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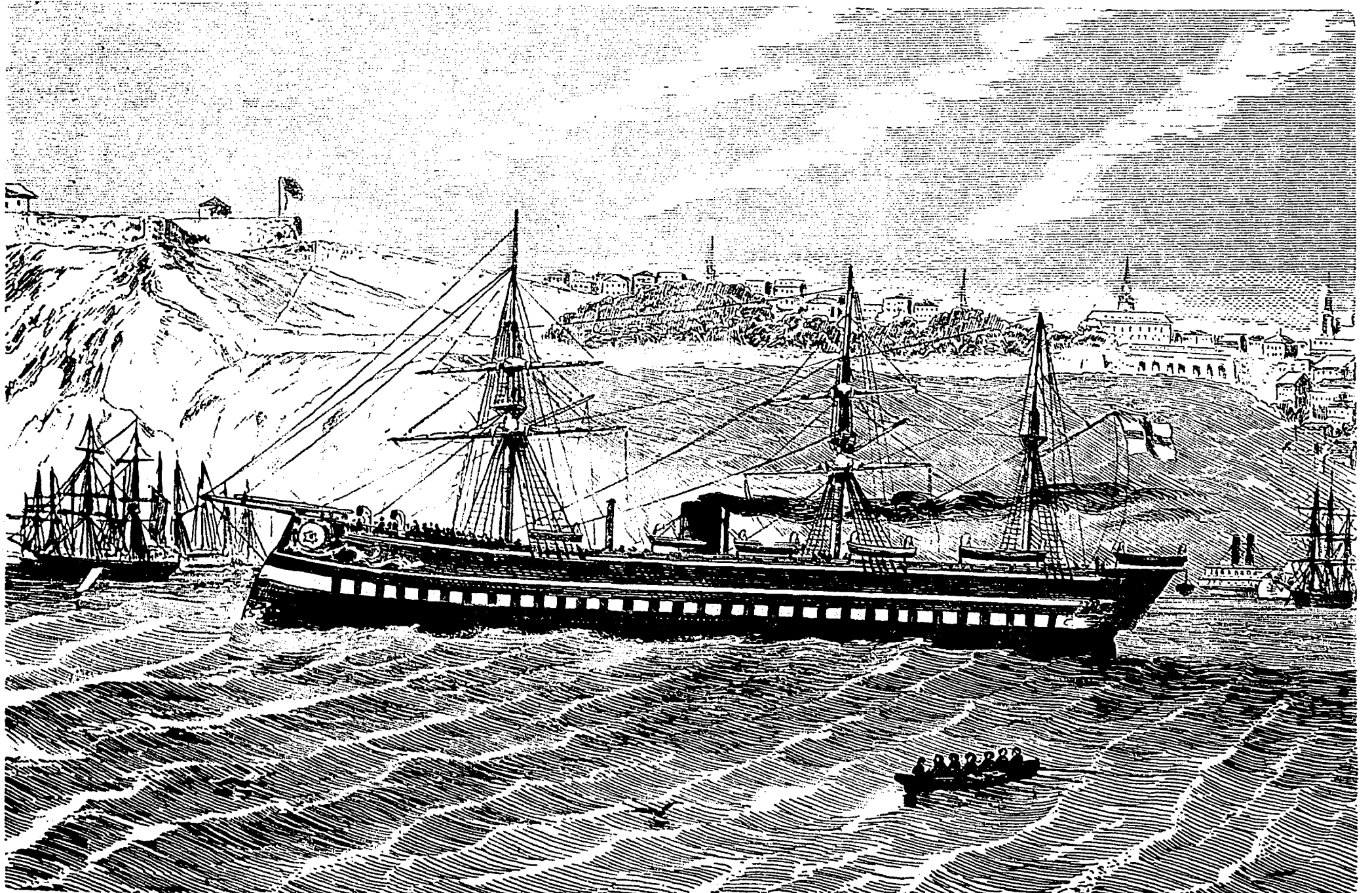
## FENIANISM AND THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

The result of the trials at Canandaigua of the Fenians accused of violating American neutrality must, we are sure, be gratifying to every Canadian, and to every man who desires to see the United States occupy an honourable place among the civilized nations of the world. It was feared, and with good reason, too, that the farce of 1866 would have been repeated; that the United States, presumably compromised in the inception of that wicked and worthless organization, would have been compelled to blink its every crime. But no. For the first time in a decade, the world has seen that the neutrality laws of the American Republic are not a dead letter; that an American prosecutor, an American judge, and an American jury, can do their duty impartially—without fear or favour—in a case involving international obligations, with which national prejudices are most intimately bound up. Now, though what has been done is no more than justice of the very barest kind, still we may be pardoned for rejoicing that justice has for once overcome prejudice; and that our Republican neighbours have shewn, in this particular case, their right to recognition in the great family

of nations, by their impartial infliction of punishment upon those of their citizens whose conduct had proved them unworthy the freedom and the responsibility conferred by popular government. The men who have been condemned to penal servitude had previously won military honours under the banner of the Government whose laws they had defied by invading Canada; they, therefore, hoped to be excused for their rash deed on the ground of national gratitude. But, as Judge Woodruff well put it, the very fact of their having been soldiers under the Stars and Stripes made their violation of the laws of the country a more flagrant abuse, and he accordingly—without straining the law—awarded them a measure of punishment that bears a close approximation to the weight of their offence. The prisoners, as most of our readers know, were: Gen. Starr, Col. Thompson, and Capt. Mannix. The two first received each two years in the State prison at Auburn, and the last named one year. This was supplemented with a fine of ten dollars each. The judge, doubtless, believed that a money fine would be no punishment to the offenders, because their friends would make it up. Accordingly he administered a measure of personal chastisement

which, if carried out, can hardly ever hereafter be forgotten. In this no one will deny that Judge Woodruff has fully vindicated the honour of his country—even if trading politicians should set the rogues at liberty within the next three months.

In our issue of the 28th May last we said, “were only half a dozen of them (the Fenian leaders) put on trial and duly punished on conviction, it would do much to restore the feelings of friendship and respect for the United States, which in this country have been very much impaired by the toleration heretofore accorded to the Fenian nuisance.” We must say now, therefore, that with these characters—Starr, Thompson and Mannix—already consigned to punishment, and with Gen. O’Neil awaiting trial, we are pleased to note the very great advance which the United States have made within a few years in the faithful discharge of the duties imposed by international obligations towards their neighbours. A persistent disregard of these ought to entitle any country to the united hostility of every other nation in the civilized world; and if the United States had continued, as they have done in the past, to harbour and encourage the



H. M. S. "CROCODILE" AT QUEBEC. From a sketch by W. Carlisle.—SEE PAGE 51.

Fenian pirates, it would have been the duty of the civilized nations of the earth to have united for the purpose of "wiping them out."

With much regret and some thankfulness we see that the viper so long nursed in the American bosom has at length planted its venomous sting in its own nest. Our regret is that such a horrid affair should have occurred anywhere; our thankfulness that—since it had to happen—it took place in New York, where American politicians, both Democratic and Republican, have openly pandered to, and encouraged, the Fenians in their murderous designs upon Canada. Elm Park, a favourite resort of the denizens of the "Empire City" for pic-nics and summer festivals generally, was made the scene, on the 12th July last, of a most brutal and murderous affray between Orangemen and Fenians, in which countless heads were damaged, many women and children severely injured, and eight or ten men killed. Perhaps this exhibition will teach the Americans that they made a grievous mistake in encouraging a portion of their adopted citizens to make war upon the peaceably disposed subjects of Queen Victoria in Canada; perhaps they will, in turn, be brought to understand the full force of the ancient saw that "it is easier to raise the devil than lay him;" and if from this they can extract a few grains of wisdom to guide them in the future, then it need hardly be said that the display of Fenian and fiendish ruffianism by which the greatest city of the Great Republic was recently disgraced will have altogether been thrown away. By-and-bye it may be discovered that true liberty is better conserved by the watchful assertion of legitimate authority, than it ever can be by the recognized supremacy of mob rule. These are matters which, now-a-days, concern everybody, where everybody has more or less of a share in the government of the commonwealth; and, nowhere does this more concern the general welfare than in the United States, where, whatever else the *vox populi* may be, it is undoubtedly the guiding principle of the ruling powers at Washington, as well as at the several state capitols throughout the Union.

#### THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 11.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.—THE MAINLAND.

By the Rev. *Æn. McD. Dawson, Ottawa.*

##### THE COLUMBIA RIVERS.

Although the great COLUMBIA ought to be the chief river of this important colony, it has no claim to this honour, bestowing, as it does, its accumulated waters on a foreign State, and fertilizing plains which, of right, should belong, together with the stream itself, to the British portion of the Continent. The Columbia must, however, be classed among the rivers of the colony. Its entire course, with the exception of a considerable portion towards the sea, is within the land to which it has given its name, and the right to navigate its waters is secured to the British Columbians, in virtue of the very treaty by which so important a part of the river itself was unworthily alienated. This fine river has its source in the Rocky Mountains. It is augmented and enriched in its tortuous course by numerous tributaries. The wealth which flows to it by so many channels it distributes, patriotically, in the ravines and valleys of the colony which bears its name, before it is obliged by the cunning, and certainly not overhonest acts of diplomacy, to take leave reluctantly of its native land. It leaves behind it rich deposits of gold, as a parting gift to the parent soil, and it gives beauty and fertility to many a smiling vale, before it descends to the broad plain which it has carried away with it to the territory of the stranger. The grandest mountain ranges of North America are connected with this magnificent river. It flows rapidly from its source down the valleys and ravines of the Rocky Mountains in a north-westerly direction, for one hundred and fifty miles, when, suddenly changing its course, it flows, due south, along the eastern slope of the Gold Mountains, for two hundred and fifty miles, sweeps along the Selkirk range, and finally terminates its windings of one thousand miles at Astoria, in the United States.

##### THE FRASER.

The FRASER, with its numerous tributaries, is wholly within British Columbia. Although not one of the greatest, it may be unhesitatingly pronounced one of the finest rivers in the world. In whatever way we view it, this noble river commands our admiration. Arising in a glacier region of the Rocky Mountains, it flows at first laboriously through the snows of a perpetual winter. Reaching lower declivities, it bounds with astonishing rapidity through rocky channels, as if enjoying its newly emancipated condition. Scarcely ever moderating its career, it hurries through flowery and pleasant valleys, which it hardly deigns to salute as it passes, till it gains its narrowest channel, between mountains of solid rock, where, resuming all its impetuosity, it rushes headlong till it escapes into a wide and beautiful plain, through which it glides in tranquil dignity to the Pacific Ocean. This plain is one of the most fertile in the world, and it enjoys a delightful climate. Winter may be said to be unknown. So that the Fraser, born of perpetual frost, basks, ere it attains its full growth, in the sunshine of continual summer. This fine river is remarkable also on account of the extraordinary sources of

wealth which it presents. On its banks and on those of its tributary streams are found the richest gold mines that have as yet been discovered. It abounds, moreover, in the most useful kinds of fish. To the lovers of fine scenery it offers a highly varied treat. Geologists will, no doubt, find exercise for their ingenuity, in endeavouring to account for what the uninitiated might call the capricious ways in which it directs its waters. It flows, at first, from its source, one hundred and fifty miles, towards the North-West. It then turns abruptly and proceeds about four hundred miles, due south. Approaching the boundary of the United States it starts back and, reflecting at a right angle, flows north-westwards once more to its ocean terminus in the straits of Georgia, thus completing its impetuous and erratic course of six hundred miles.

The Fraser presents another geological phenomenon, which has been remarked, on a smaller scale, in Scotland, which bears affinity, in more than one respect, with British Columbia. The *parallel roads* of Glenroy, in the former country, have long been an object of interest and attraction to travellers. They are also highly interesting in a geological point of view. They must, however, hide their diminished heads in presence of the grander phenomena of the colony which claims the Fraser for its principal river. The *terraces, benches or roads* of this great river are truly remarkable. Geologists only can speak of them as objects of science. It belongs to us merely to note these terraces as features in the river scenery of British Columbia. They are first observed on the North Thompson, a tributary of the Fraser, from thirty to forty miles above Kamloops, and they are invariably seen all along the main river (Thompson) until its junction with the Fraser at Lytton. They stretch along this river from a little north of Alexandria to the Canons, above Yale, a distance of above three hundred miles. These terraces, or '*benches*,' as they are called in the country of the Fraser, are perfectly level, and of exactly the same height, on each side of the river. They differ from the parallel roads of Glenroy in their enormous extent, being vast plains as compared with the mere ledges of the Scottish terraces, and they are also free from the erratic boulders which mark the latter. In most places there are three tiers, each tier corresponding with a similar one on the opposite side of the valley. The lowest of the three, where the valley expands, presents a perfectly flat surface frequently of many miles in extent, raised some forty or fifty feet above the level of the river bank, with a sloping front resembling the face of a railway embankment. Higher still, the second tier is generally cut out of the mountain side, seldom more than a few acres in extent, and raised sixty or seventy feet above the lower one; while marked at an inaccessible height along the face of the bluffs which run down to the river, and probably from four hundred to five hundred feet above it, is the third tier. These terraces are quite uniform, and of even surface, and entirely free from the great boulders so numerous in the present bed of the river, being composed of shale, sand and gravel, the detritus of the neighbouring mountains. They are clothed with bunch grass and wild sage, while here and there a few scattered pines relieve the yellow barrenness so characteristic of the district. The Arthabaska, the Kootanie, and the Columbia are distinguished by similar terraces. Californian and Mexican rivers are also marked by the same phenomena. But nowhere do the terraces or benches appear to be comparable, in extent and regularity, with those of the Thompson and Fraser.

Wherever such terraces occur in different countries, they are found to exist in three successive tiers, as in British Columbia. This would appear to be indicative of as many distinct epochs, when great geological disturbances took place. Gold is found in all these terraces, in the finest state of "flour gold," but not in such quantities as to compare with the rich "diggings" of Cariboo. Bunch grass also seems to be a peculiarity of the parallel roads. It is not observed anywhere else in the colony. In those parts of the valley of the Columbia, where there are terraces, it grows with great luxuriance, a circumstance which clearly shows its connection with the terrace districts. The kind of soil formed by the disintegration of the soft volcanic rocks of these regions, is probably favourable to its growth.

##### THE THOMPSON.

THOMPSON RIVER, the chief tributary of the Fraser, is remarkable on account of the beauty and fertility of the country which it traverses. Mr. J. Cooper, in his evidence before the House of Commons, says, that "there is a large beautiful district called Thompson's River, about one hundred and fifty miles inland. It lies in the same latitude nearly as Vancouver's Island." When asked whether there be a considerable extent of country upon the mainland, adjoining Vancouver's Island, calculated for settlement, Mr. Cooper answered: "Yes;" alluding to the valleys of the Thompson, (Question 3,914), "one of the most beautiful countries in the world." The Thompson, although a tributary only of the Fraser, is itself, with its north and south branches, a great river. It has its source a little to the west of the height of land, in the higher valleys of the Rocky Mountain range, in a small marshy lake, called *Albreda Lake*. This lake must have been drained, at one time, by streams flowing from both its extremities. The northern end is now blocked up by a beaver-dam grown over with grass, and the infant Thompson flows from the cradle of its waters, by the southern outlet. Several streams joining it from the westward, it soon gathers strength, and assumes those

noble proportions, which distinguish it among the rivers of British Columbia. The northern branch must not be forgotten. It arises in an elevated glacier region of the Rocky Mountains, and adds its turbid waters to the limpid stream of the South Thompson, a few hundred yards above Fort Kamloops, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. Opposite this Fort, the two rivers, although flowing in a common channel, still remain distinct, the river from the north shewing its glacier origin by the turbidity of its waters, which contrast strikingly with the pellucid stream from the south. Seven miles lower down, the united river expands into a lake,—(Kamloops.) From this lake it flows, clear and limpid, to Lytton, where it is lost in the turbulent and muddy Fraser. The country watered by these lower portions of the Thompson, resembles California. There are the same characteristics of rolling hills, rising in every direction, covered with bunch grass, whilst here and there are seen a few solitary pine trees. This region is distinguished also by extensive tracts of rich pasturage, on which were sustained, in the days of the Hudson's Bay Company, numerous herds of cattle, flocks of sheep and horses. The Thompson is no less Californian as regards its treasures of gold. Its magnificent *parallel terraces* have been already alluded to, when speaking of this river in connection with the Fraser.

To be continued.

## SCIENTIFIC.

### NAPHTHALINE AND ITS USES.

Naphthaline is one of the products of the distillation of coal tar. It is commonly associated with anthracene, and until recently there were not sufficient uses known for it to render its manufacture and preservation worthy of notice. Now that its associate anthracene is likely to come into demand, more attention is bestowed upon naphthaline, and the inquiry arises for what uses is the substance applicable. We have on a previous occasion spoken of a fine dye that is made from it, and we hear that this pigment is meeting with much favour. Naphthaline is a pure white substance similar to alabaster. It crackles like sulphur in the hand, and also becomes negative electric when rubbed with silk. It can be used as a solvent for indigo and for the sulphides of arsenic, tin, antimony, also for phosphorus, sulphur, iodine, benzoic and oxalic acids. This property can be taken advantage of for the purpose of adding these substances to other mixtures, and may be applicable to india rubber, collodion, etc.

Even when purified, naphthaline possesses a strong persistent odour, recalling the smell of coal tar creosote, and this has suggested its use as a disinfectant and as a remedy against the ravages of moths and other insects among woollens, plants, and objects of natural history. Where its somewhat disagreeable odour does not stand in the way it can be very advantageously substituted for camphor.

Now that we are likely to have this interesting substance in larger quantities than formerly it will probably be applied for the preservation of meat, very much as has been done with paraffine. Its melting point is too low for candles, but mixed with other hydrocarbons it may possibly be used as a source of light. When burned in its pure state it gives rise to copious clouds of fine lamp-black.—*Scientific American.*

### ARTIFICIAL INDIGO.

We have mentioned the discovery of a method for the artificial production of the madder dye, alizarine, from a coal tar product known as anthracene. There is now talk of a way of making indigo by the action of chloral on aniline. The preliminary steps have been taken, and enough has been learned to admit of the taking out of a caveat, but the dye itself is not yet in the market. We shall watch with interest the development of this new industry, and shall not fail to communicate the results to our readers.—*ib.*

### NEW USES OF COLLODION.

Collodion is now used as a substitute for india-rubber for the setting of false teeth. The solution of gun cotton in alcohol and ether is poured out in thin layers until it sets, and while still moist the impression for the mouth is made with it. It is coloured in imitation of flesh, by organic dyes, thus avoiding the poisonous mercury salts usually employed for that purpose.

Sets of teeth mounted upon collodion are said to be more agreeable to the mouth on account of the lightness of the material. They are also as permanent as any made from india-rubber.

Collodion is also used in the manufacture of billiard balls, and of a variety of toys. For this purpose the gun cotton need not be made of such expensive material as is required in photography.

Now that gun cotton is used for so many purposes it may be well to caution manufacturers against the dangers of explosions. Recently at a billiard manufactory in Albany the establishment was destroyed by the ignition of the cotton by mice nibbling some matches that had been carelessly left near it. There is also danger of the spontaneous decomposition of the gun cotton.

It is somewhat curious that, although gun cotton has been in use a good many years, our knowledge of its properties is still quite limited, and from recent researches it appears that what we call collodion is a complex body capable of further subdivisions by water and other agents, so that its various constituents will hereafter be sought out and adapted to their various uses. Such researches are now going on, and will add to the value of collodion in photography.—*ib.*

CHINESE GOLD-LACKER.—The gold-lacker lining of a Chinese cabinet in the Museum at Cassel peeled off, and thus gave Dr. Widerhold the opportunity of studying the composition of this substance. On examining it he found particles of tin foil attached to the lacker, so he comes to the conclusion that this material formed the ground upon which the lacker varnish was laid. His attempts to imitate the varnish were perfectly successful, and he gives the following directions for the preparation of a composition which closely resembles the true Chinese articles. First of all, two parts of copal and one of shellac are to be melted together to form a perfectly fluid mixture, then two parts of good boiled oil, made hot, are to be added; the vessel is then to be removed from the fire, and

ten parts of oil of turpentine are to be gradually added. To give colour, the addition is made of solution in turpentine of gum gutta for yellow, and dragon's blood for red. These are to be mixed in sufficient quantity to give the shade desired.

SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DOUGLAS VILLAGE AND TEANASS LAKE.

One of the tributaries of the Fraser River, the chief stream of British Columbia, is the Harrison River, which enters the Fraser from the northward, fifty miles west of New Westminster, the capital of the colony. Harrison River flows out of Harrison Lake, a piece of fresh water some thirty miles long. At its head Harrison Lake communicates with a smaller lake, on the shores of which is situated the Village of Douglas. Douglas is named after the Governor of the colony at the time it first became inhabited, (by the King George men as the Indians of that country call all of Her Majesty's subjects.) James Douglas was chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at the time of the first discovery of gold in British Columbia, and for that reason the Imperial authorities appointed him to the Governorship of the colony, and at the expiration of his term he was made a K. C. B. The village contains only a few hundred inhabitants, and is situate about one day's journey by steamer from New Westminster.

A portage of 29 miles by waggon road from Douglas brings you to Teanass Lake, the name of which is derived from the Chinook word, signifying small. The Lake is only seven miles long, and is divided from a lake of eighteen miles by a short portage of about 1 1/2 miles. On the portage of 29 miles between the village of Douglas and Teanass Lake, and about half way distant between those places, are hot sulphur springs which have been converted into a bath-house.

H. M. S. "CROCODILE."

On Thursday, the 7th instant, H. R. H. Prince Arthur, after a ten months' stay in Canada, left for England in H. M. S. "Crocodile," which had been sent to Quebec especially to bring him home. On the evening preceding the day of departure, the Prince drove down to the Queen's wharf at five o'clock. A detachment of the 69th Regiment were the guard of honour, and he was also escorted by the Quebec Hussars. The streets were decorated with flags, and the enthusiasm of the citizens was vented in repeated cheers. His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Garneau, read the Corporation address, which was answered in most gracious and appropriate terms by His Royal Highness. Every point overlooking the river was crowded with spectators and a large number of ladies. As he stepped into the launch, the Royal Standard was run up on the citadel, and the royal salute from 21 guns pealed forth. An illustration of the "Crocodile" riding at anchor in front of the city is given on another page.

TADOUSAC.

In the early history of Canada, the name of Tadousac, now known only as a pleasant and cheerful watering-place, occurs very frequently. It was the point at which all the early navigators of the St. Lawrence touched on their exploratory excursions up the river, and where, generally, they fixed their headquarters. At the time of the formation of the fur-trading company by the merchants of Dieppe, St. Malo and Rochelle, Tadousac was fixed upon as the headquarters of the traders on this continent, and later on Champlain, on his second voyage, made Tadousac the rendezvous of his two vessels. Throughout the whole of the early history of the country, the name of Tadousac constantly recurs in connection with ships and shipping, for which it offered safe and convenient harbourage. The harbour lies on the north-east side of the mouth of the Saguenay river, and is formed by the peninsula or Ilet, which separates it from the Saguenay on the south-west, and the main shore on the north-east. It has been estimated that 25 ships of war might ride in safety in this harbour, but the entrance to it is so intricate at the ebb of the tide, as to prevent its being used to any extent as a port. Tadousac is, however, best known and best appreciated as a place of summer resort, where the citizens of Montreal and Quebec take refuge in the heat of the dog-days, to gather fresh energy for the next business year. The air here is more fresh and invigorating than anywhere on the Lower St. Lawrence, and this, with the combined attractions of bathing, fishing, and boating, serve to make Tadousac, next to Murray Bay, the favourite resort of the tourist, the city man, and the invalid.

BELMERE.

In our issue of last week we gave an illustration of the view obtained from Belmere, the country residence of Hugh Allan, Esq., of Montreal. We mentioned that H. R. H. Prince Arthur, before leaving for home, spent a week at Mr. Allan's residence, and that while there he had an opportunity of seeing the picturesque scenery of the Eastern Townships—and more especially that in the vicinity of Lake Memphremagog—on the shores of which stands Mr. Allan's residence. We now give a view of the villa, which stands amidst a bower of trees on the shore of the lake, and almost at the water's edge. On another page is given a scene on the croquet ground at Belmere, with portraits of the visitors assembled at the villa during His Royal Highness's stay, including the Prince, Mr. Allan, Miss Allan, Miss Starnes, Col. Earle and Lieut. Picard. Both views are from photographs by Notman.

MODERN HEAD-DRESSES.

In one item at least we of the present generation have preserved intact the costume of long gone-by ages. The head-dresses of the present day are, in more than one particular, close imitations of those in vogue among the noble dames of Greece and Rome, three thousand years ago. Even the Egyptian style has come into fashion of late years. Looking upon the likenesses of the Domitias, Marcianus, Plotinas and Faustinas, as preserved in the statues and marbles of antiquarian museums, one is struck with their close resemblance in physique to faces we constantly see—a resemblance heightened by the very similar mode of dressing the hair which prevailed at epochs so far distant from each other. It is said that history repeats itself, and the same may be conceded for the fashion. In A. D. 1870, we (speaking of course for the ladies) are wearing very much the same style of head-dress as that worn in the year 146, B. C., at the time of the sack of Corinth. The

ruffs and fardingales of Queen Elizabeth's time have, within the last few years, been dragged from the darkness where they had moulded so long, and became the pride and ornament of all the votaries of fashion. And, before very many years have passed, we may expect to see the hideous coal-scuttle bonnets and "uggies" of our great-grandmothers restored, and reigning, in the height of the fashion, on heads that once boasted in the luxuriant coils and tresses of the time that is. Like us, the Roman ladies rejoiced in an abundance of hair, false or real, which they piled up in rolls, curls, cushions and plaits precisely as we do; nor did they disdain, when their own *chevelure* fell short of the exigencies of the fashion, to appropriate that of their luckless slaves. As with us too, the colour in fashion very frequently changed, though, in many cases, the causes were somewhat different. It is recorded that at the time of the early campaigns in Germany, numerous Teuton prisoners were brought to Rome, whose long yellow hair attracted such notice, created such a *furor* among the Roman ladies, that flaxen hair became all the rage; the Teuton captives were bought up for the sake of their blonde hair, which was speedily transferred to the heads of the noble and dark-skinned beauties of Rome. Rather a different cause for a change of fashion to that which, within the last decade, brought blonde hair into fashion.

The two styles of head-dress that have recently been most common, are, it must be confessed, anything but tasteful. The one consists merely in piling up the hair in a most ungraceful lump on the top of the head; but even this is far surpassed in unsightliness by the mode which is at present the rage. The hair, done in three large rolls, or plaits, hangs at the back of the head, nearly reaching to the shoulders, in a manner that is far from becoming. Fortunately, this kind of head-dress did not take very well, and we are glad to see that it is giving way to more elegant and graceful *friures*. Our illustration will give an idea of what the new fashions in head-dresses are to be. There is nothing particularly new about any of them, but with one exception, that of the head in the upper right-hand corner, they are an improvement on the last. The head-dress in the centre is of course intended for a *frisure de grande toilette*, and is to be seen only at large balls.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The brittlewort, or single cell plants, visible only by the microscope, are so numerous that there is hardly a spot on the face of the earth where they may not be found.

It is estimated that America, when her productive power is fully developed, will be able to feed four times as many persons as there are now on the face of the earth.

All other conditions being the same, the vigour and richness of vegetation are proportionate to the quantity of light and heat received.

One pound of coal in the hands of a good chemist can by its consumption be made to evaporate, or convert into steam, 14 pounds of water.

The first gas meter was invented by Mr. Samuel Clegg, in 1815, and was used at the Gas Works in Westminster, Great Britain.

About 15,000 tons of ammonia-alum are made annually in England. It is principally consumed in the dye works of Manchester and Bradford.

Prof. Sheldon Amos is preparing a treatise on the various questions affecting the social and political position of women, which are now everywhere so actively discussed.

The traffic receipts of the Grand Trunk Railway from the 1st of January to the 31st of June amounted to £649,250 stg., and for the same period last year to £573,943, showing an increase of £75,307 stg.

The *Cash Maker's International Journal* suggests that if some inventive person could get up some better, simpler and neater arrangement for finishing the side lights in leather carriage tops, a good chance to "make stamps" would result to the inventor.

A sea weed found abundantly on the coast of France, is now used in that country for clarifying beer, as being much more economical, and better suited to the purpose than gelatine. The weed referred to belongs to the genus *Chondrus crispus*, that is, the Irish or Carrageen moss.

It is estimated that the smuggling into the United States under the present high tariff amounts to twenty-five millions annually. A simple revenue tariff would almost wholly kill the illicit trade. High duties are a premium on dishonesty and contraband trade. Before the war duties averaged but 24 per cent, now they average 48 per cent.

The *Gambis* reports a short conversation which took place the other day at Ascot, between the Princess of Wales and a French attaché, who was over-elated at the victory of Sornette, the French horse which won the Grand Prix de Paris. "That admirable race, Madame," said he, "revenged us for Waterloo." "True," answered the Princess, "but at Waterloo you ran better still."

A NEW USE FOR THE PUMPKIN.—The *English Gardener's Magazine* suggests a new use for the pumpkin, or rather the pumpkin vine. It is—to use the tender shoots as greens. It is recommended that the growth of the plants be well established before cutting is commenced, and that all the young fruit be removed as fast as it sets. "Cook and serve in the same manner as for turnip or other greens. The brilliant green colour, delicate aroma, and grateful flavour of the pumpkin-tops, when properly cooked," says the *Monthly*, "will commend them to the nicest epicure."

It would be unwise for us to quarrel with the present hot weather, as there is every reason to believe that the baking we have undergone these last three or four days is nothing to be compared with the freezing we are to undergo next winter. According to the *Athenæum*, Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, has made some interesting discoveries respecting the cycles of temperature, the result being that the Professor is enabled to foretell the temperature of a season a year in advance. Taking the series of observations 1837—1869 it is seen that a hot time occurs about every eleven years, followed at intervals of a little more than two years by a very cold time. The past winter, it seems, was the first of a cold cycle of which next winter, and probably that of 1871—2, will be exceedingly severe. This is very painful, and we might point out to Professor Piazzi Smyth that, unless he can discover some means of warming the cycles referred to, he might just as well leave them alone.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

LADIES' JEWELLERY.—A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, describing the Ascot races, thus speaks of the bad habit English ladies have of overloading themselves with jewellery when they go out—a habit, by the way, quite as prevalent among our Canadian maids and matrons:—"The unhappy fashion of English ladies to exhibit their jewellery in broad day, and in the open air, brings me always into despair. Is there not a single living soul to explain to them that jewellery can be worn only if it is of real value and beauty, and this by no means by daylight? Their passion for ornamenting themselves must certainly exceed that of their ancestors, and can only be compared to that of some female antipodes. The rich ladies, constantly appearing in public covered with diamonds and gold, set an example which is imitated by the less wealthy and even the poor ladies, and utterly spoil that taste in dress which is so attractive in a woman. Not only at Ascot, but in all the streets of London, one sees young and pretty girls hung all over with gilt copper and with coloured glass. Only a nose ring is wanted to justify the qualification of "barbarians" even in external attributes. Some ladies have set the fashion of wearing on the neck on a thick chain three lockets, sometimes with the addition of other pendants; so that when they walk they jingle very much like the post-horses in Hungary. They leave out of view even that important point that a locket is supposed to contain the likeness of some particularly dear person, generally speaking of the male sex; and that, consequently, the exhibition of three or more lockets implies the possession by the lady of a much larger number of dear persons than she would be willing publicly to acknowledge."

In an article comparing the cost to the country of Customs duties levied for the simple purpose of revenue and others designed to be protective in their character, the *Chicago Tribune* gives the following striking figures:—"The United States, in its tariff, imposed a tax upon consumers of pig iron, salt, blankets, and cloth for women's cloaks, to the amount of \$53,520,000, of which there was paid into the Treasury, less cost of collection, \$2,756,000. The other fifty millions was paid over to the salt company of Onondaga, the iron furnace companies, and the blanket and cloth manufacturers. The whole revenue needed by the Government to pay the interest on the public debt is \$129,000,000. The protective tariff diverts over \$50,000,000 of the tax paid by the people on these four articles, from the Treasury to the pockets of certain privileged persons; thereby necessitating other taxes to make good the deficiency. The country is taxed by the tariff and under the Internal Revenue law to produce \$400,000,000 of revenue a year. The Tax Bill includes 4,000 objects of taxation. Nine-tenths of these objects are taxed as pig iron, salt, blankets, and cloakings are taxed, not for revenue, but for the benefit of private persons. Twenty-five articles in the tariff, if taxed for revenue only, would produce as much revenue to the Government as the entire 4,000; and the extent to which the people are taxed, plundered, and robbed, under this indirect form of protection, may be estimated from the figures we have given of the four articles named. Another form in which this taxation for private benefit may be illustrated, is the tax on pepper, mustard, and allspice. The tax on mustard seed is 3 cents per pound; on mustard, 12 cents; on ground pepper the tax is 15 cents per pound, and on ground, 18 cents; and on allspice the same as on pepper. It will be seen that, in the case of mustard, there is a difference of 9 cents a pound, and in each of the other articles of 3 cents a pound, against the ground article. This tax is levied upon the consumers for the benefit of spice-mill owners. The extent of this protective tax is as follows, the imports being of 1868:—

Articles.	Pounds.	Differential tax per lb.	Bounty to spice-mills.
Mustard seed.....	985,539	9 cents.....	\$8,868 51
Pepper.....	2,563,214	3 cents.....	166,896 42
Allspice.....	830,680	3 cents.....	24,920 49

Total tax levied for benefit of spice-mills....\$220,515 33

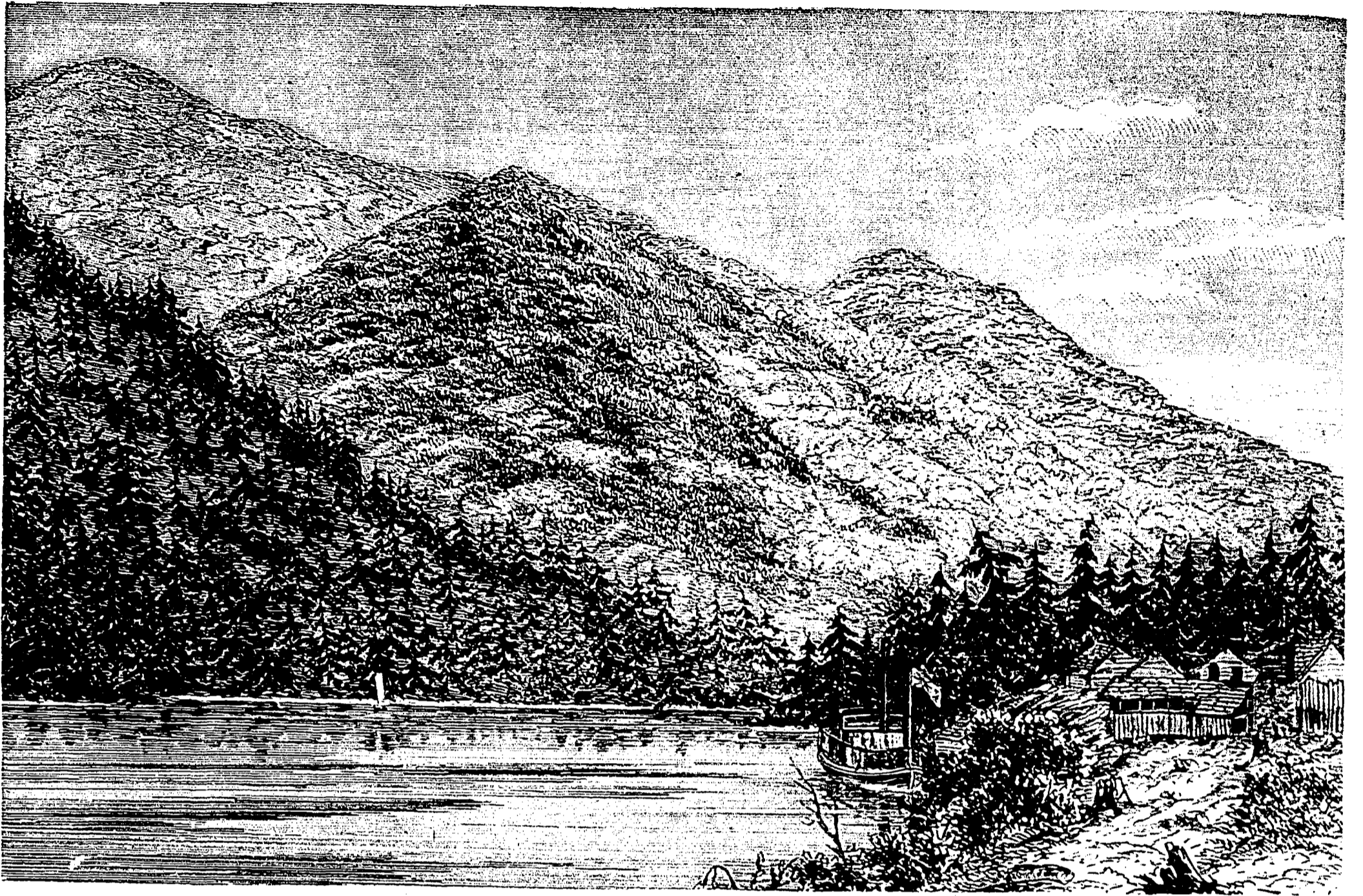
"The whole value of the mustard seed, allspice, and pepper imported was \$243,233, to which the tariff added a tax of nearly 90 per cent. to be paid by the consumers for the benefit of the owners of the spice-mills."

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending July 19, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

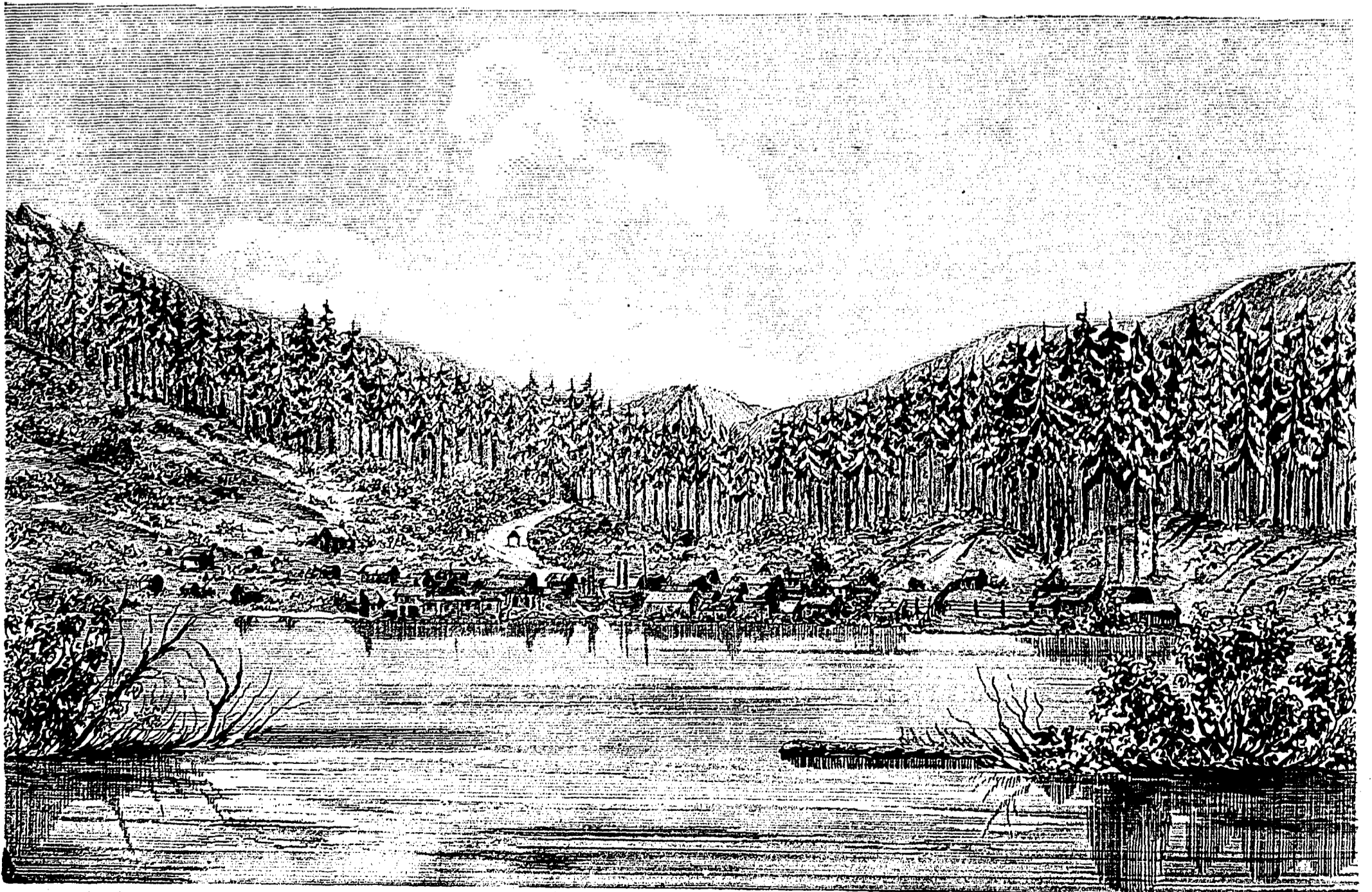
		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday, July 13.....		75°	83°	76°
Thursday, " 14.....		72°	78°	75°
Friday, " 15.....		71° 5	79°	76°
Saturday, " 16.....		73°	81°	80°
Sunday, " 17.....		75°	88°	80°
Monday, " 18.....		80°	89°	82°
Tuesday, " 19.....		80°	90°	82°
		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday, July 13.....		85°	63°	74°
Thursday, " 14.....		84°	62°	73°
Friday, " 15.....		83°	56°	69° 5
Saturday, " 16.....		84°	57°	70° 5
Sunday, " 17.....		90°	66°	78°
Monday, " 18.....		91°	70°	80° 5
Tuesday, " 19.....		92° 5	64°	78° 7
		Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.		
Wednesday, July 13.....		29.95	29.94	29.92
Thursday, " 14.....		29.91	29.90	29.90
Friday, " 15.....		30.08	30.10	30.12
Saturday, " 16.....		30.22	30.16	30.06
Sunday, " 17.....		30.02	30.00	30.00
Monday, " 18.....		30.02	30.02	30.00
Tuesday, " 19.....		30.18	30.21	30.18

DIED.

At Montreal, on the 14th instant, Julia Nelson, youngest daughter of the late Wolfred Nelson, M. D., and wife of Jonathan S. C. Wurtele, Esq., Advocate, aged 37 years and 6 months.



TEUASS LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA. From a sketch by Mrs. J. W. Toronto.—SEE PAGE 51.



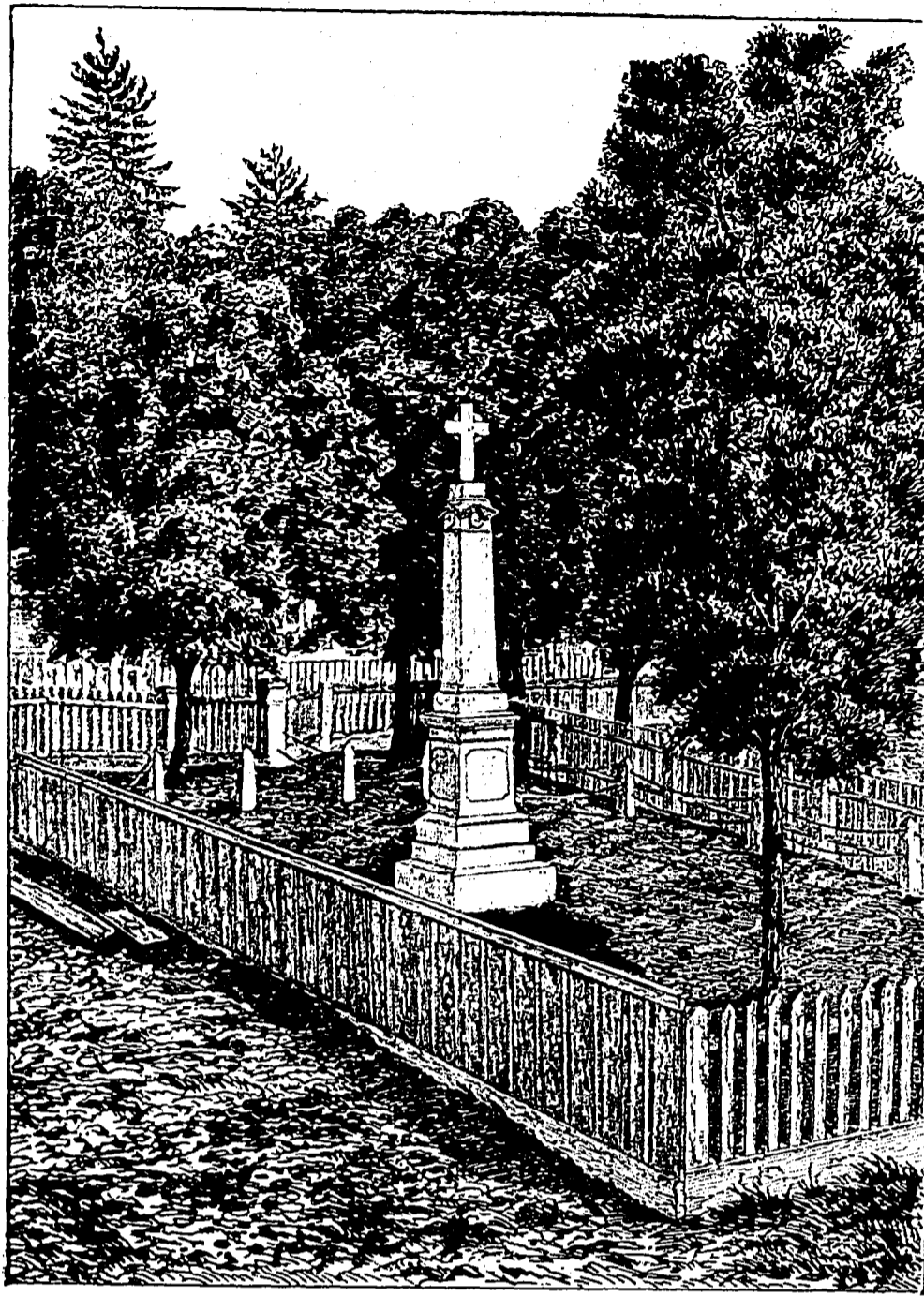
DOUGLASS, BRITISH COLUMBIA. From a sketch by Mrs. J. W. Toronto.—SEE PAGE 51.

THE MONUMENT AT SILLERY.

Most Canadian readers will remember the discovery made some time ago in the ruins of the old church at Sillery, Quebec, of the remains of the first missionary to Canada, Rev. Ennemond Masse, S. J. Over a year ago it was determined that a monument should be erected on the spot to perpetuate his memory, and on Monday the 27th June, this patriotic intention was carried to fruition. Notwithstanding the unpleasant state of the weather, many of the most prominent citizens of Quebec were present, along with a very large gathering of the public. The Very Rev. Vicar-General Cazeau opened the proceedings with an eloquent and impressive address, giving much information as to the early struggles of the first Jesuit missionaries, and especially of those of Father Masse, who was the pioneer of all, under the patronage of the pious and noble Chevalier Noel Bruillart de Sillery, after whom the place where was erected the first church in Canada—the church of St. Michel—was named. It was in the ruins of this ancient fane that the remains of Pere Masse were found, and thanks to the learned researches of the Abbes Casgrain and Laverdiere, the identification was placed beyond dispute by historical facts. The circumstance, so full of patriotic recollections, inspired the people with the noble design of erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of the first Christian Missionary to Canada, and now a plain but elegant structure, about twenty feet high, has been erected on the very spot where his remains were found. It is of cut stone, with four marble tablets surmounted by a marble cross. One of the tablets bears the following inscription:

"The Inhabitants of Sillery  
Have erected this Monument  
To the Memory of  
PERE ENNEMOND MASSE, S. J.,  
First Missionary in Canada,  
Buried in 1646,  
In the Church of Saint Michel,  
On the Domain of  
Saint Joseph of Sillery."  
On another tablet is inscribed:  
"The Church of St. Michel,  
Which formerly stood on this Spot,  
Was built by  
The Commander of Sillery,  
(Founder (in 1637) of the  
St. Joseph Domain."

After the learned and interesting address



MONUMENT AT SILLERY. From a photograph.

of the Very Rev. Vicar-General Cazeau, replete with historical facts and patriotic sentiment, Mr. Dobell, who resides in the neighbourhood, and has nobly seconded the efforts of those engaged in getting up the monument, came forward and delivered an able speech, in which he sketched briefly the life of Noel Bruillart de Sillery, who was born in France in 1577, and after a brilliant career entered a religious order and devoted all his vast possessions to the Church. He was descended from a noble family of Savoy, and as he had been marked out as a Chevalier de Malte, he was sent when eighteen years of age to the island to complete his education. After an absence of twelve years he returned to Paris, was admitted to court, and soon got into favour. Marie de Medicis honoured him with the title of Chevalier, and he served as Ambassador at the Court of Spain and afterwards at that of Rome. He it is who is mentioned in the inscription as "Commander of Sillery." According to McMullen's *History of Canada*, "they (the religious orders) organized a mission at Sillery, four miles above Quebec (city) for the conversion of the Indians, and where Bruillart de Sillery, once the magnificent Ambassador of Marie de Medicis, and who subsequently assumed the friar's cowl, built a fort, a church, and dwellings for the natives." It was in this church, eight years after its construction, that the remains of Father Masse were deposited. Bruillart de Sillery died in Paris in 1640, having devoted the latter part of his life and the whole of his fortune to the cause of religion. The trials and the triumphs of Father Masse were such as may be imagined among the barbarous Indians. His career, even before he devoted himself to the conversion of the Hurons, seems to have been an eventful one; a succession of hardships borne with singular cheerfulness and Christian fortitude. It was his lot to have been cast into prison, to have been captured by pirates, to have been compelled to subsist for two months at a time on acorns and such roots as he could gather in the forest—such were among the incidents of the life of him who spent the last years of his life among the Indians at Sillery, and who, 234 years ago, was called to the reward of his labours. It is honourable to the people of Quebec that all classes should have united to perpetuate his memory. Such monuments inspire the spirit of patriotism, and while reminding us of the brevity of man's life, they show us also that his good deeds not only "follow him," but



BELMERE. THE RESIDENCE OF HUGH ALLAN, Esq., LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—From a photograph by Notman.—See page 51.

ive behind him for the edification and emulation of his fellow-man. Among those who took part in the proceedings was the Premier of the Province, Hon. Mr. Chauveau, who in an eloquent speech alluded, among other things, to the harmonious feelings existing between the Catholics and the Protestants of the Province. All the speakers paid a high tribute to the Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, to whose patient and learned researches the public was indebted for the discovery of Pere Masse's remains, and with whom the idea of the monument originated.

#### CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 30, 1870.

SUNDAY, July 24.—6th Sunday after Trinity. Gibraltar taken by Sir George Rooke, 1704. Prince of Wales landed at St. Johns, Newfoundland, 1860.  
 MONDAY, " 25.—St. James Ap. and M. Battle of Crecy, 1386.  
 TUESDAY, " 26.—St. Anne. Battle of Talavera, 1809.  
 WEDNESDAY, " 27.—Charter granted to the Bank of England, 1697. Breaking out of French Revolution, 1830.  
 THURSDAY, " 28.—Cowley died, 1662. Robespierre executed, 1794. The "Alabama" sailed from Liverpool, 1862.  
 FRIDAY, " 29.—Andrew Marvel died, 1678. Marriage of Adelina Patti, 1868.  
 SATURDAY, " 30.—Dispersion of the Spanish Armada, 1588. Wm. Penn died, 1718. John Sebastian Bach died 1750.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

EUROPE is now on the verge of a contest which promises, from present appearances, to be the most bloody and destructive the world has ever seen. France on the one side, and Prussia, backed by the German Confederation, on the other, are so nearly matched in population, resources and military skill, that it would be a miracle were either of them to triumph, except after a fierce struggle and at the cost of tremendous sacrifices. It is not improbable that a million of men on each side may be led into the field, for though Prussia has numerically the larger army, 1,200,000 against about 1,035,000 French, yet the facilities for increasing the armies are ample on both sides, and the spirit of the populations, if we can credit the telegrams, have risen to war heat. But the struggle can hardly be confined to the two principals. Denmark, still smarting from the recollection of the loss of the Duchies, is supposed to be in close alliance with France and ready to strike a blow at Prussia. The neutrality of Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland may be depended upon, though the violation of Belgian territory by either France or Prussia would undoubtedly draw Great Britain into the war; indeed it is said that Belgium will be garrisoned by British troops. The attitude of Italy is uncertain, though wise statesmanship would counsel strict neutrality on its part, not only because of the obligation it is under to both the contestants, but because it may have to deal with the revolution at home. It is reported that Austria will join France; and if so, Russia, unless intending to make a descent upon Turkey, will very probably side with Prussia. If, however, the other European powers stand aloof, both Russia and England are likely to remain neutral.

And for what is this terrible war, the preparation for which has filled the world with its din? The immediate occasion of the rupture was the offering of the vacant Spanish throne to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. The negotiation for placing this German Prince upon the throne of Spain was managed so secretly between Prussia on the one hand and Bismarck on the other, that the world was unaware of it until the preliminaries had been arranged. France protested energetically against the contemplated step, and appealed to the King of Prussia, as head of the house of Hohenzollern, to prevent it. The King at first declined to interfere, refusing to assume any responsibility in the matter; but as affairs were rapidly assuming a grave aspect, Prince Leopold, on the advice of his father, formally withdrew from the candidature. So far all the great powers were with France and against Prussia, but unfortunately, the matter did not end here. France demanded of Prussia a formal renunciation of all pretension on the part of any German Prince to the Spanish Crown, and this Prussia somewhat indignantly refused; and when the French Ambassador desired an interview with his Prussian Majesty at Ems, the latter positively declined to see him. Further than this, Prussia courteously informed the different powers, except France, that the French Minister had been dismissed. This step, according to the French Premier, M. Ollivier, decided France to abandon negotiation and appeal to the sword.

So much for the immediate occasion of the quarrel. Its real object on the part of France is the "rectification of the Rhenish frontier;" on the part of Prussia it is

equally certain that it has a strong desire to humble France and extend its own territorial sway. The London Times says "the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, containing the modern provinces of Moselle, Meurthe, Meuse, Vosges, the upper and lower Rhine, are the real object of the war on the part of Prussia, and in that she has the sympathies of mankind." But we can hardly see why the "sympathies of mankind" should be warmly enlisted for the "recovery" of Alsace which has been under French rule for more than two hundred years, or of Lorraine which fell to the French crown more than a century ago, and to neither of which Prussia can have any claim. But the English paper is undoubtedly right that Prussia had an object for going to war with France, independently of any question relating to the Spanish Crown. That question, was the "straw" deftly handled by Bismarck to tickle Napoleon; and the latter was apparently but too anxious to give the opportunity. Indeed they both sought the quarrel with very little disguise, and it is difficult to say which is the more guilty. Since the close of the war between Austria and Prussia, a struggle between the latter and France has been regarded as among the probabilities; but singularly enough, at the very beginning of the present month there was as little appearance of it as at any previous time. On the 30th of June the French Ministry proposed a considerable reduction in the army, which M. Thiers, who has since condemned the threatened war, then opposed on the ground that it would weaken the moral force of France in Europe. In a few days afterwards the candidature of Leopold for the Spanish Crown was announced, and though on the 14th or 15th he withdrew, yet on the 18th the declaration of war was on its way from Paris to Berlin!

Will the same celerity characterise the war? That will depend in great part upon whether it can be confined to the principals. If it could, and they both come out of it, as they undoubtedly would, thoroughly exhausted, no matter who got the victory, Europe would have some guarantee for a long term of future peace. The designs of Russia are solely directed towards the East, and Russia excepted, Prussia and France are the two powers whose ambitious designs and schemes for their own aggrandizement continually menace the peace of Europe, and impose upon the nations immense burthens of taxation for military purposes. It is desirable that they both should be strong powers, but it would be a misfortune were either of them to gain very great preponderance over the other. In that case, other nations would undoubtedly be dragged in, and the strife begun between France and Prussia would widen out to the dimensions of a European war; and perhaps even involve this continent, for the people of the United States have wandered away from the simple non-intervention policy of their fathers. The bitter feeling manifested in England against France, and the general opinion so freely expressed that there was no just ground of a proclamation of war point to certain unpleasant possibilities. The maintenance of neutrality by Great Britain will be difficult in any case; but should Prussia waver, is it likely that Britain will stand by and see her whipped, believing that the quarrel was unfairly thrust upon her? When Prussia and Austria plundered Denmark of the Duchies, France and England protested against the robbery and allowed it to proceed. They acted on the diplomatic reason that it was better Denmark should suffer some injustice than that the whole of Europe should be plunged into war. They will both suffer now for that folly. Prussia carried off the whole of the spoil, and the consequence was the Austro-Prussian war. Now we have as a consequence of Prussia's extraordinary success in that war, another war springing from the Prussian ambition fired, and the French jealousy created, thereby. Austria became wise after her defeat. Prussia consolidated her strength and prepared for fresh conquests, and Napoleon, seeing the mistake of allowing Prussia to become so great, was impatient for a pretext to strike her. That having come, it will now be England's interest to see that his success, if any, shall not be too great; otherwise, instead of one murderous and exhausting general war, which would certainly be followed by a long peace, Europe will continue to suffer periodically from a series of great national duels, such as those which have been so frequent within the past twenty years. Had England and France stood manfully by Denmark, and given the two great German powers their deserts, France would not to-day have had occasion to measure swords with Prussia, nor England to look forward to the serious entanglements with which she is now threatened.

The dogma of Papal infallibility has been approved at a general congregation of the Ecumenical Council. 450 Fathers voted for it, 88 against it, and 63 declared in its favour with certain conditions. It is said that it will probably be voted unanimously before being promulgated.

We regret to have to state that the Hon. P. Mitchell, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, has been ill for some time at Ottawa. Mr. Mitchell is a very hard worker, and the many important matters pressing upon his attention in connection with the fisheries, doubtless, tempted him to overtask his strength. He had somewhat recovered at last accounts.

Sir John A. Macdonald, the Premier, has very much improved in health by his cruise in the gulf, and it is expected that he will be able to resume ministerial duty in the course of a few weeks. His recuperative powers must be enormous to have recovered so quickly from so severe a sickness. We have been assured that even during the time of his greatest physical prostration, his brilliant intellect remained unimpaired.

#### THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

On Friday of last week Her Majesty issued the proclamation annexing Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories to the Dominion of Canada. Our country now extends from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and is enlarged by the addition of over two millions and a half of square miles of territory; or, to put it in a more appreciable form, the Dominion is now about eight times as large as it was before!

This extension of our borders only tends for the present to add to our responsibilities; but in time it will no doubt add to our strength. The little Province of Manitoba is all that Canada now undertakes to organize, and for a beginning it is perhaps enough. Hon. Mr. Archibald has been sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, this week, at Niagara Falls, where His Excellency Sir John Young is now residing. We presume Mr. Archibald will leave for Fort Garry as soon as the progress of the expedition makes an uninterrupted passage west from Thunder Bay.

Telegrams from Washington on Wednesday last brought the startling intelligence that M. Prevost-Paradol, the newly arrived French minister, had committed suicide, by shooting himself, at one o'clock on the morning of that day. The extreme heat and fatigue of travel are supposed to have superinduced a fit of temporary insanity, hence the rash act. M. Prevost-Paradol was a politician of the liberal school, a member of the Academy, and one of the most distinguished French litterateurs of the day. He was born at Paris in 1829, and was, consequently, only 41 years of age.

VIGER GARDENS.—Thanks to Messrs. Doure and Globensky the citizens enjoyed a rare treat at the Viger Gardens on Wednesday evening last. The band of the Rifle Brigade plays in the gardens every Wednesday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock; and the gentlemen named took much trouble in getting up a subscription for the illumination of the gardens, fire-works, &c. Their labours were crowned with success; but as it can hardly be expected that private effort can maintain such attractive accessories to the excellent music of the band every Wednesday evening throughout the season, the Corporation should take the matter in hand.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S CIRCUS MENAGERIE AND BALLET.—The great showman, Fayette Lodovick Robinson, professionally known as "Yankee Robinson" is now on his first visit to Canada, with his Consolidated Circus, Menagerie and Ballet. His exhibition contains a large number of wonderful attractions, the particulars of which will be found in advertisement elsewhere. Wild animals, trained horses, diminutive ponies, &c.; successful lion tamers, accomplished equestrians and skilful acrobats are among the numerous attractions of the exhibition, which will be open on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, afternoon and evening, on the vacant lot at the corner of Sanguinet and St. Catharine Streets.

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

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

[In the series of articles to be published under the above title, it is hoped that the readers of the *Canadian Illustrated News* will find both pleasure and profit from their perusal. Although some of the derivations and origins differ materially from Johnson and Webster, nevertheless a great deal of truth and reality pervades the whole. We would advise all lovers of such things to keep the series till completed, and they will then have a large amount of useful and amusing information, and much matter for ready reference. A great number of the following articles are taken by the author from his "Cyclopaedia of History and Geography,"—published some years ago, and many have been collected and added since by him, and the whole is now offered to the public through the medium of the *Canadian Illustrated News*,—and as a matter of gratification at the success of such a publication, honourable alike both to the country and its spirited proprietor.—J. D. B.]

A

"ORIGIN OF ALBIGENSES"—so called from the town of Albi. They were almost destroyed by Simon, Count of Montfort.  
 "ORIGIN OF ALMANAC."—The Saxons are said by some etymologists to have originated the term *Almanac*. These ancients paid much attention to the moon, and used to engrave or cut upon square sticks, about a foot in breadth, the courses of that

lunary for each year, for the purpose of regulating thereby a number of terrestrial matters, in this, imitating nature, which has, from time immemorial, entrusted the waves of the ocean to a lunar guidance. The tablets thus marked with the moon's periods, got the name of *Al-mon-acht*; in the Saxon dialect, *Al-mon-acht* signified *All must heed*, and the injunction indicated the necessity of attending to the celebration of the festivals and holy days mentioned in the calendars.

**AMAZONS.**—The female warriors of Pontus; from *a, non, and maz, mamma*; because they cut off their right breast to handle the sword more easily, or hurl the javelin or bend the bow.

**ORIGIN OF AMETHYST.**—(precious stone); It comes from the Greek words *a, not* and *methu, wine*, or *a, not, methusko, to be inebriated*, so called, because in former times, according to Plutarch, it was thought to prevent drunkenness, and hence a ring with an amethyst stone was supposed a sure protection against inebriety.

**ORIGIN OF AMMONIAC.**—The salt called ammoniac abounds in the refuse of several species of animals, and particularly of camels. Now, once upon a time there stood on the African coast of the Mediterranean, a little to the west of Egypt, a magnificent temple dedicated to the principal deity of the heathen mythology, Jupiter, under his Egyptian surname of Ammon. To this temple crowds of pilgrims used to come from all quarters of the ancient world, and, as the country in the neighbourhood consisted in many parts of sandy deserts, large inns were erected here and there for the convenience of the travellers, and the accommodation of the camels on which they rode. In the course of this pilgrimage track, the volatile salt alluded to was first discovered, having become concrete in those places where camels had rested, or by which they had passed. From the deity in whose honour the pilgrimage was made, the substance was called Ammoniac. Up till a very recent period, all the sal-ammoniac of commerce (technically termed muriate of ammonia) was procured from Egypt, where it was prepared from the refuse of camels and other animals. The chemists of Europe, however, are now able to extract it from several substances, of which *so-t* is one of the principal. On entering a newly swept stable, a powerful odour of ammonia is felt, similar to that of hartshorn, or water impregnated with gaseous ammonia, which last is its natural state.

**ORIGIN OF APRIL FOOL.**—Butler says the origin of the jokes played under this name is conjectured to rest with the French, who term the object of their mockery *un poisson d'Avril*, a name which they also give to mackerel, a fish easily caught in great quantities at this season. The English are said to have borrowed the practice from their neighbours, changing the appellation from fish to fool. It is not, however, of very ancient date, as no writer so old as the time of Queen Elizabeth makes any mention of it.

**ORIGIN OF ARBITER.**—Comes from the Latin words *ara, an altar*, and *iter, a going to*, applied originally to those Romans who touched the altar or swore when they were about to decide any matter of importance.

**ORIGIN OF ARENA.**—Arena is a word now in common use, to designate a field, or theatre, or action of any kind. The term is a Latin one, and means simply *sand*. It acquired its present signification from the circumstance of the amphitheatre at Rome being strewn with sand, in order to fit the ground for the combats of the prize-fighters, and also to *drink up their blood!*

**ORIGIN OF ARMENIAN.**—belief of the ark still being on Mount Ararat.

The people of Armenia, who have long been followers of the Christian faith, regard Mount Ararat with the most intense veneration, and have many religious establishments in its vicinity. They firmly believe, to a man, that *the ark is still preserved on the summit of the mountain*, and that, in order to preserve it, the ascent of Ararat has been prohibited to mortals, by a divine decree, since the time of Noah. The origin of this traditional belief, which is sanctioned by the church, and has almost become an article of Armenian faith, is said to be as follows:—A monk in former times, who was anxious to settle some doubts relative to the scriptural account of Noah, resolved for this purpose to ascend to the top of Ararat, to satisfy himself whether or not the ark was there. On the declivity of the mountain, however, he had several times fallen asleep from exhaustion, and, on awaking, found himself always carried back to the very spot from which he first started. At length, out of pity, an angel was sent to him with the information that he had entered on an impracticable task; but, at the same time, his zeal was rewarded by a divine present of a piece of the ark. This piece is to this day preserved as the most valuable relic in the neighbouring convent of Etschmiadzin, the seat of the Patriarch, or Primate of the church of Armenia.

**ORIGIN OF ARRAS.**—A kind of tapestry, so called because first made in Artois, a town of France.

**ORIGIN OF ASSASSINS.**—A famous order among the Mahometans, A. D. 1090; hence our word *assassin* or murderer; their king was styled the Ancient of the Mountain; and The Old Man of the Mountain. Some affirm that the etymology of this word is from *hachischim*, an intoxicating preparation of henbane and hemp, which, when smoked or otherwise inhaled, excites a violent delirium or a pleasant trance.

**ORIGIN OF ATTORNEY.**—The word *Attorney* is a relic of ancient customs. It seems to have primarily signified one who appeared at the *tourney*, and did battle in the place of another. These *tourneys*, or minor tournaments, often consisted of single combats to support or rebut charges, civil or criminal; and, where a lady, or minor, or a very aged person, was a party in the business, some capable individual usually came forward as a substitute. The term *attorney*, however, it is probable, did not arise from these vicarious appearances at common tournaments, but rather from a similar thing taking place at certain biennial meetings held by the shire-reeve, or sheriff, of each of the English counties, in the times of our Saxon ancestors, and which meetings were called the *sheriffs' torns* or *tourns*. These resembled ordinary *tourneys*, in so far as the law permitted accusations to be maintained or repelled by personal contests, and these must have been frequently determined by deputy, in such cases as those already alluded to. By and by, when Justice began to take it into her head that a very strong man and a capital fighter might be nevertheless a very great scoundrel—a fact she seems to have been long ignorant of—matters came to be settled at the *sheriffs' torns* by *words*, not blows; and as parties in causes could not all be orators; the practice of employing substitutes who had the gift of ready speech, must have speedily been found convenient. Those who thus appeared and spoke for others were named *at-*

*torneys*, and a numerous and important class they have in the course of time become.

**ORIGIN OF AURORA BOREALIS.**—Those meteoric displays frequently seen in the heavens, the Aurora Borealis, (or northern-light,) the Aurora Australis, (or southern-light,) are unquestionably of electro-magnetic origin, as they may be artificially imitated by passing a current of electricity through an exhausted receiver; violent disturbances of the magnetic needle accompany its appearance; and light has been evolved by Faraday through magnetic power. The earth's magnetism is subject to vast and unaccountable commotions or storms of immense extent, which occur at irregular intervals, and are of short duration.

B

**ORIGIN OF BAUBLE.**—This coin, which is just a half-penny and is so called in Scotland and the north of England, received its name from the following circumstance. When James, one of the kings of Scotland, was engaged in the coining of a large number of half-pence, a son was born to him, which, when he heard, he said, "Let the coin be called a bauble, (from baby) in honour of my son," and it has continued to be so called ever since.

**ORIGIN OF BANKRUPT.**—This word comes from two Italian words *banco, rotto, broken bench*. Bankers and Merchants used formerly to count their money and write their bills of exchange upon benches in the street, and when a merchant or banker lost his credit and was unable to pay his debts, his bench was broken.

**ORIGIN OF BAYONET.**—It was invented at Bayonne in 1641; and employed in 1670, in the regiment of the King's Fusiliers. It sensibly modified the system of military art in Europe, as it made cavalry less redoubtable to infantry, and caused the fires of lines of battle to cease to be regarded as the principal means of action. The bayonet has, in fact, become the decisive arm of combat. According to a local tradition, it was in a small hamlet in the environs of Bayonne that this arm was invented. What led to the invention of it was, that in a fierce combat between some Basque peasants and some Spanish smugglers, the former having exhausted their ammunition, and being thereby at a disadvantage, fastened their long knives to their muskets, and by means of the weapon so formed, put their enemies to flight. The first battle at which the bayonet was seriously employed was that of Turin, in 1692; but it was not until the battle of Spire in 1703, that the first charge with the bayonet was executed. After that epoch up to 1792, the bayonet was often employed in combat, and the Prince de Ligne called it a 'peculiarly French arm,' owing to the manner in which the soldiers used it; but the real value of it was not revealed until the wars of national independence. Then the bayonet really became a French arm. 'The bullet is wild,' said Suwaroff, 'but the bayonet is prudent and sure.'

INSPECTION OF THE MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE ON DOMINION DAY.

An inspection of the City Police Force and the Fire Brigade was one of the first things on the programme of amusements for Dominion Day. At 11 o'clock in the morning the Police Force marched down to the Champ de Mars and took up their position on the western side of the parade. The men were dressed in summer costume, and made a very fair show. Many of them are of very fine *physique*, and their movements in the course of drill through which they were put by the drill-instructor were all that could be desired. At the close of the inspection His Worship the Mayor and Alderman Bettournay addressed the men, complimenting them upon their appearance. While the policemen were being inspected, the Fire Brigade had come upon the ground and drawn up on the lower side of the parade, and after the police went off, His Worship and the other inspectors mounted one of the ladder waggons, from which they addressed the men of the brigade. His Worship said that he had looked forward with a good deal of pleasure to this inspection, and in the result he had not been at all disappointed. He remarked upon the really splendid appearance which they presented, and upon the general efficiency which they on all occasions had displayed, which no force that he had seen either on this continent or in Europe could exceed. In conclusion, he hoped that in future years when no longer connected with the Corporation, the Fire Brigade would still remain as efficient as ever. Councillor Bettournay, speaking in French, referred to the manner in which the duties of the brigade were performed, which he said deserved the highest thanks of the citizens. He also said that he did not think that the firemen were properly treated. He had lately made a tour of the fire stations, and had found them unfit in many cases for human habitations. The matter had been referred to the chairman of the Health Committee, and a proposition was about to be set on foot for building new and more fitting stations for both the city and fire police. He concluded with an eulogium upon the general conduct of the brigade. Alderman McGauvran, Alderman Bernard, Alderman Wilson, Councillor Nelson, and Alderman Alexander also made some remarks. The men then formed in line and drove three times round the Champ de Mars. Their appearance was very fine indeed. Their helmets were polished, and shone like gold in the sun; they wore a new and very neat uniform of broadcloth, somewhat resembling that of the city police. Reels, hose, harness, and horses were as clean as clean could be, and every bit of brass or steel that was polishable was like a mirror. Our illustration of the review is from a sketch by our own artist.

**THE BRITISH MINISTRY.**—The Foreign Office, vacant by the death of Lord Clarendon, has been filled by Earl Granville. Lord Kimberley is now Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Viscount Halifax replaces Lord Kimberley as Lord Privy Seal.

The *Gazette* announces the successful completion of one of those undertakings which recall the surprising labours of the Benedictines of old. Monseigneur Perny, Vicar Apostolic in the Celestial Empire, has just presented the Emperor with the first volume of a French and Chinese dictionary. This is a wonderful monument of linguistic skill and of conquered difficulties. The intellectual exertion alone was enough to make the stoutest heart quail; but the author had also to overcome mechanical difficulties that were nearly insuperable. He had to form moulds for the 80,000 characters comprising the Chinese language, to run the type, and to set up the work with his own hand. And all this in a little cell at the establishment for foreign missions.

AN EXPERIMENT IN ELECTRICITY.

The following letter published in the Montreal Gazette has some scientific as well as local interest:—

Sir,—I notice in your issue of the 15th instant the following paragraph:

"That in some recent electric experiments, Sir C. Wheatstone has ascertained that the mere shuffling of the feet along a carpet will charge the human body with electricity sufficient to indicate itself by means of a delicate electrometer which he used; nay, that the electric charge resulting from a single stamp of a foot is thus recognizable."

It may be interesting to some of your readers to know that Sir C. Wheatstone is certainly not entitled to the merit of making this discovery; and, moreover, it does not require a delicate electrometer in order to try the experiment. At Quebec the session before last I was present one morning with several others in the Legislative Assembly room, when M. Joly and (if I remember aright) M. Louis Beaubien, of your city, both succeeded in igniting the gas proceeding from the burner at the Bar of the House, by an electric spark from their knuckles, after shuffling their feet on the carpeted floor. This spark was nearly an inch in length, and distinctly visible by day light.

Yours, &c.,

E. J. HEMMING.

Drummondville, July 18, 1870.

The phosphorescent light of the sea is caused by a microscopical animal (the *noctiluca*) smaller than a needle's point.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. M.—Both, unfortunately, admit of a second solution; in your variation of No. 10. Black can play R. P. for his first move. See reply to A. L. in a late number.

GAME played in Quebec in 1866, between a player well-known in some of the principal chess circles of the Dominion, and an amateur of the Club.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

- |                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| White—Lieut. Pope.     | Black—Amateur.   |
| 1 P. to K. 4th         | P. to K. 4th     |
| 2 K. Kt. to B. 3rd     | Q. Kt. to B. 3rd |
| 3 P. to Q. 4th         | P. takes P       |
| 4 B. to Q. B. 4th      | B. to Q. B. 4th  |
| 5 P. to Q. B. 3rd      | K. Kt. to B. 3rd |
| 6 P. to K. 5th         | Kt. to K. 5th    |
| 7 P. takes P.          | B. checks        |
| 8 B. to Q. 2nd         | Kt. takes B      |
| 9 Q. Kt. takes Kt      | P. to Q. 4th     |
| 10 B. to Q. Kt. 5th    | B. to K. 2nd     |
| 11 B. takes Kt         | P. takes B       |
| 12 Castles             | B. to Q. R. 3rd  |
| 13 R. to K. sq         | Castles          |
| 14 Q. R. to B. sq      | Q. R. to Kt. sq  |
| 15 Q. R. takes P.      | Q. R. to Kt. 3rd |
| 16 R. takes R          | R. P. takes R    |
| 17 P. to Q. R. 3rd     | P. to Q. B. 4th  |
| 18 P. takes P          | P. takes P       |
| 19 P. to K. R. 3rd     | Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd |
| 20 Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd    | Q. takes Q       |
| 21 Kt. takes Q         | R. to Q. Kt. sq  |
| 22 Q. Kt. to R. 5th    | R. to Q. Kt. 3rd |
| 23 P. to Q. Kt. 3rd    | B. to Q. B. sq   |
| 24 R. to Q. B. sq      | P. to K. R. 4th  |
| 25 P. to Q. Kt. 4th    | P. to Q. B. 5th  |
| 26 Kt. to Q. 4th       | B. to Q. 2nd     |
| 27 P. to K. B. 4th     | B. to Q. sq      |
| 28 P. to K. B. 5th     | R. to Q. R. 3rd  |
| 29 Q. Kt. to Kt. 7th   | R. to Q. Kt. 3rd |
| 30 Q. Kt. to Q. B. 5th | B. takes Kt      |
| 31 P. takes B          | R. takes P       |
| 32 P. to Q. B. 6th     | B. to Q. B. sq   |
| 33 P. to K. 6th        | P. takes P       |
| 34 P. takes P          |                  |

The game was continued for several moves. Won finally by White. a The threatened pawn cannot be well defended: this line of play is, perhaps, as good as any, since it frees the defence and gives promise of a counter attack.

b Apprehensive, apparently, of Kt. to B. 6th, &c., but he might safely have played 22. R. takes P., and remained with quite an equal game—with the best play on both sides subsequently, the result would probably have been a "draw."

c This useless move gives White an advantage at once—B. to K. 3rd, instead, would have had quite a different effect.

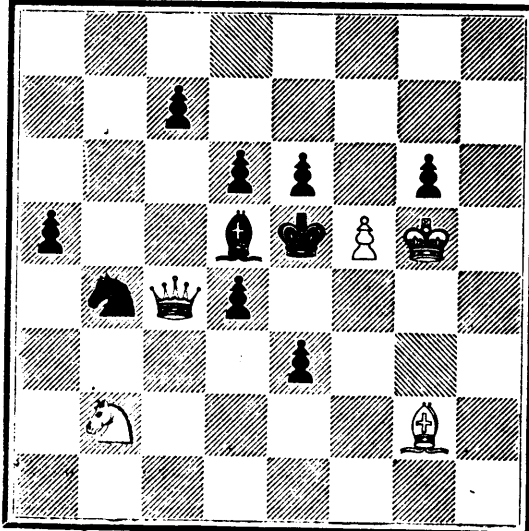
PROBLEM No. 13

(From the Chess-player's Magazine.)

A competing Problem in the late French Tourney.

By C. W., of Sunbury.

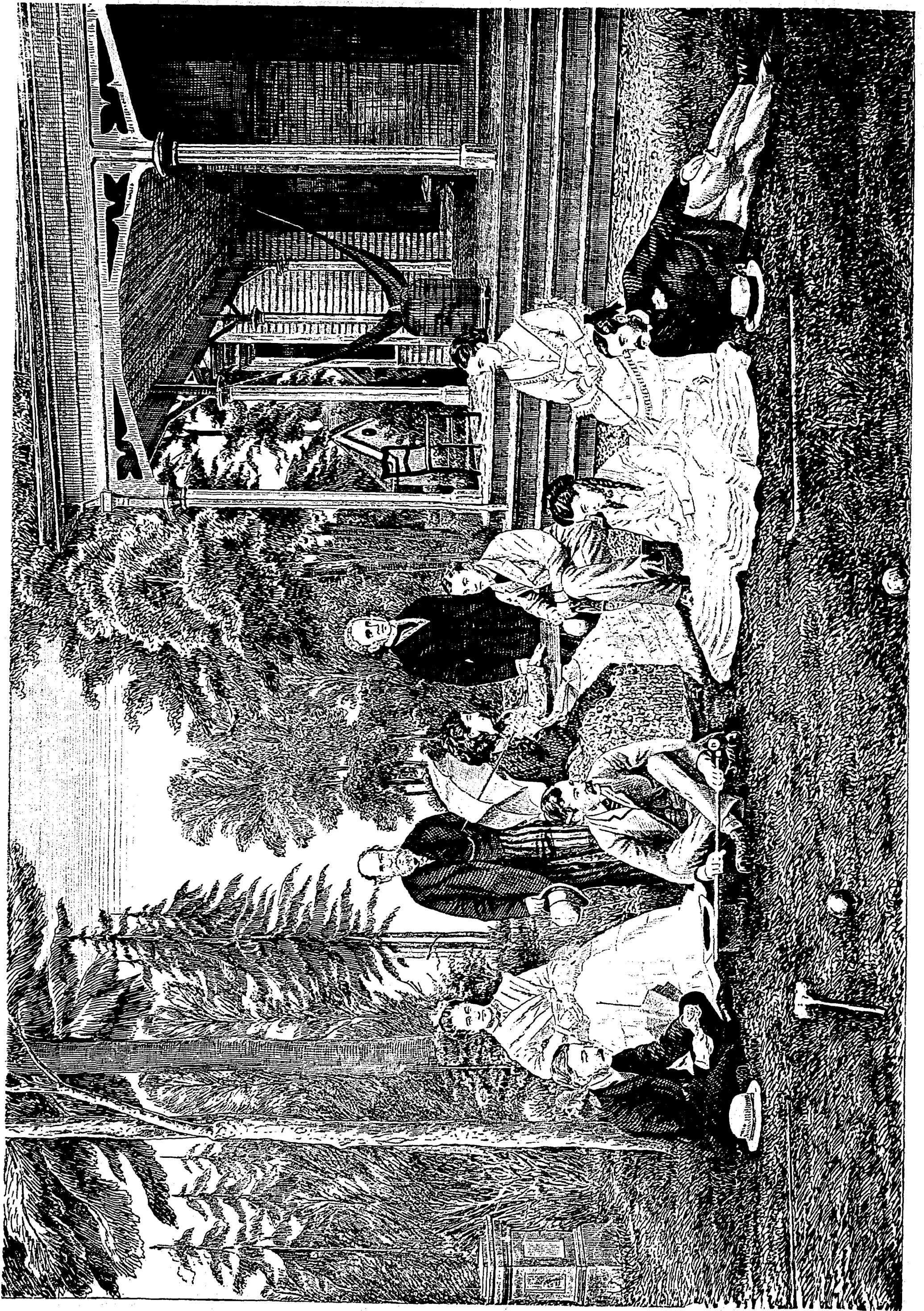
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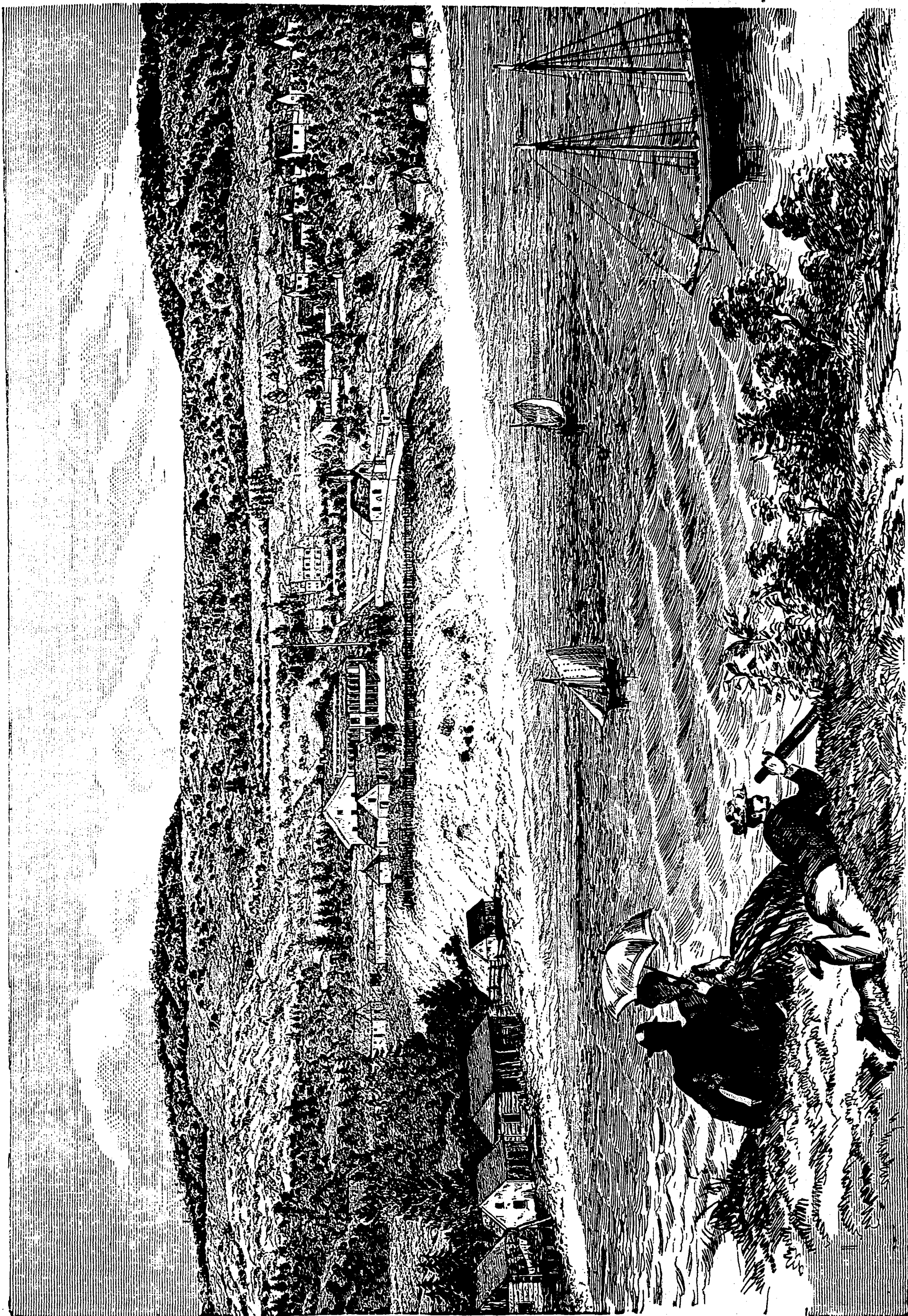
WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.





A DISTINGUISHED PARTY AT BELLEME. From a photograph by Notman.—SEE PAGE 51.



T A D O U S A C. From a photograph.—See page 51.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CELESTINE.

I.

Celestine stood at the open door.  
Her delicate hand was clasped in mine.  
Her mobile features with love did shine—  
"I am going, dear."—and I said no more.

II.

"You are going, dear, but will come again."  
And her lustrous eyes did smile on me,  
And her mobile features shone with glee.  
Ah! how much she loved me then!

III.

I scarce had heard to tell her all.  
The guileless girl who dreamed that e'er  
Her love and lover should linger near,  
And never away at a sterner call.

IV.

"You are going, then?" she smilingly said.  
"Alas! that smile it smote me so."  
"But not to return," I whispered low,  
And with an indefinite dread.

V.

Celestine leaned on the open door.  
A tremor shot through her fragile frame.  
Her heaving bosom went and came,  
And her eyes drooped to the floor.

VI.

But sudden, as though she understood  
The meaning of that strange farewell,  
Those eyes looked up and the big tears fell  
On my hand like gout's of blood.

VII.

I left her there.—alas! the throes  
That pierced my heart as I sped away—  
But my grief departed with the day,  
And my love was buried long ago.

VIII.

But they tell me that oft in her desolate home,  
Celestine stands at the open door,  
With lustreless eyes looking before,  
To welcome him who will never come.

IX.

O! thoughtless man—O! fickle friend,  
We come, we go, we smile when we part,  
But the plighted love of a woman's heart  
Is faithful unto the end.

JOHN LESPREANCE.

SKETCHES AND EPISODES OF THE LONDON SEASON.

AT THE ACADEMY.

The social history of the London streets is a book which, notwithstanding the amount of continuous employment given by the various metropolitan localities to the industrious gentlemen who compile handbooks of curious antiquities, and manuals of forgotten places, still remains to be written. The vicissitudes through which many a score of the thoroughfares of the capital have passed are all unknown to the casual loungers of to-day. The rise, zenith, and fall of Bloomsbury introduce us to many objects of greater interest than bricks and mortar. If the mansions in the streets that abut upon what is now the Thames Embankment possessed any autobiographical capacity, we should have a whole series of infinitely amusing chapters on the caprice of fashion, and the manner in which neighbourhoods, once popular and famous, commence their decline and consummate their failure. What material the sociologist might find for the construction of new theories of progress, what light might be let in upon the views of the philosophers of the world, it is impossible to say. Should some such treatise as that of whose suggestion we make a present, free, gratis, and for nothing, in all sincerity and good will, to Mr. Timbs, or to any one of his followers and friends who may consider its adoption worth their while, ever be essayed, from the point of view and in the manner which we desiderate, Bond Street will fill it in no small space. But Bond Street will be cited as an instance not of mutability of whim on the part of mankind, but of constancy. Bond Street is exactly to-day what it was half a century ago—the chosen thoroughfare of fashion, and the favoured resort of well-appointed equipages and aristocratic loungers. The attempt has been made before now to deprive Bond Street of some portion of its traditional prestige, and to effect a transference of it to the Street of the Regent. The idea was studiously disseminated that the glories of Bond were fast disappearing. A few years more, and it would be on a par, as far as regarded the vivacity of its scene, with the thoroughfares of Wimpole or Wigmore, the indisputably select, but indisputably dull. The tide of fashion had set irrevocably in the direction of the stuccoed houses of the Quadrant. The presiding deities of Bond Street had, it was confidently asserted, uttered, in tones that admitted of no doubt, the words "Let us depart." But the syllables of evil omen were spoken to no purpose. Bond Street remained in the possession of its pristine glories, as it remains now, and, one may be bold to say, will remain. There is an air of elegance and refined splendour about the thoroughfare which is unrivalled. Certain streets remind one of the vulgar ostentation and the tawdry show of the *nouveaux riches*. To these, Bond Street stands in the same relation that the head of an aboriginal county family does to the self-made man of Manchester or Birmingham. At all times, night or morning, in the glare of the noon-day sun, or beneath the slanting of his afternoon rays, Bond Street never forgets itself; it is always well bred—the paragon and the queen of the fashionable thoroughfares of London.

Yes, we confess to a decided partiality for Bond Street; and in the season it is as good a place for the lounge and social sketcher as the Row, the Horticultural, or the Clubs. The removal of the Academicians to Burlington House has given it a fresh stimulus; and the result is, that it is more crowded, more prosperous, and more fashionable than ever. Long live Bond Street! say we. But the Academy? Yes, we had forgotten; it was the Academy which we had intended to describe. Not the pictures, certainly not, but the spectators. *Excudent alii spirantibus aera*; by which we mean to intimate that we have not the slightest wish to trench upon the legitimate occupation of the professional art-critic—a gentleman to whom, at this season of the year, society is assuredly under the deepest debt of gratitude. "Have you been to the Academy?" The question is somewhat musty; and by the unaided assistance of their own powers, a majority of persons

would probably find a difficulty in getting beyond a monosyllabic reply, or, at best, a monosyllable dissolved into polysyllables. It is the function of the art-critic to provide a public, uninitiated into art mysteries, with ideas on a subject of which they know nothing, and the capacity to converse on them as well; to assist the world in general to fill up the talking-spaces of the Lancers, or the intervals between the courses at dinner, in the absence of any more exciting topic turning up—a scandal, an elopement, or a flirtation.

The nature of the company in which you find yourself in the Burlington House Galleries very essentially depends on the hour of the day which you select to visit them. Miss Tabitha McMunn, spinster, of Laurel Row, Clapham, plants herself in the first morning bus, and is at the doors almost as soon as they are open. "In this way," remarks Miss McMunn, "you secure moderate seclusion and quietude. In these days men stare so." For the same reasons that this lady consents to display her virginal charms only when the day is young, Mrs. Hencoop elects to take her daughters, ere the more frivolous and later multitude profanes with its presence the golden halls of the Academicians. There is always a fair contingent of vigilant duennas and their charges between the hours of 8.30 and 11.0. What say the Misses Hencoop? "Why not a little later, dear mamma?" thinking the while of a new bonnet and dainty fichu. "My dears," is the reply, "what do you go to the Academy for; to look at the pictures or the men; to see or to show yourselves?" Whereat Mary Jane and Susan hang their heads in discomfiture and doubt. Or you may see in the chambers the severe man of business, legal or commercial. 'Tis the hour which he snatches from the day. A visit at any other time would be pure wickedness, sacrilege, wanton loss of precious moments, or whatever else you will. Eleven comes, and he is in counting-house or chambers, just as Miss McMunn is talking religious scandal to her neighbours at Clapham. Sylphs there are somewhat bony and angular, nor exceedingly juvenile, it must be confessed, who present themselves at the doors of Burlington House at this primitive hour, not because they deny any other portion of their time to the spectacle of pictorial art, but because they are going to make a day of it, and wish to commence their campaign early. We may see them later, and bid them good-bye for the present. But there are other spectators, other groups whom we may note at these matutinal visits of a more interesting and attractive description. We are told that there is little artistic sympathy—no genuine aesthetic instinct in the breast of the hard-worked, practical, severe Briton. Look there. Here you have gazers at canvasses and sculpture who have spent their shilling readily and gladly to have an hour's enjoyment before the stern days work commences. No Cæsesuses or magnates of law or commerce here—clerks of illiputian salaries, governesses, to whom the coin they have paid at the entrance represents fairly half of their day's income. We wonder whether Mr. Ruskin has ever paid any attention to the composition of the little knots of the visitors whom we are looking at this morning at the only hour at which they are to be seen. Or if you want further proof of the fact that we are not such a people of Philistines and Goths as our detractors would fain represent, you may see boys and girls, meanly clad, vainly endeavouring to reproduce with their own unskilled pencils, the outlines of the ideal figures and the forms which the painter's magic brush has made instinct with life. It is worth an early visit, this place, for the sake of such sights as these. We don't much care about Miss Tabitha McMunn, or masculine and early-rising females in general; but one gets glimpses into a life of which one may have had little idea—notions which may be novelities—that make it quite worth one's while to submit once in a way to the monstrous hardship of abandoning one's couch when, in the ordinary course of things, one would be revelling in the delights of one's beauty-sleep.

*Place aux dames*, or rather *aux dem. iselles*. It is with the spectators and spectatresses at the Academy that we have to do, not the pictures—the specimens and representations of mingled art and Nature that throng the floor, not the creations of Fine Art which crowd the wall.

"I've seen far finer women, ripe and real,  
Than all the nonsense of your stone ideal."

It is true that we are not as yet in the sculpture room; but the lines of Byron may be considered an equally appropriate motto for the contemplative philosopher in other apartments at the Burlington House Show. *Place aux demoiselles*, by all means—and first for the artistic young lady of the period. "By many names men call us;" yes, we can conceive a variety of epithets being applied to these fair creatures who condescend habitually to grace the chambers of the Academicians with their presence. You may notice them here in great force to-day. Which charming member of the class shall we take first in order? If you look yonder you may see a young lady in attire somewhat sombre, but pretty, decidedly pretty, who will do for your purpose as well as any of her fellows. Certainly a severe student of nineteenth-century art. You do not recognise her? Look again. It is the hair, whose frizzled and toozled-out appearance reminds you of newly-tossed hay, which refuses to be restrained within the limits of bonnet—and the latitude which we allow in selecting this particular description of head-gear is considerable—or of the ultimate syllable of that word, net, and which by some process, fearful and wonderful, is elaborated into a gigantic top knot, whose motto is obviously *excelsior*, and whose altitude is totally in defiance of the received fashions of the day, that betokens the presence of our artistic Mademoiselle No. 1. One supposes, and naturally enough, that the position of the *chignon* is intended to supplement a natural deficiency of the head, and that the art of the *coiffeur* has been called in to impress the beholder with a sense of abnormal cerebral development. Yes, Miss Raphael, yonder, is, *par excellence*, the type of the most approved order of young ladies whose passion is Art. "Beatrice is all soul," her fond mamma will tell you; "all soul, I assure you. She is never happy except when she is looking at pictures." Do you care about pioneering this spiritual young lady through the galleries? She will give you criticisms on each particular picture by the yard—Miss Beatrice Raphael has been devoting the whole of her afternoons lately to the study of the Art critiques in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In an hour's time the pace begins to tell; you suggest an ice in the excellent refreshment-room on the basement floor. But Mademoiselle—though the humidity of her countenance gives evidence of her susceptibility of the heat of the temperature—is "all soul." "No, thanks, Mr. Nameless; nothing now. The pictures are enough for me—but we might, I think, go to Grange's when we want

some lunch." Lunch, with Miss Raphael—as is proper and right with a young lady constructed upon such ethereal principles—means strawberries and cream; and strawberries and cream mean, to a practical brute like yourself, an expenditure of five shillings a plate. Beatrice is all soul; but, ye powers, what a capacity for the costly and diminutive fruit! Mr. Nameless, you had better produce your tablets and find an early luncheon engagement for 1.30, when Miss Raphael murmurs, in the intervals of her Art criticism, that Grange's shop almost confronts the Royal Academy.

Artistic young lady of the period, No. 2: readily recognizable. Miss Raphael's face was piquant; there was a delicate chiselling in the region of the nasal and oral development, which struck you as decidedly a hit on the part of Nature; the eyes were clear and penetrating; in a word, there was character in the face. You are escorting now an angel of artistic propensities, of an altogether different kind. Limp silk, washed-out countenance, painfully pendant *chignon*, weak eyes, and double tortoise-shell eye-glass, thin remarks, and feeble sentiments, are the characteristics of your fair charge.

"Can you tell me the time, Mr. Nameless?"

The faithful and friendly watch apprises you of the advent of the hour of one.

"Good gracious! I have an appointment in the City at half-past, which I cannot escape." (The angel looks unutterable things through the tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses.) "Indeed I must go."

A desperate effort and you are off.

"City?"

"No—hang the City!" you mentally ejaculate. "Drive to the Club."

And as your hansom drives off, you say, "*Splendide mendax!*—nothing like a good—excuse! *Sic me servavit Apo'lo*—what a lucky thing the City exists!"

As for your charmer, she says to her duenna:

"I think Mr. Nameless might have stayed."

"Yes, I never liked that young man," is the reply.

Mademoiselle there, bright, busy, and active, has no pretensions to belong to the artistic division of her sex. Her artistic tastes are undeveloped; her critical faculty lies dormant—her judgments are contained in the simple statement of fact: "This is pretty;" or, "I don't like that;" or, "Good gracious, what a fright!"—summary opinions delivered in tones more than sufficiently audible. Yet the young lady in question is the life and soul of her party—its pioneer and guide. Somewhat diminutive in size, lithe in form, and quick in movement, you will see that she is ever just a little in advance of her friends. She has discovered a picture at which they look, and its number is exclaimed in accents of spasmodic earnestness. Herself she does not carry a catalogue; that duty is reserved for another member of the band.

"Look at number five thousand and two; that's a pretty face!" is the shrill observation of the lively young lady.

"Aaron smiting the Rock," is the reply, read aloud.

"Nonsense, Louie! how can you be so foolish? I never knew that the Israelites wore *fichus* and Alpine hats. You have made a mistake."

"Yes, of course I have," says the giggling, blushing Louie, with a simper that is meant to be attractive. "I was looking at five hundred and two—five thousand and two is called 'The Honey-moon on the Alps.'"

And so on: for this is the sort of cackle you may hear *ad infinitum* in the rooms at Burlington House.

Talking about honeymoons, a visit to the Academy always brings one into contact with a vast number of happy couples—or otherwise—just launched together on the sea of life in the matrimonial bark. There is no mistaking them. Her very garments proclaim the presence of the bride. As for Edwin, he evidently enjoys the fact that Angelina leans heavily and perpetually on his arm—a great deal more, considering the condition of the temperature, than he will when the pair have arrived at the Mr. and Mrs. Naggleton stage of their career. Charles Lamb wrote a wise and delightful paper on the conduct of newly-married persons. Therein he objects to the obtrusive publicity of their affectionate display. So do we *in toto*. The world is not a dovecote. Billing and cooing are all very well in their proper place; but their proper place is not the floor of Burlington House. Young married people, be good enough to move on. Don't lose yourselves in raptures over the charms of that sentimental group on canvas, and don't whisper pretty nothings into each other's ears, to the effect that the love which the painter has depicted is not half so intense as that which thrills each of your bosoms. Or if you must surrender yourselves to interchange of ecstatic soliloquies, there is the sculpture-room, or the refreshment-room; though Angelina abhors the idea of the favourite fresh strawberry-ice, and refuses to come down from the seventh heaven of delight to taste the curious cup which Edwin used to brew so well.

It is pleasant, it is even refreshing, to hear the unsophisticated comments of the heavy country cousin contingent on the painting before them. They reveal by their remarks a profound and entire ignorance of the fundamental principles of Art, not to say—whenever the opportunity of exhibiting it, by the presence of a costume picture, is offered—of the whole range of history, ancient and modern as well, which presents an agreeable contrast to the predominant feature of this age of universal knowledge.

"Belisarius looking down upon the captured city," remarks one of them, reading from the catalogue. "Who was Belisarius?"

"Hush, Eliza! Don't you know?" the happy husband remarks; "the king who fiddled when Rome was burnt?"

Unaccustomed to crowds, these good people are, doubtless, utterly ignorant of the extent to which their voice is audible, and perhaps have not the slightest idea that, of all things which it is impossible not to overhear, the most impossible is an emphatic whisper.

"Do let us look a little longer at this delicious colouring," says a languid lady, with a sigh, to her stalwart lord, who is in attendance at her side. "It is beautiful; it makes me quite happy; indeed it is quite heavenly."

"Hang it, Laura!" replies the gentleman, "do let us move on. I want to see that stunning picture of Gladiator. I am told it is A 1."

And the simple-hearted, stalwart yeoman, with the painfully exotic wife, moves on vigorously, while the delicate creature at his side heaves a sigh as she thinks of the materialism of man.

"Mamma," says some *enfant terrible* to his parent as they stand before some work of the extreme pre-Raphaelite school, "why do they make all the faces so ugly?—why are the women

all so thin, and their noses all so flat, exactly like cook, I think? And why is everything painted green, and why—" "Hush! my dear," interposes mamma, though in truth the observation of the intelligent child would, if the truth be known, find an echo in the minds of many an adult bystander, and suggest considerations which have entered into many an older head.

We have glanced at the young lady of the period who has a taste for art; is there no such thing as the young man endowed with the same proclivities? Of course there is, and in a variety that is infinite. To see him in his most approved shape and development, one should select the young Oxford fellow of his college. That gentleman there with the locks somewhat unkempt and the appearance generally distraught, is Mr. Aestheticus Aethix, who a year ago was elected fellow of St. Boniface. His rooms are really some of the prettiest in Oxford. There are photographs from Rome and Venice, line engravings, and one or two gems in oils and water-colours. His furniture is all of black oak, and comes entirely from Wardour Street. If you ask him for water where-with to quench your thirst, he will offer it to you in a curiously-fashioned glass that comes from Murano. It is in this elegant boudoir—for the softness of the appearance of the whole room reminds you more of the boudoir than the cloister—that Aethix loves to meditate over Italian treatises on art, and to talk of the mediæval *chefs-d'œuvre* with his companions who are of his way of thinking. Aethix spends his vacations in roaming through Continental galleries: he has smoked his cigarette, and drunk his coffee in the *Café Greco*; and he can tell you more than most people of the ateliers of Paris. He is primed full with all the slang of art. Of English painters he thinks but poorly, and indeed he will characterize the entire exhibition as being miserably indicative of artistic decadence in his own country. This is the current cant of the school to which he belongs. The knowledge of art which Aethix in reality possesses does not exceed a fluent command of its jargon, picked up parrot-like in the course of reading and information. Yet Aethix arrogates to himself the air of infallible authority, and when he returns to St. Boniface you may be quite sure that he will take the first opportunity of ventilating his views on the subject to his brethren in the common room. Aethix is a prig, of course, but then as being a fair specimen of the very young fellow of the present day, as that gentleman is to be seen within the University of Oxford, he deserves some attention.

We move on with the crowd, and we find ourselves suddenly face to face with a very distinguished art-critic. He has come to take, for the twentieth time, a last look round. A very influential gentleman indeed is Mr. Aristarchus Pigment, greatly courted by artists, and, to the credit of his good-nature be it said, a zealous champion in print of his friends.

"By Jove, Pigment," it was remarked to him one day, "how careful you are of the interests of your friends!"—an extravagantly eulogistic critique had just appeared in the journal for which Pigment writes of an absurdly poor picture.

"And a pretty sort of fellow I should be," rejoins the ingenious and genial Pigment, "if I was not careful of the interests of my friends." On the whole, though, this gentleman is a fair and honest critic. He is not the victim of cliques to the extent which makes so much of our art-criticism in the present day utterly corrupt and untrustworthy. True, as we have said, Mr. Pigment has his friends, but then he can see artistic merit in others than those with whom he claims personal acquaintance; and this is a great deal more than can be said of nine-tenths of the gentlemen who do the notices of pictorial exhibitions for the journals of Great Britain. If you look there you will see an illustrious personage whom his friends and admirers tell you is the greatest art-critic of the day. But then this opinion is limited to those who compose the extreme world of the pre-Raphaelite order. Critic, forsooth! he is simply the spokesman of a certain school and clique; if in what he is pleased to call his criticisms he does mention the works of others than his own immediate intimates, it is simply for the purpose of censure and contempt. He will rave by the column in print over the glories of those paintings which are the works of any one member of his particular set; he will dilate in tones which ring from one end of the room to the other, on the floor of Burlington House itself, on the singular excellence of any one of these productions, and sneer as much as you like at whatever is painted by the brush of artist whose powers belong to a different order, and whose works are of a different style. There is apparent enough of partiality and cliquism in the literary criticism of the day, but it is as nothing to that which pervades the whole range of artistic.

Another turn and we are brought face to face with one of the chief patrons of art of the new order. Mr. Thunderbolt Flash is a Manchester manufacturer, a great collector of pictures, and a great patron of artists. But, hang it, he will tell you, he must have the real thing. "None of your sullen skies and neutral tints for me. I like something with lots of life in it, and lots of colour. If you pay a good price have a good thing, say I." And Mr. Thunderbolt Flash's idea of a good thing is something which from its multitudinous hues reminds you strongly of a coloured photograph of the interior of the kaleidoscope worked off by some instantaneous process. Scenes of nineteenth-century life, and the newer the fashions are the better—costume pictures of every conceivable degree of gaudiness, make up Thunderbolt's idea of high art. And men of this order it is whose influence is most prejudicial to the interests of English art—men whose standard of execution is show. Artists, like others, must live by their work; and to do this they must busy themselves with what pays best. What the patrons are, that, in the main, the patronized will be. It is the *nouveaux riches* who are the enemies of art.

We have alluded to the sculpture room; it might be called the flirtation room. Its seclusion is convenient, and there is a seductive influence in its quiet. When mamma cannot make out what has become of two certain members of her party, she is quite sure to be able eventually to discover them in the immediate vicinity of a bust of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. But there are other scenes of a less tender and sentimental nature which one may witness in this locality. It is a favourite haunt at the mid-day hour of those severe Academy goers who, determined to realise the value of the shillings which they expended on their entrance to the uttermost furthing, have come with the intention of making a long day of it, and are equipped accordingly. Then and there you may see packets of sandwiches produced, and devoured; curious bottles slyly produced from divers pockets, and greedily drained. The lady will arrange her bonnet and smooth her ribbons. The gentleman is armed with a pocket-

comb, with which instrument he rearranges his whiskers or adjusts his moustache.

Talking about severe Academy goers, you see one there. He is in the ante-hall, and was just on the point of leaving through the circular gate; but he was seized with a sudden misgiving ere the final step had been taken. Was he quite certain he had seen all that he ought to see, or could see? Would not the possible conviction come upon him, after he had shut himself out from the scene, that there were certain pictures which he had passed over? To assure himself, the honest fellow produces his well-worn catalogue, and, leaning against the door-post, peruses it and reperuses it for the ninety-ninth time. It is a process of severe self-examination. But at length the ordeal has been gone through satisfactorily, and our friend feels himself at liberty to emerge through the portal, with eyes that smart and head that aches with all the exertion through which he has gone. The conscientious and energetic visitor to the Academy has his work cut out for him in good earnest.—*London Society.*

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY.

[From the (London, Eng.) Photographic News.]

We have of late been favoured by various friends in America, both the United States and Canada, with many choice examples illustrating the progress of our transatlantic friends in portraiture and landscape photography. A brief notice of some of the work before us may be interesting to our readers.

One of our first impressions, after examining a somewhat extensive selection with which our friend and collaborator, Mr. E. L. Wilson, has favoured us, as a fair average illustration of the work in the States, is, that amongst the transatlantic portraitists a greater spirit of enterprise, or a keener interest in novelties, prevails than is found in this country. Amongst our own portraitists the ordinary card portrait still prevails; a few produce cabinets, and a still more select number produce Salomonesque portraits. With the exception of the variety of style, as well as size, found in the last mentioned class of photographs, there is but little difference, except in degrees of excellence, in the work done throughout the country. In America we see a keener desire for variety and novelty manifested. The cabinet portrait has been much more commonly adopted in the States, as well as in continental Europe, than in this country, where it was originated. But, apart from the question of size, we have before us much variety of style and treatment. We have the "Rembrandt" style, in which unusual and, in many instances, effective modes of lighting the figure are adopted; "mezzotints," in which, by printing through a medium, a peculiar kind of softness is secured; "porcelain cards," apparently another form of mezzotint printing; examples of the "Berlin process," which consists in taking negatives on the polished side of ground glass; together with several other less distinctive or effective styles. The use of retouched negatives seems to have become very general amongst the best portraitists.

The "Rembrandt" style, in skilful hands, is very effective, and several of the examples of this kind by Kurtz, of New York, and by Baker, of Buffalo, possess high pictorial value. But the chief advantage, it seems to us, which has arisen from the introduction of the Rembrandt style, has been an improved and more daring mode of lighting portraits generally. We have many examples before us in which, without the *bizarre* effects of some of the Rembrandts, there is a variety of pictorial qualities perfectly harmonizing with the general quality of the portrait, and highly effective. A special characteristic which distinguishes these portraits from ordinary photographic portraiture is, the prevalence in the faces of half-shadow. It has been the practice amongst photographers to aim at getting the face as light as possible, compatible with modelling, sometimes, indeed, to the loss of modelling. The mass of the face has been in half light and light. In the class of portraiture to which we are referring much of the face is in half shadow, which is, however, kept quite transparent. That portion of the face which in ordinary portraits consists of light, here consists of half light, a point here and there less than a pin's head of pure light being admitted. The effect is very brilliant, and gives much roundness and solidity to the pictures. Mr. Kurtz (of New York) and Mr. Notman (of Montreal) seem to be the greatest masters in this style, many of their pictures being amongst the most absolutely perfect examples of photographic portraiture we have seen. Loomis (of Boston), Keeler and Fennimore (of Philadelphia), Carbutt (of Chicago), and Inglis (of Montreal), also deserve honourable mention for this class of work.

A very excellent style of background is common in connection with these pictures, to give effect to the lights in the picture and tenderness to the flesh, of which much is in shadow, a dark background becomes desirable, and is generally used. A picture with a very dark background looks somewhat heavy when placed on a white mount. To relieve this heaviness, the picture is masked in an oval, and by a second printing a square margin of grey is printed around the oval. This plan has occasionally been employed in this country by amateurs, Mr. Henry Cooper and Mr. Harner having shown some fine examples; but it has never, we believe, been adopted here in commerce, whilst amongst the best American artists it appears to be generally employed. It certainly gives great value to the picture, and is well worthy of the attention of English portraitists.

With the exception of some prints from Mr. Inglis, of Montreal, we have not seen any recent examples of transatlantic Salomonesque portraiture. A portrait of Prince Arthur, in this style, by Inglis, is very fine; but the majority, although brilliant photography, are somewhat crude and spotty as artistic productions. Some large portraits by Black, of Boston, are exceedingly fine. Several samples of untouched enlargement, without name or details of processes, are very perfect.

In a series of cabinet portraits from Notman and Frazer, of Toronto, of which firm Mr. W. Notman, of Montreal, is a partner, but Mr. Frazer, we presume, the active photographer, we have some unusually fine pictures and some novel effects. Here is one representing a lady driving. She is, of course, in open-air costume, seated partially enveloped in fur rugs, with whip and reins in her hands. The figure is about two-thirds length in the cabinet picture, and there is no room, of course, for horse or vehicle in the space of the picture; the position, costume, and accessories serving, however, admirably to suggest driving. Another lady is playing with a bird perched on her finger. In most of these the double printed background we have mentioned is employed, and in all the rich breadth of shadow prevails, which is a characteristic of M. Adam-Salo-

mon's work and of the American "Rembrandt" portraits. In all the technical photography is perfect and the art qualities exceedingly fine. From Mr. Notman we have also some of the finest transatlantic landscape pictures we have seen; two or three large views of Niagara, besides being admirable renderings of the mighty fall of waters, approach the sublime in the effect of cloud, light and shade, and atmospheric effect.

Mr. Notman also sends us perhaps the most perfectly composed group we have ever seen produced by photography. The subject is what is termed a "skating carnival," which was given in Montreal during the visit of Prince Arthur, whose portrait appears prominently in the group. The scene is a most animated one, consisting of some hundreds of figures in fancy costume engaged in skating in a "rink," gaily decorated for the occasion. Of these figures nearly two hundred are perfectly made out, and the features perfectly traceable, although the picture does not exceed nine by seven inches; and we do not remember ever to have seen a more charming looking assemblage of pretty girls comprising every style of beauty, and of fine-looking men. Such a noble and attractive looking assemblage must make Englishmen proud of their kinsfolk in the Dominion of Canada. We have no details from Notman of the method by which the group was produced, but it seems tolerably clear that it has involved enormous labour. The portraits appear to have been taken singly and in groups, according to a pre-devised plan to suit the composition, the whole being finally pasted on one large sheet of paper, retouched, background accessories painted in, and then the whole reproduced in a smaller size. The great beauty and the great difficulty of the case is the admirable composition and grouping, so as to secure harmony, ease, and naturalness. The arrangement of men and women, and the suitable juxtaposition of costumes, the choice of position and occupation—some figures skating, some in conversation, some making salutation, some standing and looking on—but all varied and all natural; the admirable perspective, the perfect definition, and the perfect light and shade and fine relief, all tend to produce a group such as we have not before seen produced by photography.

Since the receipt of this group, we have received two others of a similar character, but on a larger scale, by Mr. Inglis, of Montreal. One of these consists of the subject just described, the carnival of the Victoria Skating Rink, and the other the opening of the Montreal Curling Rink. The latter was the first composition of the kind produced, and was the origin, we understand, both of Mr. Inglis's own skating carnival group, and that of Mr. Notman. The game of "curling" does not lend itself so favourably to pictorial composition as does skating, but the picture is very fine, and, if we may judge by that of Prince Arthur, the portraits are admirable. Mr. Inglis's view of the skating carnival is also very admirable. There is in it more action, more of what may be termed carnival effect, and probably more truth to the actual unpremeditated confusion of the scene, than in that by Notman, the latter being the more perfect as a pictorial composition. Mr. Inglis states that in his group upwards of five hundred separate photographs were taken; these were pasted on a large sheet of paper in their due relations, and, after some work by the artist, reproduced in the size before us, which is twenty inches by twelve inches. Examples of the skating and curling group in this size may be seen at the London Stereoscopic Company's establishment, where they are published in this country. Mr. Inglis contemplates sending the original skating group—which is coloured, and in size sixty inches by thirty-six—to the next exhibition of the Photographic Society in London. The novelty of the scene and the excellence of the work will give it great interest. He also contemplates the production of a similar group of the Canadian game of Lacrosse.

Amongst our Canadian specimens we have some examples of portraiture from Messrs. Sheldon and Davis, of Kingston, in Western Canada. These are very admirable examples of the "Rembrandt" lighting and of skilful retouching on the negative, and, both as technical and artistic photography, are interesting illustrations of the excellence attained so far west.

Of an extensive and interesting series of scenes in New Brunswick, by Mr. G. T. Taylor, we must speak another week, as our space is exhausted for the present.

LIVING TOO FAST.

Many a godly and devout divine is a fast man. Many an editor, lawyer, merchant, or scientific man, against whom no thought of suspicion exists as to the soundness of his moral character, is fast, though not in so reprehensible a sense as the man who wastes his substance in riotous living. Fast living, in the sense of such living as shortens life, is a much more common evil than it is generally regarded. We have been an observer of faces and character for a long time, as we have had opportunity in cars, stage coaches, and our daily intercourse with men, and we believe that in the vast majority of cases it would be found that the rapidity of the pulse in Americans is above the normal standard. Every man's life may be measured by pulse beats. He will live, accident excepted, to make a definite number of these, and his life will be shortened in proportion to the excess of work performed by his vital organs in a given time. Excitement, physical or mental, is the cause of the rapid rate at which most American people are living. The love for excitement is a vice as positively evil in its effects as the love for strong drink, licentiousness and gambling. It matters not what kind of excitement; all excitement is fast living, and begets a feeling of exhaustion in intervals of indulgence, which clamours for relief from some other form of stimulant. Thus it is that the universal demand for artificial stimulants has increased, until there is perhaps not one in a thousand who does not resort to something of this kind. Alcohol, absinthe, opium, hashish, tobacco, coffee, tea, or whatever else it may be, is taken to support the system, under the effect of nervous prostration, and to supply in another form the excitement which it craves. Now all this is just the reverse of what should be the case. Instead of seeking excitement, health and long life demand that we should shun it. The natural, healthy condition of the mind and body is that of unruffled calmness. If excitements occur, they should be exceptional, not the rule of life. As soon as they become a necessity there is a diseased state of mind and body, and the candle begins to burn at both ends.

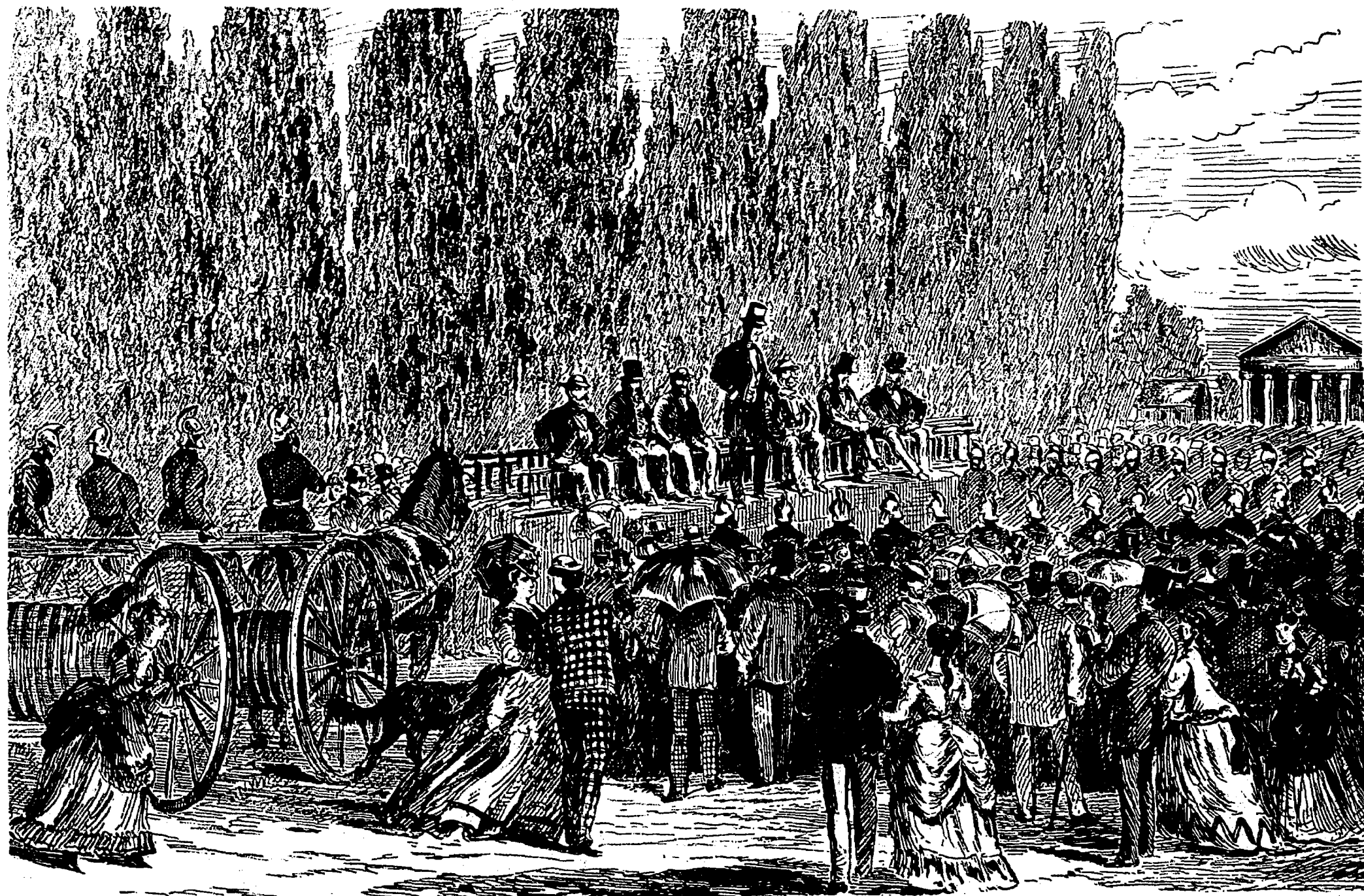
PERFUMED CARBOLIC ACID—It is said an article of this kind has been recently introduced in England, used for the handkerchief and as a dentifrice, for which latter purpose it is said to be excellent, as it prevents decay from its antiseptic qualities.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.



THE HEAD-DRESSES OF THE PERIOD.—SEE PAGE 51.



REVIEW OF THE MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE ON DOMINION DAY. From a sketch by our own Artist.—SEE PAGE 55.

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

BY S. I. WATSON.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

### CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"That is a question, Isanta, which I have never as yet asked myself—a question which it would take me a long time to answer."

"If I were Julie de Châtelet," said Isanta, speaking in a serious tone, "and loved Lieut. de Belmont, I would not let the secret eat up my heart; but I would tell it to Isanta."

Julie de Châtelet, who knew too well the open and guileless nature of her companion to take offence at what she said, but wishing, at the same time, to give the subject a different turn, inquired, with a smile,

"If you would be thus frank, Isanta, I want you to tell me if you would act in the same manner in the case of yourself and Monsieur Tambour."

"Julie de Châtelet," replied the Huron maiden, "I could not tell you that I loved him; because it would not be true."

"Has he ever told you he loved you?"

"M. Tambour has told me so several times."

"And what did you say in reply, Isanta?"

"Nothing; because I thought it would pain him; and I remembered what I had been taught,—never to cause pain to others."

Here a quick, low knocking was heard at the door; and the next moment, Monsieur Tambour, making such a bow as showed that all his life had not been spent in camps, advanced into the room.

"You have arrived at an opportune moment, Monsieur Tambour," said Julie. "We have been very anxious to know what was the cause of the tumult amongst the Abenakis this morning. Can you gratify our curiosity?"

"It will give me pleasure to do so," replied Monsieur Tambour. "The uproar was occasioned by the prisoner, who was captured by the Serpent, having successfully run the gauntlet of the Abenakis. By my patron Saint, I vow, ladies, that a more gallant man than the prisoner I never saw either in Europe or America. He not only escaped, but killed the best runner amongst the Abenakis; and what I liked better than all, he came near giving the finishing blow to that rascally Serpent."

"Who was the prisoner, Monsieur Tambour?" asked Isanta, deeply interested.

"He says he is of the nation of the Hurons," replied M. Tambour.

"Of the nation of the Hurons!" exclaimed Isanta, in a voice quivering with emotion.

"Then I shall go at once and see him; for he is one of my own people, and perhaps can tell me of the fate of my brother."

"I have been charged by the prisoner," said M. Tambour, "to execute a commission for him. He enquired of me if there were a Huron maiden in the Fort. I answered that I knew one who was the handsomest Indian girl that ever was born (here the gallant Tambour cast a glance of admiration on Isanta) and that I would rather bear her a message than would please her, than carry from headquarters my own commission as Colonel in the Guards of King Louis of France." As he said these words, the frank and expressive countenance of Tambour was witness that they were spoken out of the fullness of the heart.

"What message, M. Tambour, did the Huron prisoner charge you to carry to me?" said Isanta, in a manner at once anxious and impatient.

"Tell me the message first, and I can listen to your fine sayings afterwards."

"I perceive," said Tambour, with a look of disappointment, "that you care more for the message than for him who brings it. But I cannot blame you, Isanta; it is but natural that you should feel more interest in one of your own people than in a foreigner. Here, however, is the message." With these words, Tambour drew forth from a pocket inside his coat breast, a little roll of birch bark folded, and handed it to the maiden.

"Isanta opened it quickly, glanced at it intently for a few seconds, then let it fall on the floor, uttering a scream, 'The prisoner is my brother—the great Huron chieftain, Kondirak!'"

Tambour picked up the little bark missive, and saw traced upon it, inside a circle which was evidently intended to represent a necklace, the figure of a RAT.

"Explain this mystery to me, M. Tambour," exclaimed Julie de Châtelet, who was both surprised and alarmed.

"Not now, not now," replied the Huron maiden in a hurried and excited tone. "Come with me," she said to Tambour, taking hold of him by the arm.

"Isanta, Isanta," entreated Julie, "wait until M. de Callières arrives. He may be able to save your brother."

"I cannot wait another moment," replied Isanta; "ten years have I longed for this, and I cannot disobey the voice of my own people."

With these words she left the room, half dragging Tambour along with her; and to his

temporary chagrin, leaving him no opportunity of excusing himself to Julie de Châtelet for the abruptness of his departure.

### CHAPTER V.

#### SELF-SACRIFICE.

AFTER leaving the fort, Isanta, accompanied by Tambour, and without speaking a word to her companion, made her way straight to the camp of the Abenakis. It was situated amid a clump of trees, outside that part of the palisading of the fort which faced upon the lake. Tambour could scarcely keep up with his companion, so rapidly she glided through the brushwood and fallen timber that extended from outside the fort to the encampment of the Abenakis. He questioned her several times as to the object of her journey, but had to be content with the brief and invariable reply, "To save my brother."

In a short time Isanta and Tambour entered the encampment. The former was immediately surrounded by a group of the Indian women, with whom she was a great favourite. Tambour, on his part, had attracted a number of braves. They all knew him, and regarded him, on account of one avocation in which he excelled, as the greatest "medicine man" among the French. Some of them had had practical experience of his skill in surgery, which was looked upon as nothing less than a miraculous accomplishment. But although the Abenakis were a good deal startled by the appearance amongst them of Tambour and Isanta, they manifested no outward signs of surprise; but, with the stoicism of their race, awaited with indifference an explanation of the visit.

The Huron maiden was the first to speak. "Show me," she said, "the wigwam of the Serpent."

The Indians, this time, looked at each other in surprise. But none present were so much taken aback as Tambour. He could scarcely credit his ears, and with a look of unfeigned astonishment he asked—

"Have you come here for no other purpose than to see the Serpent?"

"I have come here," she replied in a low voice, "to save my brother."

"I am afraid, Isanta, you have come upon a useless errand."

"If M. Tambour is afraid, there is still time for him to return back."

"Afraid of whom, or what?" replied Tambour, his blood rising. "If it would gratify you, Isanta, to have this rascally Serpent slain, I will challenge him before we leave this camp; I will lay him dead before your face, although I may be torn to pieces by the Abenakis the next instant."

"I am afraid you will spoil everything by your violence," said the girl. "But promise me now to restrain yourself, and thus aid me to save my brother, or I will return back, and his death will be on your head."

"I will promise," said Tambour, "but I hope the Serpent will not provoke me too far."

"I want one of you, my sisters," said Isanta, addressing herself to the women around her, "to bring me to the wigwam of the Serpent."

A young and good-looking squaw volunteered to lead the way. In a few moments more, Isanta and her companion stood within the wigwam of the Chief of the Abenakis.

That personage was sitting on the floor of his wigwam, engaged in the congenial occupation of sharpening his tomahawk. Raising his head slowly, he stared fiercely upon his visitors; then giving a loud whistle, several armed Abenakis glided into the wigwam.

The Serpent then spoke. "Why," inquired he, "has the sister of The Rat, and why has Tambour, who is my enemy, come into the wigwam of the Serpent?"

"Why do you call me the sister of The Rat?" inquired Isanta. "Did you not send one of your tribe to tell me that my brother had been taken by the Iroquois, and put to death?"

"I sent one of my tribe yesterday to tell you so," said the Serpent, assuming his coolest manner. "But why does the sister of The Rat complain? If her brother was not dead yesterday, he will be dead to-morrow."

"And so the great Chief of the Abenakis thinks it no shame to lie to a woman?"

"No, nor to a man. It is the wise man who lies; it is the fool who tells the truth."

"But why did the Serpent tell this lie?"

"He was afraid that you might hear my prisoner was your brother, and so beg him off from the Governor. But now it is too late."

"And why is it too late? The Governor has more power than the Serpent, and can set the Rat free this moment. The Governor is humane; but the Serpent never showed mercy."

"I tell the sister of the Huron chief it is too late to save her brother. For this morning he killed Deerfoot, the best runner in our tribe. The Governor heard of his death with anger, for he was about to send him away at the setting of the sun, to-day, to spy upon the Iroquois. And an hour has not passed since the Governor said to M. de Callières, who asked for his life, that he should be given over to me."

Isanta, who felt a shudder pass through her at this intelligence, inquired:

"Who told this tale to the Serpent?"

"One who knows; one who says you hate him, and that therefore he will be glad to see you suffer through the death of your brother."

"Were you told this tale by Lieut. Vruze?"

"You know my mind before I speak it. Lieut. Vruze, the friend of the Serpent, told him this just before you came."

"A pair of loving friends indeed," observed Tambour, "Satan and his eldest son."

"Hush," said Isanta, in a low voice, "if you speak you will spoil all."

"And now," said the Serpent, "who told Isanta that it was her brother who was captured yesterday?"

Before the Huron maiden could respond, Tambour answered defiantly:

"I told her!"

"And why should the white-man meddle with these things?" demanded the Serpent in a voice of anger. "Has his own women discarded him, that he should wish to mate with a daughter of the forest?"

The Frenchman's blood boiled, as he roared out, in a voice of thunder:

"The white-man's choice is free. But the choice of the Serpent is not free. The Serpent has no wife, for the women of his tribe would not mate with one who can only show them the scalps of the squaws and children of the Huron."

The Serpent cowered at the tones and the fierce look of Tambour; and his keen eye did not fail to notice that the latter had his sword half out of the hilt, as if prepared for any emergency. In common, too, with the rest of the Abenakis, the Serpent regarded Tambour with a species of awe. He knew, moreover, that the Frenchman was an accomplished master of his weapons; and remembered that on a late occasion when persecuting Isanta with his attentions, Tambour, having disarmed him of his tomahawk, would have run him through the body had he not taken to flight.

After a pause of a few moments, the Serpent said:

"I ask the sister of the Huron again, why she comes to the wigwam of the chief of the Abenakis?"

"To save the life of her brother."

"She has come to ask a great gift. But the Serpent can save him; though the Governor, without the consent of the Serpent, cannot save him."

"The Governor is no Abenakis; he is merciful."

"He is not foolish. He wants the Abenakis, if there were five times more of them than there are, to fight the Iroquois. If he sets your brother free, against my will, I and my people will not help him to fight the Iroquois. But if I say to the Governor—I forgive the prisoner the lives of my two warriors; I forgive him the blow he struck me on the breast with the tomahawk this morning, then he will go free and join his own people."

"And what ransom will the chief of the Abenakis take for the life of my brother?" demanded the Huron maiden.

"What ransom will his sister give?"

"Hear me," suddenly interposed Tambour, before the girl had time to reply. "Serpent," said he, determining to adopt a tone of conciliation, "you are a great chief; the Iroquois tremble at your name; your fame has travelled from the great waters of the sea to the setting of the Sun. But you want the garments of a white warrior, in order to appear more terrible to your enemies. You and I are about the same height. I have garments which were never worn but once, and that was in the presence of our great father, the King of France. They are beautiful; they are covered with golden embroidery; they would make you look like the biggest chief of the white warriors; they would blind the eyes of your foes; they would delight the eyes of your friends; they would make the woman that hated you yesterday, admire you to-day. These garments I will give you, if you consent to set the Huron chieftain free. I will give you, also, a sword, with a silver handle; a beautiful belt to gird the sword round your body; two pistols for your belt; and a hundred shining crowns. I will show you, too, the 'medicine' which causes the hair to curl; and with this medicine you will be the handsomest chief among all the chiefs in Canada. Now, Serpent, be wise. Take these things from me. Other chiefs would give their right hands for them; but I would offer them to no other save you. Consent to set this man free; and you will have all these presents before the time of sunset."

The Serpent replied, "does the companion of the Huron girl speak truth, when he says he will give me the 'medicine for the hair'?"

Tambour, overjoyed at the idea that his ransom was about to be accepted, responded, "I speak the truth, Serpent; it shall be yours."

"And what has the sister of the Huron chief to offer?" inquired the Abenakis.

"All that I have," replied Isanta, with passionate earnestness. "M. de Callières has given a thousand crowns against my wedding-day. These are yours. You have seen and admired the two golden bracelets which Julie de Châtelet used to wear; they are made in the form of your emblem, the Serpent; they

were given to me, but they are yours. You often coveted the black horse which M. de Callières rides. I will ask him for it: he will not refuse me. That also will be yours; besides, Julie de Châtelet, for my sake, will bestow upon you even more valuable gifts than I have named. And now, Serpent, prove you have the big heart of a warrior. Say you will take the offered ransom."

The Serpent's eyes twinkled with a satanic gleam, as he held up a knife, and enquired,

"Do you know, sister of the Huron, what I have been doing with this knife?"

The girl trembled as she replied, "doubtless to do battle with the Iroquois. The Serpent is a wise warrior, and is careful about his weapons."

"It is not to fight the Iroquois; it is to shred the flesh of your brother when I and my braves shall have tied him to the stake, to-morrow," replied the Abenakis, with a diabolical malignity in his face sickening to witness.

The Huron maiden was stricken speechless with horror.

"Monster!" exclaimed Tambour, unsheathing his sword, and making a rapid pass at the Abenakis, who avoided it by throwing himself flat on the ground, while, at the same instant, his warriors, with uplifted tomahawks, rushed between their chief and the exasperated Frenchman.

The Huron maiden caught the sword-arm of her companion, and half forced him to sheathe it.

By this time the Serpent, with an alarmed expression of countenance, rose to his feet.

"Miscreant!" shouted Tambour, shaking his fist at the Abenakis, "I am sorry I missed driving my sword through your coward's carcass. But send your warriors and this girl aside, or tell them to remain quiet, and you and I will fight it out here. I will give you this advantage, in order to make you fight—I will agree that if I kill you, your warriors will be at liberty to kill me the next moment."

"The Serpent only fights when it suits him," replied the Chief. "He will not now fight with the 'great medicine man' of the French."

Tambour was about to reply, when he was interrupted by Isanta, who addressed the Chief in a tone of pitiful entreaty.

"Surely the Serpent will take the ransoms? Surely he will not refuse a woman?"

The Abenakis replied: "At mid day to-morrow we will try the courage of the Huron Chief. First, we will pierce him with blazing splinters; then we will wrench out the nails of his hands and feet with pincers; then—"

"Stop, stop!" cried the girl in agony. "I will make any sacrifice you wish. Tell me what you want me to do."

"If you wish me to save the Chief of the Hurons, you must be my wife."

The girl remained silent for a moment; but the Tambour groaned aloud.

"What does the sister of the Huron say?" inquired the Serpent.

The maiden turned to her companion for a moment, as if to ask for advice. But seeing that the brave man was struggling with emotions of which she knew herself to be the cause, she merely said to him in a low and despairing voice: "I cannot ask you for advice; to do so would be cruel."

Tambour caught her meaning, and answered sadly: "Follow nature, Isanta; what nature bids you to do is right."

"I am waiting for the answer of the girl," said the Serpent.

The answer was brief—"I will be your wife."

The Chief, with a fiendish leer upon his features, grunted out the one word—"Good."

Tambour cast upon his companion a look of unutterable sadness. Then he said sorrowfully: "Let us go."

And without exchanging a word, the Huron maiden and he threaded their way through the Abenakis encampment, and when they entered the precincts of the fort, parted from each other in silence.

To be continued.

### THE STORY OF A GAME OF CARDS PLAYED BY BISMARCK, COUNT NESSELRODE, AND A FRENCH CONSUL.

(From Applet's Journal.)

One hot afternoon in the month of August, '67, three men sat around a table in a private parlour at the hotel Darmstadt at Ems, Germany, taking such comfort as they could derive from the juice of Rhenish grape and a pack of cards. The most conspicuous figure of the group was a large man with a bald head, greyish-blue eyes, a heavy light-coloured moustache, airs about him that would have done honour to the imperial purple. This personage had even then achieved some fame and was tolerably well known to reading people by the name of Bismarck. Next to him sat another bald-headed individual, inferior to Bismarck in stature, with a border of black hair about the base of his skull that looked into the rim of an old felt hat (ruthlessly robbed of its crown), condemned to remain there as a permanent fixture. During the Crimean war the father of this man figured at

the Cabinet Councils in St. Petersburg as Count Nesselrode, but the son was only known as a clever gamester and an habitué of the fashionable European watering places.

"A hundred federicks to fifty," exclaimed Nesselrode, "that she won."

"Done," replied the Frenchman, "and let the game be the fortune-teller."

"Another wager!" said Nesselrode, with a glance at Bismarck, who eyed his two companions calmly, though never uttering a single word.

"King!" shouted the Frenchman in triumph, as he covered Nesselrode's card, and extended his hand to seize the prize.

"Not so fast," coolly remarked the Prussian Premier. "I believe the game is mine," and casting the ace, he leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Mon Dieu!" shouted the discomfited player, "but cards always were liars," and unable to conceal the chagrin and excitement that overmastered him, he rose from the table and quitted the room.

Three years have scarcely elapsed since the incident here narrated (an incident which Nesselrode told with hearty satisfaction in the Ems cafes that summer), and, now the big cloud of war that has hovered over Europe has burst, the result may prove that the cards were not such liars after all.

A lawyer called on a Kentucky editor and told him that he must retract some uncomplimentary words or fight. There was no retraction, and when the lawyer left the office his eyes were black and his nose bloody.

A member of the New York Legislature, in defending mothers-in-law, said:—"I know 'em, Mr. Speaker. Have had several.—They're a good and useful class, and yet—and yet—with the best of them there may be trouble."

A census taker near Racine, Wisconsin, has found a coloured woman one hundred and seven years old, who complained to him that she had worn herself out taking care of white folks, but hoped to "outgrow" her troubles after a few years of rest.

The editor of the Southern Churchman makes the following extraordinary threat to the Ritualists:—"For it is evident if some of us are going to use copes, and others of us nothing but surplices, others of us will discard the use of all garments whatsoever!"

The Maine newspapers are engaged in poetically praising the beauties of their streams. Recently a paper there contained a poem on the claims of the "Jimskiti-cook," which was dedicated to the author of a previous poem on the merits of the "Skoodoonaskooksia."

A story has been told of a graceless scamp who gained access to the Clarendon printing office, in Oxford, when the forms of a new edition of the Episcopal Prayer Book had just been made up and were ready for the press.

In that part of the "form" containing the marriage service he substituted the letter k for the letter v in the word live; and the vow "to love, honour, comfort, &c., so long as ye shall live" was made to read "so long as ye both shall like!"

The change was not discovered until the whole of the edition was printed off. If the sheets thus rendered useless in England be still preserved, it would be a good speculation to have them neatly bound and forwarded to Indiana and Connecticut.

The following from the Hartford Courant has at least the merit of novelty. The horse was driven under the hotel shed, and, says the narrator:—"I was about to take the bits out of the horse's mouth, telling the man to put them back when the horse had finished his oats. 'I'll tell ye a wrinkle worth two o' that, cap'n—leave the bits in. If you don't he'll wullup them oats down in half a minute, and won't half chew 'em. It's the smashed oats that does a hoss good. I've fatted old hosses with their bits ollers in, that you couldn't get no feed to stick to their ribs no other way.' I bowed respect to superior authority. The

hint fadged exactly with some disjointed experience of my own—though I should never have hit on the connecting idea but for the hostler. Very likely there are some dyspeptic Yankees that might as well eat with 'bits in,' if nothing else will prevent them from bolting their provender.

Positively first visit to the Dominion of the Great Showman. FAYETTE LODOVICK ROBINSON, professionally known as "YANKEE" ROBINSON.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S GREAT CONSOLIDATED CIRCUS, MENAGERIE, AND BALLET.



CONSISTING OF A SPLENDID COLLECTION OF LIVELY WILD ANIMALS, HANDSOME TRAINED HORSES, DIMINUTIVE PONIES, MULES, ETC., ETC. TWO LARGE DENS OF PERFORMING ANIMALS.

MISS MINNIE WELLS, The Lion Queen, will enter the cages of Ferocious Lions, and exhibit her almost incredible control over them, actually placing her head in the animals' mouths.

PROF. REYNOLDS, the Lion King, will feed them with raw meat from his naked hand.

Mlle. GERALDINE, The greatest living Female Gymnast.

MONS. SENYAH, The Aerial Sprite.

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HARRY KING, The celebrated Scene Rider.

BILLY PORTER, Clown and Comic Vocalist.

Mrs. HAGLETT, ROMETT, FORBES, SHARPLY, ENOLLIS, DAVIS, and Master CLARENCE, The Infant Wonder, &c., &c.

Will exhibit on the vacant lot, corner of SANGUINET and ST. CATHERINE STREETS, on MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, JULY 25TH, 26TH and 27TH, AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Admission, 50c.; Children under 9 years, 25c. L. H. EVERITT, General Agent.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office until WEDNESDAY, the 3rd day of AUGUST next, at noon, for the erection and completion of the Walls, &c., of the Library of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office on and after the 23rd instant, where printed forms of tender and other information can also be obtained.

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

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 15th July, 1870.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

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

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

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

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

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, July 13th, 1870.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Montreal. (No. 1,144.)

NOTICE is hereby given that PHILOMENE ALLARD, of Lachine, said District, has instituted, on the TENTH APRIL last, an action for separation of property, against HERMÉNÉGILDE VIAU, now absent from this Province.

Monsieur MOUSSEAU & DAVID, Atty. for said P. Allard. 4c Montreal, 4th July, 1870.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Montreal. In re PIERRE LORTIE. An Insolvent.

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

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

DOMINION METAL WORKS, ESTABLISHED 1828. CHARLES GARTH & CO., PLUMBERS, STEAM & GAS-FITTERS, BRASS FOUNDERS, FINISHERS, COPPER SMITHS AND MACHINISTS, & C., & C.

Manufacturers and Importers of PLUMBERS', ENGINEERS' AND STEAM-FITTERS' BRASS, COPPER AND IRON WORKS, GAS AND STEAM FITTINGS, & C., & C. And of all descriptions of Work for Gas and Water Works, Distilleries, Breweries, Sugar Refineries, Light Houses, &c., &c.

—ALSO— Undertakes the Warming of Public and Private Buildings, Manufactories, Conservatories, Vineries, &c., by GARTH'S Improved Patent Hot Water Apparatus, Gold's Low Pressure Steam Apparatus with the Latest Improvements, and also by High Pressure Steam in Coils or Pipes.

On hand and for sale at the lowest rates all kinds of Gaseliers, Brackets, Pendants, Glass Shades, &c., Wrought Iron Pipe with Malleable and Cast Iron Fittings, for Water, Steam or Gas.

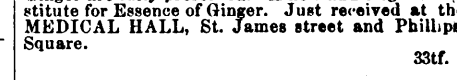
Office and Manufactory: Nos. 536 to 542, Craig Street, MONTREAL.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 4c. to 45c. per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of The People's Literary Companion—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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

S. B. SCOTT & CO., AGENTS FOR THE NEW NOISELESS WHEELER & WILSON GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE. NO. 354, NOTRE DAME STREET.

WHEELER & WILSON'S HIGHEST PREMIUM



A most important improvement has been made in this Machine by which its strength is vastly greater than before. It now runs with the greatest ease stitching six ply of woollen cloth. It also works nearly twice as fast as the Shuttle machines and less liable to derangement.

The Grey Nuns and other institutions of this kind write us as follows regarding these excellent Machines, and it is a significant fact that none of these names are to be found in testimony of the value of any kind but the WHEELER & WILSON.

To Messrs. S. B. SCOTT & Co.: SIRS.—We, the undersigned, Sisters of Charity, certify with pleasure that after a trial of ten years, we have found WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machines superior in every respect to all others used in our establishment.

Their mechanism is strong and perfect, and with little care never get out of order.

SISTER COUTLER, SISTER BAYEUX, General Hospital.

Grey Nunnery. To Messrs. S. B. SCOTT & Co.: SIRS.—We are very happy to be able to recommend WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machines, for which you are Agents, to all persons who may be wanting an article so useful as a Sewing Machine.

After an experience of ten years, we are not only able to speak with confidence of their usefulness, but also of their great superiority over all other Machines that we have tried in our establishment.

These Sewing Machines have three advantages of great importance—rapidity of motion, adaptation to a great variety of work and material; and little or no expense for repairs.

SISTER MARY, Sister of Charity. Agents wanted everywhere to sell the improved WHEELER & WILSON GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE, to whom exceedingly liberal terms will be given.

S. B. SCOTT & CO., 354, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 31tf

QUEBEC PROVINCIAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The Matches of this Association take place at POINT ST. CHARLES, on TUESDAY, the 2nd of AUGUST, and following days, when \$3,500 will be offered in Prizes, divided as follows:—

9 Matches for Snider Rifle, with Cash Prizes to extent of \$1702 50, and Cups to extent of \$850. Total, \$2,552 50.

3 Small Bore Matches, with Prizes to extent of \$645. Grand Total, \$3,197 50.

Extra Club Match, with both Snider and Small Bore.

Programmes to be had on application to any Brigade-Major in the Province of Quebec, or from Capt. Esdaile or myself. JOHN FLETCHER, Lt.-Col. Box 342 P. O., Montreal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT FOR LOWER CANADA. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Montreal. (No. 1,144.)

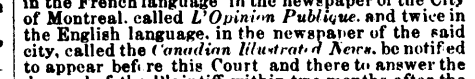
THE EIGHTH day of JULY, one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

DAME PHILOMENE ALLARD, heretofore of the Parish of St. Laurent, in the District of Montreal, and now of the Parish of Lachine, in said District, Plaintiff.

HERMÉNÉGILDE VIAU, Farmer, heretofore of the said Parish of St. Laurent, said District, and now absent from this Province, Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messieurs MOUSSEAU & DAVID, Counsel for the Plaintiff, in as much as it appears by the return of PASCHAL LEBLERC, one of the Bailiffs of the said Superior Court, on the writ of Summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal, that the said Defendant, by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called L'Opinion Publique, and twice in the English language in the newspaper of the said city, called the Canadian Illustrated News, be notified to appear before this Court and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.

(By order) HUBERT, PAPINEAU, & HONEY, P. S. C. July 16.



JOHN UNDERHILL, PRACTICAL OPTICIAN, 299, Notre Dame Street. Sole Agent for the Sale of our PERFECTED SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES. LAZARUS, MORRIS & CO.

"THE EUROPEAN MAIL."

MR. MORGAN, the General Agent, is now on his way through Ontario for the purpose of canvassing for Subscribers.

The European Mail is published in London, Eng., every Thursday morning in time for the Allan Steamer, and the Canadian Edition is published exclusively for North America, and contains a well-digested summary of European and General News.

Besides the usual Market Quotations, Shipping Reports, &c., it contains a large amount of reading matter of especial interest to the Canadian public. Price, \$4.50 per annum, (postage free). Address: J. V. MORGAN, GENERAL AGENT, Drawer 290, Montreal. 33tf.

NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN.

Try the new BASS BROOM, instead of the old Corn Broom. It is BETTER and CHEAPER.

Parties furnishing, call on the Subscriber for COAL AND WOOD COOKING-STOVES, STEP-LADDERS, CORNICES, CUTLERY, WIRE MEAT-SAFES, REFRIGERATORS.

The very best CLOTHES-WRINGER in the world. Call and see it. L. J. A. SURVEYER, 524, CRAIG STREET, SIGN OF THE GOLD PADLOCK. 2711

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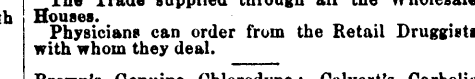
In Bottles, with full directions for use. PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

The Trade supplied through all the Wholesale Houses. Physicians can order from the Retail Druggists with whom they deal.

Brown's Genuine Chlorodyne; Calvert's Carbolic Acid; Chloral-Hydrat, from Berlin; Bailey's Inhalers; Bailey's Spray Producers; Sulphurous Acid, &c., always on hand. HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, 144, ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, MONTREAL. (Established 1859.) 31a

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10, St. JOSEPH STREET, and 35, St. LAWRENCE STREET, Montreal. SUITS MADE IN TWELVE HOURS. 28tf







MOTHER BRITANNIA.—"Take care, my child!"
UNCLE SAM.—"Oh! never mind, if she falls I'll catch her!"

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., East of McGill.
GRANT'S SKIN PRESERVER. FOR THE SEA SIDE.—For sale by H. R. Gray, Chemist. Price 25 cents
ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE.—"THE BEST IN USE."—The verdict of 30 years' trial. All Druggists sell it

SUMMER WINES, CHAMPAGNE, &c., &c.
1,000 CASES CLARET, from \$2.50 a Case and upwards, including "Barton and Guestier's," and "Nath. Johnston's" favourite Brands and Vintages.
200 CASES SAUTERNE & BARSAC.
500 CASES MOET AND CHANDON'S CHAMPAGNES.
50 HAMPERS FRESH GERMAN SELTZER WATER.
250 CASES STILL AND SPARKLING HOCK.
250 do. do.
MOSELLE.
With the usual large and varied assortment of FRESH GROCERIES.
A. MCGIBBON, ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, ST. JAMES STREET.

TO SPORTSMEN.
THOMAS REEVES, GUN-MAKER, (From Westley Richards, England.)
43 ST. URBAN STREET, MONTREAL.
Importers of Engineers' and Mechanics' Steel Hammers, Fishing Rods, Tackles, &c., &c.

KAMOURASKA.—SEA-BATHING.
ALBION HOUSE.—This Establishment will be re-opened for the reception of visitors on the 1st of July. Proprietor and Conductress, Mrs. HARRIET SMITH.

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

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

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

TENDERS will be received at this Office until Monday, the 25th day of July next, at noon, for the supply of 300 tons of Grate Coal, (2,000 lbs. per ton) to be delivered at Ottawa. For particulars apply to the undersigned.
By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 20th June, 1870.

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

MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS.
ALL KINDS IN GENERAL USE, PRINTED AND SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. LEGGO & CO., GENERAL PRINTERS BY STEAM POWER, AT THEIR CITY OFFICE, No. 10, PLACE D'ARMES SQUARE.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
JUST OPENED OUT, a fresh lot of GENTS' ENGLISH CONGRESS BOOTS and LACED SHOES, for Summer wear and for Dress; also, LADIES' BRONZED BUTTON BOOTS, and LADIES' FRENCH BRONZE, BLACK and WHITE SLIPPERS, with and without heels, all of Jally's make, Paris. We would also remind our friends and the public in general, that we have always on hand a good assortment of BOOTS and SHOES of our own manufacture at very reasonable prices. An early visit is respectfully solicited.
Agents for OLMSTEAD'S LEATHER PRESERVER, BRODEUR & BEAUVAIS, Successors to J. & T. BELL, 273, NOTRE DAME STREET, June 1st, 1870.

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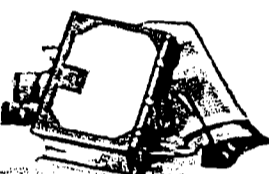


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