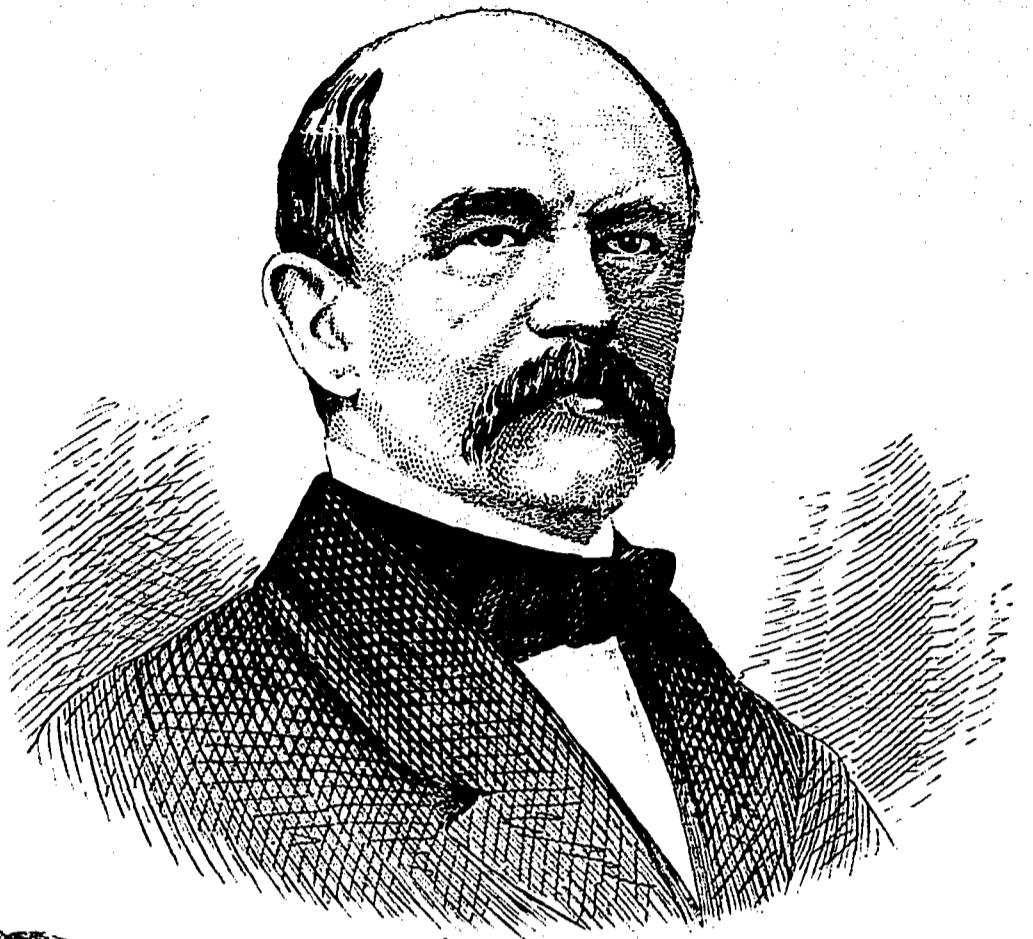
- White. Black. 1. K. to B. 2nd. Kt. takes Kt. (best). 2. B. to Q. R. 4th. P. to K. 4th. 3. B. to Q. 7th. Any move. 4. Kt. mates.



VIGOR GARDENS. MONTREAL. From a sketch by our special Artist.—SEE PAGE 68.



KING WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA.



COUNT VON BISMARCK.

KING WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA.

WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA, under whom Germany has for the first time caught a glimpse of the much-desired unification, seems admirably fitted for the duties which such a charge lay upon him. With a reputation for straightforward honesty and a certain hearty bluntness of manner, blessed with common sense, if not brilliant genius, a tenacity of purpose, and the military instincts of his race, he finds his fitting place as ruler of the great German nation, which, notwithstanding the proverbial mystification we are accustomed to attribute to the German mind, is an eminently practical one. The King is not the man to plan great changes—that is left to other and subtler minds; but as the representative monarch and the doer of deeds, not the thinker of thoughts, the movement of German nationality could have had no better leader.

King William, who was brother to the late King, was the son of Frederick William III., and was born March 22, 1797. He entered the army, and took part in the campaigns of 1813 and 1815, which closed the period of war, and until the year of Revolutions he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself in active service. 1848 found him acting as Governor of Pomerania, and in conse-



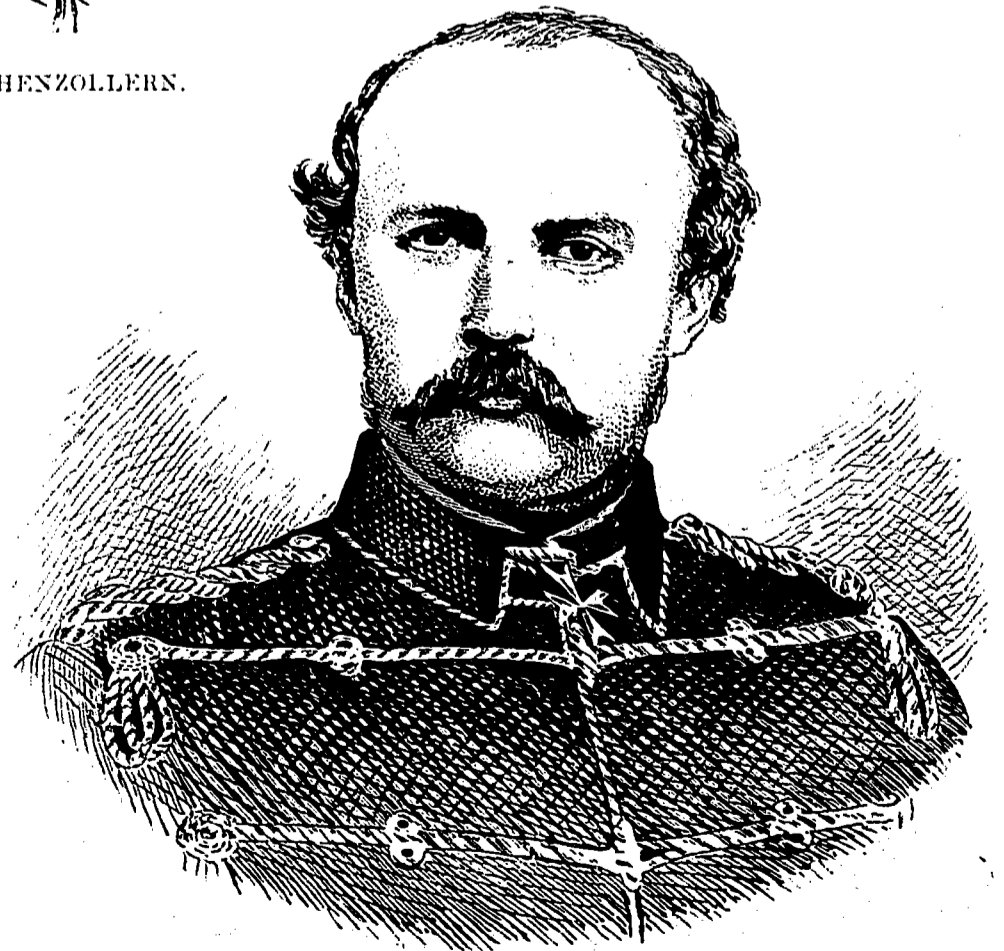
PRINCE LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN.

quence of the Revolution he was obliged to take refuge in England, although not for long, for being elected as a member of the Constituent Assembly in the May of that year, he returned to Berlin and took his seat in the Chamber, June 8, 1848. The story of the Prussian Revolution is an oft-told tale, and need not be repeated here—the house of Hohenzollern was not overthrown, and Prince William was in 1849 nominated Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army acting against the Revolutionary forces in Baden.

In 1858 the Prince was appointed Regent in consequence of his brother's mind giving way, and in 1861 he succeeded to the throne, under the title of William I. It was on the occasion of his coronation that he asserted so strongly the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, his adherence to which, it is said, stood seriously in the way of His Ministers' schemes as regarded Hanover. As a prince the subject of our memoir had been known for his liberal principles, but as a king he apparently favoured a policy of another tendency. A contest, of which the army organisation was the subject, arose between the throne, as represented by M. von Bismarck, and the Chamber of Deputies; for the time constitutional government was utterly disregarded by the high-handed Minister; there was much bitterness of feeling, hostile vote



THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM.



PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA.

followed hostile vote, but King William was faithful to his Minister, and that Minister kept his own counsel. Then came the episode of the Danish War, and the ripening of the quarrel between Prussia and Austria. While negotiations were carried on with the lesser German States, a treaty of alliance was secretly concluded with Italy, and then, all things being ready, the dilatory negotiations were brought to an abrupt conclusion by an ultimatum, and the Prussian army set in motion. Hanover and Saxony were overrun, Bohemia invaded, and at Sadowa the war was brought to a triumphant close, and King William virtually made Emperor of Germany. That success reconciled King, Minister, and Deputies; and it was acknowledged that if the army had carried itself bravely in the field, it was because Count Bismarck had previously carried himself stubbornly in the Cabinet.

There are many ardent advocates of unity who will not admit what they term a "Prussification" of Germany to be a realisation of their idea, which was the drawing together of the States into one Germany, where Baden should be the equal of Hanover, and Prussia no more than Lippe-Detmold; now, they say instead of Prussia joining Germany it is Germany which joins Prussia. We believe that this is owing to the fact that Prussia was the one State which not only knew what it wanted, but how to get it. The other idea was a grand one, but had the serious fault of not getting itself realised.

COUNT VON BISMARCK, PRIME MINISTER OF PRUSSIA.

Otto, Count Von Bismarck-Schoenhausen, Prime Minister of Prussia, and, with the sole exception of Napoleon III., the most famous man of the present age, is the descendant of a long line of petty nobility, whose origin is lost in the remotest antiquity. Frederick the Great, commencing life with almost puerile tastes, and in a condition of abject domestic subjection to the will of a crack-brained, eccentric father, built up the Prussian monarchy a century and a half ago. Bismarck, who, by his eccentricity and irregular (not vicious) habits, earned for himself the decisive appellation of Mad Bismarck, has outlived the depreciatory opinions of his youthful critics, and has, by the strength of his will and the force of his political genius, torn the prestige of German leadership from Austria, raised Prussia to rivalry with France for the premiership of Europe, and realized the dream of a great German Empire by the consolidation of all the German States under the guidance of Prussia. To Bismarck's towering abilities, and to the immense strength of his political combinations, is owing more than to any other single or personal cause the present war. The tradition of French diplomacy will not admit of a superior or even of an equal in the political equilibrium of Europe. Napoleon has found himself equalled, if not dominated, by Bismarck's political manœuvres, and neither the ambition of the Emperor, nor the genius of the French nation, can tolerate such an attain on the national honour. Bismarck's moral courage and consummate tact have made Prussia what she is in this generation, and in the accomplishment of his high objects it is more than doubtful whether he did not countermine Napoleon's own plans. Certain it is that his position of armed neutrality after Solferino precipitated the imperfect and unsatisfactory termination of the Italian question, and his subsequent splendid triumphs at Konigsgratz and Sadowa, were a humiliating counterpoise to the imperial blunders in Mexico; while at home the consolidation of Prussian supremacy has been a painful contrast to the concessions of imperialism to liberal institutions for the sake of assuring itself an extended lease of power. Bismarck's predilections, both personal and ancestral, led him to identify himself with the cause of kingly rule in Prussia. He identified the weal of his nation with the personal government by a King. He is monarchical by instinct, and each concession made to liberalism has been wrung from him as a departure from the true principles of all government, and as an attack upon the people's own happiness. The theory of his foreign policy was that Austrian preponderance was inimical to the welfare of Germany, and that the general interests of the Teutonic race would be promoted by the elevation of Prussia to the first place in German councils. His antipathy to democracy was increased by the events of 1848, and in 1851 he became a member of the Prussian Parliament, where his speeches on the new constitution and his aristocratic loyalism attracted the attention of the Court. While on his wedding tour he accidentally encountered the King at Venice, and personal intercourse so confirmed the impression he had created that very soon afterwards he was appointed Prussian representative at the Frankfort Diet. There is, perhaps, no man in Europe of whom better stories are told than of Bismarck. Among others one is told of this particular epoch, showing his sense of his own dignity and of the respect due to him as representative of Prussia. The young minister paid a ceremonial visit to Count Thun, the Austrian Minister and President of the Diet. Count Thun did not ask him to take a seat, but continued smoking. Bismarck, nothing disconcerted, took out his cigar case, and drawing a chair forward, asked the President for a light, and fairly smoked him into civility. In 1859 he was recalled from Frankfort; and sent Ambassador to St. Petersburg. In 1852 he was placed in charge of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The whole course of Prussian politics was at this time a constant protest at every point by the liberals and the democratic party against the Crown and its authority. The opposition to every ministerial plan was virulent, and no success at home or abroad modified the hostility of the opposition. Even Prussian successes in the Schleswig-Holstein affair brought no peace to the councils of the nation. The general tendencies of Europe were towards an expansion of liberalism. Bismarck and the King believed that the national welfare lay in the consolidation of the royal power, in the control of the press, and in the increase of the standing army. The dispute with Austria sprang out of the increasing preponderance of Prussia in all questions touching the common interests of Germany. The German principalities were being rapidly mediatised into Prussian dependencies. The question of armaments was a new jealousy, and the alliance, offensive and defensive, between Prussia and the new Kingdom of Italy, led to the warlike movements by Austria for the purpose of defending her Venetian dependencies, which led to Napoleon's appearance on the scene, and to the expulsion of Austria from Italian soil. The sudden close of the Italian campaign at Solferino, leaving Victor Emmanuel's position only half assured, and transferring Savoy to France, was hardly satisfactory to Prussia. It is generally believed that, in interviews which Bismarck had at Biarritz with Napoleon about this time, the Prussian favoured the Napoleonic

claims to a Rhine frontier as a set-off to Prussia's longings for Schleswig-Holstein and Baltic ports. Austria now expressed her disapproval of Prussia's aggrandizing views on the Duchies; but to these protests Bismarck paid no attention, and the battles of Sadowa and Konigsgratz affirmed Prussian rights and silenced Austrian remonstrance. After the Austrian defeats Prussia consolidated the North German States, and brought them all under her control, subsidizing their princes and granting them pensions and allowances in place of their independent revenues. Arrangements were also made with Southern German States by which they attained their nominal independence, but Prussia was made commander-in-chief of the joint army and head of the Customs Union, and the line of the territorial demarcation completely excluded Austria from all participation in the new Bund. The Luxembourg affair, it will be remembered, originated from an attempt by Prussia to get possession from Holland of that fortress by purchase. This was objectionable to France, and the fortress was eventually dismantled and the territory neutralized. At this moment, owing to the consolidation of Germanic powers, to the supremacy of Prussia and to the powers granted Von Bismarck as Chancellor of the Federated States, he is the most powerful minister in Europe, having personal influence and weight more analogous to that of Richelieu or Kaminitz than to that of any modern minister.

In person, Von Bismarck is tall, well formed, fair haired, blue eyed, and of great vigour. He is as hearty and joyous as he is energetic and determined. His tastes are simple and popular, as a proof of which the national beer, both white, bock, and lager, in great silver tankards and foaming goblets, is a feature in his entertainments. He has been once shot at, but though slightly wounded, arrested the assassin with his own strong hand, and the offender subsequently killed himself in prison.

Of his personal views, M. de Vilbort, a Parisian journalist, reports an interview in which these words were uttered by Bismarck:

"Sixteen years ago I was living as a country gentleman, when the King appointed me Envoy of Prussia at the Frankfort Diet. I have been brought up in the admiration, I might almost say the worship of the Austrian policy. Much time, however, was not needed to dispel my youthful illusions. The humiliation of my country, Germany, sacrificed to the interests of a foreign nation, a crafty and perfidious line of policy, these were not things calculated to give me satisfaction. * * * I conceived the idea of snatching Germany from Austrian oppression—at least that part of Germany whose tone of thought, religion, manners, and interests, identify her destinies with Prussia—Northern Germany."

Of French pretensions to territorial aggrandizement, the same gentleman reports Bismarck as saying:

"Ere a fortnight is past we shall have war on the Rhine if France insists on her territorial demands. She asks of us what we neither can nor will give. Prussia will not cede an inch of German soil—we can not do so without raising the whole of Germany against us, and if it be necessary let it rise against France rather than ourselves."

Herr Von Bismarck is married and has three children. His private life is of the happiest, and his wife is said to be a most efficient helpmeet, and his very best secretary and amanuensis. To his sister he is most tenderly and devotedly attached, and their mutual affection is a bright spot on the history of a great life. He is 56 years of age.

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN.

It is a singular fact that of all the princes of Europe outside of France, the only ones with whom the Emperor of the French is connected by ties of blood are Germans, and that those to whom he is nearest related are members of the house of Hohenzollern. And furthermore it is a fact that such family connection is confined to the Beauharnais family, the Bonaparte house being limited to France.

The young prince whose candidature for the Spanish crown has created so much excitement in Europe, rendering the relations of France and Prussia exceedingly grave, is in fact an own cousin of Napoleon by his mother's side. Hortense and Eugene de Beauharnais were, it will be borne in mind, the children of Josephine, afterwards Empress of France, by her first husband, Viscount de Beauharnais. An uncle of the Viscount, Count de Beauharnais, married the celebrated Countess Fanny, by whom he had Claude de Beauharnais. This nobleman filled the position of Chevalier of Honour to the Empress Marie Louise, wife of Napoleon I. One of his daughters, Stephanie Louise Adrienne, was the adopted child of the Emperor. On the 8th of April, 1806, she married Charles Louis Frederic, Grand Duke of Baden, by whom she had two daughters, one of whom, the Princess Josephine Frederique Louise, was married on the 21st of Oct., 1834, to Prince Antoine Joachim Zepyrin Frederic Mainrad, head of the house of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen. It is noteworthy that this prince is in a measure connected with the Napoleon family by reason of his mother, the Princess Antoinette Marie Murat, being a sister of Joachim Murat, the great cavalry leader, who married Caroline Bonaparte, and whose children are now recognized as hereditary princes of the French empire. The mother of the present Emperor of the French, Hortense de Beauharnais, having been a blood cousin to Stephanie de Beauharnais, the grandmother of the new candidate for the Spanish crown, it follows that Napoleon and Leopold are cousins also.

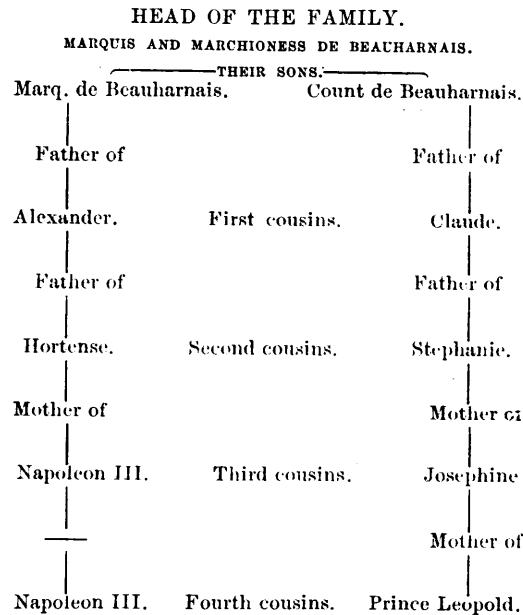
Scandal, which did not spare the name of Hortense, was not over careful of the fame of Stephanie, of whom some not very favourable stories are told. She was, however, so comparatively obscure that but few persons at the present time are not even aware of her having been the adopted child of the great Corsican. She lived to a ripe old age—seventy-one—and died on the 29th of January, 1860. Apropos of Stephanie, her grandmother, the Countess Fanny, was one of the most talented and dissolute women of the day. She was a poetess and romanticist, of remarkable personal beauty, and was notorious in Paris for her numerous lovers, and to the amorous poems of some of whom she is said to have signed her name. Altogether, and truth to tell, the females of the Beauharnais family have never borne an unsullied reputation for morality, although it must be admitted that several of them have been distinguished for the possession of a high order of intellect.

It is curious to notice that of all the princes created by the first Napoleon, this family have alone made a stir in the world since the fatal day of Waterloo. Already a grandson of Stephanie has ascended a throne—the brother of Prince Leopold, Prince Charles Eitel Frederic Zepyrin Louis, being the present ruler of Roumania.

Having thus briefly sketched the ancestry of the Prince whose name heads this article, we arrive at a consideration of himself. But little can be said about him, for the reason that he never before appeared prominently in European politics. He is the oldest son of Prince Charles, and was born on the 22nd of September, 1835. At present he holds the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of Prussian Foot Guards. On the 12th of September, 1861, he married the Princess Antoine Marie Ferdinand Michaele Gabrielle Raphaele d'Assise Ann Gonzague Silvine Julie Auguste de Bragance, Bourbon, Duchess of Saxe, sister of the reigning King of Portugal. The multiplicity of names belonging to this lady has not prevented her from becoming the mother of three children—all boys—to Prince Leopold, the oldest of whom was born in 1864. This is about all that can be said of Prince Leopold.

The political significance of his candidature for the Crown of Spain lies in the fact that he is a prince of the Royal House of Prussia. In 1849 his father ceded his territories to Prussia, abdicating in favour of King William. In 1850, by a royal decree, the family were invested with the title of Highness, which, being hereditary, descends to his eldest son, the Prince Leopold. Remote as is the probability of such a thing, it is nevertheless not impossible for the Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollern family, of which the King of Prussia is the head of all, to ascend the throne of Prussia.

For the purpose of enabling the reader to perceive at a glance the relationship existing between the Emperor Napoleon and Prince Leopold, we subjoin the following genealogical table:



The Princess, as already stated, married the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and is the mother of Prince Leopold. She being a third cousin of Napoleon III. her son is consequently a fourth cousin of the Emperor, as shown above. Curiously enough the succession from the male Beauharnais ceased with both branches together, and was continued from the females, Hortense and Stephanie. And here it is also interesting to notice that while Hortense had none but male children, Stephanie had none but females. That the French Emperor should object to seeing his cousin-german on the Spanish throne is undoubtedly because the Prince happens to be a German also, and a Prussian one at that.

THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM.

The Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who is now in command of the South German troops on the Rhine frontier, was born on the 18th of October, 1831. In 1858 he married the Princess Royal of England. He served in the second Schleswig-Holstein campaign of 1864, under his cousin, Prince Frederick Charles; and in 1866 was in command of the second *corps d'armée*. He was present at Sadowa, where he distinguished himself by his courage and coolness. It was under his command that the Prussian troops recently won the brilliant victory at Hagenau.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA.

One of the most prominent general officers of the Prussian army, and the one, perhaps, in whom the Prussian troops have the greatest confidence, is Prince Frederick Charles, the nephew of the King. Prince Frederick Charles Nicolaus is the son of Prince Frederick Charles Alexander, brother of King William, and Princess Marie-Louise-Alexandrine, daughter of the late Archduke Charles Frederick of Saxe-Weimar. The Prince was born in March, 1828, and in 1854 married Princess Marie-Anna, daughter of the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau. At the time of the Badisch revolution of 1849, he took part in the campaign against Gen. Sigel. In one of the engagements with the revolutionary troops, the Prince entirely neglected the commands of his superiors and so mismanaged his manœuvres as to bring the squadron under his command directly under the fire of the Prussian troops. For his insubordination he was afterwards courtmartialled and sentenced to be shot; but was subsequently reprieved. In the campaign of 1864 he held a command; and with the aid of Gen. Von Moltke defeated the Danes at Duppel and Alsen. In the Bohemian campaign of 1866 he commanded the first *corps d'armée*, and during the whole of this campaign displayed such courage and such military skill as to win the entire confidence of his troops. It was mainly in this campaign and in the second Schleswig-Holstein war that he established for himself the brilliant reputation as a soldier which he now bears. Prince Frederick Charles is the author of several works on military matters. He is now forty years of age. He commands the centre of the Prussian army.

A fresh discovery of diamonds has taken place in Victoria, Australia. Several have been brought to Melbourne for examination, and one is described by a jeweller as of the finest water and of nearly a carat weight. It appears that miners, ignorant of their value, have been throwing these stones away.

THE GERMAN RHINE.

At the present moment there is a revived interest in Nikolaus Becker's "German Rhine" and the reply to it by Alfred de Musset, and the following translation of them may be acceptable:—

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Tho' raven-like she glances
And croaks her foul design.

So long as calmly gliding
It wears its mantle green,
So long as oar dividing
Its mirrored wave is seen:

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as youth enhances
His fervour with its wine.

So long as, sentry keeping,
The rocks its margin stud:
So long as spires are steeping
Their image in its flood.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as festive dances
Its lover-groups combine.

So long as angler bringeth
Its lusty trout to door,
So long as minstrel singeth
Its praise from door to door.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine.

REPLY:

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
It has served our weasail looms to fill,
Can singing its praise from door to door,
Ere the hoof prints, legible still,
Of our cavalry charge that bathed its left bank in your gore!

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
On its breast the wound yet gapeth wide,
Which conquering Comd' made, when he tore
Thro' its mantle of green to the farther side:
Where once the sire has ridden, shall the son not ride once more?

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
Of your German virtues what remains,
When across its flood our legions pour,
And the Empire overclouds your plains?
When all your men have fallen, have ye other men in store?

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
If ye your annals would fain forget
Your daughters remember the days of yore,
And wish the Frenchman among them yet,
For whom your vintage white they were always blithe to pour.

If your German Rhine be yours once more,
Then wash your liveries in its tide:
But pitch your arrogance somewhat lower!
Can ye recall with generous pride
Your myriad raven-beaks that drank the dying Eagle's gore?

May your German Rhine flow evermore
In peace: and modestly may each spire
Be mirrored fair in its glassy floor!
But oh! keep down your bacchanal fire
Which, else, may rouse to life again the victor hearts of yore.

STRANGE DRINKS.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk!" Many people accept that as an axiom who never heard the name of the poet who wrote it. On that head the most forlorn and stupid of savages are at one with civilized folks; and some extremely curious, let alone nasty concoctions, does human ingenuity hit upon in its desperate desire to produce a beverage that will cheer and inebriate. The cocoa-nut tree is a great boon to thirsty man, giving the weary traveller a draft of pure water, rewarding the early riser with a cup of sparkling toddy, and delighting lovers of strong potations with its potent arrack. The first beverage is contained in the fruit, the less innocent ones are made from the sap of the tree. The operations of the Cingalese toddy-drawer are simple enough. He binds all the shoots bearing embryo nuts firmly together, cuts off the ends, and attaches beneath them an earthenware vessel holding about a gallon, and so leaves matters for four-and-twenty hours—from sunrise to sunrise. When the time is up, the chatty is lowered, emptied of its contents, and replaced; and so the process goes on, until the flow of sap is exhausted. The liquor thus obtained looks like milk and water, and tastes like soda-water and milk slightly flavored with cocoa-nut. In a few hours, rapid acetous fermentation takes place, and by mid-day the sap becomes toddy, resembling a poor acid cider, and from this arrack is made by distillation. The same source supplies the subjects of the Rajah of Sarawak with their national beverage, which is kept in huge jars, and hospitably handed to all comers in cans, bottles, or cocoa-nut shells, whichever happen to be handiest. Mr. Boyle says it looks like thin milk, and smells like five hundred negroes drunk in a slave pen, while its flavour seems to be as unique as its smell.

"When first taken into the mouth, it suggests an idea of cocoa-nut milk gone very sour, and holding in solution a very considerable quantity of brown sugar and old cheese; when it reaches the throat, the agonized novice becomes aware of a hot peppery flavor, causing him to believe that starch mingled with the finest cayenne must have a great share in the composition; and, finally, should it safely reach its destination, and the sufferer be compelled to put his head precipitately through the railings behind, he conceives with astonishing suddenness that he is waiting for the crisis in a rolling vessel at the change of the monsoons."

When the Marquesans are in the humour for a drinking bout, a number of boys are set to work preparing aroo, by squatting around a large bowl, and masticating cocoa-nuts, which they spit into the bowl when sufficiently chewed. Enough being prepared, the vessel is filled up with fresh water, and stirred, and the pleasant mess left to settle, when the flowing bowl is passed about for the merry-makers to drain to the lees.

Another drink, in high esteem among the South Sea Islanders, is made in a similar manner from the ava root, and ava drinking forms an essential feature of all Feejean ceremonies. In Rewa, when the ava has been duly chewed, as the water is poured in, the expectant spectators, ranged in a semicircle round the chief operator, set up a howl, finishing off with a cry of "Ai seou." Then the operator strains the liquid into an immense wooden bowl, singing all the while; his song being taken up by the company, who, at the same time, imi-

tate his motions to the best of their ability, varying the performances at every important stage of the proceedings by clapping their hands. The brewage concluded, the drinking cups are filled from one having a hole in it; over the hole the ava maker placing a finger when dipping, withdrawing it to let the liquor run out in a stream. The drinking of the king's draft is followed by an extra loud clapping; that of an inferior chief by the exclamation: "Sa maugh!" (It is empty.) After ava, his Rewain majesty rinses his mouth, lights his cigar, and takes his ease on his mat. The royal barber, not being permitted to touch anything with his hands, has to find a friend to hold the cup to his lips while he drinks his allowance. The royal ava drinking at Somu-somu is equally ceremonious. Early in the morning the king's herald or orator cries out in front of his house: "Yango-na li ava," meaning "prepare ava." To this the people reply with loud shouts. The chiefs and principal men assemble immediately with their bowls and ava roots, which are handed over to the younger folks, while they have a palaver about things in general. The ava preparers must have clean and undiseased teeth, and are liable to punishment if they are detected swallowing any of the precious juice. The chewing over, and the water poured on the ava, the herald draws out in the vernacular: "Make the offering." The ava is then strained through cocoa-nut husks—a tedious operation. Then the herald repeats his cry, and the chiefs join in the chorus. Somebody is despatched with the royal ava, and the company go on singing. The orator invokes their god, Tava Sava, and his companions implore their dead friends by name to watch over them. Then prayers are raised for the king's life, or rain, the arrival of ships, for riches, and life to enjoy them. The chorus, "Mana endina sendina le," a sort of "Amen, so be it," is repeated again and again, each time in a higher pitch, until the force of human lungs can no higher go, when the performance ends in a general screech of "O-ya-ye!" which is taken up by the outer mob; and then the king drinks his ava, the chiefs clapping hands while he does so, and when he has finished, setting to work upon their own account, and afterwards to business with what soberness they may. No one dreams of doing anything until the king has emptied his bowl; and if a visitor wishes to keep on good terms with his hosts, he must be careful not to do any work, or make any noise, until the ceremony has come to any end. The picorree of Guiana and the chica of Chili and Brazil, like ava and aroo, are produced by the masticatory process; the first named being a concoction of cassava bread, saliva, and water; while the principal ingredient of the Brazilian chica consists of maize dough, thoroughly chewed by a parcel of old women.

Among the many strange acquaintances made by M. du Chaillu was a drunken old chief named Olonga-Yombi, whose head wife favoured the gorilla hunter with the following account of her worthy husband's bringing up:—"When he was quite a child, Olonga Yombi's father used to put him in a big bag, and carry him to the top of a high tree, where he plied him with the intoxicating palm wine. Every day he repeated the dose, till the child came to like palm wine better than his mother's milk, whereat the father was greatly delighted, because he wished him to be renowned when he was grown up for the quantity of palm wine he could drink. 'So you see, Chaillu, you must not be angry with him, for it is not his own fault.'" This frightful example was always going to the drink, on the drink, or sleeping off the drink, and must have furnished a nice text for the total abstainers of those parts, supposing they preferred their principles to their heads.

Genuine palm wine is obtained from the palmyra palm, and is far superior to that of the cocoa-nut tree. As the trunk of the tree is too rough for hands and knees to be used in climbing, the wine drawer adopts another mode of ascent. He passes round his body and the stem of the tree a hoop of bamboo, which serves to support his back. Pressing his feet firmly against the trunk, and grasping the hoop as firmly with his hands, he draws slightly forward, keeping his foot steady, and slipping the hoop up a little higher, advances a step or two with his feet; and so he goes up some fifty or sixty feet, till he reaches the leafy crown of the palm. He then bores a hole in the trunk, about half an inch deep, and inserts a leaf rolled up funnel-wise into it, the other end being inserted into the mouth of a calabash, which he sends down as soon as it is full. A tree will yield a quart of wine twice a day for a month; and if the hole is afterwards carefully stopped with clay, wine may be drawn from the same tree for many successive years. Captain Burton says the oil palm yields the finest wine of all, a drink surpassing the best of cider. His Majesty of Dahomey, however, with an eye to the oil trade, prohibits his subjects from drawing their liquor from this source, because, like the Kroomen, they fell the trees first; so that the thirsty souls of Whydah have to content themselves with bamboo wine, tasting like soapsuds laced with vinegar.

Dr. Livingstone found the Magenja of the Zambesi the possessors of a grateful beverage, which satisfied the cravings of fever at one draft, and almost justified the advice of a friendly chief: "Drink plenty of it, and as it gets in it will drive the fever out." This beer is made from vegetated grain dried in the sun, pounded into meal, and gently boiled. When a day or two old it is fit to drink, and is then a pinkish, sweet, acidified liquor of the consistence of gruel. It only intoxicates when deep and long-continued potations are indulged in, and then even no permanently evil result follows, for the Magenja are, for Africans, a very long-lived race, although, in contempt of European sanitary notions, they never wash themselves unless by accident. Drink is the one enjoyment of their existence, and the completion of a family brewing an occasion of merry-making. Sometimes a selfish couple will pretend to be ill, and shut themselves up in their hut until they have put away all their brewage; but they generally invite their friends, who in return praise the beer as so good that the taste reaches to the back of the neck, or declare that it will make their stomachs cry "Tobu, tobu, tobu!" at every step on the road home.

Abyssinian beer, known as sona, tallah, or donqua, according to its quality and strength, is made by mixing Dagbusha flour into a dough, and leaving it two or three weeks to ferment, when the dough is made up into cakes and baked on hot iron. These are put into a large jar of water, with a mixture of barley meal and water, and a small quantity of a bitter herb called "geso," growing abundantly upon the plains. After remaining quiet for a few hours, the beer is considered fit for consumption. Mock, made from this beer by boiling it with eggs, honey, butter, and spice, is declared by a traveller to be a drink fit for the entertainment of the gods, when in the good old Abyssinian times they used to pay that land an

annual visit. But the favourite beverage among our whilom foes is tedge or honey wine, which was praised years ago by the Jesuit father, Fonceet, as a delicious liquor, pure, clarified, with the colour of Spanish white wine. The process of manufacture is a simple one. To one part wild honey is added five or six parts of cold water; this is well stirred and put into a narrow-mouthed jar, with a little sprouted barley, some biccalo or taddoo bark, and a few geso leaves. After three or four days' exposure in the sun, this ferments, and is generally drunk as soon as it has nearly lost its original sweetness, being even then a muddy sort of liquor. Mr. Parkyns speaks disparagingly of it, and quotes Bruce against it; but the natives appreciate it highly, and drink inordinately of it when they have the chance. In Shoa, the manufacture of tedge used to be a royal monopoly, and it was not allowed to be sold in public. Of course it was to be procured by bribery, but even then, Mr. Johnson says, the purchaser probably got the rations of some economically disposed guest of the king, who had poured his daily allowance into a large jar instead of drinking it. A superior sort, made for his Shoa Majesty's own use, was prepared by adding kuloh berries (resembling our elder berries) to the other ingredients, and allowing the liquor to be undrawn for some months. This was called "barilla," from its being handed to guests in small Venetian bottles of green glass, the accidental breakage of which was a serious offence in the monarch's eyes. Mr. Henry, the war correspondent of the *Standard* newspaper, describes the taste of tedge as resembling a mixture of small-beer and lemonade made from mouldy lemons. With three comrades, he went into a native public-house at Abtegrat fair, and called for tedge. It was brought in a flask resembling a Lucca oil-flask, but rather flatter, and with a larger neck. As it did not hold more than half a pint, the hot and thirsty customers soon called for more, but were made to understand they must wait for it to be strained, an operation they witnessed with dismay. A large jar was brought in; the wife of the proprietor put a part of her very dirty garment over the mouth, and poured the liquor through it into the flask. Luckily, Mr. Henry and his friends had learned not to be over-squeamish, and were able, spite of some qualms, to satisfy their thirst; he does not say whether the straining process improved the flavour of his honey wine, or otherwise.

Besdon, a drink in high esteem in some parts of Africa, is made like tedge with honey, but in this case the only addition is some millet, the beverage being brought to perfection by being exposed for ten days to the action of the sun. The Soosoo extract a tolerably palatable liquor from "yin-ying" root, by burning it and infusing the ashes in water. The people of Unyon think it wasteful to eat the plantain. They bury the green fruit in a deep hole, and keep it covered with earth and straw until it ripens. It is then peeled and pulped into a large wooden trough well mashed, and thoroughly stirred; in a couple of days it is fit for use. The Bulloms go a different way to work; they let the fruit ripen naturally, remove the skin, and bruise the rest in hot water. In twelve hours or so, this mixture is strained and bottled, being corked closely for a week, by which time it has become a beverage of moderate intoxicating power. The folks of Taboga find their wine all but ready-made. When the flower stalks of the American agave begin to sprout, the heart of the plant is cut out, and the juice collects in an artificial well formed by the operation. One plant will yield as much as three pints a day for a month; and when the juice has fermented, it will cause intoxication, and the end of the collector is attained.

Dampier relates how his friend Laut, Rajah of Mindinao, with all his courtiers, got as drunk as swine upon rice drink, which must have been a similar beverage to saki, beloved of the Japanese, who make it of all degrees of strength, from that of weak wine to potent spirit; and much the same sort of thing as the Chinese samshu, and, in the opinion of Sir R. Alcock, quite as good or bad. Marco Polo, perhaps because he had not tasted it, is much more complimentary. He says: "The greater part of the people of Cathay drink a wine made of rice and many good spices, and prepare it in such a way that it is more agreeable to drink than any other liquor. It is clear and beautiful, and makes a man drunk sooner than any other wine." This is praise indeed. But of all curious drinks, commend us to Ladakh beer, which possesses the great merit of portability. It is made of parched barley, ground, mixed with rice and the root of an aromatic plant, pressed into a hard solid cake. When wanted, a piece is broken off, and thrown into a vessel of water to ferment. This resembles gruel in appearance, and has a sour spirituous smell. What a boon it would be to our soldiers and sailors if the beverages of Bass and Whitbread could be thus solidified? Where is the inventive genius, not above taking a hint from the savage, who will make it possible to carry a pint or two of Burton ale or London porter in one's waistcoat pocket?

Dr. Louvel, of France, has discovered a method of preserving grain which quite transcends the antique method of preserving it in pits. A sheet-iron cistern, occupying little space, and which will contain upwards of 275 bushels, an air-pump that may be worked either by hand or steam, and a pressure-gauge, to indicate the degree of vacuum, comprise the whole hermetic apparatus of preservation of Dr. Louvel. With this apparatus some curious experiments were made at Vincennes. After a detention of seven months, the wheat, the flour, and the biscuit inclosed in the apparatus of M. Louvel were withdrawn in a state of perfect preservation. Bread has been made of that flour, and it was excellent. The cost price of preservation per year for 300 bushels, interest on the apparatus, and hand labour, is very trifling, and less than that of a granary or storerooms. The cylinders of M. Louvel (standing on tripods) are impermeable as the pits, require no masonry, can be placed anywhere; the wheat, &c., is safe from fire, from fermentation, insects, and cryptogamic vegetations. One very important effect, and which results from the numerous and continuous experiments made, as well by the inventor as by a committee appointed by the minister of the Emperor's house, is that the vacuum not only kills the parasitic insects and prevents fermentation, but it dries the grain at the same time. The adoption of this system would allow farmers to borrow at all times largely from their reserves.

Though apparently in a state of rest, the atoms or molecules of all gases are always vibrating. Like the motion of gnats in a sunbeam, the molecules of oxygen gas are moving at the rate of 1,500 feet a second; those of hydrogen gas at 6,000 feet a second.



THE FIRST WALTZ.—SEE PAGE 98.



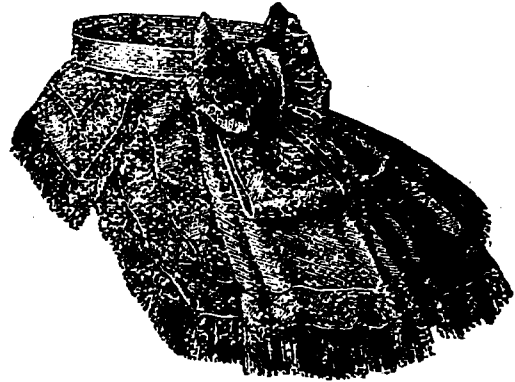
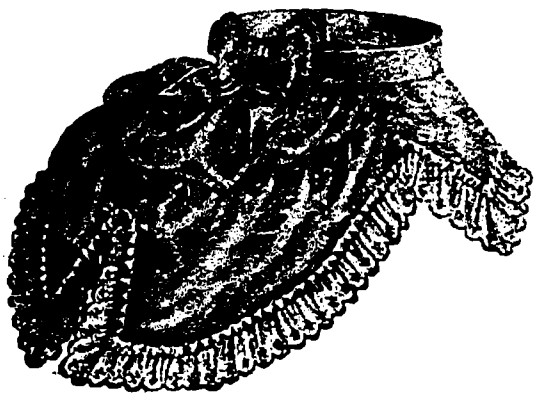
THE FASHIONS.

BONNETS AND HAT.

No. 1.—*Bonnet of Corn-coloured Crêpe.*—The bonnet-shape is first covered with yellow crêpe, in three folds. Over this fan-shaped bands of double crêpe are arranged as shown in the illustration. On the front and hindmost edge of the frame are trimmings of box-plait crêpe, connecting at the sides with the bridle. The bridle is made of a triple plait of crêpe roll, with a box-plait edging. The garniture consists of a heron feather, and a spray of yellow roses falling over the back of the head. Two narrow ribbons fasten the bonnet under the chignon.

No. 2.—*Frock for a Little Girl.*—The frock is made of yellow linen, worked round the skirt, over the shoulders, and on the front of the waist. Four rows of the rosette-fashioned embroidery, worked in white wool, run round the lower part of the skirt; the extreme edge of which is scalloped and trimmed with a narrow white edging. The waist is cut nearly square, with a double lappet of embroidery over each shoulder, and a double row of the same in front. There are no sleeves to the waist, the sleeves of the muslin underwaist being worn long and tight at the wrist.

No. 3.—*Straw Bonnet with Lace Trimmings.*—This bonnet is made of English straw. The front edge is slightly bent back,



and behind, on either side of the back of the head, there should be a narrow revers or lappet. Under the front edge, and so arranged as to cover the hair, is a ruffled trimming of black lace. Above this revers, and falling on either side of the head so as to form the bridle is a strip of tulle, with a narrow edging. The bridle is fastened on the left side, as shown in the plate, with a bow of black velvet and a few rose-buds. On the middle of the bonnet is a spray of wild roses; and a little below

this, on the right side, a lace pouf. Behind the head, and between the two revers, is a large bow of black velvet, with ends falling nearly to the neck. The bonnet is fastened under the chignon by two black ribbons.

No. 5.—*TYROLESE HAT.*—This hat is now very fashionable. It is made of English straw, is very high and pointed in the crown, and turned up in the rim on either side. Around

See page 99.

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THE PEACE-KILLER; OR, THE MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

BY S. J. WATSON.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Stop!" cried out de Belmont, in a voice of passion; "Charge me with whatever other imaginary crimes you please, but when you accuse me of disloyalty to Julie de Châtelet, or deception towards Isanta, you charge me with offences which never had existence save in your own corrupt and malignant imagination. It is because Julie de Châtelet rejected your attentions with disdain, that you now seek to give her pain by discharging at me the venomous arrows of your slander."

"I think Lieut. Vruze had better refrain from introducing extraneous matters into the accusation," said the Marquis de Denonville.

"If he drags in the name of my ward with the view of fastening upon her the faintest speck of obloquy, I will call Lieut. Vruze to a stern account of long standing," said M. de Callières fiercely.

Lieut. Vruze turned pale, and faltered out—"I have not the slightest intention of offending M. de Callières. But he will remember I stated that this part of the case was a matter of morals rather than discipline."

"You had better leave the moral considerations alone," said the Chevalier de Vandreuil, "and confine yourself to questions of discipline."

Lieut. Vruze here left the court-room, and returned, accompanied by the Serpent and two other of the Chiefs of the Abenakis.

The Serpent stated boldly that he had seen de Belmont, with his own hands, setting fire to the wigwams.

The other two chiefs avowed that they had seen de Belmont come from underneath the palisade, and emerge into the forest; and that the Iroquois prisoner had followed after him. They also averred that they had seen de Belmont and the Iroquois, each on one side of Isanta, forcing her against her will to the water's edge, where there were assembled a host of Iroquois warriors, and a large fleet of canoes.

Lieut. de Belmont addressed the court martial briefly and fearlessly. He asserted his entire ignorance of every circumstance that preceded the escape of the prisoner. He met, with an indignant denial, the calumnious charge of having entered into a conspiracy with the captive for the purpose of obtaining possession of the girl, Isanta. De Belmont next narrated the events connected with his discovery of the Huron's escape, his pursuit of the fugitive, and his own seizure and forced embarkation. He then told the story of his voyage up the lake. On the first night, the Huron and his party disembarked and encamped on the shore. While they were asleep, de Belmont rose, and stealthily took possession of a canoe, intending to reach the fort. As he was about to start, Isanta made her appearance, and prayed him with tears in her eyes to take her along with him, as the fort was her home, and as she found she could not exist outside the society of Julie de Châtelet. He consented, although fully aware that his conduct would be liable to be misconstrued. The whole night long he rowed, but found, when daylight came, he was still some thirty miles absent from the fort. The sight of some Iroquois canoes on the lake induced him to abandon his own, and take to the woods on the south shore. He and his companion made for the Rivière des Sables, the base of the operations against the enemy, and at which place he thought he was sure of falling in with his comrades. The enemy were prowling through the woods in every direction, and it was many days before he and his companion could reach Rivière des Sables. It was while making their way to the camp that the Serpent and a party of the Abenakis came upon them. The Serpent advanced to seize hold of Isanta, asserting that she was his wife, according to promise, and threatening to carry her to his wigwam. De Belmont, as soon as the Chief of the Abenakis laid hands upon the girl, hurled him to the ground; when the Serpent, rising to his feet, snatched a gun from the hand of one of his followers, and levelled it at his assailant, but, suddenly changing his mind, turned round and discharged the weapon at Isanta, a portion of the contents lodging in the upper part of her chest. De Belmont solemnly warned the Marquis de Denonville, and the Council of War, from believing the assertion that the escaped prisoner was an Iroquois. He was a Huron, the leader of eight hundred warriors, the brother of Isanta, the enemy of the Serpent, whom he had come to Fort Cataraqi to slay—and was known amongst the Indian tribes as Kondiarak, and amongst the colonists by the appellation of "The Rat."

The Marquis de Denonville was surprised, and the members of the Council looked at one another in astonishment; while a glance of

suspicion and apprehension was exchanged between Lieut. Vruze and the Serpent.

"Lieut. de Belmont," said the Marquis, "I desire to know if you have sufficient grounds for the assertion that the man in whose escape you are charged with having been concerned is not an Iroquois, but the Huron Chief, Kondiarak."

"I am certain of it," replied de Belmont. "And I request of the court, not so much as a matter of favour as a matter of justice, that before the court pronounce an opinion on my case, this Huron Chief may be summoned hither, to prove my innocence, and refute the lying testimony of the Serpent and the other two Abenakis chiefs. The Huron is the firm ally of the French, and will obey the request of our Governor."

"The Marquis, after a brief consultation with the other members of the court, addressed de Belmont—

"In consideration of your previous services and character, the court has assented to your request to summon Kondiarak. But it is to be understood, however, that if the Huron chief fail to make his appearance on this day three weeks, the court will be compelled to form its judgment on the case as a whole, and on the evidence already submitted. In the meantime, Lieut. de Belmont, you will remain under arrest, pending the arrival of the witness you have selected."

The young man returned his thanks, and the court rose.

CHAPTER X.

THE FOLDING OF THE LILY.

On a couch, in the chamber of Julie de Châtelet, the Huron maiden, Isanta, lay dying. Beside her sat her white sister, pale and careworn, her eyes swollen with weeping. Now and then she would rise from her seat to moisten the parched lips of the dying girl, or to bathe her feverish temples, anticipating, with the quick and tender prescience of affection, the wants which the weak lips were powerless to utter. For a whole night and day, Julie de Châtelet had kept tearful vigil by the side of the dying maiden; she refused to take repose; she would not be one moment absent; and there she sat in that darkened chamber of suffering, the embodiment of the unselfish constancy of holy sorrow.

The evening was beginning to deepen; and the shadows to lengthen themselves more and more as they stole eastward, like trembling and timorous heralds of the twilight. Julie de Châtelet had been sitting for some minutes with her eyes fixed on a bright waif of sunlight, which, formed by the rays of the sun as they stole in through an aperture in the curtain of the chamber window, flickered on the wall above the bed of the dying girl. The watcher's gaze followed, as if by fascination, the shiftings of the luminous visitant; she called to mind the pictures she had seen of saints, with halos floating above their heads; a feeling, half of awe and half of reverence, took possession of her soul; and she began to think that what she witnessed was in some way an omen of the setting of the brief life-sun of one who had been the light of the days of childhood, and the loving companion of her youth. By degrees, Julie saw the bright waif move farther and farther away as the sun grew lower in the heavens; and, as it finally disappeared, she uttered an involuntary exclamation of sorrow. The sound startled the Huron maiden out of one of her brief snatches of feverish and unrefreshing slumber.

"Julie," she murmured in a low and anxious voice, "tell me, is this morning?"

"No, my darling, it is evening—the sun is near its setting."

"Then go to rest, my sister. You must sleep—you must watch no more."

"I will not go to rest, Isanta; I feel no need of sleep, and I shall watch by you till the morning."

"Till the morning, my sister, till the morning? No, no, go to rest now. In the morning I shall be with my kindred—with those who love me."

"And do not I love you, dear Isanta?"

"Of all your race, my sister, you alone love me. I thought another loved me, but that was a dream. I am glad it is a dream."

"Hush, hush, Isanta," said Julie, soothingly, knowing the grief which was gnawing at the heart and memory of the Huron maiden, and wishing her to forget it. "Try to sleep, Isanta, and when you awake you will be stronger, and I shall sing to you the song you love so well, 'The King's Daughter.'"

"The chamber is growing dark, my Julie. Let in some light. Then I shall look out upon the western sky once more, and feel on my face the wind from the lake."

The window was opened, and the dying girl, raising herself painfully and slowly, with the assistance of her friend, looked long and earnestly toward the west, and then said in a low, faint voice:

"Julie, my sister, I must sing."

The girl looked up in astonishment, not unmixed with fear, and replied:

"My darling Isanta, you are too weak to sing. Let me place your head again on the pillow."

"No, no, my sister, not yet. My mother used to sing me to sleep with a song I could

never remember until now. I have tried, when I was well, to think of the song that I might sing it for you, but it would never come for my wishing. Is it not strange, my Julie, that I should remember it now when I am dying?"

"It is strange, dear Isanta, but do not sing it now. Wait till after you have slept."

"My sister Julie, something tells me to sing. Listen, for it is the song of my mother. But tell me, is it not the wind which is going westward that is blowing?"

"It is the wind you say, dear Isanta; and it is chilly."

"But I do not feel it chilly; and so, tonight, it shall be my companion. Listen!"

The Huron maiden, in a low, sweet voice, rising and falling with a weird cadence, and the light of another land beaming from her large, dark eyes, sang as follows:

The leaves were green when the south wind came,
When he came again the leaves were red:
The autumn had kissed them with lips of flame,
And drunk their life-blood, and left them dead.
Then the south wind said, "Are ye tired so soon?
Of the kisses which I on your ripe cheeks prest?
But the grass, at least, has prized the boon."
He looked, but the grass bent toward the west.

Then I said "O south wind, I love thee well;"
"Too late, too late!" he said back to me;
"For no longer here in the woods I dwell,
And westward now must my journey be.
But if thou wilt come with me," he said,
"I'll lend thee my wings, and we both shall sweep
To the land of the sunset, where comes no shade,
Except where the beams of the full moon sleep."

"And what shall I see there, sweet south wind?"
"It is the Great Spirit alone who knows
All thou shalt see; but, within thy mind,
No thought in the golden dream-hour rose
But thou shalt see real in the Sunset Land."
Where the Red Man and Pale Face one kindred
[He,
For all are the same," so, I gave him my hand,
Saying, "Sweet South Wind I'll go west with
[thee."

As the strains of the singer melted away, she fell back in the arms of Julie, and tried to utter a last word. But the white lips could no longer give articulate form to the loving promptings of her heart. For death had breathed upon her, and silence came after, like a seal. And thus, at the drooping of the day, "The Lily of the Forest" was folded by a Hand of Shadow, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SITUATION.

No sooner had the Marquis of Denonville retreated than the Iroquois, issuing from their hiding-places and forest fastnesses, desolated the whole frontier with fire and sword, and brought terror to every home and hearth throughout the colony. The tribes of the lake countries began to grow lukewarm in the cause of the French. The Hurons of Michilimackinac, instigated by their chief, Kondiarak, opened secret negotiations with the Iroquois, and took every occasion to manifest their indifference to French interests. This condition of affairs, conjoined with the fact that his army, after its return to Fort Cataraqi, had been visited by a terrible epidemic, induced the Marquis de Denonville to abandon a second campaign which he had meditated against the Iroquois. These people, ever on the watch for an opportunity to strike, no sooner ascertained the state of affairs at headquarters, than they made a dash at the Fort of Frontenac, where they were beaten off with difficulty. Foiled in this attempt, they reappeared at the Fort of Chambly, and would have stormed it, had not the hardy colonists of the district hastened to the rescue with extraordinary speed and gallantry. The Iroquois, baffled in both these enterprises, made a descent on the island of Montreal, where they assaulted a block-house and strove to raise its palisades. They were defeated only after a long and doubtful struggle.

Harassed almost beyond endurance by the frequency of the attacks of the Iroquois, and unable, with the petty resources at his disposal, to protect a domain of such extent as New France, the Marquis de Denonville was glad enough to listen to overtures made by the Five Nations for the establishment of a truce. The Iroquois confederation sent a deputation to Canada, which was escorted part of the way by no fewer than twelve hundred warriors. The envoys informed the Marquis that the Five Nations were well aware of the almost defenceless condition of the Province; and that they were able, at any time, to burn the houses of the inhabitants, pillage the stores, destroy the crops and raze the forts. At the same time, however, the envoys stated that their countrymen were generous enemies, and would not press for all the advantages they had the right and power to demand.

The Marquis de Denonville replied that Colonel Dongan, the English Governor of New York, claimed the Iroquois as British subjects; and that as there was peace between England and France the Five Nations would be kept from carrying on hostilities.

The envoys responded that their confederation formed an independent power; that it had always resisted French as well as English supremacy; that the united Iroquois would act towards both just as they pleased, either as neutrals, as friends or as enemies. The envoys finished by the high-spirited declaration—"We have never been conquered either by the

French or the English. We hold our country from God, and we acknowledge no other master."

A truce, favourable both to the French and their native allies, was eventually arranged by the Marquis, as a first step towards the conclusion of a lasting treaty of peace; and the Iroquois envoys took their way home to procure the accomplishment of this latter object.

But the hopes entertained of a treaty of peace between the French and the Iroquois, were doomed to disappointment. Kondiarak, the Rat, appeared on the scene, and his machinations defeated every prospect of a permanent amicable settlement; and eventually plunged the colony in blood and mourning. How his schemes were laid, and how they succeeded, will be made apparent, as our story proceeds towards its conclusion.

The Rat, after his escape from Cataraqi, and his arrival at Michilimackinac, the home of his tribe, began to lay his plans against the Marquis de Denonville and the colony in general. The chieftain was especially incensed against the governor, upon whom he cast the blame of all his misadventures. Our old acquaintance, Tambour, who had been taken into the friendship and confidence of the Rat, endeavoured with all the skill and plausibility of which he was master, to show the Huron chieftain that his sufferings had been due altogether to his own obstinacy in refusing to disclose his rank and nation to the Marquis de Denonville. But the Rat was proof against all this reasoning. He argued that the Governor was unfit for his post, if he could not recognize at a glance, a Huron from an Iroquois; and maintained that the Marquis had been guilty, not only of gross injustice, but of an unpardonable insult towards the whole Huron nation, in refusing to believe their chief's solemn assertion as against the lying statement of the Chief of the Abenakis. The disgrace of having been put in bonds, and the keen ignominy of being compelled to run the gauntlet, were to be attributed to the Governor's shameful partiality for the Serpent, and to some undeserved personal hatred he had entertained for the Rat. This hatred, the Rat argued, had doubtless been instilled, beforehand, into the mind of the Marquis by the chief of the Abenakis. The Huron chieftain, moreover, had firmly persuaded himself that the Marquis knew all along who he was; and that the ignorance of his identity was merely feigned in order to gratify the hatred of the Serpent, and to secure the services of the Abenakis during the war with the Iroquois. A combination of circumstances conspired to fan into a flame the resentment of the Huron leader. First, there was the failure of his attempt to capture or slay the chief of the Abenakis; then there was the burning humiliation of being handed over to his mortal enemy; and again, he was galled at the departure of Isanta and de Belmont, the latter of whom he wished to hold as a hostage, for the satisfying of certain onerous claims for compensation which he intended to make on the Governor.

To be continued.

CAST ADRIFT.

I had risen early and lain down late in the vain effort to better myself in the old country; the very struggle for life was a hard one; so at length I resolved to follow the universal law, which, like the instinct of the bees, bids the young go forth to seek new settlements, and going round half the globe, endeavour either among the gold regions of Australia, or its luxuriant corn-fields, to win competence and a home, not only for myself, but for my mother and her orphan niece, whom I hoped some day to make my wife.

The parting with those dear ones over, I embarked in a small trader, investing my surplus funds in the purchase of such goods as were likely to realise double their value at my destination. The first half of our voyage progressed favourably, but off Cape L'Agulhas we encountered a severe gale, and lost our fore-yard, which necessitated our putting into Algoa Bay to replace it. It was night when we arrived, and we were all anxiety for morning, that we might see the southern land of whose beauty we had heard so much. At sunrise the announcement that a shoal of whales was in the bay, still further hastened our movements, for neither my fellow-passenger nor I had ever seen one. In a few minutes more we were on deck, looking eagerly at the shoal of huge, black creatures, which, like a group of moving rocks, were tossing and gambling uncouthly as they took their leisurely yet rapid way along the bay.

From a fishery near the entrance, a whole flotilla of light, graceful whale-boats were already skimming along like sea-birds in pursuit of them; and the progress of both fish and boats was such as to make it evident that our view of the chase would be but a telescopic one. This was a great disappointment, and one that we in vain endeavoured to remedy by climbing the rigging. At this juncture my fellow-passenger remembered that one of the ship's boats was built for whaling; so we borrowed it from the captain, every sailor on board volunteering to accompany us, though we could only take four—one

of them being chosen because he had been in a whaler; then jumping into the boat, we hurried off to the scene of action.

A few minutes brought us within view, and it was interesting to watch the movements of the tiny boats, as adroitly, yet cautiously, they closed around the enormous fish—for only one whale now remained, all his companions having prudently dived into deep water, and slipped out to sea—which rolled and sported in the transparent water, every now and then spouting aloft arching jets of foam, which dashed and sparkled in the sunshine like wreaths of jewels, or beating the water with his tail, until the sound echoed along the shore; apparently unconscious of the uplifted arm of the harpooner in the prow of each advancing boat, or of the keen weapon he held aloft, ready to strike—unless, indeed, his knowledge might be inferred from the regularity wherewith, with practical humour, he was sure to sink beneath the surface at the critical moment, leaving his battling assailants to forget their disappointment in watching for his next appearance, when the same course of manoeuvres was repeated.

So often did this happen, that we had become almost as excited and anxious as the fishers themselves, and as fearful the sport would prove a failure, when, after a fifth or sixth disappearance, the whale unexpectedly rose in our immediate neighbourhood, announcing his arrival by a grunting "blow."

"If we had had but a harpoon, we might have got him ourselves," exclaimed the other passenger in a flush of excitement.

"We have, sir—we have!" cried the whaler eagerly. "Before we came away, I put a coil of rope and the ship's harpoon in the boat in case of accidents; and if you will row away after him, I'll bend on the rope in a minute."

This wild proposal was received with a general shout of applause, and while the sailor prepared the harpoon, we dashed after the whale with a speed in which eagerness supplied the place of skill. By the time all was ready, we were close upon him; then poising the harpoon high above his head, the whaler—for the first time in his life, as he afterwards confessed—struck it vigorously into the side of the floating monster, who received the blow with a plunge that half filled the boat with water.

The next moment he was diving down into the depths of the bay, where it appeared likely we should soon follow him, for our unskilled harpooner seemed scarce able to pay-out the rope with rapidity equalling the descent of our untruly captive.

But a few minutes more saw him on the surface again, and in a paroxysm of rage, dashing on at a furious rate, and dragging us along in his rear with a velocity that almost buried our slight boat in the water, and sent the parted waves leaping from her bows in hissing surges high above our heads; while, through the opening in the watery curtain, our rapid progress gave us fleeting glimpses of land, and sea, and boats, all ident in bewildering confusion.

As our little bark was thus hurried along, a wild exultation took possession of us, which, in the men, rose to the pitch of cheers, loud and hearty enough to have scared any steel less headstrong than our paddled one. It was impossible to doubt we were in momentary peril, for none of our crew possessed the requisite skill with the oar-rudder to follow the rapid evolutions, the diversions and unexpected returns to the surface, of the monster; and far less did they understand that most essential point in whaling—the proper management of the harpoon rope.

For more than an hour we continued to sweep along with undiminished speed, for the strength of the whale appeared inexhaustible, however it might be with his patience, for of late he had indulged in several plunges which had shaken our little craft to its centre, and more than once he uttered bellowing roars, which echoed far and wide.

After one of these deep-mouthed cries, he suddenly paused, then turning round, came rushing back upon us with distended jaws, as if his fury had resolved to crush our fragile little boat at once. The sight of the approaching monster, and his black cavernous mouth, was anything but pleasant even to our enthusiasm. The men cried aloud, and waved their arms, to deter him, but he did not appear to hear them; then they seized the oars, resolved to give him battle, but he passed beyond their reach, his great size contrasting awfully with our small proportions; then just as he had gone by, he raised his enormous tail nearly twenty feet into the air, and with one powerful blow struck our boat, dashing it in pieces, and leaving us struggling in the water, all save the poor whaler, who, having become entangled in the harpoon rope, was borne off by the victorious animal. A few minutes after, another boat having struck and killed the fish, the poor fellow was rescued, but insensible, and so nearly drowned that he was with difficulty restored to life. Meanwhile, other boats clustered round, picked us up, and took us back to our ship.

Occupied by our whale-chase, and afterwards in the resuscitation of our unfortunate comrade, we had not noticed that the calm of the morning had given place to a strong south-east breeze, which was raising the broad

expanse of the bay into large crested waves, that, rolling onward to the beach, broke on it in thundering surges, and as at that time the bay boasted no jetty, stopping all communication with the shore. Never, during all our voyage, did our vessel pitch as she did that day, for the bay, fifteen miles from point to point, lay open to the winds, and to the full sweep of the South Atlantic Ocean, whose billows, rising with the increasing wind each hour into loftier swells, broke angrily against the bows of the labouring vessel, and then, with a sudden surge, swept on. Fortunately for themselves, the fishers had anchored their whale, and after leaving us at our ship, hastened to the land, which they gained with difficulty.

The cloudless blue of the tropical sky was overhead, and the brilliant southern sun shone down gloriously upon the scene, lighting up the clear blue waves, and adding to the dazzling whiteness of their surging summits, and to the radiance of the gem-like spray, which bounded high into the air above them. But it shed no brightness on the solitary little bark, which, with double anchors and lowered masts, struggled so hardly for life amid that waste of raging water; for, with the passing day, yet wider and fiercer waxed the storm, and louder roared the foaming waves among which we tossed so fearfully, sometimes cast aloft on the ridges of lofty billows, until we thought our cables must part with the sudden strain; at others, almost buried in the depths of seething abysses, whence it seemed unlikely we should ever rise again; while every now and then, some enormous wave would strike full against us with frightful violence, and breaking over our bows, roll along the deck with a force that threatened to bear all before it, the which we only escaped by clinging to the ropes and rigging.

The sun at length set, and darkness began to close over us, doubling the horrors of the still increasing tempest. Suddenly a wild cry from the bow rose above the howling of the storm, and looking ahead, we perceived a huge mountain of water rolling rapidly along the bay, its lofty crest and seething sides gleaming with phosphoric light, as rising each instant higher, it towered above our masts, ready to overwhelm and sink our frail ship at her anchors. We were in imminent peril, and one that no human effort could evade or lessen; the only thing left us was submission, and bowing to our fate, we quietly awaited it. The fatal moment had apparently come, for the huge wave was hovering over our devoted vessel, when she unexpectedly rose on the crest of a smaller one, presenting her bows to the enormous billow, which struck against her with a violence that threatened to shatter her. The water and spray fell over her in a blinding deluge, the unfortunate vessel moaned and trembled as if her hour had come, and there was a terrible, though momentary struggle. The next moment the wave passed on, leaving us afloat; but both our cables had parted with the shock, and we found we were being swept back from the anchorage towards the long line of surf-bound coast under our lee. Ere we had reached more than half-way to the shore, a whole line of beautiful blazes suddenly up, revealing the tremendous surf that broke along the beach. A short space more, and we reached its outer edge, and struck heavily upon the rocks, while the breakers roared and surged fiercely around us, as if eager to begin their work. But the next high wave swept us further on, to strike again, and again, until, ere many minutes were over, the good ship that had borne us more than five thousand miles in safety, was cast on her broadside in the raging surf, whose waves, rising in high, roaring crests, broke over her in foaming cascades.

Fortunately one vessel had fallen shoreward, otherwise, our fate must have been certain and instantaneous. But even as it was, what hope could we have of life, clinging to bolts and rings along our sloping deck, and with that fearful surging sweeping over us, and those great cutting waves rolling between us and safety? Meanwhile, high above our heads stretched the clear, dark-blue sky; and the brilliant constellations of the south shone calmly down upon the scene, as if to show how far removed was heaven from earth.

It seemed doubly hard to perish so close to land, and with numbers of our fellow-creatures standing but a few fathoms from us. Suddenly, from among the crowd, a rocket shot up into the sky right over our vessel, and fell into the sea beyond; the next moment the mate sprang forward to catch the line it had brought from the shore, and drawing on-board the strong rope attached to it, secured it to the rigging. And by this rope, half-buried in the surf, it was that, if at all, we must save our lives. It was a fearful venture, only suited to an extremity such as ours; and even then, with the sea breaking over us, and the unfortunate vessel grinding to pieces beneath our feet, there was a momentary hesitation ere any one would commit himself to so frail a bridge.

As I stood nearest, I proffered to lead the way, and in another minute was launched among the waves, clinging to the supporting rope. Never shall I forget the struggle that ensued—how the great breakers curled around me, surging angrily above my head; how furiously they dashed and beat against me,

and, as though they had been instinct with demon-life, strove to tear me from my refuge, all the while muttering in my ears hoarse threats of sweeping me out to sea among the dark, inexorable billows raging for a victim. At length my feet touched land, and my heart bounded with joy even among the breakers; the next moment an immense wave broke over me, tearing my rope from its fastenings, casting me helplessly down the beach, and sweeping me back again in its retreat. Then came a rush and a whirl, and ringing noises in my ears, which are only heard by drowning men, and I knew nothing more. But brave men linked themselves hand to hand, and venturing deep into the surf, risked their own lives to save mine.

A hearty, generous cheer from the wreck greeted my landing, and never shall I forget its warmth. Then another rocket was thrown over the vessel, and the rope secured anew, and then, through much peril, the shipwrecked voyagers reached the shore—all save one, my late fellow-passenger, and he was swept from the rope, and tossed among the breakers, as I had been, but less fortunate than I, was swept out to sea, and never heard of more.


I was bruised, bewildered, and exhausted by my passage through the surf, and filled with deep grief for the lost man, who had been my almost inseparable companion during our twelve weeks' voyage; and, until I saw the ship breaking in pieces before my eyes, I scarce remembered that I stood alone and penniless upon a foreign shore—cast utterly adrift; for with the loss of the ship, of course, my passage to Australia was lost; my little venture also had perished with her, and as I had not taken the precaution to insure it, I had no means left to pursue my voyage. However, I was young and, despite the past, still hopeful, and I entertained the general idea, that in a colony none who were strong and willing to work, need want; but I found it widely otherwise. The country was in a state of extreme commercial depression, owing to a recent Caffre war, and not the humblest clerkship was to be obtained. From the same cause, no agriculturist wanted assistance; and as the war was over, even "food for powder" was not in request. I thought of a school, but found they abounded; I offered to teach French and German, but all either knew them already, or else did not wish to learn.

I was well-nigh starving, and in despair; and day after day of enforced idleness I paced the sands with increasing heaviness of heart, sometime arraigning the Providence that had left me to want, and swept off my fellow-passenger, whose prospects the wreck would not have injured; at others, regretting that I had not perished also.

A subscription had been raised for the poor ship-wrecked mariners—none thought of the poor ship-wrecked passenger—and they had since entered on board other vessels, all but the whaler, and he had obtained employment at the fishery. By a sudden impulse, I resolved to follow him there, and, to my astonishment, I was accepted, for they were short of hands, and that morning's amateur whaling had raised all concerned in their estimation. It was a strange employment for an educated man, and, stranger still, for the first time in my life, I prospered. The boat in which I rowed was sure to be successful, and after a time, when I was able to take harpoon in hand, it never failed to strike home, and send us back with flying colours to receive the winner's reward.

The close of the fishing-season left me with a small surplus, and until the commencement of the next I employed myself in building, with my own hands, on a lot of land which I had purchased, a house to harbour my home-friends. It was, indeed, a hard beginning, but it has proved a good one. Year after year I went on in the same course, until I became a partner in the fishery, and in progress of time, the sole proprietor. Years have passed since I have needed to cast a harpoon, save in the way of amusement; and though the idea may not be flattering to my vanity, I am constrained to believe that I have found my true vocation.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT FOR LOWER CANADA.
 PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
 District of Montreal,
 (No. 1,141.)
 THE EIGHTH day of JULY, one thousand eight hundred and seventy.
 DAME PHILOMENE ALLARD, heretofore of the Parish of St. Laurent, in the District of Montreal, and now of the Parish of Lachine, in said District, Plaintiff.
 vs.
 BERMENEGLIDE VEAU, Farmer, heretofore of the said Parish of St. Laurent, said District, and now absent from this Province, Defendant.
 IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messieurs MOUSSEAU & DAVID, Counsel for the Plaintiff, in as much as it appears by the return of PASCIAL LECLERC, one of the Bailiffs of the said Superior Court, on the writ of Summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal, that the said Defendant, by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called *L'Opinion Publique*, and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of the said city, called the *Canadian Illustrated News*, he notified to appear before this Court and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.
 (By order.)
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DRAUGHTSMAN WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN with some knowledge of drawing, could find employment at this Office. One acquainted with Engraving on Stone, or Etching, will be preferred. References required. ILLUSTRATED NEWS Printing Office, 319 St. Antoine Street. 2

TO TOURISTS! Views of MONTREAL, QUEBEC, TORONTO, NIAGARA FALLS, LAKES GEORGE and CHAMPLAIN, BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED. Price—TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per Packet, at MORTON, PHILLIPS & CO., SUCCESSORS TO R. GRAHAM, STATIONERS &c., 375 NOTRE DAME STREET. 2d

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT S. GOLTMAN AND CO'S, 132, ST. JAMES STREET, N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

COLLOID! COLLOID!! Wash with Colloid, It fixes loose colours, And renders white things Beautiful and clear. W. J. STEWART, Agent, 420, ST. PAUL STREET. 31tf

MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS, ALL KINDS IN GENERAL USE, PRINTED AND SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. LEGGO & CO., GENERAL PRINTERS BY STEAM POWER. AT THEIR CITY OFFICE, No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

JUST RECEIVED, A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF GOSNELL'S SUPERIOR HAIR BRUSHES. J. E. D'AVIGNON, CHEMIST, CITY DISPENSARY, (Opposite Musen's,) 252, NOTRE DAME STREET. 32tf

COALS! COALS! COALS!! SCOTCH STEAM, PICTOU STEAM, NEWCASTLE GRATE, L' HIGH, WELSH ANTHRACITE, FOR SALE. J. & E. SHAW, Yard: 57 Wellington Street, Office: 82 McGill street. 12

SEASIDE RESORT. OTTAWA HOUSE, CUSHING'S ISLAND, PORTLAND, MAINE. The above favorite Summer Resort will be reopened June 28, 1870. Terms from \$14 to \$20, American currency, per week. A Quadrille Band always in attendance. For further particulars apply to THOMAS CUSHING, Manager, Portland, Maine. 25f

FOR SALE OR TO LET. THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Therese Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for Stores. Possession 1st of May. Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 48, Great St. James Street. 14

ARRIVED AT LAST!!!



TURKISH TONIC!

THIS elegant and delicate preparation is one of the most salutary Tonics ever submitted for public approval in this hemisphere. By its use a man of advanced years is stimulated to the elasticity of youth, and it is otherwise a most excellent Tonic, having a delightful aroma, and imparting a fragrant odour to the breath. For Sale at all DRUGGISTS, GROCERS, and HOTELS.

HENRY CHAPMAN & CO., Montreal, EVANS, MERCER & CO., Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

RINGLAND & STEWART.

GENTLEMEN save 25 per cent. by buying SHIRTS, HOSIERY, TIES, and UNDER-CLOTHING, at the MAGASIN DU LOUVRE, 378, Notre Dame Street. 28tf

"THE RECOLLET HOUSE."

BROWN AND CLAGGETT, MONTREAL, Strangers and Tourists should not fail to visit this Renowned Establishment, as they will always find a choice Stock of the latest novelties: SILKS, VELVETS, MOIRES ANTIQUES, IRISH POPLINS, DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, MANTLES, RIBBONS AND EMBROIDERIES, JOUVIN, DUCHESSE AND TWO BUTTON FRENCH KID GLOVES. 26tf

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, [No. 1,144.]

NOTICE is hereby given that PHILOMENE ALLARD, of Lachine, said District, has instituted, on the TENTH APRIL last, an action for separation of property, against HERMENE GILDE VIAU, now absent from this Province. MOUSSEAU & DAVID, Attys. for said P. Allard. Montreal, 4th July, 1870. 4e

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, In re

PIERRE LORTIE, An Insolvent.

ON SATURDAY, the SEVENTEENTH day of SEPTEMBER next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the said act.

PIERRE LORTIE, By MOUSSEAU & DAVID, His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 15th July, 1870. 4e



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office until noon of FRIDAY, the 5th day of AUGUST next, for the construction of a Regulating Weir, Raceway, &c., at the head of the Lachine Canal.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office, or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Friday, the 22nd instant, where printed forms of tender and other information can also be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each tender.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, July 13th, 1870. 4f

ONTARIO WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, LONDON, CANADA. HOT AND COLD BATHS.

For the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia in all its forms, Diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, &c. Hemorrhoids or Piles, Nervous Prostration from the abuse of stimulants and opiates. Female diseases are greatly benefited by the use of the waters and baths.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL AND BOARDING Accommodation for visitors and invalids can be had at reasonable rates at the Hotels from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day, according to accommodation. The Springs can be reached from all parts of the Continent by rail, being on the lines of the Great Western and Grand Trunk Railways of Canada. CHAS. DUNNETT, Proprietor.

DR. HINES, Resident and Consulting Physician.

ANALYSIS.

The following is the result of the analysis made by Dr. Alex. T. Machattie, Fellow of the Chemical Society of London, England, and a well-known Chemist:—

Table with 2 columns: Ingredient and Amount. Total Saline Matter in one Imperial Gallon (viz. 70 000 grains)... 126.341 grains. The above Saline Matter is composed of the following ingredients:— Sulphate of Lime... 63.525 grains, Sulphate of Magnesia... 49.234, Carbonate of Lime... 7.762, Carbonate of Magnesia... 0.831, Chloride of Sodium, including a small amount of Chloride of Potassium... 4.435, Silica and Phosphates... 0.554. Total... 126.341 grains.

Sulphur 0.92 grains—equal to Sulphuretted Hydrogen... 0.977 grains. The amount of Sulphuretted Hydrogen in a gallon of the water is about 2 1/2 cubic inches, when measured as a gas.



GENUINE PLANTAGENET WATER.

The safest and best beverage for this season does not require extensive puffing—its healing and cooling properties, as established by the analysis of Professor Hunt—the certificates of every professional man of standing in the Dominion, and the thousands of cures effected—are a better guarantee of its usefulness to the human family than any thing the proprietor can write.

Remember the Depot is No. 15 PLACE D'ARMES, R. J. RODDEN, Manager.

THE LARGE SIZE of Atkinson's London Perfumes may be had at One Dollar per bottle, at the MEDICAL HALL, St. James street and Phillips' Square, A Large Assortment just received. 33tf

JOHN UNDERHILL, OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY, 299, NOTRE DAME STREET, (5 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 28tf

ST. ANTOINE GROCERY.



CINCINNATI HAMS, BONELESS BREAKFAST BACON, and SMOKED TONGUES, "Davis' Diamond Brand."

For Sale by M. BURKE, Purveyor to H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR, CLARET, CIDER and HOCK, For Summer use. 200 CASES, various brands. M. BURKE, Wine Merchant.

Corner of St. ANTOINE and MOUNTAIN STREETS. 31tf

MONTREAL TYPE FOUNDRY, C. T. PALSGRAVE, Proprietor.

No. 1, St. Helen Street, MONTREAL. TORONTO BRANCH: No. 33, Colborne Street, TORONTO.

NEW STYLES OF SCOTCH-FACED TYPE CAST IN EXTRA TOUGH METAL.

FANCY AND JOBBING TYPE OF THE LATEST STYLES.

SUPERIOR WOOD LETTER-PRINTING PRESSES

Of every manufacture. BLACK AND COLOURED INKS AND ALL PRINTERS' REQUISITES.

BOOKS AND JOB WORK STEREOTYPED AND ELECTROTYPED IN THE BEST MANNER.

A new SPECIMEN BOOK will shortly be issued. 14f

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from \$5 to \$5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: Touch as are not well satisfied, we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of The People's Literary Companion—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

GINGER PEARLS,—In which the Stimulating and Aromatic properties of Pure Jamaica Ginger are fully preserved. A new and elegant substitute for Essence of Ginger. Just received at the MEDICAL HALL, St. James street and Phillips' Square. 33tf

T.F. STONEHAM MANUFACTURER OF WINDOW SHADES MONTREAL.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 22nd July, 1870.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 16 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. 4

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement, Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats.

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