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CANADIAN Illustrated News

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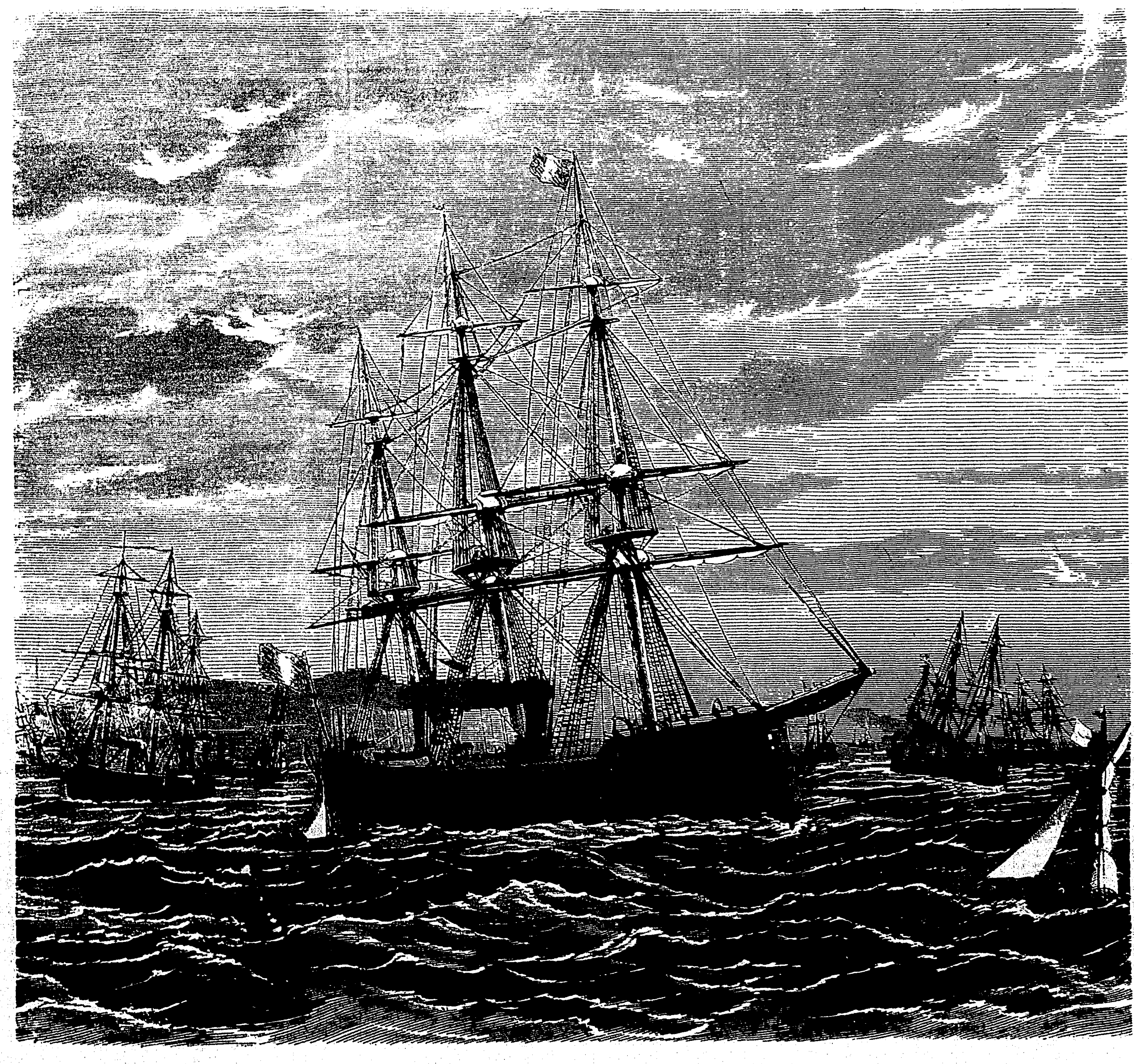
"BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES!"

This magnificent hyperbole must be familiar to most of our readers in association with the well-known assertion—wherein the word "never" rises in spasmodic *crescendo*, from the common-place tone of plain roman letter, to the agonizing shout of full-faced capitals—that "Britons never, *never*, NEVER, NEVER shall be slaves!" Why should they be? There was Beales but yesterday, and there is Beasley to-day, and there has been Goldwin Smith for so long a time that he got out of date in England, and, fleeing to America, forgot his connection with the old land until he read Disraeli's *Lothair*, and candidly confessed himself the "social parasite" of the tale—these and many others have, time and again, tried to persuade the Britishers that they are "slaves" now, and have been so for centuries! But they have not shaken the popular British faith in the existence of British freedom; nor could even the melancholy event of the sinking of the *Captain*, with five hundred precious lives, persuade one of her sons that Britannia does not now, as of old, hold



FRENCH IRON CLAD FLEET PASSING DOVER.

the trident of Neptune with all-potent and unrelaxing grasp.

On Thursday of last week the rippling waters of the Lake St. Louis were the scene of one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed in America for the supremacy of the waves by stroke of oar. And there the contest was between Young Britain and Old Britain, between Britain at home and Britain in America. We are sorry, though not surprised, that the latter lost. The contest was, in every sense, *en famille*; no matter who gained, the glory would have been equally the source of paternal satisfaction. We cannot regard the Tyne men as truer Britons than those of St. John; and though the triumph of the latter would have been esteemed a great glory for Canada, yet their honourable defeat, after such a stout contest with such well-trained and otherwise matchless opponents, is surely no disgrace. The intense interest throughout Canada which this great race has created, shows the pervading influence which the old insular ideas still exercise upon this continent. And not only in Canada, but throughout the United States, the race engaged a large share of public attention, and many thousands of Americans came to witness the result, and liberally staked their money on the St. John crew. Our neighbours, by a process of reasoning more flattering to their vanity than their shrewdness, arrived at the conclusion that the St. John men, having, two years ago, vanquished the Ward Brothers, the champion rowers of the United States, were invincible. They left out of the calculation that England is, *par excellence*, the land of oarsmen, that the Tyne crew had beaten every foe within the British Isles, and made such odds against time as rendered it next to impossible to beat them in a fair race. The St. John, or "Paris" men had a flattering record; they won at the Paris regatta during the Exhibition where they had some, but by no means the best, English rowers to compete with. The following year they achieved their greatest triumph in beating the Ward Brothers. They shewed their pluck by accepting the challenge of the Tyne crew, and though no one denies that they were fairly outrowed at Lachine, yet few will think less of their prowess than they did before, because, over a course of six miles, they were some half-a-dozen boat-lengths behind, or because in a pull, extending over forty minutes, they lost by somewhat more than thirty seconds. Since the Tyne men have preserved their laurels, we only wish they may keep them green; and as for the St. John crew, while we cannot applaud their own over-confidence, we must give them credit, not only for courage in accepting the contest, but for extraordinary skill and ability in battling it out. Assuredly their defeat was not one to be ashamed of; but the race made it manifest that the tremendously long and mathematically regular stroke of the Tyneside men was a surer way to cut swiftly through the water than the shorter, quicker, and, as we think, more jaunty dip which the Paris men, in common with other American oarsmen, follow. But victory on either side would have been to Britannia all the same—it was to her, as against the whole world, the old game of pitch and toss on the safe rule of "heads I win and tails you lose!"

REPAIRING THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

The work of repairing the fortifications of Paris was commenced immediately after the retreat of Gen. McMahon's division across the Moselle, and has been continued ever since with renewed activity. The fortifications of the city have a continuous circuit of 25 miles, and consist of a wall 33 feet in height, with bastions and terraces. The wall is lined with a fosse about 20 feet deep, and strengthened by outworks comprising 14 detached forts. These fortifications take in much of the suburbs and even a good deal of the surrounding country. During the many years of peace and security that France has enjoyed under the rule of the Emperor, much of the fortifications of the city have fallen out of repair. In many places the fosse has been filled up, especially in the neighbourhood of the barricades or entrances to the city, where the constant flow of traffic necessitated a substantial road. But since the commencement of the march of the Prussian army on the capital, these roads have been done away with; the fosse has been cleared out, and the substantial earth roads replaced by draw-bridges. The counter-scarp had also become sadly dilapidated and required extensive repairing, while the slope of the glacis needed entirely re-levelling. Within the fortifications the earthworks have been raised in certain parts, new platforms have been erected for artillery, guns, long since dismounted and out of use, have been set in position, and powder magazines have been constructed. These magazines are built in the most solid manner; their walls are of solid stone, six feet thick, covered with a double roof. Ten of these have already been established on the right bank of the Seine. With the exception of some of the railways which enter the city on the west side, all the approaches to Paris have been blocked up or destroyed. The subterranean passages are closed except for purposes of defence, and the chains and gratings have been thrown across the canals of Bievre to prevent the approach of the enemy.

The following details respecting the topographical position of Paris and its defences will be found to be of interest:

The city of Paris, situated between the confluents of the Marne, the Oise, and the Seine, in the midst of a wide plain, is divided into two unequal parts by the river, from 200 ft. to 300 ft. in breadth, which runs from east to west, forming an arc of a circle. On the right bank of the Seine, the height of which is about 80 ft. above the level of the sea, rise the hills of Montmartre, 394 ft. in height; of Belleville, 311 ft. in height; of Ménilmontant, and of Charonne. On the left bank are the heights of Mont Valérien, 495 ft.; of St. Cloud, 306 ft.; of Sèvres, Meudon, and Issy. The northern portion of Paris is the largest. Twenty-one bridges keep up the communications. The form of the city may be compared to an ellipse, somewhat flattened on the right side, the longer axis of which is about nine miles. According to the Census of 1866, Paris has 1,825,274 inhabitants, and about 90,000 houses.

Since 1841, under the reign of Louis Philippe and the Ministry of M. Thiers, Paris has be n fortified. An immediate capture of this town, like that of 1814 and 1815 by the Allies, has become an impossibility. The systematic reconstruction of the interior of the city, which Napoleon III. has caused to be executed by the late Prefect of the Seine, M. Haussmann, may be regarded as completing the works of fortification. The fortifications of Paris consist of a surrounding wall, fortified, formed of a military road, a rampart, ditches, and a glacis. Eighty-five bastions, all nearly of the same shape, and other advanced points, are destined to cover the outer extent of the moats, which can be filled with the waters of the Seine. The escarpment is lined with a wall which is covered by the glacis. The military road inside is paved. Near to this, and frequently parallel to it, is the line which joins all the railway lines running into Paris and their eight termini. Sixty-six gates, close to which are placed the Bureaux de Douane, are pierced in the fortifications. Outside the surrounding wall, and at a distance of about half a league, are fifteen detached forts, including Vincennes, which are united partially by redoubts and intrenchments to the walls.

The detached exterior forts may be considered in three groups. We may first notice the group that forms the north-east line of these outside fortifications, from St. Denis to the north of Montmartre. The town of St. Denis alone is surrounded by three great forts. On the left of and close to the railway leading to Enghien and Montmorency, and behind the confluence of the canal of St Denis with the Seine, is the fort of La Briche; to the north, and on the other side of the stream of Rouillon, is the fort of "La Double Couronne du Nord;" and on the south-east is the fort of the east. These three points are united together by ramparts and ditches which can be readily filled, and which are covered by the redoubt of Stains. St. Denis itself may therefore be considered a fortress. At 4,440 paces to the south-east of the eastern fort, and consequently nearer to Paris, is the fort of Aubervilliers. Between the two passes the railway to Soissons, and behind this line is the canal of St. Denis. The earth which was dug out of the canal forms before it a sort of parapet fortified by three redoubts. At a distance of 4,200 paces from the other side of the Canal de l'Ourcq and of the Strasbourg Railway, on the continuation of the height of Belleville by Pantin, is the fort of Romainville. It is 1,800 paces from the principal wall of defence. A series of intrenchments extends from the fort towards the Canal de l'Ourcq, while on the other side two redoubts defend the passage. Further off to the east and to the south, still on the outer side of the same line of hills, and almost in a line parallel to the railway to Mulhouse, the works of the fortifications, which are united by a paved road, are continued at about equal distances—the forts of Noisy (3,500 paces), Rosny (3,200 paces), and Nogent (3,800). There ends the line of hills which begins near Belleville, and descends by a steep incline towards the Marne. Between the above-named forts are placed at short intervals the redoubts of Noisy, Montreuil, Boissière, and Fontenay. The Marne, which is here 100 paces in breadth, forms a natural defence, fortified also by an intrenchment of 2 800 ft. in length, consisting of a parapet and ditches covering the isthmus of Saint Maur, where a bridge crosses the Marne. The two extremities of the intrenchment are flanked by the redoubts of Faisanderie and Gravelle. These the railway of Vincennes and La Varenne passes. All these works inclose in a semi-circle the castle of Vincennes, in which is the principal arsenal of Paris, on the edge of the great field for manœuvring artillery close to the Marne. On the other bank of this river, in the triangle formed by the union of the Seine and the Marne near Alfort, on the right side of the Lyons Railway, is the fort of Charenton, which closes the first line of defence. What adds to its strength is that the enceinte inclosed by the fortifications answers admirably for an intrenched camp in which 200,000 men may be placed.

The next group of detached forts to be described is that of those forming the southern line of exterior defences. Opposite to Fort Charenton, and at a distance of 4,000 paces, on the left bank of the Seine, begins the southern line, with the fort of Ivry, which commands the neighbourhood. In a straight line, nearly from east to west, the forts of Bicetre, Montrouge, Vannes, and Issy follow at equal distances of about 3,000 paces. The last named rises to a height of about 50 ft. above the Seine, which here leaves the city. Between them are the railways of Limours (Sceaux) and of Versailles (left bank). The three last points are covered since the introduction of rifled cannon, which was not known at the time of the building of these forts, by the heights of Bagneux and Meudon.

The third group of detached forts are those on the western side of Paris. This line of outside defence is naturally very easy, for the Seine, flowing in the direction of the north and north-east, turns towards St. Denis by St. Cloud, Boulogne, Suresnes, Puteaux, Courbevoie, Neuilly, Asnières, Clichy, and St. Ouen, places on the banks of the river. Between it and the town is the celebrated Bois de Boulogne. On the line indicated five bridges cross the Seine, and near the station of Asnières, on the left bank, the railways from Dieppe, Normandy, St. Germain, and Versailles (right bank) unite and cross the river by a common bridge. A single fort, but the largest and strongest of all—that of Mont Valérien, situate 415 ft. above the Seine, and from which there is a magnificent view of Paris—commands the whole of this space. A paved road joins Mont Valérien with the Bois de Boulogne, by the bridge of Surennes.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN WAR.

THE AMBULANCE OF THE FRENCH PRESS.

Warfare has, within the past few years, undergone so much change, and has been rendered so much more deadly, that it was time that some measures were taken for the relief of those poor men who are torn away from their homes to fight their country's battles, and in so many cases to be left wounded or dying, without care or comfort, upon the battle-field. The necessity for an organized staff of surgeons and nurses, who should accompany the army to the field of battle, has long been felt; but it is only within late years that the idea has been thoroughly put into execution. The association now known as the Society for the Relief of the Wounded in Battle have for some time past been unremitting in their endeavours to establish such corps of nurses in the various armies of European powers, and their praiseworthy efforts have at last been crowned with success In the present war the beneficent results of their endeavours have been fully shown. Half a century ago the wounded in battle were allowed to lie where they fell, to die of exhaustion and want of care; while the dead were left to rot on the field. Now each army is followed by a staff of experienced surgeons and nurses, and by a regularly organized corps of grave-diggers.

On another page we give an illustration of the departure of one of these ambulance trains from Paris for the seat of war. The men composing the corps are in every case volunteers, those belonging to the corps in question being raised entirely among members of the press. They are clad in a dark uniform—black coats and trousers, with gaiters and broadbrimmed hats, and every man wears upon his left breast the distinctive badge of the ambulance corps, a red cross on a white ground. The corps is accompanied by seven waggons, painted blue, with the red cross on either side, destined for the transport of tents, beds, bedding, and the necessary utensils of an infirmary. There are also open waggons for carrying wounded soldiers. The surgeons attached to each corps are distinguished by their gilt buttons and by the red cross worn in front of the cap. Each man carries with him his clothing, in military fashion; his cloak strapped around his knapsack, an extra pair of thick boots, his pannikin and a quantity of lint. None of the men, with the exception of the surgeons, are armed.

The *personnel* of each ambulance is calculated as to numbers and grades on the same system as is followed in the regular military service—viz., one surgeon-in-chief, four surgeons, ten assistant surgeons, twelve sub-assistant surgeons, with a proportion of infirmiers. A chaplain, purveyor, and assistants, and mule transport conductors, are also attached to each ambulance. The following is the principle on which the grades have been allotted:—The sub-assistant surgeons are selected from the medical students, assistant surgeons from French doctors of medicine and from the "internes" (house-surgeons?). The surgeons are recruited from the *élite* of the hospital assistant surgeons. The main principle adopted by the medical committee of the Volunteer Help Society has been to avoid as much as possible prolonged transport of wounded with gunshot fractures of bones, by treating them as near as practicable to the places of fighting. Each ambulance of a corps d'armée is accordingly divided into a flying ambulance with a few hospital tents, and a reserve ambulance establishment. On an action occurring the flying ambulance will give the first assistance. The reserve, with which the surgeon-in-chief will be, will reach the scene of conflict as quickly as possible, will establish a temporary field hospital, and leave the establishment of the flying ambulance free to follow the troops in case of their moving and making a further advance.

THE FRENCH FLEET.

The navy of France is still in a state of transition. In the year 1855, a commission of scientific and naval authorities was appointed by the Emperor to consider the actual state and future organization of the navy, and their report having been accepted and sanctioned by the government, a gigantic series of works for the increase and improvement of the fleet of war was commenced forthwith. The credits necessary to carry out these plans were voted in 1857, and the works fixed upon were executed and accomplished in 1867, at which time the French navy was composed, besides a large number of ships of inferior classes, of—

Screw line-of-battle ships and ironclads of first-class......15
Do. do. do second class....35

Total........................49

Besides these vessels there are several floating batteries for the defence of the different ports and a large number of iron-clads now on the stocks.

In all, the French navy comprises about 450 versels, most of which are now in commission, including nearly 30 iron-cased frigates of the first-class, varying in armament from 4 to 52 guns, all rifled and breech-loading, having a horse-power of from 900 to 1,200, and possessing a speed exceeding 12 knots per hour.

The steam navy of France not long ago was composed of the following ships:—

	Afloat.	Building.	Total.
Line-of-battle ships........	36	1	37
Iron-cased frigates.........	6	10	16
Screw-frigates..............	25	4	29
Paddle "	18	..	18
Despatch boats (screw)	35	1	36
" " (paddles)...	88	5	93
Iron-plated floating batteries	14	7	21
Gunboats..................	53	5	58
Transports.................	34	9	43
Total..........	325	42	367

The sailing navy of France then consisted of:

	Afloat.	Building.	Total.
Ships of the line	7	..	7
Frigates..................	23	..	23
Corvettes..................	12	1	13
Brigs......................	19	2	21
Small vessels	26	..	26
Transports.................	32	..	32
Total	119	3	122

Of the 16 iron-cased frigates which France possessed afloat in November, 1863, only one, the "Couronne," was entirely built of iron. The following were the names of the principal iron-cased frigates afloat at that period:—The "Gloire," "Invincible," and "Normandie," built of timber; the "Couronne," built of iron; and the two ram ships "Magenta" and "Solferino," built of timber. The thickness of the iron-casing in all these ships, as well as those on the stocks, was the same—4¾ inches near the load line and 4⅜ above that. Their principal dimensions are: Length, 265; breadth, 56, and mean draft 25½ feet. The "Gloire" and her sister ships, and also the "Couronne," have engines of 900 horse-power, and are armed with 36 rifled 30-pounder guns, throwing shot of 70lb.

weight, but breeched-loading rifled 30-pounders are being substituted. The two ships of the line, or rams, "Magenta" and "Solferino," are built on entirely different principles. The bows of these ships are in the form of a spur. Up to the first battery these ships are plated from stem to stern, but in the upper battery only 12, and in the lower battery only 13 guns are protected by iron-casing. The four rows of iron casing are 4¾ inches thick; the upper one, 4⅜. The engines are 1,000 horse-power; speed, 13½ to 14 knots; the armament consists in fifty-two 30-pounder rifled guns.

The total force serving in the navy consists of over 72,000 men, under the command of two admirals, Rigault de Genouilly and Trehouart, with six active vice-admirals and thirty active counter-admirals.

The Baltic fleet, which left Cherbourg shortly before the declaration of the blockade of the Prussian ports, is commanded by Vice-Admiral Bouet-Willaumez, and consists of the following vessels:

Surveillante, ironclad frigate, flagship; Gauloise, ironclad frigate; Océan, ironclad frigate, broadside; Flandre, ironclad frigate; Jeanne d'Arc, ironclad corvette; Thétis, ironclad corvette; Guyenne, ironclad frigate; and Prince Napoleon's yacht. The foregoing comprises the whole of the first division of the Baltic, afterwards reinforced by the following:—Savoie, ironclad frigate, Rear-Admiral Pehouët; Valeureuse, ironclad frigate; Revanche, ironclad frigate; Montcalm, ironclad frigate; Victoire, ironclad frigate; Atalante, ironclad frigate; Rochambeau, ironclad frigate; Taureau, ironclad ram; Duyot, despatch-boat; Cosmos, despatch-boat; Bougainville, despatch-boat; Catinat, despatch-boat; Chateau Renaud, despatch-boat; Custard, despatch-boat; Peiron, despatch-boat; Bonsanque, despatch-boat; L'Heureuse, despatch-boat; Ariel, despatch-boat; L'Hirondelle, Imperial yacht.

Before entering the Baltic, Admiral Bouet captured two gun-boats at the mouth of the Elbe, and bombarded the naval station of Wihelmshaven, but with no other purpose than to try the guns of his ironclads, and no landing was attempted. General Vogel von Falckenstein, the Prussian commander in the North, took means to guard against a surprise on that side. On the approach to the coast of a small French ship on the 28th, the General was informed of the fact by telegraph from six different places at once, and the circumstance of the French fleet appearing off Skagen was known at head-quarters a minute after. It is impossible that arrangements could be more perfect. It was known where the French meant to attempt a landing, and batteries on the coast were ready to receive them. All the pilots have been sent into the interior, the coast lights have been extinguished, and torpedoes have been sunk, and every measure has been taken to prevent the enemy from affecting a landing. Hitherto there has been no engagement except a slight affair off the island of Rugen, when a few shots were exchanged without effect, and the Admiral has contented himself with blockading the two important ports of Kiel and Cuxhaven.

Our illustration shows a squadron of the Baltic fleet off Dover with the flagship in the foreground, taking on board an English pilot.

THE GREAT BOAT RACE.

VICTORY OF THE TYNE CREW.

Thursday, the fifteenth of the present month, will ever stand as a red-letter day in the history of Montreal and its outlying suburb of Lachine. The general interest in the Annual Lachine Regatta, to be rowed upon the placid bosom of the Lake St. Louis, during two days, was almost entirely obscured in the absorbing excitement created by the single race between the famous "Paris" and Tyne crews. In fact, by common consent, the event was talked of, not as the regatta, but as the race, and the whole public attention seemed to be centred in the result of that one contest for the championship of the world and the tempting prize of $5,000. Thousands of Americans and many Englishmen contributed to swell the immense gathering of spectators who crowded the long lines of boats and barges which for more than half a mile stretched on either side of the course from the starting point; the twenty-five steamers which cruised, or lay at anchor, in the river; and the shore line from the wharf up to the very housetops of the village. Only the "grand stands" of the speculators were nearly empty. Either people had not faith in their sustaining qualities, or they reasoned that the fine sloping beach, the garden fences and the verandahs, windows and roofs of the village cottages, offered equally favourable positions for observation; and in this they were probably right. Much speculation has been indulged in as to the number present, and estimates have varied by tens of thousands. Some have said thirty thousand; others fifty and even sixty and seventy; but without pretending to decide which was nearer the mark, it may be truly said that Montreal never before witnessed such an influx of visitors; and as for Lachine it need scarce ever hope again to see such an immense gathering. The tax upon the powers of the Lachine railway was utterly beyond anticipation, and hence some delays and inconveniences were inflicted on the visitors who, as a rule, bore up against them with equanimity; even when on the return trips at night they were exposed in open trucks to a pelting rain.

Thursday morning opened with beautiful weather, promising a fine day for the race, but the breeze began to stiffen, and long before noon fears were entertained that the race would be postponed, it having been generally understood that calm water was an indispensable condition, especially with the St. John men, who had mostly confined their training to the canal. This, however, by no means retarded the egress of visitors from the city. On the contrary, at an early hour the Upper and Lower Lachine roads were crowded with vehicles of all descriptions, and many hundreds of foot passengers; several steamboats also went up fully loaded, and the cars at every trip carried crowds densely packed together. The arrangements of the Regatta Club were as nearly perfect as could have been anticipated, the accommodations which their boats and barges furnished was sufficient for their visitors without unduly crowding them, so that there was ample opportunity to view the races for all on board, as far as the standpoint would permit, but this, however, was, in most cases, not very far, the barges and boats having been anchored in straight, instead of diverging lines, thereby obscuring the view in both directions, except in their immediate front. Had they been swung out to shore and riverward respectively, the whole course would have been open to all on board as far as the eye could reach.

At five minutes after three the Tyne crew came out of their cottage, and launched their boat, the *Dunston-on-Tyne*, from the jetty opposite. Their appearance was the signal for immense cheering. They paddled up and down in front of the judges' stand, but the Paris crew did not make their appearance. After a few more minutes the judges received intimation that the St. John men would not run for the present, the water being too rough. As there was a proviso to this effect in the articles of agreement, there was nothing for it but to postpone the race. The judges accordingly put it off till the next day at two o'clock, reserving the right to call on the race during the afternoon, should wind and water prove more favourable. Thus the matter stood when time was called for the Canoe Race. With this decision the Tyne crew were very much dissatisfied, being willing to row in any weather, and one of their backers visiting the headquarters of the St. John men, after some trouble, succeeded in inducing them to agree to start about five o'clock. The second race on the programme, the Canoe Race of four miles, open to Caughnawaga Indians, prize $50, was then called. Four boats entered, the *Red Bird*, the *Caughnawaga*, the *Iroquois*, and the *Prince Arthur*. Of these only the *Red Bird*, *Caughnawaga*, and *Prince Arthur* showed themselves, together with the *G. T. R.* The race, which was well contested by the *Prince Arthur* and *Caughnawaga*, resulted in a victory for the former, the *Caughnawaga* three lengths behind, and the *G. T. R.* coming in six lengths to the rear of the *Caughnawaga*, *Red Bird* being distanced.

After this race succeeded hours of anxious waiting. At length it began to be generally known along the shore, as well as on the boats and barges, that the St. John men had consented to run at five o'clock. The intervening time was spent, on the boats and barges, in viewing the crowds on the shore; on shore, in viewing the scenes upon the water. In fact, the people had nothing to do but to look at each other, unless to go into the more exciting and far more risky exercise of

BETTING.

This, from all accounts, was carried to an enormous extent. Americans, as usual, went in "hefty," and though some of the more cunning of them steadily backed the Tyne men, yet the majority went very noisily for the St. John crew, even at considerable odds. It need hardly be added that Canadians were utterly reckless in backing the St. John men, especially a few days before the race came off. But as the fifteenth, "big with the fate" of both crews, approached, it somehow got abroad that the reports of the Tyne crew's drinking habits were gross exaggerations, if not vile slanders; that they had of set purpose exposed themselves to these suspicions, not "to tickle the ears of the groundlings," but to deplete the pockets of the green ones; while the St. John men, through their friends, had been wondrously boastful and self-confident. Of course these are but the gatherings-up of the rumours floating among the crowd, and we can say nothing as to their accuracy, but certain it is that many Canadians, who days and weeks before had staked their money on their fellow-colonists, showed on the day of the race an extraordinary anxiety to "hedge." Hence it was that many a heavy stake on the St. John men, put up in advance of the race, was covered by sundry small bets picked up alongside the course. To the close, however, each crew had their faithful friends; and while the Canadians who backed the St. John men took their losses very composedly, it was amusing to listen to the half-comical, half-indignant remarks of the Americans, who had emptied their pocket-books on the men who beat the Ward Brothers, on the Connecticut river, two years ago. Our enthusiastic cousins believed it impossible that the crew which had beaten the champion crew of the United States could be beaten by anybody else, and therefore, when they did not look below the surface, the Americans were among the most earnest backers of the St. John men; and, after their defeat, their most hearty revilers. There is some excuse for the Americans who backed them feeling sore beyond the mere loss of money, for the defeat of the Canadian crew which defeated the best American crew leaves an opening for conclusions not altogether flattering to American preeminence at the oar.

THE RACE.

At length the appointed hour arrived, and at a quarter past five the Tyne men again appeared in the water and were shortly afterwards followed by their antagonists. The excitement had now become intense. The crews were received with ringing cheers from the boats and barges, which were responded to time and again from the shore. The toss for the choice of position was won for the St. John crew by Mr. Harding, and they placed themselves on the outside, in the belief, it is said, that they would thereby avoid the heaviest current. Mr. Newton, an Englishman, heavily interested in the Tyneites, moored a light boat, to the right of the course, and firmly held the stern of the "Dunston." A like office was performed by Mr. Potter for his crew. The St. John crew stepped into the boat and stripped down to their jerseys and drawers. This was cause for much laughter and applause, as the men in their "tights" presented a fine appearance, less brawny than the others, but seemingly more graceful because of their greater height. This was hardly over when the Tyne men bared to the waist, and threw off their caps, answering to the cheer that greeted their magnificent appearance with a waving of hands. There was an instant of painful suspense as Mr. Brady asked if the crews thoroughly understood the several courses they were to take. "Yes," called out Renforth, "we turn the inside buoy from the island to shore." "Yes, well," followed Fulton and added Price, "let us go. Send us away quick!"

When the men had got fairly into position, the anxiety of the spectators was much increased by the sudden sweep from the west of a breeze, and the appearance of the dark, lowering clouds in the same quarter. The water, which had been very calm for the previous hour, began to ripple up into thick swelling waves, and it was feared that just as the race was about to commence it would have to be abandoned. Such was not the case however, for immediately after the above conversation the starter shouted: "Are you ready?—Go!" and off went both crews at the same instant. The start was beautifully made, and for a moment people held their breath in expectation of seeing who would take the lead. They had not long to wait, for at the second pull it was manifest that the St. John men had it, and at two strokes more, the general remark that they were "half a length ahead" sent a thrill of anticipation through the hearts of their backers. But the "half length" did not serve them long. The next few strokes were pulled without change of distance, the crews apparently eyeing each other's rowing, while attending earnestly to their own. The Tyners seemingly sheered off from the Parisians, and by the twelfth stroke of the oar they had recovered an even place. Just then the wind blew its stiffest and the waves rolled so roughly that it was again feared the race would be abandoned. Both boats sensibly lost speed for a stroke or two, the St. John, apparently, suffered worse than the other, but both soon recovered, and as the wind went down the water again became more still. By this time the Tyne had assumed the lead, and before passing out from between the booms they shot across from their own course and placed the St. John crew four lengths in their wake. From this time out they steadily increased the distance between them, until the mile buoy was passed by the Tyne two hundred yards ahead, in six minutes and ten seconds, the St. John passing the same point twenty seconds later. The Tyne crew turned the three mile buoy in 23 minutes 40 seconds, the St. John in 24 minutes 20 seconds, being thus 40 seconds behind. The winning post was reached by the Tyne crew in 40m. 59⅗s., and by the St. John crew in 41m. 31⅗s., a difference in time on the race of just 32 seconds, the St. John crew having, by plucky rowing, picked up eight seconds on the run home. The rowing of the Tynesiders was marked by the utmost steadiness throughout, they pulling from 38 to 40 strokes to the minute with hardly any variation until coming in on the last mile, when they eased down to 36 strokes a minute. The St. John men opened up with 45 strokes a minute, falling after to 40 strokes, the wind which rose almost immediately on the start probably accounting for the diminution. At the finishing spurt the Tyne went up to 42 in the minute; their adversaries beat it by two strokes. Meeting below the judges' flag, the two crews ranged aside of each other, and from bow to stroke, there was friendly shaking of hands and interchange of courtesies.

The enthusiasm of the crowd was of the wildest description, though the early and steady lead of the Tyne crew made victory almost sure for them after the first five minutes.

But little interest was manifested in the double scull outrigger race open to both crews, as only Renforth, Winship, and Taylor competed, and reached the winning-post in the order named. Before this race was run, Renforth passed the hat round on a few of the boats, and collected a present of $250 for the beaten crew.

Our double page sketch gives a view of the race at the early start, as seen from the barges, when yet the St. John men had the advantage in distance. The following is a comparison of the boats and crews, at to several "points" bearing on their respective qualities:—The "Dunston-on-Tyne" weighs 100 lbs., is 19 in. wide, and 40 ft. long. The St. John's boat, recently built by Elliot, of Green Point, weighs 110 lbs., is 18¾ in. wide, and 43 ft. long.

"TYNE" CREW.

	Age.	Weight.	Chest.	Height.
Jas. Taylor	33.	140.	39 in.	5 ft. 7½ in.
Thos. Winship	27.	158.	38 "	5 ft. 8½ "
John Martin	27.	164.	40 "	5 ft. 8½ "
Jas. Renforth	28.	160.	42 "	5 ft. 7½ "
		632.		

"ST. JOHN" CREW.

	Age.	Weight.	Chest.	Height.
George Price	30.	150.	....	5 ft. 10 in.
S. Hutton	25.	154.	....	5 ft. 10 "
Elijah Ross	25.	156½.	....	5 ft. 11 "
Robert Fulton	25.	167.	....	6 ft. 1 "
		627½		

THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

Though the public interest in the Exhibition last week was somewhat overshadowed by the greater excitement which the regatta created, there was still a very large attendance, upwards of thirty thousand persons having visited the grounds during the week. Wednesday was the principal day for the attendance of sight-seers, there having been about twenty thousand within the enclosure in the course of the day. The grounds newly acquired by the Council of Agriculture, situated at the further end of St. Lawrence Main street, afford a magnificent site and ample accommodation for the purpose of holding exhibitions, and, thanks to the joint liberality of the Council and the proprietors of adjoining properties, they are surrounded with a splendid carriage drive 100 feet wide. As yet all is new, and with quite an unfinished aspect; but when the temporary sheds are replaced by permanent buildings, the grading, sodding, laying out of walks, &c., completed, as we suppose they will be by next year's exhibition, these grounds will form one of the many attractions of the city. In this issue we give an illustration, from a sketch by our artist, of the appearance of the exhibition when the horses were being run past the judges' stand. We defer more particular description of the grounds and buildings till another season.

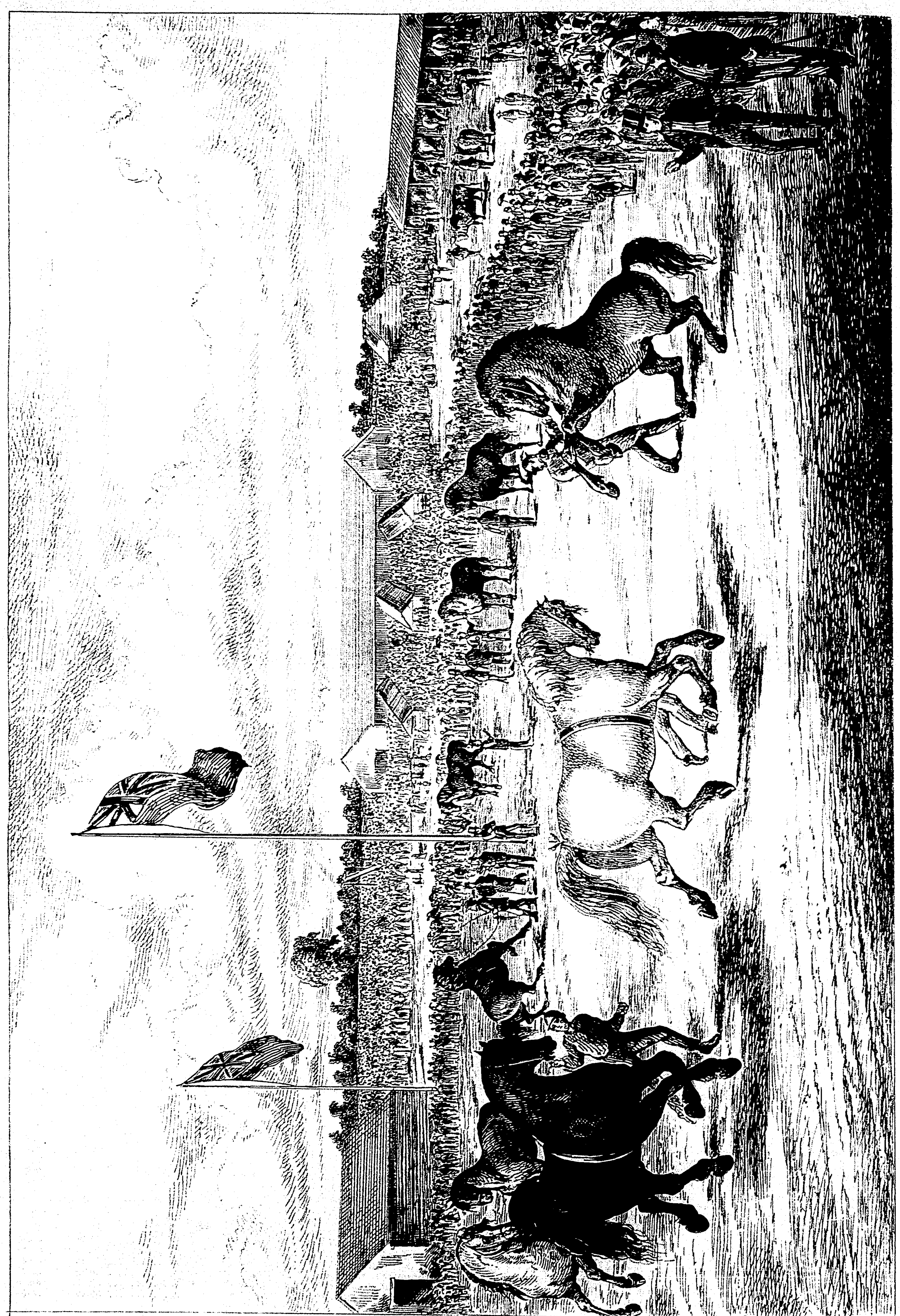
Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
We'nsday,	Sept. 14	65°	77°	70°
Thursday,	" 15	66°	77°	73°
Friday,	" 16	62°	75°	58°
Saturday,	" 17	59°	68°	66°
Sunday,	" 18	66°	72°	62°
Monday,	" 19	56°	67°	62°
Tuesday,	" 20	60°	73°	64°

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
We'nsday,	Sept. 14	80°	54°	67°
Thursday,	" 15	80°	53°	66°5
Friday,	" 16	75°	49°	62°
Saturday,	" 17	70°	50°	60°
Sunday,	" 18	72°	53°	67°5
Monday,	" 19	68°	42°	65°
Tuesday,	" 20	72°	50°	61°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

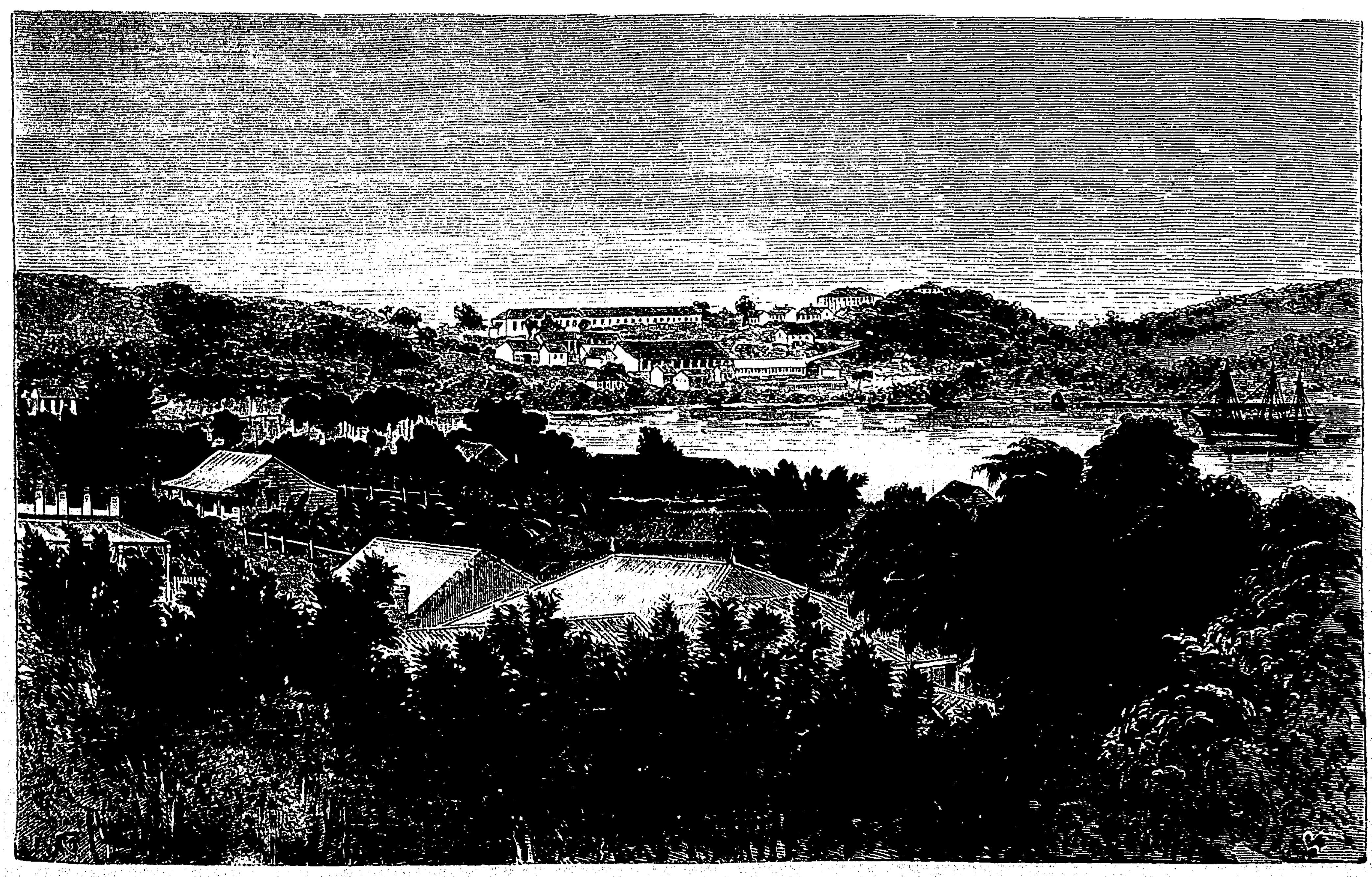
		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
We'nsday,	Sept. 14	30.48	30.42	30.37
Thursday,	" 15	30.26	30.16	30.1
Friday,	" 16	30.30	30.40	30.4
Saturday,	" 17	30.45	30.42	30.4
Sunday,	" 18	30.30	30.28	30.3
Monday,	" 19	30.45	30.40	30.3
Tuesday,	" 20	30.48	30.50	30.5



AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, MONTREAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

VIEWS IN NEW CALEDONIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBIN.

RESIDENCE OF GELIMA, CHIEF OF THE KANALA TRIBE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF NOUMEA.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1870.

SUNDAY, Sept. 25.—*Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.* Columbus's second voyage, 1493.
MONDAY, " 26.—*St. Cyprian, Bp. & M.* Philadelphia captured, 1777.
TUESDAY, " 27.—Battle of Busaco, 1810. Steamer "Arctic" lost, 312 persons perished, 1854.
WEDNESDAY, " 28.—Lucknow taken, General Neill killed, 1857.
THURSDAY, " 29.—*St. Michael and All Angels.* Crystal Palace, Toronto, opened, 1858.
FRIDAY, " 30.—*St. Jerome, C.* Major-General Sir J. Brock, Pres. Can., 1811.
SATURDAY, October 1.—*St. Remigius.* Post Office Registration established between Canada and U. S., 1856.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

THE march of events in France has been comparatively slow since the surrender of the Emperor and the capitulation of Sedan. The Prussians have been moving steadily onward towards the investment of Paris, until at length this part of their programme has been all but completed. Diplomacy, invoked by the French Provisional Government, has busied itself, without success, in trying to stay the motion of the Prussian armies, or moderate the policy of the Prussian Cabinet. But the Prussians refuse to recognise any other Government in France than that of the Emperor, and claim that they can only negotiate when they have Paris in their hands and a French Government established capable of compelling respect to treaty stipulations. There is great plausibility in this plea. Why make terms with Jules Favre to-day, which some other self-constituted Republican magnate may set aside to-morrow? But on the other hand the Prussian declaration at the outbreak of hostilities, that Germany warred not against France but against the Empire, stands very much in the way of the world's acceptance of the present policy of the King as either consistent or honourable. Admitting that the Emperor declared war as a *dernier ressort* to save his dynasty, surely when that failed the object of the war was lost on the side of France, just as when the Empire collapsed the purpose for which Prussia entered the field had been achieved. Yet now it seems to be determined on the side of Prussia that Paris must be occupied, and on the part of France that it must and shall be defended to the last. These mutual resolves, bloody as the war so far has been, open up a prospect of horrors in the near future, compared to which all the reported atrocities and agonizing sufferings of the past few weeks will seem as nothing. The neutral powers can ill afford to interfere. When the Duc de Grammont menaced Prussia on the 15th July, the Governments of Europe did not venture to protest against the pretensions of France and warn the Emperor that his intended war policy would isolate his cause from the sympathies and support of the other powers. In fact, both France and Prussia were let alone as to the preliminaries of the war, and Prussia now claims the like immunity as to its conclusion. Diplomacy never appeared to greater disadvantage than it does at the present day by the light which the pending struggle has thrown upon its iniquities, and the proof it has furnished of its impotence.

And what means the Emperor's revocation of the powers of the Regency? Possibly the determination of King William to recognize no other power in France may explain it. The Empress has gone, and even before she left Paris the power had been taken from the hands of her Ministers. Now, it was to the Regent and her Ministers at Paris that the Emperor referred King William as to the seat of French authority, he being himself a prisoner; and in the conversation which took place between him and Count Bismarck on the morning of his surrender, he pointedly stated his inability to negotiate while the Imperial authority was transferred to the Regency and he himself a prisoner of war. By revoking the powers of the Regency, the Emperor reinvests the Imperial authority in his own person, thereby declaring his non-acquiescence in the existing French administration, and leaving the way open to him, should the opportunity occur, of setting all its acts aside. There is something adroit in the manner by which the Emperor has turned to the account of his own dynastic dreams the mishaps which befell McMahon's army at Sedan. By surrendering to King William he flattered the latter's vanity, while, at the same time, he precipitated the crisis in Paris which converted the Imperial battalions into citizen-soldiers of the French Republic. In thus forcing the Prussians to war against the Republic, or surrender the fruits of their brilliant victories, Napoleon really placed his antagonists in an awkward position, without losing any advantage that he could have gained for himself by a different line of policy. Meantime, the Republican spirit has crossed the Rhine into Baden, it has broken out with greater virulence in Italy; and even on the hither side of the Channel it is permitted to rave and bellow in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, but it has been allowed, because there its noise will prove harmless. Now, by the revocation of the regency, and the consequent re-assertion of his right to continue the exercise of Imperial authority, Napoleon has virtually declared war against the Republic, and thereby placed himself on the same side with the King of Prussia and the other crowned heads of Europe against the great democratic uprising with which the continent is at the present time threatened, and which the continuation of the war may rather hasten than delay. It would seem, however, an all but impossible combination of circumstances that could turn this last stroke of Napoleonic *finesse* to any practical effect, either for the Emperor's restoration, or his son's succession.

THE MONTREAL WATER SUPPLY.

FILTRATION.

BY J. BAKER EDWARDS, PH. D., F. C. S.

"For every evil under the Sun
There's a remedy, or there's none.
If there's one—*Be sure you find it;*
But if there's none—*Then never mind it.*"

OLD ENGLISH DISTICH.

For the evils pointed out in a former article, the immediate remedy is the "HOUSEHOLD FILTER."

Of these there are several varieties, any of which are quite efficient in removing from the water the living organisms and the decaying organic matter which are so hurtful in their character. It is necessary, however, to remind the householder, that whatever form of filter be adopted, in order to keep it sweet, clean, and in good working order, it should be constantly filled and the filtered water drawn off, whether it be required or not. It is quite inefficient when used irregularly; now full and now standing idle and drying up. This neglect will ruin any filter. Again, in the winter season, it must be protected against *frost*, or otherwise the ice will burst the filtering medium.

The filter, moreover, should be scrubbed and cleansed thoroughly about once a week—to prevent an accumulation of dirt.

Of the several varieties of household filters: first, the sandstone, is a good, cheap and efficient filter, but it is more liable than some others to become choked up with organic matter; secondly, the silicated filter, made of a porous artificial stone, which may be applied to the supply tap and every drop of water made to pass through it, is useful for large establishments; thirdly, the Animal Charcoal filter, patented by Kedzies, is very efficient, and takes every particle of organic and colouring matter out of the water. A similar filter, made by "Webb & Church," has been in use by the writer for the last three years with the most satisfactory results.

Mr. Joseph Walker, a well known citizen, has had a charcoal filter placed in his cistern, and has filtered all the water consumed in his house for the last seven years, by a syphon pipe, which has kept him, and occasionally his neighbours also, well supplied with brilliant, colourless aerated water, and which shows, as yet, no diminution of its power. 4th, unquestionably the best form of household filter now obtainable in Montreal, and probably the best, as well as the most economical and convenient which has yet been devised, is the "Silicated Carbon Filter," of the Battersea Company; of which Mr. J. Vaughan Morgan, Notre Dame Street, is the agent. In these filters the advantages of sand for rapid filtration, and of charcoal for perfect depuration, are secured, and the filter is excellent in every respect. It may be obtained of the ordinary form, or of the syphon form; or as a canvas bag for camping out, on marching or fishing expeditions, or as a pocket-filter for the tourist. It may be made to filter the whole consumption of a hotel, factory, or barracks; or, as in London, applied singly to the public drinking-fountains.

The Silicated Carbon filter may be obtained at the Agents' or at Messrs. Prowse Bros., and at most of the hardware stores.

The cost and trouble attending the use of these filters is far more than compensated for in the reduction of doctors' bills; or of an irregular outlay for worm medicines.

In Great Britain the subject of filtration has received the best attention of the foremost chemists in that country, and various schemes have been devised in which chemical skill has been brought to bear upon the peculiar exigencies of each case. The water which is raised from a lime or chalk bed requires a different mode of purification from that which is raised from a clay basin or sandstone rock; and that which contains the sewage of towns, however largely diluted, requires a special mode of treatment, in order to render it at all wholesome for public consumption; whilst that which contains chiefly impurities of a vegetable character is found to be most successfully purified by a particular ore of iron.

The well-known process of the late Dr. Clarke, of Aberdeen, is a most valuable mode of softening and purifying waters which are rendered hard by the presence of an excess of lime dissolved in carbonic acid. This excess is thrown out of solution by the addition of more lime, and the water becomes pure and clear. For many well-waters in this country this mode of purification would be applicable, but it would not benefit the waters of the Ottawa.

The process of Mr. Thos. Spencer, of London, has been successfully employed in many towns in England for the removal of peaty organic matter, and is especially adapted for the purification of lake and river waters. This consists of filtration through beds of carbonate of iron ore—"*Spathic Iron Ore*"—which completely removes the organic matter upon which the infusorial life germinates, exists, and multiplies.

Dr. Medlock has also patented a process for the use of scrap iron, which has been largely used in England for the same purpose.

After a due consideration and investigation of all these schemes, the Corporation of Liverpool, however, decided upon a plan of simple filtration through beds of rock, gravel and sand, which has proved very efficient and satisfactory to the community. The supply, which is, like the Ottawa water, *soft and peaty in character,* is conveyed to Liverpool from a lake at Rivington, a distance of twenty-five miles, in iron pipes. It is filtered in beds a little below the lake, at Rivington; and is stored in cisterns at Prescot (eight miles from Liverpool) and at Kensington, about three miles above the town—the two latter reservoirs break the fall and act as settling tanks for any debris carried over mechanically. Some trouble was experienced at first from the iron pipes, which gave an ochrey tinge to the water, but these difficulties have all yielded to experience, and the half million of inhabitants are now supplied with good soft and pure water in abundance at about one-fifth of the cost of the Montreal supply

The remedy might be easily applied either by a hydrant at the pumping station, or by a filtering reservoir placed at a level above the present one; which might also subserve the requirements of those houses which are above the reach of the present supply.

Difficulties which have been overcome in every direction for English communities would also vanish before any well directed determination to give the people of Montreal pure and wholesome water.

Another point of danger, which the author proclaimed to the people of Liverpool, is no less marked in Montreal—viz.: the dire effects of lead poisoning.

Water so soft and deficient in calcareous matter as that of the Ottawa river, should *never be stored in leaden cisterns.* This water slowly but certainly dissolves lead, and induces colic and paralysis, in some of the most painful and insidious forms known to the medical profession.

Even the use of such water for washing purposes has, within the writer's experience, caused illness of some years' duration, and he is fully convinced that for household purposes leaden cisterns should be totally abandoned when such a water is in use, and those of slate, iron, or cement, substituted.

It is satisfactory, however, to know that this impurity, as well as the organic matter, is entirely removed by the "Silicated Carbon Filter"

In the General Post Office in London in 1860, it was found that many of the employees were suffering from Lead Colic. An examination of the water proved it to be contaminated with lead from the lead cisterns. The "Carbon filter" was introduced when the total sickness was in 3 months reduced 33 per cent., and the filters were then adopted for the whole department

They have been also attached to every public drinking fount in the metropolis.

A word of caution still remains for those suburban residents who may congratulate themselves upon the use of private wells of sparkling and delicious water.

Appearances are sometimes deceitful even in such cases. Be sure that no drainage from your stables or outbuildings enters these wells. Avoid all surface water, for if your well be not sufficiently protected therefrom, cholera and diptheria may lurk in the most sparkling and brilliant draught. A filter is always a safe-guard both for town and country. The Charcoal filter is the best protection; it is, however, necessary that it should be used constantly and frequently cleansed. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." *Verbum sapientiæ.*"

DORWIN FALLS.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

SIR.—In your issue of the 17th inst. you gave a very correct and, I may add, beautiful sketch of the Dorwin Falls on the river Lac Ouareau, in the township of Rawdon, province of Quebec, and as no description of the river or its source is given, perhaps a few words on that subject will be acceptable to some of your many readers.

The river Lac Ouareau takes its name from the lake of that name, which is about twenty miles in circumference, situated fifty miles north-east of Rawdon, and is the outlet of that lake. Its breadth is very uniform throughout, being about one hundred yards, and its current is very rapid. The lake is on the heights of the Laurentian range of mountains, and not less than two thousand feet above the level of the St Lawrence at the city of Montreal. The river winds its way through that great chain of mountains until it reaches the township of Rawdon, and then makes its last plunge at Dorwin Falls (as they are called) of one hundred feet, into the valley of the St. Lawrence, and mingles its waters, at the Parish of St. Pauls, with the river L'Assomption, eighteen miles from Bout de l'Isle, on the St. Lawrence river, fifteen miles from the city of Montreal.

It was from these falls that Mr. Lesage, the engineer of

the Montreal Water Works, a few years since proposed to supply the city with water by laying down cast iron tubes of three feet in diameter; a plan which may in time be carried out.

The rivers and the numerous small lakes in that wild country are very bountifully supplied with fish, particularly trout; and there must have been a great quantity of game, for I well recollect some years since having seen the deed of a grant of land given by the late Sir William Johnson to an Indian, (some petty chief I suppose) which read as follows: "To commence at the river Luc Ouareau where it connects with the river L'Assomption, and extend up the said river Luc Ouareau twenty miles and back from the river fifteen miles on each side, for a fishing and hunting ground." It was dated at Johnstown in the year 1762, and signed by Mr. Grantor.

If you think, Mr. Editor, the above remarks are worthy of a place in your valuable paper you may publish them.

I am, &c.,

J. H. DORWIN.

THE WAR NEWS.

But little change has taken place during the past week in the position of the hostile armies. The Prussians have continued advancing slowly but steadily upon Paris, though their progress has been considerably impeded by the operations of the enemy in their rear. Soissons has held out vigorously, and the occupation by the French of this important position has done much in delaying the attack upon the capital. At the close of last week the Prussian position extended in a semi-circle from Villiers Cotterets, south-west of Soissons, to Fontainebleau, with head-quarters at Meaux. Troops were also posted at Châlons, Rheims, Château-Thierry, Provins, and Melun; Senlis was occupied, and besieging armies still surrounded Soissons, Toul, Metz, and Strasbourg. The condition of the latter town was pitiable. The provisions had given out, a large part of the city was in ruins, the greatest distress prevailed, and still the garrison, with the intrepid Uhich at its head, persisted in their refusal to surrender. The Prussians appear to have determined upon taking the city by storm, for a few days since an order was issued permitting all non-combatants to leave the city. A correspondent of the London *Times* says, however, that the preparations for an assault will take at least four weeks. Before that time shall have expired it is more than probable that a capitulation will take place. The situation before Metz appears to be the same. Great distress still exists in the city, though no fighting has taken place for some days. It has been reported that Bazaine escaped to Sedan, but little credit can be given to the rumour, as letters were received at Tours, dated Metz, the 16th, in which it was stated that the marshal was still in the city. The siege of Toul is being vigorously pushed, and the capitulation of the place is expected daily.

In Paris every preparation has been made to receive the enemy. The fortifications have been strengthened, the city has been stocked with provisions, new levies have been made throughout the country in rear of the capital, and large orders have been given to English manufacturers for a supply of arms. Several skirmishes have already taken place in the neighbourhood of the city, but in all of these, with the exception of that of Saturday last, the Prussians were defeated. Within the past few days the city has been completely isolated. All non-combatants have been ordered to leave, and crowds have taken advantage of the permission accorded. None remain in the city now save those who will take part in its defence. The Government has removed to Tours, and has been followed by the greater part of the metropolitan press. Jules Favre, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, alone remains in Paris, and it is said that he will shortly have an interview with Bismarck, with a view to arranging terms for the cessation of the war. The latest despatches state that Prussia demands Alsace and Lorraine, indemnity for expenses incurred, the re-installation of the Emperor, and the cession of one half of the fleet. In this latter demand it is certain that she will be opposed by England. M. Thiers has also been despatched on a mission to the courts of St. James, Vienna, and St. Petersburgh to obtain, if possible, the intervention of the three great neutral powers. In England his efforts have proved unsuccessful, as he has been informed by Earl Granville that England could take no part in intervention. He is more likely, perhaps, to be successful in obtaining the intervention of Austria and Russia, between whom, it is said, an alliance has been concluded. Gen Canrobert, who made a successful sortie from Metz, and escaped through the Prussian lines, is reported to be organizing an army in North-Eastern France, but his exact position is not known.

The Montreal *Witness* of Tuesday last says:—"This morning a person brought to our office a bottle of Montreal water, drawn direct from the tap, and containing what seems to be a specimen of the "Filiaris Fluvialis" spoken of in Dr. Edwards' article, which on Friday last we reproduced, along with a cut taken from the *Canadian Illustrated News*, showing a variety of living and ugly organisms. The creature which is thus put in our possession is in appearance something like a piece of dark-coloured and rather thick thread, about four inches long, and has a small head. It generally remains in a partially coiled attitude."

The Medical Association held its annual session at Ottawa last week under the presidency of the Hon. Dr. Tupper, C. B., P. C. The city of Quebec was selected as the next place of meeting, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year (Dr. Tupper declining re-election), viz.:—Hon Dr. Parker, of Halifax, President; Dr. David, of Montreal, Secretary; Dr. Robillard, Treasurer; Dr. Dickson, of Kingston, Vice-President for Ontario; Dr. Chamberlin, Vice-President for Quebec; Dr. Wm. Byard, Vice-President for New Brunswick; Dr. R. S. Black, Vice-President for Nova Scotia; Dr. Henry, of Ottawa, Secretary for Ontario; Dr. J. B. Blanchet, ditto, Quebec: Dr. Steeves, for New Brunswick; Dr. A. P. Reid, for Nova Scotia.

FLOWERS IN WINTER.—No flower equals the Hyacinth for beauty and fragrance, and none is so easily cultivated, whether for flowering in the Drawing-room, or for early bloom in Spring. Over 10,000 roots will be sold at Mr. Arnton's annual sale on Monday.

NEW CALEDONIA.

The island of New Caledonia is situated in the South Pacific Ocean, between 19 deg. 37 min. and 22 deg. south latitude, and 163 deg. 37 min. 167 deg. 14 min. east longitude. It was discovered by Captain Cook in the year 1774, and was visited in 1793 by the French navigator, Entrecastreux, when in search of La Perouse. The interior was at that time explored by the famous botanist, La Belliadière, who accompanied the expedition. The French frigate, the "Astrolabe," commanded by Dumont Urville, called at Balade, as the island was then named, in the years 1829 and 1840. In 1858 the chief island and several dependencies, the principal of which is the Isle of Pines, Lifou and Uitoe, were taken possession of by Fevrierde Pointes, on behalf of the French Government. The island was named New Caledonia, and its capital called Noumea, and was soon after its annexation to the French Crown declared a penal settlement, receiving its first batch of convicts from Cayenne. The island is about 1200 miles from Sydney in a north-easterly direction, and after leaving the latter port, no land except the outlines of Howe's Island, 500 miles from the heads, is seen, until the coast of New Caledonia meets the eye. Long before a vestige of land is seen the dull roar of breakers ahead proclaims that the reef surrounding the island is not far distant. The line of reef runs out to the sea, ranging from 3 to 25 miles in breadth, there being several passes which lead into the still water. The surface of the water inside the reefs is dotted with pyramidal rocks and small islands entirely devoid of vegetation. The aspect of the country is at first not calculated to engender feelings of admiration. One sees a flat shore covered with a parched and whitish grass, backed up by rugged mountains, whose reddish hue is plainly perceptible through the dense and dusky scrub with which they are covered. Here and there, however, are green hillocks like oases, with their coconut and banana trees amidst the dreary scenery around. The town of Noumea is built close to the bay, and lies hidden in a hollow. The adjacent hills are here and there dotted with white dwellings, while the sombre fort Constantin and the artillery barracks meet the eye. The town itself is of a primitive nature, and without the few pretentious buildings erected by convict and military labour, reminds one forcibly of a bush township in the old days of Australia. Each house possesses the advantage of a garden, and the soil being luxuriant and the inhabitants fond of horticultural display, the town is gay with flowers. The scenery around is beautiful in the extreme. The views we give, copied from the *Australian Illustrated News*, represent the town of Noumea, and the residence of Gelima, the chief of the Kanala tribe of natives. The latter is more comfortable than it looks. The sides are built of mud or grass, while the roof is made of reeds in the manner of a thatch, and which is impervious to heat and rain. The fire is made in the middle of the hut, a hole being left in the roof for the escape of the smoke. The artillery barracks is the most imposing building in Noumea. The edifice has been erected by the military and by the penitentiaries, or military prisoners, on the brow of a hill overlooking the bay. Stone found on the island has been used, and while architectural design is perhaps wanting, the greatest attention has been paid to the comforts of the occupants, and the requirements of the climate.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes, under date of August 31:—

Although the work upon the fortifications still goes on, I have been told that everything is now ready in case of need; but there is always something to do about a piece of military engineering. Even in time of peace the men in our navy yards are kept constantly busy, and any one who has paid a visit to one of these stations, and observed the neat and perfect condition of everything, will understand why constant labour is required. But so far as the necessary work goes, I believe that Paris is ready. Yet every day of waiting adds strength, for heavy guns are mounted in certain positions upon the glacis, where only field batteries were at first intended. The guns are protected by fascines and sand works when mounted *en barbette*, and the glacis left unencumbered behind. It will be seen that in case the heavy guns should be dismounted by the enemy's artillery fire, the space would still be open to guns of smaller calibre. For a distance of from 800 to 1,000 yards I do not know a more serviceable gun than the Napoleon—a gun, which, take it all in all, really did more execution in our war than any other. It is a gun easily managed and handy for all purposes. If an artillery officer can be sure of his fuses, and is supplied with the varieties demanded, this gun may be used with terrible effect from 1,200 yards down. I have seen several batteries of these guns pushed near the works, and in positions where they could be run upon the glacis and put in working order in from six to eight minutes. With shrapnel or canister these guns are simply terrible. I may here remark a fact which is not generally known. A great deal has been said about the mitrailleuse, and the general impression is that it is some ten times more effective and deadly than other guns. This is a mistake. With the bombs, the shells now in use, the mitrailleuse has but very little advantage over the field howitzer. The India bronze field gun, in the late Woolwich experiments, when served with case-shot or the segment shell, did as good execution as the mitrailleuse, but the latter was more accurate in its fire. In the same space of time the bronze howitzer would throw nearly double the number of balls—in round numbers say four hundred at each discharge—but scattering them over a greater space. To my mind this is an advantage. It is one thing to fire at a target or at a lot of condemned horses standing quietly before the gun, and another thing to fire at men in motion, the position of each being in a constant state of change. I have yet to see the superiority of the mitrailleuse, and I have seen the gun from its very birth, being on a commission to examine it in its early and crude state, when it was even dangerous to fire it; but since it has been perfected, and is beyond all question an effective and terrible gun. Still, I repeat that I have yet to see its vast superiority over the bronze howitzer, with the present excellent shells. I venture to say that the howitzers placed upon the walls of Paris will do far more real work than the mitrailleuse. Do not understand that I am trying to disparage this fine gun; on the contrary, I believe that it has a future, and that one more turn of the inventor's crank will bring it out a weapon of great practical value.

BALLOON SERVICE.

The question of balloon service has again come up, and the aeronauts who have been trying to get service in this war are preparing their gas. The Germans, also, are not going to be behind in the matter of balloons, and Welles has received a letter from Count Bismarck saying that his offer of services will be accepted. On this side we have two of the best balloonists in the world—men of experience in their line, and thoroughly scientific. M. Nadar has offered to organize a balloon service, with the help of M. M. Dartois and Durnof, and place it at the disposition of the commandant of Paris. It will be remembered that it was these three experienced aeronauts who made the ascension in the "Geant," when they visited Lyons, Brussels, and Amsterdam. M. Nadar has three powerful balloons on hand, which he will immediately put upon a war footing. Further, upon the left bank of the Seine, we have M. Godard, whose name will also be familiar to American magazine readers, the aeronaut to the Emperor. He, too, will organize a service of balloons, but the two services, although having the same end and aim, are to be separate and distinct organizations. Is it because military authority fails to heal the wounds of professional jealousy and envy? Of the value of this service there can hardly be a doubt, for, except in the very centre of the city, there are no high points for observation, as the towers of Notre Dame are only about 250 feet in height. There are very few buildings which could really be used as observatories in case of a siege, and balloons would seem to be most useful on this side.

THE STREETS OF PARIS.

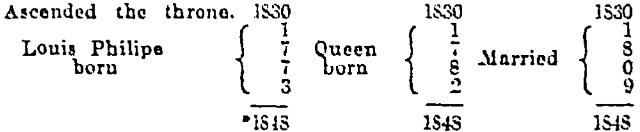
Our streets now present a curious spectacle, owing to the immense number of trucks and waggons laden with flour, which block up all the narrow ways. Last night I saw a train of over fifty waggons, each carrying some thirty barrels of flour, going toward the warehouse of the Seventh Arrondissement. This morning the same train was there, and I was told that all night long men were busy unloading these trucks. Large loads of hay and straw are also seen, with waggon-loads of homely country furniture coming in for safety, with here and there flocks and herds of sheep and beeves. On all sides we have evidences that the provisionment of Paris is going on at a wonderful rate. Yesterday the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture visited the Bois de Boulogne, where in one vast park are shut up 42,000 beeves, and more than 150,000 sheep. It is a curious sight, and attracts a crowd of visitors. From there M. Duvernois went to examine the provision depot at La Villette; giving instructions for further work in the commissariat line.

CAPTAIN COWPER COLES.

Captain Cowper Phipps Coles, R. N., was one of the most eminent naval architects and constructors of Great Britain, strictly in reference to ships of war with the most recent improvements, perhaps the most eminent. He was the son of a clergyman, served on various home and foreign stations, and was on board the Agamemnon in the Crimean war, where he was honourably mentioned in general orders both at Sebastopol and in the minor operations, particularly those in the sea of Azov. Captain Coles suggested to his superior officers a mode of protecting guns and floating batteries by shields and plated parapets. His suggestions, though imperfect, were taken up for investigation, and hurried through as rapidly as the notoriously slow official process of the British Admiralty would admit. He meanwhile laid the matter before Sir I. K. Brunel, the great engineer, and that quick intellect instantly saw the applicability of the railroad turn-table; this was improved by Coles into the cupola and revolving turret, and in 1862 Captain Coles had the construction of the Royal Sovereign, the first of the great British turreted iron-clads, on which have been modelled the great sea-going iron-clads of the British navy, Prince Albert, Minotaur, and others. Captain Coles was 51 years of age.

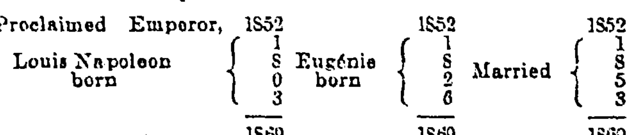
Some two years ago the following, under the title of "A Curious Calculation," went the rounds of the press:

Louis Philippe, the late King of the French, was born in the year 1773, ascended the throne in 1830, abdicated in 1848.* The following curious calculation has been made:



Ascended the throne.	1830		1830		1830
Louis Philipe born	1 7 7 3	Queen born	1 7 8 2	Married	1 8 0 9
	*1848		1848		1848

Louis Napoleon and the Empress should look out, lest *accident* or *fate* determine their reign by a similar calculation, for we find that Napoleon III. was



Proclaimed Emperor,	1852		1852		1852
Louis Napoleon born	1 8 0 3	Eugénie born	1 8 2 6	Married	1 8 5 3
	1869		1869		1869

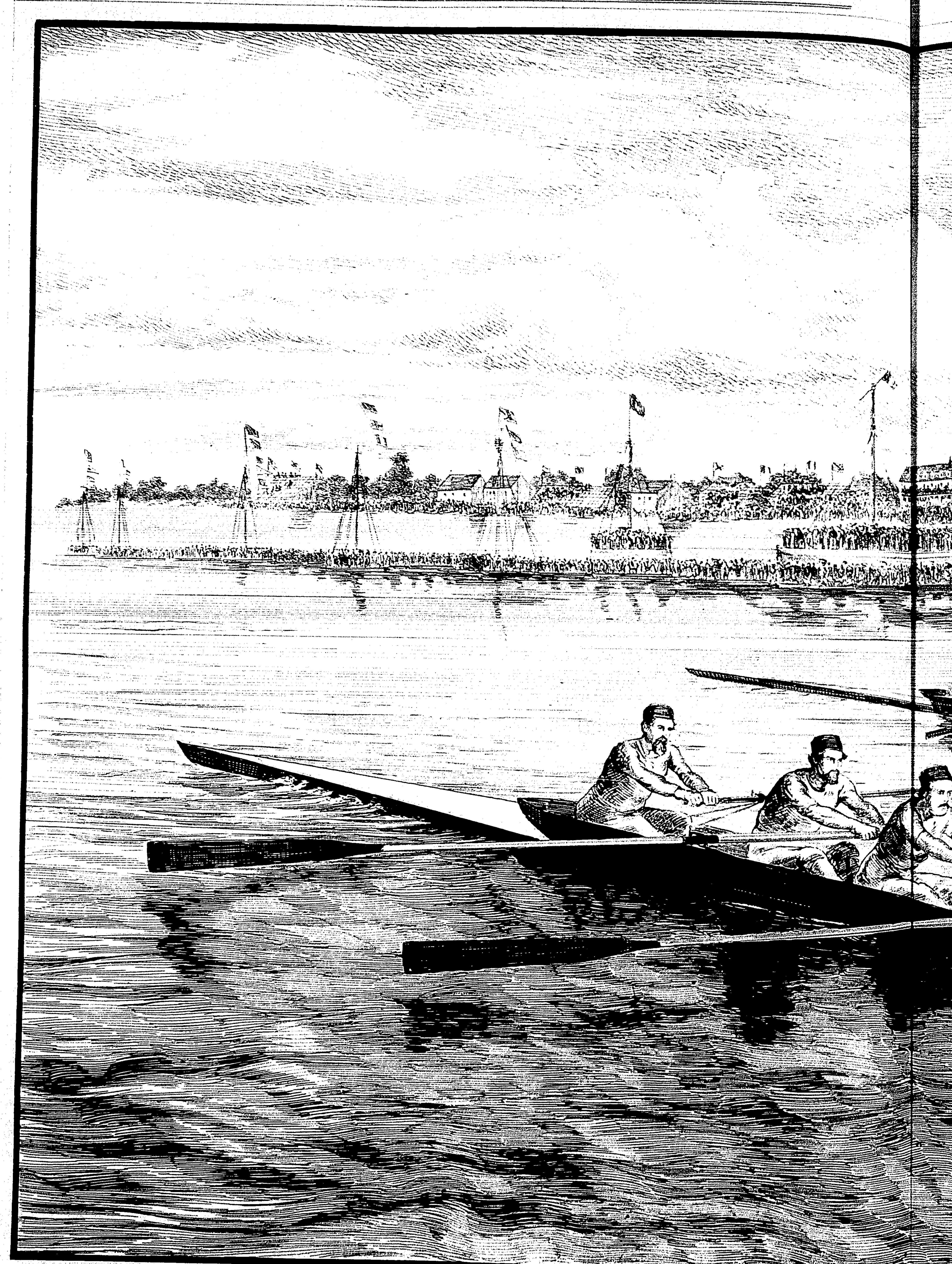
Another, though similar calculation, has fixed the hypothetical exactly with the actual date of the Emperor's fall, *i.e.*, 1870. But if figures can thus be made to determine human fate, wherein is the advantage of human wisdom?

THE NEW CUT DID IT.—An old Scottish clergyman, who had an old tailor for his man, was one day riding home from a neighbouring parish, where he had been assisting in the celebration of the sacrament. "John," cried he, "how does it come, do you think, that my young brother there should have such great assemblages of people hearing him, when I, for instance, although preaching the same sermons I ever preached, am losing my hearers daily?" "Bless ye, sir," answered this sage valet, "it's just wi' you as it is wi' mysel. I sew just as well as ever I did; yet that puir elf —— has taken my business maist clean awa'. It's no the sewing that'll do, sir; it's the new cut; it's just the new cut."

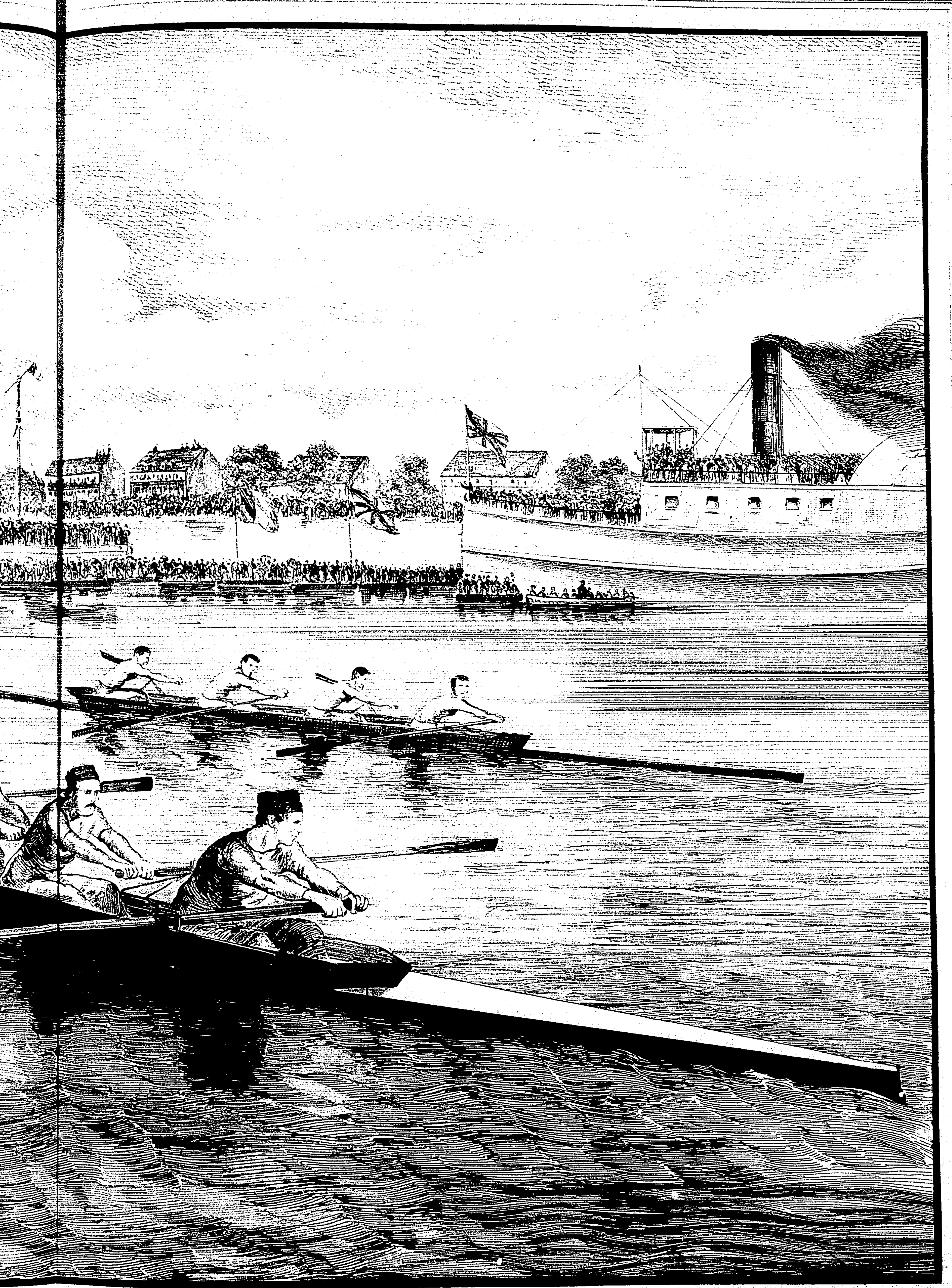
CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 17.

White.	*Black.*
1. Kt. to Q. 8th	P. takes P.
2. Kt. to K. B. 7th	P. moves
3. P. to K. B. 5th	P. checks
4. P. takes P. mate	



THE GREAT BOAT RACE AT LACHINE BETWEE



INE BETWEEN THE TYNE AND PARIS CREWS. SEPT. 15.

A STUDENT'S REVERIE.

[*Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.*]

I may wander at will through one silent domain
 Stretching back through the wastes of the long-vanished years;
I may call from their yew-shaded pillows again
 The forms that would rise at the love-spell of tears.
But this is my birth-night, and phantom of woe
 Must pause at the threshold,—it may not profane
The Memory-Temple, where flit to and fro,
 The boyhood-time's joy-bringer, Hope, in their train.

One form I will summon. O fairest, draw nigh!
 The spell is upon me as 'twas on that day
When we stood by the brook, while the smile of the sky
 Conjured welcoming flowers through the mantle of May.
But where is the Heart-Flower which grew pale and glowed
 At the tale that was told with that truth which o'erpowers?
While the stream o'er its willow-harp songfully flowed
 As it rippled a musical march for the hours.

There is much that is pleasant in times that are new,
 But much that is sacred in times that are old;
Still, to-night I will wear not the wreath of the yew,
 Whilst the lustrous laburnum yields chaplet of gold.
Sweet soul, regnant Queen of the East, thou'rt mine own,
 A treasure Time yields unto Memory's claim,
O beam down from heaven with those eyes that erst shone
 When I followed the fleet-footed phantom of Fame.

S. J. W.

WHO PAINTED THE GREAT MURILLO DE LA MERCED?

(*From Blackwood's Magazine.*)

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

I could not help being somewhat astounded by the threatening and impertinent way in which I was spoken to, but greatly more by the disclosure of the one lady's rank through the inadvertent wrath of the other. I hastened to humble myself and explain. Fortunately, the duenna was as placable as she was easily excited. And the Princess, in self-possessed dignity, appearing quite unconscious of anything disagreeable passing, I set my palette afresh and began work. Long and late, my whole soul engrossed in the beauty of my subject and the rapture of my art, I wrought. My limbs trembled from exhaustion, but still more through emotion. Singular! during all those hours, calm, still as a statue, gaining relief at long intervals by merely shifting from one small foot to the other—the old distressful expression always predominant on her perfect features—silent, watchful, her deep earnest looks continually on mine, the Princess stood, untiringly, as no model I ever knew could stand. In the ardour of my occupation I totally forgot a proper consideration for her. By no gesture, no impatient breath even, did she suggest weariness. It was only when I felt my own fatigue that it flashed upon me how much more she required relief and rest than I did. It was to express this, with regret for my thoughtlessness, that, as I laid aside palette and brushes, I bowed to her repentantly and low. By heaven! she understood me, for she smiled and blushed—such a blush! such a smile! It was the first time—it was the only time for many a year that I saw them; but for many a year that smile and that blush were as spells upon my destiny.

It is needless, as it would be tedious recapitulation, to describe the days which followed this, the first of my adventure. None of them was marked by variety, or any circumstance of interest enough to require particular notice, irrelevantly to the great mystery that enveloped all. I finished the Baptist's head, and the mortal model disappeared. Then, morning, noon, and night, I worked on in the light of the lustrous Princess; but ever also in the shadow of her black-veiled duenna, or whatever she was; and she at the conclusion of every day's work regularly praised my performance. My work was rapidly approaching completeness. Together with the beauty of its mysterious subject, it exercised upon me a power of fascination which subjugated all my other feelings. Doubt, suspicion, alarm, even inquisitiveness, became dormant under its influence. I knew I was in a dream—a dream not indeed without pain; but that pain was, for the present, so interwoven with delight, that I dreaded to awaken from it into ordinary life; for then, I knew, not the warp alone, but the woof too with it, must be destroyed.

In all the many days I never heard another voice than the duenna's. She never addressed the Princess, and the Princess, it appeared to me, was disdainfully silent to her. Was she disdainful as well to me? could she be, while hour after hour out of her wondrous eyes she poured her intense soul into mine? Yet she took no notice of my labours. I could not but be conscious that this effort of mine surpassed all my previous efforts—that I was working under inspiration. But the Princess never once glanced at her image on my canvass—not a gesture, not a play of feature, ever showed that she took the slightest interest in it. Feeling that my art was the only possible means by which I could ever hope to approach her, except for a rather sophistical suggestion of, I suppose, my vanity, that the dignity of her rank prescribed a severe self-restraint, an abnegation of any such vulgar emotion as curiosity—and, above all, a most consolatory idea of her taking opportunity, when I was absent, to inspect my work, as I frequently found my easel displaced from the position in which I had left it—I think her indifference would have broken my heart.

In how many ways has the old story been told! I mean not to tell it once more in mine—suffice it, the old irrepressible story revived itself in me. Could I have helped it? No, and no again! I had as much power to save myself as a wretch tied hand and foot in mid-rapid of a cataract has; once launched, the rest belonged to fate. As it was, confinement, labour, the tension upon my nerves, and overwrought feelings, were all more or less telling upon me. My glass showed me again the haggard cheeks with hectic spots set in ghastly white, which three years before had required as a specific Italy. Every day I ate less; but, parched and burning, I drank more. Every night was more restless than the last. All night, and then all day, growing, broadening, heavy-heavier, dark-darker, a feeling like despair—like!—it was despair sank down upon my heart. But I finished my work.

"You hafe doon?—you hafe doon mit es, alle-zugedder?" the duenna asked, as, fainting, I let palette and brushes fall, and sank into a chair.

"Altogether, madam. I should do harm by doing more."

"Von-derfool! Es ist pe-u-tifool, as I tells you pefore. Nefer meint dat now. You feels not vell—you ist ill?" she inquired in a tone of great concern and kindness

"I am ashamed to say," I answered, "that I feel very faint."

"A-ah! den I shust gifs you a lee dle someting as doos you mo'osh goot—ferry mo'osh goot." I was too sunk in lassitude to observe what she did, but passively swallowed the contents of a liqueur-glass which she brought me.

I remember a delicious feeling, like sudden relief from great pain, following immediately after taking the dose—whatever it was. I have another, but subsequent, recollection of a state of exquisite repose, during which, like the fitful creations of a dream, unknown people came, moved about me, and spoke in whispers without conveying to my understanding anything intelligible, or, with one exception, producing surprise at their appearance. The exception was a person whom I seemed distinctly to recognise as a gentleman who had been in the habit of frequently coming to watch me at work while I was studying in the Alcazar at Seville, but with whom I had never exchanged a word. The dull astonishment with which I regarded him for being there grew duller every minute, until I became incapable of thinking about it—of thinking about anything;—!—only rest!

I came to myself as awakening from a sleep of many confused dreams. I was at my Newman Street apartments, lying in bed. I took for granted it was night; for a dull light, whose source was carefully screened from my eyes, just enabled one to distinguish objects and recognise the place. A hand with its fingers upon my wrist, had hold of one of mine, and, peering anxiously at me, was the kind face of my dear friend Morris Blake, M.R.C.S.

"O blessed Moses, and ten times ten!" I heard him whisper softly to himself.

"Hollo, Morris!—is this you?"

"O Philliloo! So you're come up out o' that, eh? An' you know me—do you, Charley?"

"Know you, Morris!—why not?"

"Ah, why not?—that's it. Never mind now, though. Only be still and quiet—that's a good little man. Here's a dhrink for you."

I was parched with thirst, and tried to rise to take the effervescing draught he was mixing—I could not lift my head from the pillow.

It would be to no purpose describing my condition. Thanks to Blake's skill, under the Almighty's favour, I was past the crisis of brain-fever. Still the greatest care, with quiet above all things, was necessary for my safety and restoration. Blake was to take me into the country as soon as I was strong enough to bear the journey. Meanwhile he resolutely refused to answer any of my inquiries, as well as permission for me to speak a word, except about common and immediate things.

"Be good, now, Charley, my man," he said, in his way. "Byen'-by we'll want discoorse over our liquor an' dhudeens, when I exhibit 'bacca and punch for tonics. You may fire away thin like a debatin' society."

We had been together nearly a month at the foot of Box Hill, in the pleasant vale of Dorking, before Blake, while "exhibiting" the above tonics for his own behoof, but rigidly forbidding them to me, thought proper to remove all restrictions from our perfect freedom of conversation.

"After puttin' out o' sight, in twelve hours, three pounds o' mutton-chops, an' siven imperial pints o' bitter beer, Charley—you gourmong; besides flinging twice up to the top o' the hill like a shammy kid with a flea in his ear, I think I may take you Co. in any agreeable sort o' discoorse we likes now. What was the dhrink you'd been havin' the night you was home?"

It was only by an effort that I could recall the circumstances. "Drink, Morris!" I replied; "I took nothing but a little claret-and-water."

"Don't you call to mind gettin' dhrunk?"

"I!—drunk?"

"Dhrunk."

"No," I indignantly protested; "Drunk, indeed! I was very ill, but drank nothing—Oh, I remember now——"

"Ha, ha! What, Charley?"

"Only a liqueur-glass of something that was given me when I was fainting."

"I'd just like to know what company you was kapin'—wid your black famales and princesses—for they hocussed you, Charley."

"Good heavens, Blake! What do you mean?"

"Just that. The men that brought you home, an' tucked you away in your crib, said you'd brought on a fit o' blinking at dinner, by lookin' too hard at the decanters—the bla-guards! Was you robbed?"

"Robbed—nonsense!"

"You wasn't? I thought, though, we'd find you cleaned out o' every scurrick, till we seen you'd got money an' your watch upon you. Here's a parcel they left. I'd have give it you before, only there's something so mighty mysterious on it, that if you hadn't had a brain-fever it ought to give you one anyhow, sure!"

Blake produced a small weighty parcel covered with strong brown paper, and firmly bound round with pack-thread; but before handing it to me, he read from a label pasted across one side—the characters Roman, in red ink,—

"REMEMBER YOUR WORD—HONOUR. FORGET EVERYTHING—SILENCE."

"It's mighty like one of the scrawls they hould up to the audience at Astley's," he added, reflectively. "'He dies at sunrise.' I've seen that same myself."

Meanwhile, in considerable agitation, I cut open the parcel. It contained two rouleaux, with seventy-five bright new sovereigns in each. I could not help muttering, as I remembered my black-veiled patroness, "You finds as vee vont pe vorsser as our pargains."

"Oh, thin, by jabers!" exclaimed Morris, "there must be a ra'al royal princess in it to the fore, after all."

His astonishment surpassed mine. Naturally enough, he grew intensely inquisitive. In the wanderings of delirium I had revealed so much, that to tell him from first to last the whole story, was but to put in order the incidents, with every one of which he was already well acquainted. In his discretion, as well as in the soundness of his judgment, I could put the firmest reliance. Moreover, his keen insight into the characters of men, and his large acquaintance with the world, together with his affectionate friendship for myself, expressly calculated him to be my adviser, now I so urgently wanted counsel. For the mystery of the dead man's head had recurred to, and lay like a crime upon, my conscience—only the heavier for remembrance of my word pledged to secrecy, when by no possibility could I have anticipated that it was given to conceal a fact so horribly suspicious. My mind was soon made up, and I recounted to him all my adventure. He listened without once interrupting me; but I knew by the fierce way he pulled at his pipe, that he was not a little excited.

"And now, Morris," I asked, when my tale was done, "what does it behove me to do?"

"Nothing," he answered, emphatically; "Beca'se, Charley, in the first place, as that respectable black famale Trojan tould you, 'it's no business of yours;' and, in the second, it would be of no use to try."

CHAPTER II.

I AM in Rome, and between what I have told and am about to tell there is an interval of ten years. During that time, step by step, slowly at first, then rapidly, I had gone up the hill of public favour, and was now, for an artist, a rich man. Outwardly my fate appeared all prosperity and content; but my inner life was one of hopeless dreary pining, for no blood-boltered spectre of his victim ever haunted the slayer more persistently than all those years the form of the fair creature I had painted in her marvelous beauty—her impossible attainment haunted my imagination—my heart.

I had not, however, reposed all that time in quiescent indifference; but had set in motion, again and again, all the means I could devise and command to penetrate the mystery in which I had been involved; but none had proved effective—all had failed—not the film of a clue could be discovered. It was well for me that I had the irrepressible instinct for art and art-work. I think—I know it saved me. It was a shelter from scorching passion, a defence against deady despair; a motive and a solace for which I was content to live on—without which I had been more than content to die.

A more than usually severe attack of my old nervous debility made at the season of '32, a residence, for the ensuing winter, in a more genial climate, a necessity to my restoration. I spent some months in the south of France and at Nice; and in the spring of the following year, just before Lent, came to Rome.

It was not the first, by several, of my visits to the Eternal City. Here, besides my never-ending delight in its great works of art, I had the pleasure of renewing old and congenial friendships. On all previous occasions I had come to Rome to work; now I was purposely idle, at least as far as brain or hand production went, for it was the only holiday I had ever given myself. The genial climates of France and Italy—the changes of scene—the repose from labour—the subdued excitement, without reaction, of contemplating the noble creations of art—the view of majestic, if ruined edifices, of religious ceremonies—varied by calm, almost melancholy, meditation in solemn churches, chapels, and the tranquil galleries of ancient palaces, rich not alone in the accumulated outpourings of genius, but with recollections, as well, of great men and greater events,—were influences that stirred to its depths the dead sea of sluggish grief, in which I had suffered all the germs of delight in my heart to lie sunken and buried; which aided my convalescence, and revived in my being capacities of happiness to which I had been insensible since the time of my strange adventure.

One of the alterative effects which the old morbid state had produced in my character was a shrinking and aversion from new acquaintances; above all, a dislike to be one in any promiscuous company. Lately I had so nearly succeeded in vanquishing both of these unreasonable feelings that I became a frequent visitor at the Greco;* and never refused nor hesitated now to use the introductions I had brought, or such as were proffered to me by any resident brother artists and friends. It was another and a new delight to me wandering among the studios, as well as through the churches and galleries. Although it was not very obvious to myself then I can well understand now, how great a change was, with unconscious rapidity, taking place in me. My mind was recovering elasticity enough to rebound against the tyranny of imagination, and often to assert the long-abandoned right of choosing her own subject of thought or fancy.

During a former visit to Rome, when once by chance at the Café Greco, I had become interested, at first through his appearance, and subsequently more deeply on obtaining a sketch of his character and history, in a Swiss, a painter, whom I saw there. He looked what he was, "a man weary with disaster, tugged with fortune;" one who at the beginning of his life had mistaken his vocation, and fallen into the fatal error of believing that inclination and aspiration were power and genius. Possessed in no small degree of intellect, perseverance, and many talents, he had not a spark of the divine fire which fuses these noble elements into forms that make their creator's name a living word upon the tongue of fame. When I first became acquainted with him he was old, and seemed like one who, having come forth out of the battle of life all scarred and worn, was resigned to dare the strife no more—to embrace content rather than wrestle with ambition—to play with cheerfulness instead of struggling to retain hope.

We had lately become close friends. I had got to love the man, and I think he liked me. One of the results of our friendship was an invitation to visit his studio in an old palazzo, which was a regular burrow of artists, in the Piazza del Popolo. There was no difficulty in finding his atelier; for above it, at the sides, and beneath, were others occupied by men I knew, and the most part of whom I had visited. It was on the first morning after my return from an excursion of a few days among the Alban hills that I made my promised call. To my surprise, my knock elicited no reply from within; but instead, at the door of the adjoining "shop" appeared its tenant, my friend Conway Charters.

"Hollo! you! How goes it!" he said, while shaking my hand in the British manner. "You've been up to Adrian's villa, they tell me. Glorious among the hills at this time of year, isn't it? Want Stapfer?"

"Yes; he has asked me to see his paintings."

"He's gone off hurry-skurry to Zurich—he comes from Zurich, you know. There's some news—bad or good, we can't make out which from his manner, poor fellow!—there's some news from his sister."

"Well, I hope then it's good. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right, thanks! I've got Stapffy's key here; if you like to go in and look at his lot, I'll come to you in half an hour—my model's time's up soon."

There is no law more absolute than the one which decrees that he who upon no business interrupts an artist engaged with his model, is guilty of impertinence; so, taking the key, I let myself into Stapfer's place. The history of his art-life might be read upon the walls at a glance Abundant passages were written there, in his work, containing clear evidence of

*The Café del Greco—the tavern in Rome where artists "most do congregate."

all the qualities but one which make a great artist; but as clearly to be read was the absence of that one—genius: his work was painted fire that warms not. Yet it was here, among his lifeless transcripts from breathing forms, that I found a work which stirred emotion in me to profounder depths than all the genius of past and present concentred in one force could have done. Where the light fell fairest, in the middle of a compartment, hidden by the folds of a dingy green curtain, hung a picture by itself. Guessing from these circumstances that Stapfer regarded this as his *chef-d'œuvre*, with the desperate hope of finding something which, when I again saw him, I might conscientiously praise, I drew aside the cloth. My God! it was the Princess. Is time an entity? If so, what is memory? All I know is, that before that clay-coloured, expressionless effigy of my idea, my heart leaped back across the gulf in time of ten years, and throbbed with the same feeling it throbbed with then, the last time I stood in its living presence.

Rapt as a seer in his ecstacy, I had lost all sense of time present or things surrounding, when Charters's entrance recalled me to the perception of both.

"Ah," he said, "you couldn't please poor Stapffy more than by taking notice of that thing of his. He is either precious proud of his work, or else he was spoons upon his model. I rather think the last; for, queer as his painting is, you can make her out to be a splendid creature."

"You don't know, then, who she is?" I asked, holding my breath till he replied.

"No; he did it in Naples, and calls it 'La Principessa.'"

"In Naples! In Naples do you say? Do you know how long ago?"

"I think it has got a date somewhere—oh, here; 1822."

The same year that I painted her!

"And you really think he was in love with her?"

"Why, I only suppose so, because he won't sell the picture at any price; and we can always get a rise out of him by ever so little chaff about 'De Brincess,' as he Englishes it: a great shame, though—he's such a good old fellow!"

Conway Charters could tell me nothing more, except that letters *poste restante*, Zurich, would be sure to reach him.

On leaving the studio, I moved about all day like one in a troubled dream, with some formless purpose before him, some end to be achieved, for which he is doomed to struggle forward, though with conscious disappointment of effort, and utter powerlessness in himself. It was not till after I had dined—under any circumstances one always dines, if he can get a dinner—that, aided by a little wine and a big smoke, the flood of my turmoiled thought subsided within the banks of reason; the current, however, rushed but one way. I would—I must—discover this mysterious Princess; and, but subordinate to that purpose, the other mysteries of the dead head, and why its picture and hers had been painted under such circumstances of determined secrecy. In my eagerness, had it been possible to start at the instant, I should have rushed off in person to Zurich to question Stapfer; but a little reflection showed me that I might frustrate their object by making my inquiries unduly important, besides betraying feelings which I shrunk from exposing to any one else. I therefore wrote, but in very guarded language; and, taking the hint from what Charters had said, laid the trouble which I was giving him upon the interest with which his picture had inspired me.

The letter despatched, I was again, perforce, left to all the nervous irritability of suspense. Occupy myself as I would, do what I could, while waiting a reply, my imagination never left to be ablaze, trying to light up the obscurity into which the feeble clue, which I had at last laid hold on, seemed to lead, and to suggest romantic circumstances enough to form the groundworks of a whole circulating library. At last Stapfer's answer came. What infinite pains, in his good nature, he must have taken to translate—evidently by the continuous help of a dictionary—what he had to say, out of his native German into English—English execrably worse than that he usually spoke. I need only transcribe those passages that referred to the subject on which I had addressed him, and which determined my next proceedings. I give them literally :—

"I have myself a delight out of it made 'La Principessa' to paint. I can it me never over the heart bring it to bargain. It do me much sorrow if you a particular wish cherish the picture to possess. I have it in Naple paint. La Principessa is there establish. She live to the Lavinaio nel Quartiere Mercato. Ach! It is long ago since I she see have."

This information was satisfactory only on the point of where she lived when he painted her picture. Why had he not mentioned her name? there might be, probably were, dozens of princesses in Naples. Suppose she had removed since then—how was I to find this particular princess with no other note of her identity than that she was a princess? "Ah!" sighed I, as poor Stapfer had done, "this princess is distinguished from all other princesses by such beauty! I will try it, however; anything—above all, action—is better a millionfold than such heartaching restless nights and suspense-fretted days."

Suddenly an unthought-of but mighty obstacle rose up between me and my purpose. Beyond the ordinary phrases to be picked out of a vocabulary, I knew no Italian. I saw at once that I must decide between making a confidant of a strange cicerone, or of a friend. In twenty minutes I was at Charters's studio.

"You are strong in Italian, are you not?" I asked.

"Spare my blushes; yes," he replied.

"Do you think they would puzzle you at Naples?"

"What! in talking?—no. In doing they might, confoundedly."

"You've been there?"

"Twice."

"Should you like to go again?"

"I mean to."

"When?"

"When the gods are conformable, and I sell a picture or two."

In ten minutes' additional conversation I prevailed on Conway to become my companion, and succeeded in overbearing all excuses for delay, even that of getting his linen home from the *lavandaia*; and, as a further result, the next morning, at a few minutes after seven, seated opposite each other in a *vetturino*, we were jogging along the Appian Way towards the Pontine Marshes on the old Terracina road.

Naples! The road thereto and the sights thereat; the city, the places nigh; the bay, the coast, the islands, the skies, *the* mountain;—to do none of these had I come: to journals, guide-books, prints, and panoramas I leave them. Naples had for me a greater interest than itself. Was I, at the Hotel Crocelle, within—perhaps—a stone's cast of the living lady whose image had haunted me so many years! Might not the caressing air which I breathed have passed from her lips to mine! How my querulous heart yearned and grew faint at such fancies!

I had told Charters the object of my sudden journey, and the difficulty I anticipated in attaining it; but at the same time, while freely confessing that it was connected with a story and a mystery, I had explained how a promise bound me to keep both concealed. He had accepted my explanation as frankly as I gave it, like the good fellow and gentleman he was.

"Oh, we won't hear anything about difficulty. Let us begin asking at once. Here!" he shouted to a waiter. "Look in my face; there is a principessa—something—lives in the Lavinaio nel Quartiere Mercato: we have forgotten her name—what is it?"

The query seemed to galvanise the man; his eyebrows went up and his lower jaw down, with an expression of extremest surprise; and, in a way very unlike his usual Neapolitan liveliness, he gasped out,—

"Una principessa?"

"What do you mean?—don't you know anything about her?"

"Signori, it is impossible; only very wretched people live in the Lavinaio."

Charters and I looked at one another. "Ah," I said, there must be some mistake."

"Sì, signori, certamente."

Stumbling thus at the very threshold of our search was very disheartening; but Conway, with a promptness to which I could lay no claim, proposed that we should sally forth at once.

"Let us out and scout for ourselves," he said; "we can look any plan in the face afterwards with a chance of guessing what change we ought to get out of it."

I eagerly assented, for nothing could be so intolerable as inaction. The direction given by Stapfer was to a part of the city so little known and so unexplorable by strangers, that, to discover and penetrate its recesses, we had to place ourselves under the guidance of an ancient cicerone, an old acquaintance of Charters, whom, to the palpable disgust of our *garzone* at the Crocelle, he insisted upon having fetched from the Grand Bretagne.

To be continued.

THE WAR AND POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

To a philosophic student of contemporary events there is no more instructive spot for reflection than the windows of a carte-de-visite shop. The rise and fall in the popularity of specific likenesses is a wonderful gauge of public sentiment. The manner in which periodical favourites are forgotten and discarded forcibly illustrates the evanescence of greatness or of notoriety. At the commencement of the war, for instance, there was a tremendous run upon the portraits of General Prim and of the Prince of Hohenzollern. The anxiety to inspect the countenances of these personages caused the removal of the Greek Brigands, who had been a standing and an ugly dish, behind the panes. Neither the Prince nor Prim lasted very long; they were gradually removed from the more prominent situations, and are now mixed up with that singular mob of opera-singers, bishops, and duchesses, who are always fair stock material for an album. On the publication of the Secret Treaty, Bismarck made his appearance. It was evident that he had been kept on hand for contingencies. The early copies bore unmistakable evidence of having been taken a long time back, but the enterprise of the trade was quickly able to satisfy the exigency of the occasion. A bran new edition of Bismarck was imported. He is now in the ascendant. On every fresh account of a Prussian victory the crowds who stare at newspaper bills will enjoy a subsequent gape at the visage of the Chancellor of the North German Confederation. Some shops have whole strings of Bismarcks, like ropes of onions. They seek customers for the article by displaying their enormous efforts to meet the demand for it. But Bismarck pure and simple is not enough. A few years ago the famous Minister, by an accident which gave rise to a considerable amount of speculation in idle circles, was photographed *tête-a-tête* with a fascinating prima donna. The scandal-mongers of Paris rushed at this carte at once. It had an enormous sale, especially as a report was spread that it was being bought up by admirers of the statesman, who did not desire their idol to be the butt of French wits. We have the picture at present exhibited in our windows, and it is rather amusing to hear some of the guesses offered at the name of the lady who figures in it, the common impression being that the pair consists of Mr. and Mrs. Bismarck. Of course, as in all articles of British commerce for which there is a demand, the sale of photographs is not, in certain quarters, above the reproach of dishonesty. In poor neighbourhoods there is a strong temptation to label the cartes with attractive titles which do not belong to them. A genuine Bismarck, which costs from a shilling to eighteenpence, is not familiar to the inhabitants of localities who take upon trust a faded Colenso for a correct portrait of the distinguished foreigner. The King of Prussia and Von Moltke follow Bismarck in photographic popularity. 'Fritz' is rare, but rapidly ascending in shop-window estimation. The Emperor of the French is much sought after. Artists unfriendly to his *régime* have struck off enormous quantities of caricatures of a rather cruel description, in which his Imperial Majesty hobbles on crutches, wears a hump in the fashion of Mr. Punch, and carries little Louis pick-a-back, as beggars bear their brats. This device is extensively distributed. It is as cruel as the exaggerations of Gilray. The Empress has hitherto escaped similar treatment. The Empress, being steadily required for album decoration all the year round, does not, as yet, seem to have been specially prepared for the circumstances that have brought her still more into vogue.

The effect of the war on the sale of likenesses of English living worthies is not potent, and seems to be confined to a multiplication of one of Mr. Gladstone's familiar portraits. Besides what may be seen in the photograph shops, it may be noted that in the more obscure quarters of the town the war brings to light the most extraordinary pictorial rubbish. Illustrations of scenes in the Crimea, fly-marked, dingy, and crumpled, are hung out to suit the prevalent feeling; ancient sea-fights in oils are suspended at the doors of those hospitals for crippled furniture which abound in certain districts. But for the declaration of war between France and Prussia we should never be startled by the disinterring of these curiosities of engraving and painting. Then we have piano composers, who are not forgetful of the prevailing topic, and whose pieces for instrumentation are nominally suggestive of the Rhine.

The various industries to which we have referred only indicate in a small measure how deeply the interest in the one absorbing topic has penetrated in every direction. The carte-de-visite shops may do some service in this connection. At their windows all the world may see that its rulers, its great generals, statesmen, emperors, and kings are by no means demi-gods. There is nothing about them to suggest that sort of enthusiasm which sends thousands of men into battle, to die or to be maimed. Familiarity with the portraits of celebrities, if it does not breed contempt for the originals, gives the mind at least a practical turn, and serves as an admirable corrective to any instigations towards hero-worship, to which even sensible persons are spasmodically liable.—*Daily News, London, Eng.*

A writer in the Cardiff *Times*, who visited the London Photographic Exhibition, says :—"The days of the steel engraver are numbered. As surely as screw tonnage is driving away the sailing ship from the ocean, the photographer is pushing the engraver off into space. It takes twenty years to enable the line engraver to earn journeyman's wages, and when he is a journeyman, engravings take him years and years to accomplish. The swift sunbeam laughs at him, and does all to perfection. But the sunbeam can't compose, you say. Yes; but the artist can compose for the sunbeam. Here is one, by name H. P. Robinson. He chooses his landscape with a fine foreground of fern, corn-fields in the distance. He arranges for a country maiden to stand for him, with a gathered sheaf in her hands. In short, he composes a picture with actual materials. It is a showery day; a cloud advances, and lets fall a purple veil over half the picture. He seizes the moment, and before the drops have reached his camera, his picture is taken. It is a fine picture, too; but lacks all the glory of colour. We have faith, however, that science will yet accomplish this, and then, alas! for the noble sphere of the Fine Arts proper."

A TALKING MACHINE.—On August 27 an exhibition of quite a novel character was opened at the new building called the Palais Royal, Argyll Street, Oxford Circus. It is an exhibition of a talking machine, which by mechanical appliances is made to give forth utterances resembling those of a human being. It is the invention of Professor Faber, of Vienna, and has been constructed and patented by him, and is certainly a wonderful specimen of human ingenuity. It is true the question may arise, where is the utility of it, seeing that every man, woman, and child possesses a talking machine, more or less perfect of his or her own. But the machine has its utility nevertheless, for it illustrates a much neglected science of acoustics. Moreover, it is highly interesting as showing how far ingenuity may go. The machine has a mouth, with tongue and lips, which are set in motion by a mechanical apparatus which sets free a portion of air from a large bellows, and so controls it as to produce the sound required. It pronounced, with great clearness, every letter of the alphabet, many words, and a few sentences perfectly; not merely set words, but any words the audience choose to name. It also laughed, and uttered other cries expressive of human passions, to the astonishment, apparently, of every one who heard it.

VICTUALLING AN ARMY.

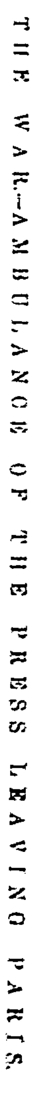
The *Gazette de France* gives the following details with regard to the supply of food for the army of the Rhine :—Meat. The contract for fresh meat for the army of the Rhine has been given to the syndic of the cattle merchants at the price of 15f. 58c. the kilogramme—about 50,000f. a day, the performance of the contract to begin on the 5th of August. Salt meat for the fleet is supplied by the Americans. It is the best and wholesomest, say the exporters. The principal supply of bacon comes from Brittany. Morlaix is the great storehouse for this article. Bread—a considerable quantity of flour also comes from America. It is with this flour chiefly that the bread is made which is baked in Paris for the troops. It seems to be decided that in future the bread shall be baked on the spot near each camp.

It has been calculated that 1,000 journeymen bakers and 250 campaigning ovens are enough to supply the wants of 400,000 men. The campaigning oven, of thin iron, can be set up in three hours and used immediately. The bread for the troops in Paris will be baked at the Invalides and other supplementary buildings. Five hundred thousand rations of food leave Paris each day for the eastern frontier—biscuit, rice, dry vegetables, sugar, roasted coffee, brandy, wine, &c. Forage—Switzerland sends it to Nancy in boats. The forage, taken at the root, comes to fifty francs the thousand. The Hungarian hay, delivered at the Strasbourg railway station, will cost fifty-five francs the thousand. Experience will decide as to the quality of the forage from these two markets. It is well known that there is a scarcity in France as regards this article.

After the battle of Saarbruck, a Westphalian going about to help the wounded, came upon a soldier of the Prussian infantry who had been shot through the body, and was leaning heavily against a wall. "Will you drink, comrade?" asked the Westphalian. Pale and faint, the poor fellow shook his head, and feebly indicated that he would like his lips to be moistened. When this had been done, he asked in a whisper whether the Westphalian could write. The latter at once took out his pocket-book, when the dying man, with brightening eye, dictated the words, "Dear mother, farewell," adding the address. At this moment the Westphalian was called by a second wounded man. When he returned he found that his first friend had fallen back and died.

"Are these pure canaries?" asked a young gentleman who was negotiating for a gift for his fair, "Yes, sir," said the dealer, confidentially, "I raised them 'ere birds from canary seed!"

A printer once had a quarrel with his employer, and after cursing to the full extent of his ability, wound up with this professional anathema: "I wish he was in Texas, with his back broke, setting diamond italics at ten cents per thousand."



THE WAR—AMBULANCE OF THE PRESS LEAVING PARIS.

THE WAR—WORKS ON THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

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HILDA;

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of the "Abbey of Rathmore," "Passion and Principle," "The Secret of Stanley Hall," "The Cross of Pride," &c.

[*Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.*]

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

This conversation did not satisfy Mrs. Tremayne. She saw there was something to conceal. She was now fully awake to the evil consequences arising from her culpable negligence of a mother's duty in having exposed her daughter to so subtle a temptation. There was no help for it now. She hoped the evil was not irremediable. It was well the dangerous acquaintance had ceased. Time, she hoped, would efface the impression the captivating Major had made on Hilda's heart. Altogether it was an unpleasant affair, and a cause of deep regret and self-reproach this acquaintance with Major Montague. How could she ever have been so foolish as to permit his visits? If Hilda were unhappy she could never forgive herself!

In the meantime, Hilda alone in the garden bending over the currant bushes was struggling with the burst of passionate regret she very naturally felt at the abrupt termination of the charming intercourse which had rendered life so pleasant for the last brief month. It was not altogether the absence of the officer for an indefinite time which she mourned, it was that she might never see him again, that henceforth they must be strangers to each other. The necessity for this, too, lent its own indescribable poignancy to her grief—the thought that cold, unflinching duty to one she did not love required the sacrifice and that of all which could make life pleasant—this intercourse with Major Montague must be given up, and she must go back to Quebec to meet Dudley again. All this was very bitter, it was not to be endured! Death itself would be preferable to such misery as that!

Poor Hilda! although a wife she was still very young, not yet eighteen. Her feelings—her griefs and joys, her loves and her aversions, were still childlike. It was no wonder, then, that the rebellious tears would flow—aye, like rain down upon the green leaves, where they glittered like dew—as her small hands moved nervously among them, picking the fruit for her beloved mother. That mother! were it not for her she would run away—she did not care where—so that she might never see the man who was her husband again.

How many like Hilda are sacrificed either by the hand of poverty or ambition! How culpable are those who induce or compel such young girls to utter vows and take duties upon them which can neither be broken nor set aside, before they are capable of knowing their their own minds, or old enough to judge for themselves in the all-important matter of marriage—one which involves the happiness of their lives—nay, often something more, for how frequently are such led astray in after years, victims to the power of temptation, or the force of that potent passion, love, then experienced for the first time. What a fearful reckoning will there be one day for worldly-minded mothers, for selfish and ambitious fathers!

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. BERKELEY'S LETTER.

THE regret Hilda felt at the absence of her military admirer was soon merged in deep anxiety for her mother's health. The indisposition she had complained of increased considerably during the night, and the next day it was necessary to call in a physician. He found Mrs. Tremayne seriously ill, suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, and on account of her delicate constitution her recovery was doubtful. One week passed away, a week of intolerable suspense. In what misery were those days spent by Hilda, watching beside the sick bed, with scarcely a chance of the dear sufferer's recovery? Her mother's life! if that only were spared she felt as if all other ills could be patiently endured. The future, which only a few evenings before seemed so gloomy, without a ray of happiness to cast even a passing brightness across her path, how pleasant it would be if it only could be spent in her mother's society! The occasional presence of Dudley—during the intervals between his voyages—might be endured if she only were spared; but if she were taken, if the only one who made life endurable should die! what was there to live for then?

Hilda's love for her mother was an intense feeling which had grown with her growth. All the trials through which they had passed, comforting and sustaining each other, had intensified this love. Hilda had no brothers nor sisters to share her affection, and this was another cause of her passionate devotion to her mother. If the thought did sometimes occur to her that Mrs. Tremayne had wrecked her happiness by too willingly accepting the sacrifice her filial devotion offered, she put the painful idea away instantly, excusing that selfishness by the recollection of their extreme poverty—the terrible necessity there was for her accepting the good fortune which her marriage with Dudley secured.

The skill of Dr. N—— at last arrested the disease which threatened Mrs. Tremayne's life. She was pronounced out of danger, and her recovery now depended on careful nursing. This pleasing task Hilda confidently undertook, trusting that her mother would soon be restored to her usual health. But how often do unforeseen events occur to make us feel our own shortsightedness and weakness in the hands of Him whose unerring wisdom directs all events.

Mrs. Tremayne was still very weak, though gaining strength slowly, when one morning as Hilda was sitting beside her couch reading some interesting book, a servant entered with two letters. One was from Dudley, which Hilda, without reading, put in her pocket; the other was for Mrs. Tremayne, and had the Quebec postmark. Mrs. Tremayne eagerly broke the seal, wondering who her correspondent was.

The letter was from Lewis Tremayne, or, as he now called himself, Berkeley. He had accidentally learned the death of his brother; he had not been previously aware of his being in Canada. He had just returned from England, where he had spent some months, and on looking over some old Quebec papers filed in his counting-house he had read the death of one Paul Tremayne, who, he felt convinced, was his brother. The two brothers then had both been residing in Canada for some years, one living in a luxurious mansion in Montreal, the other in an humble boarding-house in Champlain street, Quebec. Was it surprising then that they had never met? The change of name was, it might be, the chief reason why Paul Tremayne could not discover his brother Lewis, whom he knew had immigrated to Canada several years before he left England.

On reading of his brother's death, Mr. Berkeley addressed a very kind letter to Mrs. Paul Tremayne, condoling with her on her loss, and offering herself and daughter pecuniary assistance if they required it. This letter was forwarded from the Post Office in Quebec to Kingston, Mrs. Tremayne having left directions to that effect before she left the city.

Silently did Mrs. Tremayne peruse this letter, which Hilda—bending over her—read at the same time. What a rush of passionate emotion shook the invalid's delicate frame, threatening instant dissolution! Ah, that wild, intense regret which she experienced the keener because it was so unavailing! If she had only waited, if she had been more patient, help would have surely come, and then what misery would Hilda have escaped! what a different lot in life would have been hers! But now, married to a plebeian—united to one so unsuited to her, whom she could never love! Oh, the bitterness of this trial was intolerable, particularly in Mrs. Tremayne's weak state of health. Her violent emotion brought on hemorrhage of the lungs, which threatened soon to snap the feeble thread of life. Dr. N—— was sent for in all haste, but his skill could be of no avail. Mrs. Tremayne was too weak; there was no chance of her recovery, and not many hours after the arrival of Mr. Berkeley's letter she passed quietly away from a world which had been a scene of so much suffering to her.

This blow, which had fallen so suddenly on Hilda, nearly deprived her of life, it fell with such crushing weight, coming so unexpectedly. For a time she lay unconscious of her bereavement, passing from one faint into another. When roused from this state, when her mind took in the full consciousness of what had happened; when she gazed upon her dead mother, so cold, so motionless; when she kissed the marble face wearing that mysterious expression death imparts, and which tells so plainly of the change it has effected; when she thought that she, who had been her comfort in every sorrow, was now unmindful of her woe, it was then Hilda's grief burst forth with uncontrollable violence, and her vehement sorrow vented itself in rebellious murmurings and wild passionate wailing.

This kind of sorrow exhausted itself at last; the state of feeling which ensued was calmer, but more unnatural. She sat beside her mother's coffin almost as cold and rigid as she was, shutting herself up in speechless sorrow. The storm that was passing over Hilda was doing the work of time, changing her from a girl into a sad, thoughtful woman, but it had no purifying influence. On the contrary, it had the effect of hardening the crushed heart, of rendering the grieved spirit rebellious—almost defiant.

Hilda was feeling very wickedly now. God, she thought, had dealt very cruelly with her in taking away her mother. It is the eye of faith alone that can see the silver lining to the dark cloud which shuts out the light of happiness. The cry of the unregenerate heart in seasons of great and sudden affliction is too often like that of Job's wife—'Curse God and die!'

Keeping her lonely vigil beside her dead mother, Hilda's plans for the future were formed. Her marriage with Dudley was to be ignored. As *she* was gone for whose sake alone she had bartered her happiness for money, there was no longer any necessity to wear out a wretched existence in fulfilling duties that had been forced upon her. She would break away from these hated ties: she would forget the past! And yet the unhappy girl was not entirely without principle. Conscience was feebly struggling in this time of severe temptation, and she determined that although she would never acknowledge her marriage with Dudley, still she would not entirely forget his claims upon her. She would not marry again, no, not even if Major Montague should ask her hand. In reply to his letter to Mrs. Paul Tremayne, Mr. Berkeley received a few almost incoherent lines from Hilda, acquainting him with her mother's death, and saying she was now alone in the world. This appeal to his compassion was not in vain. Hilda received a kind invitation to make his house her home, which invitation she gladly accepted. As soon then as Mrs. Tremayne was laid in her quiet resting-place in Waterloo Cemetery, and she had provided herself with suitable mourning, Miss Tremayne, as she still called herself, left Kingston for Montreal, but not by the direct route. She crossed to St. Vincent by the Cape boat and took the train to New York. She, however, left the train at Albany and proceeded to Ogdensburg, from which place she descended the St. Lawrence to Montreal. She hoped by this way to prevent Dudley finding out whither she had gone on leaving Kingston. She flattered herself with the hope that he would never discover her abode in the house of the rich Mr. Berkeley, of Montreal.

CHAPTER IX.

SIR GERVASE MONTAGUE.

THE residence of Mr. Berkeley was near the Reservoir, nestling in the shadow of the Mountain. Its appearance was imposing; the house was built in the English style with wings. In front was a lawn with gravelled walks, the grass closely shaven, the shrubs carefully trimmed, the whole surrounded by a high iron fence of elaborate workmanship. From its elevated situation the view from the house and lawn was fine. Below lay the populous city with its noble piles of architecture, the slender towers of the Church of Notre Dame rising gracefully conspicuous among the rest, while on the rising ground near the slope of the mountain, pointing heaven-ward—gleamed the white spire of Christ Church Cathedral. Beyond the city, swept the majestic St. Lawrence, spanned by its noble bridge, and skirting the distant horizon, appeared the blue mountains in the Eastern Townships.

Crossing the wide entrance-hall of this handsome dwelling we will conduct our readers to a pleasant room in one of the wings. It was furnished with modern taste. A book-case filled with the works of the best authors, a Nordheimer piano, a work-table, and a table covered with engravings and materials for drawing, showed the manner in which its occupants — two young ladies — passed their time.

In at the open window through the rich drapery streamed the bright sunshine of a balmy June morning. It gleamed upon the auburn curls of Therèse Berkeley as she sat at that splendid piano practising a difficult operatic piece. It poured a flood of golden light over the sombre-looking figure reclining on a lounge in the recess of one of the windows. In her we cannot fail to recognize an old acquaintance, although two years have passed since the night of her arrival in Montreal. During that period a change had passed over Hilda Tremayne. She looked much older,—suffering had done this. She had lost the radiant beauty of girlhood, the face, still lovely, was clouded with melancholy. Time had subdued the violence of her grief for her mother's death, but there was yet another cause for the sadness which had impressed itself on every feature—the recollection of her marriage—and it was the shadow of this secret grief which was still seen in the dark depths of her mournful eyes. Since her arrival at her uncle's she had lived very retired. Her mourning for her mother was a sufficient cause for this seclusion. Between her and her uncle's family there existed little affection with the exception of Mr. Berkeley and Therèse. The former always treated his orphan niece like one of his own daughters, and Therèse felt for her cousin, Hilda, the affection, of a sister. The other members of the family regarded the dependent girl with indifference, although they generally treated her with courtesy if not kindness.

"Do you know, Hilda, we are going to have some grand people here to dinner to-day, and I think you are very foolish to shut yourself up in your own room when we have company."

Therèse Berkeley rose from the piano as she spoke and approached the lounge where her cousin was reclining.

"'Pa and ma both said so this morning, and pa asked me to try and prevail on you to make one of this dinner-party. He says you have moped long enough. And so I say too. I only wish it was me they wanted to bring out, I would not require much pressing, I assure you. But I suppose I must be kept in the nursery till Claribel goes off, if she ever does! I wanted ma to allow me to make my appearance in the drawing-room after dinner, but she would'nt consent, and I am so disappointed!"

"Why are you so anxious to appear to-night, Therèse?" asked Hilda, looking up from her book.

"Oh, because Sir Gervase Montague is coming, and he is so handsome, such a splendid-looking fellow!"

The name Montague awakened Hilda's curiosity.

"Who is this Sir Gervase, Therèse? Is he a Canadian knight?"

"Oh no! he is a live English baronet with an income, Mark says, of ten thousand a year. What a splendid match! Claribel is going in for it, but if you try she will have no chance."

"Is he in the army?"

"Yes, in the —th Regiment. He has lately come to Montreal."

Here was news as unexpected as it was startling. Hilda could not doubt that this English baronet was the Major Montague she had known at Kingston. The idea of meeting him again caused a sudden feeling of joy, but it was soon succeeded by deep pain as the thought of Dudley crept towards her. These two men were never separated in the mind of Hilda. If the image of the handsome officer presented itself to her mental eye, the ungainly figure of the skipper rose up before her. It seemed as if these two persons, so opposite in character, in appearance, in everything, were to exert a powerful influence over her future life, were to hold, as it were, her destiny in their hands. For a long time after Mrs. Tremayne's death, every other sorrow was absorbed in this one great grief. Gradually, however, as time blunted the edge of this keen anguish as Hilda awoke anew to life, to its cares, its pleasures and its anxieties, the recollection of her marriage came back, pouring a flood of bitter regret over her mind. The very thought of her husband was so intensely painful that she crushed it with the same stern determination she would set her foot upon a serpent, and as the image of Major Montague—even if allowed to haunt the chamber of memory—was sure to call up that of Dudley, even *it* was carefully excluded. The mention of Sir Gervase Montague, to-day, brought back the painful past forcibly to her mind. For a long time she had not dwelt much upon it. New scenes, new occupations had changed the current of her thoughts and helped her to forget. But now, if this Sir Gervase should indeed be her old admirer, if he still regarded her with the same feelings, what a new trial was before her! what a dangerous path was she about to enter! Hilda wished she might be mistaken. At least she tried to persuade herself she did not really want to see Major Montague again. She foresaw the struggle with her own heart which must ensue if his feelings were unchanged, and she shrank from it with dread. Hilda was older now; she realized the danger of the temptation she feared, for she felt her own weakness.

"Is there a large party invited to dinner, Therèse?" Hilda asked, after a short silence.

"No; only a select few. Beside Sir Gervase Montague, there will be the Hon. Mr. Cavendish, an artillery officer lately come out from England, who looks with immense disdain on everything provincial, and haw-haws as if it really cost him an effort to drawl out a word, but pa says he has no more brains than a loon. Yet he is admired and fêted and lionized, just because he is a scion of nobility, eldest son of Lord Somebody."

"And has a large fortune, I suppose," said Hilda, smiling.

"No; the estate is heavily mortgaged to pay the family debts. Sir Gervase Montague is a better *parti*, I believe."

"And where do you get all this information, Therèse?"

"Oh, I have heard Claribel and Mark discussing the subject; I hear all the news from them. Then, to meet these aristocratic guests," continued the gay young girl, "ma has invited the *élite* of her acquaintances—Sir David Brown, a Canadian Knight, you know—although the title sounds just as grand as the other—Lady Brown and daughters—there are four of them, stylish-looking girls, who give themselves airs since their father was knighted. Now, Hilda, have I not tempted you to make one of this select set who are coming to drink papa's very choice wines—which he imported himself—and quiz him and mamma behind their backs, and criticise everything?"

"Therèse!" said Hilda, reprovingly.

"Well, I know they do!" she persisted. "People are so ill-natured that they always criticise the entertainment, and amuse their friends at the expense of the entertainers, when they happen to be—like dear pa and ma — not the most refined persons in the world."

"Your description does not make me feel anxious to be introduced to such guests," observed Hilda, smiling. "I suppose they will criticise me."

"No; you are above criticism; your appearance is so elegant. You know your mother was a lady."

"And is not yours one too, Therèse?"

"Not by birth; not in the sense I mean. The Tremaynes were nobodies. I think the family must have been very low indeed, for pa likes no allusion to the subject. He shuns the very mention of his own real name; you know Berkeley is only assumed. It seems to me," Therèse continued very gravely, "that there must be something hidden in that early life of pa's. Did your father ever speak of the time before he and papa came to Canada, Hilda?"

"Sometimes he spoke of their early life. The family was respectable, but poor. It is a foolish idea of yours thinking there is something concealed, Therèse."

"Well, it may be; but I cannot get rid of it, and lately the thought has troubled me."

"Have not Mr. and Mrs. Grant Berkeley been invited to the dinner party?" Hilda asked, wishing to change the subject.

"Yes, Grant and his wife are coming of course. I did not mention them, as they belong to the family."

"Sir Gervase Montague admires Pauline exceedingly, but that is not surprising. Everyone thinks her so handsome."

"She is handsome—remarkably handsome for a woman of her age. She must be near forty," remarked Hilda, a little ill-naturedly. The information that Sir Gervase Montague admired Mrs. Grant Berkeley was not pleasing, it excited something like jealousy.

"Oh, not quite so old; only thirty-five," said Therèse, laughing. "Was it not a strange fancy of Grant's choosing a wife some years older than himself," she continued. "But there is no accounting for taste. Pauline is so fascinating too!"

"Yes; besides Pauline was a widow, and a widow handsome and fascinating is irresistible," remarked Hilda, laughing.

"Then Pauline looks so young," resumed Therèse, "no one would ever think she was Frank Mordaunt's mother. He is a year older than I am, and so tall!"

To be continued.

GEN. GRANT ON THE WAR

The views of General Grant on the conduct of the European war are something which all the world has an interest in knowing. The enterprise of the *Times* was exhibited, during the late visit of his Excellency, by obtaining, at some length, the General's opinion of matters on the Rhenish frontier.

The General, in response to a question as to his opinion of matters between France and Prussia, said that neither party understands war as he understands it.

Here the reporter of the *Times* ventured to assert a cordial endorsement of the remark of his Excellency.

"Permit me, General," said Mr. Scammon, "to ask you to point out what you conceive to be the chief blunders of the campaign thus far?"

"France," said the General, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "made a blunder in commencing war upon a people of equal size and strength. The true way to make war is to always have three to your enemy's one. An illustration of the fact was given at Shiloh. The enemy there was within a third as large as my own force. Hence the disaster which befel me."

"But, General," said the reporter, "have you no faith in manoeuvring or in strategy, whereby inferiority in point of numbers can be equalized by superiority of brains?"

"None whatever. Sherman played that out in his march to the sea. You see, the Confederacy was only a shell, and that is why he met with such success. He had no opposition. My own experience proves this. In all cases where I attempted any of these new-fangled operations, I was beaten.

Here Mr. Colfax, with a very sweet smile, inquired as to what the General thought should be done by Napoleon.

"My idea," said the General, "is that he should get Butler and Banks to command army corps in the Prussian forces. Then he should conscript every Frenchman that can carry a musket, and send him in. Prussia has only 30,000,000 inhabitants, while France has 40,000,000. This is a clear difference in favour of France of 10,000,000. Now let Napoleon keep hammering away at the Prussians, if it takes all summer. I am of the opinion that the superior activity of the French, aided by their chassepot, their *elan*, their traditions, and their superior navy, will enable them to kill a Prussian as often as they can a Frenchman. Hence it is a clear case that if Napoleon hammers away till all the Prussians are killed off, he will have 10,000,000 left. In other words, his cat's tail is the longest."

"What is your opinion of Napoleon personally?" asked Mr. Joseph Medill.

"He is a great man. He smokes always and never says anything. He was once in humble circumstances. He was never, however, in the hide business, except perhaps so far as hiding himself is concerned."

Here General Dent broke into uproarious laughter. He afterwards remarked to our reporter that he was hired to laugh at Grant's jokes; and, he added, he flattered himself he was doing a very extensive business on a very limited capital.

General Grant puffed stoically until Dent had finished laughing, and then he resumed:

"Napoleon is my model. I have stood before his portrait by the hour, trying to mould my countenance into the stony inexpressiveness that characterizes his. I am not certain but that I shall imitate his *coup d'etat.* He rose from obscurity to be a president. So did I. He rose from president to emperor; and if I don't follow suit it will be because Congress took the trump out of my hand when it reduced the army."

"Well, now, General, tell us what you think of the Prussians," said Mr. Greenebaum.

"Don't like 'em," he responded, sententiously.

"Why not, your Excellency?"

"Well, I don't. They want office too much. Why, I had more than a hundred thousand applications from Dutchmen for office, whose only recommendation was that they 'fought mit Sigel.' As voters, I have no objection to them. During the war they stole everything, so that a native had no chance."

The General proceeded to comment on Prussian strategy. He did not like it, he said. They were in too much of a hurry. Here, now, in less than a month, they have hardly a million of men in the field, which was a shorter time, he said, than he required to move his army from Fort Henry to Donelson—a distance of only thirty miles. This celerity, he remarked, is destructive of all precedent. The Prussians have gone farther in ten days than he went in ten months when moving on Richmond.

He further thought the Prussian move a blunder. In place of going toward Paris by way of Metz, they ought to cross the James river and go round by way of Petersburg. There is neither dignity nor sense in this way of rushing straight at Paris with a big army. The Prussian leaders ought to hold on and see who is going to be next President. This making war for war's sake was not, in his opinion, the true principle of warfare. All wars should have the high and beautiful object of returning the men of one's party to Congress, and the election of one's candidate to the Presidency.

At this moment it was announced that lunch was ready, and the party broke up.—*Chicago Times.*

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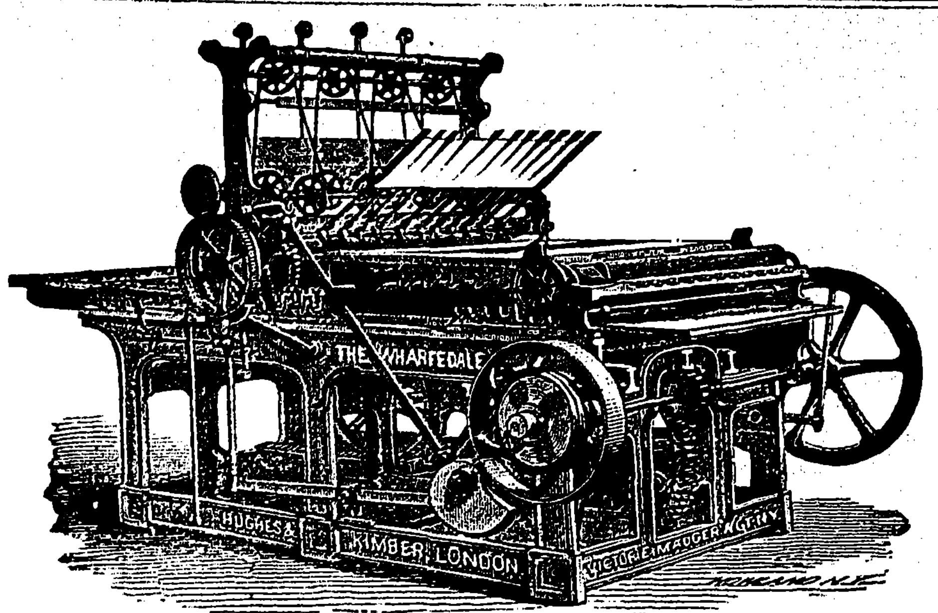

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AND
TANCRÈDE SAUVAGEAU,
Assignee.

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BERNARD BERNARD,
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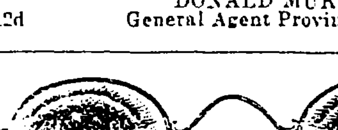

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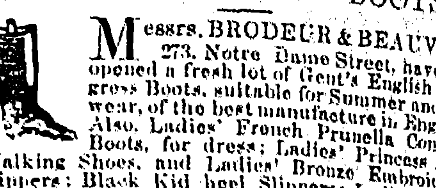

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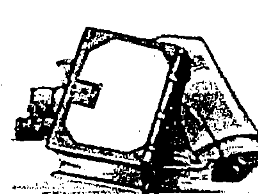

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