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Canadian Illustrated News

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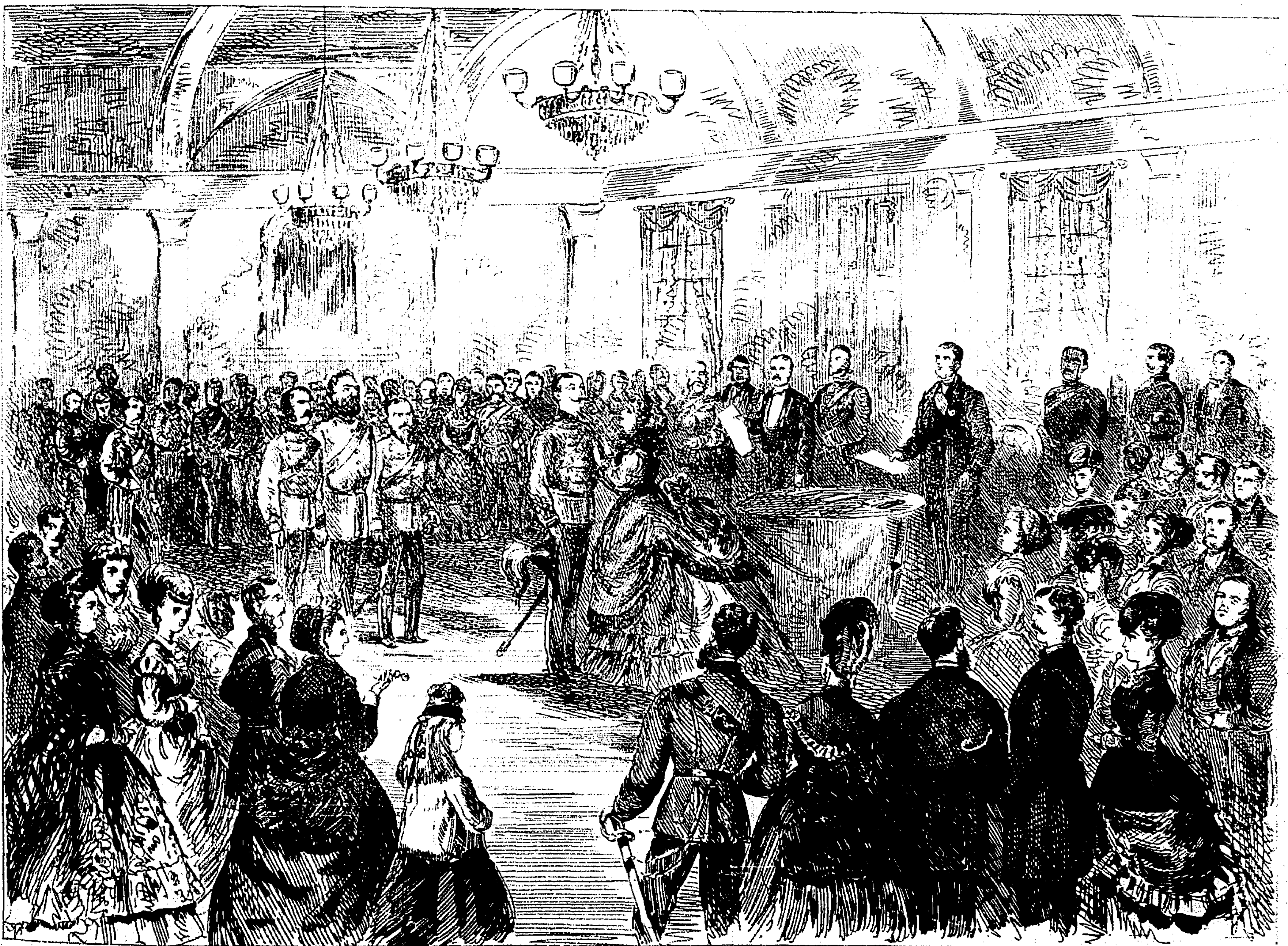
NATIONAL DEFENCES.

The war now progressing has taught the world several lessons; among the most important we include that of the insufficiency of standing armies, and the utter worthlessness of permanent fortifications as national defences. The standing army question, upon which, in former issues, we have enlarged, has little interest for Canada. No Canadian statesman would be mad enough to propose a standing army for this country for other purposes than those of police duty; or if he did the country certainly would repudiate the scheme. At the present time both France and Prussia have ceased to depend upon their standing armies: they find their chief reliance in what we may call their trained militia. In the war between the Northern and Southern States the same thing was made manifest; a few trained officers headed the raw volunteers, and the war, instead of being one of army against army, was rather one of populace against populace. It may be said that this was a necessity of the condition of the contestants; but when we find that, on the Prussian side, the Landwehr, and, on the side of France, the two bodies of *Gardes* and the Francs-Tireurs, are regarded as the last prop to sustain the honour of their respective countries, the conclusion is rational that standing armies have lost their value. The standing army of France, supposed to have been the most magnificent in the world, melted away before the advance of the Prussian hordes: yet France did not yield; but, on the contrary, girded up her loins for the struggle, as if only after her "regulars" had been all but annihilated did she know that war was upon her. And Prussia owes her plethora of fighting men, not to her standing army, but to the admirable defensive organization of the whole German population. England has confessed her want of faith in the efficiency of the "line" by the warm encouragement of late years extended to the volunteer movement; and Canada has proved on more than one occasion the excellence, especially for defensive purposes, of citizen soldiery. The present terrible war is again exhibiting their merits. Nearly all the armies of France, except that of Marshal Bazaine, and the few thousand regulars penned up here and there in fortified towns, are composed of "raw recruits,"—of men who, up to six weeks or two months ago were following the various avocations of civil life. Yet the military education they had previously received rendered them easily moulded into well trained troops, while their courage has more than made up for whatever of military knowledge they lacked. The lesson of the war on this head is thus made plain. Standing armies may safely be reduced, provided the people receive military training; national defence must no longer be dependent



INVESTITURE OF CANADIAN VOLUNTEER OFFICERS WITH THE C. M. G.—From a Sketch by our own Artist.

upon the efficiency of the army, but upon the military organization of the whole nation.

The question of the value of fortifications as a protection against the new engines of destruction, devised by modern ingenuity, has also had considerable light thrown upon it by the present war. But the Crimean war had already demonstrated the value of improvised defences, as did also the late war between the Northern and Southern States. The sieges withstood by some of the temporarily fortified positions in the South, were quite as prolonged and perhaps quite as earnest as that of Strasburg. Yet Strasburg has fallen, and from having been a protection to France as intended, it has become a serious menace. The few border fortified towns which France has lost one after another have not only proved sources of weakness during the war, but their very existence complicates negotiations for peace. France can scarcely surrender, or even dismantle them without loss of dignity, and Prussia can hardly accept a peace which would leave them untouched. They thus complicate the relations both of peace and war, and we may safely say they add immensely to the horrors of the latter.

This subject is not without interest to Canada, as the Imperial Goverment, in pursuance of a six years' old agreement, has passed a guarantee bill for a Canadian loan of five millions of dollars to be expended in fortifications at Montreal, Kingston, St. John, N. B., and perhaps a few other points deemed to be of strategetic importance. If, however, Canada, by her delegates in 1864-5, had bound herself to the fulfilment of this compact, she is certainly released from her bond by the words of Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England, who declared that the Imperial guarantee was given solely because of its having been solicited by Canada, and not in fulfilment of Imperial policy. We understand, therefore, that the tendered guarantee may or may not be utilised, according to the judgment of the Canadian Government: and that, in fact, the refusal to expend the money would be no disappointment to the Imperial authorities. If such be the state of the case we are firmly convinced that Canada ought not to raise a dollar of the loan. Our border line is too immense to permit of a complete system of fortification, and isolated works would but chain the fighting part of the population to particular spots, to an extent that would render operations in the open field impossible, except at an immense disadvantage. As we understand the action of the Imperial authorities at Quebec, the fortifications at Levis are simply intended to protect the citadel. The immense range of the modern engines of war in the discharge of projectiles, necessitated this precaution, if Quebec was to be maintained as a strong military position; and hence the Imperial fortifications at Levis do not imply any Provincial obligation. The fact is, simply, that the heretofore impregnable position of Quebec had become exceedingly vulnerable, from the progress made in the invention of powerful siege guns; and therefore its fortifications, like those of Paris, had to be protected by other fortifications in order to preserve their value. Any country can afford to pursue, with advantage, this policy in respect of one or two strong positions; but to attempt to extend the system to every important town would be an act of madness. Fortifications present one of two phases to an enemy—an eligible object of attack, or an object to be circumvented, at a safe distance. But the enemy who attacks Canada from the sea cannot circumvent Quebec: it is, therefore, confessedly the right place for the most complete system of fortification; it guarantees free communication with the seat of empire, and while it is held, renders the conquest of British America impossible. But can the same be said of Montreal or Kingston, or any other point included in the proposed system? No! If the enemy thinks the place too strong he may pass it by, or he may detail a force to mask it while his main body scours the country at leisure. On the other hand, knowing that within the charmed lines all the treasures of the foe will be gathered, he may sit down around the fortified city and either storm or starve it into submission. Once beleagured, the strongest fortress must yield in time, because its strength is limited, whereas the besieging force, having open lines, is practically unlimited, in that it has the whole strength of its country at its back. It has also been abundantly shewn that extemporised defences generally prove the most valuable, and hence, whatever money is to be expended for Canadian "fortifications," ought to be invested in the most approved arms and munitions for field warfare, and the training of the people to the use of the rifle, the pick, and the spade. The building of the North Shore railway would be a better service for the defence of Montreal than any practicable system of circumvallation that can possibly be devised.

Now and then they cut off the ears of a horse thief in Oregon, and then telegraph east that the crops were never better than they are this season.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 13.—British Columbia.—Fisheries, &c.

By the Rev. Æn. McD. Dawson, Ottawa.

The extraordinary abundance in British Columbia of those fish which ascend rivers and penetrate, in great numbers, to the highest habitable land of the interior, cannot be merely accidental. They form the staple food of the Aboriginal Indian. They are as necessary to him as grain and bread to man in a civilized state, or as the plantain and banana to the dwellers in the tropics. Improvident, as savages generally are, we find that they exercise wonderful foresight in treasuring up supplies of salmon. They literally harvest them, as we do our grain crops. And not without good cause. But for their care in trapping, curing and garnering the fish which visit the remotest inland regions, in the summer months, they would certainly die of hunger in the severe winter season. At this period of the year, so terrible in the more elevated parts of the country, the thermometer falling as low as 30° Fahr. below zero, no other resource is available. During six months, at least, there is a depth of snow in the more inland and mountainous regions. The birds migrate to warmer climes, the animals that can be hunted and caught in summer, retire to secluded spots where it is very difficult, and often impossible to trap them. The very bears go into inaccessible winter quarters; so that the poor Indian, in his small lodge made of hides or rushes, must meet a miserable death, starved alike by cold and hunger, if it were not for the salmon which he takes and cures in the summer months. Dried in the sun, it possesses, unimpaired, its heat and flesh-yielding qualities. The Indians that are remote from the sea-board, chew it, uncooked, all day long, and thus retain their embonpoint throughout the cold and dreary winter time. What a providential arrangement! By means of the innumerable waterways, are wafted, free of freight, to the doors of every wigwam, inexhaustible stores of both food and fuel,—fuel, inasmuch as the dried salmon, retaining its oily and nutritious substances, supplies the caloric which is necessary to sustain life, in those wretched abodes, where the Indian families cower and shiver over their smouldering log-fires, that are but ill-calculated even slightly to moderate the cold, biting winter blasts, which penetrate the fragile and sieve-like structure.

As the salmon harvest is of such importance to the Aborigines, it may be worth while to consider by what means it is reaped. In the Bays and harbours they use a net about forty feet long and eight wide, with large meshes. The upper edge is buoyed by pieces of dry cedar wood, and the net is kept tight by means of small pebbles, slung at distances of four feet along the lower margin. This net is stretched across the mouth of a small bay or inlet, and the Indians sit watching it in their canoes at a short distance. Shoals of anchovies and herrings have their abodes and lurking places in such bays as are alluded to. As may be supposed, these small fish often venture beyond the confines of their rocky home. They are no sooner spied and pursued by the greedy salmon, than they seek safety in flight, and, rushing towards their hiding place, easily shoot through the cordy snare,—not so the lordly salmon. The voracious fish runs his head into the net. Down go the floats below the suface. Up rushes Redskin in his light canoe, hauls up the net, clutches his silvery prey, fells it with a blow of his club, and, lets down his net for another draught. Immense numbers of spring and autumn fish are caught in this way, before they ascend the rivers.

In Columbia River, the first salmon that ascend from the sea, are taken at a place called Chinook Point, not very far from the mouth of the river. These are said to be the fattest and most finely flavoured salmon that are found along the coast. They are very large, weighing from 35 lbs. to 75 lbs. They are celebrated in the neighbouring country, and as far even as San Francisco in California. They are known as the "Chinook Salmon."

The Indians display wonderful ingenuity in accommodating their modes of fishing to the nature of the fishing grounds. At the rapids called "The Cascades," they erect scaffoldings among the boulders. These are clumsy enough contrivances, but they are strongly constructed of poles jammed between large stones, and lashed with ropes of bark to other poles, which cross each other to form stages. Indians of several tribes come from great distances to await the arrival of the salmon, and plant their lodges in the most beautiful spots that can be imagined along the whole length of the rapids. Nor do they come unprepared. They are provided with small round nets, such as are used in catching shrimps. These they fasten to handles forty and fifty feet in length. On the river sides of the stages, already alluded to, hollow places are ingeniously enclosed, with low walls of boulders. As soon as the salmon arrive, which is early in June, business commences. The Indian fishermen, without any other garments than a piece of cloth tied round the waist, are seen everywhere plying their nets. As the salmon ascend the rapids, they naturally seek the calmer waters at the edges of the current, or linger behind a rock, or in some convenient hollow such as the basins, constructed with stones by the Indians, close to their stages. Here the way-worn fish will rest and idle for a time; but not without extreme peril. The cunning fisherman drops his net in the water at the head of the pool, and allows it to be swept down by the stream, thus securing salmon after salmon without danger of failure.

Two Indians in the course of an hour, often land as many as thirty salmon on one of the stages. When fatigue obliges any one of them to rest, another takes his place, and so the net is constantly plied. As soon as a fish is thrown on the stage, a blow on the head puts an end to its struggles to regain the water. Boys are at hand who seize it and carry it ashore, where it is at once split up and cured. Notwithstanding the ingenious contrivances of the crafty Red-skins, immense numbers of fish escape up the rapids, and convey wealth and plenty to the dwellers in the remote interior.

The mode of fishing at the "Kettle Falls" of the Columbia is somewhat different. It is only at the time of the highest flood, about the middle of June, that the salmon can pass this formidable barrier. About three weeks earlier Indians begin to assemble from all quarters. Day after day cavalcades are seen winding their way along the plain. The whole sum of Indian wealth accompanies these cavalcades. The savage leaves nothing behind him for an enemy or a robber to seize upon. Wives, children, dogs, horses, lodges, weapons and skins—*all, en route*, together, present a most novel and extraordinary spectacle. The smaller children are packed with the baggage on the backs of horses. These horses are driven by squaws, themselves on horseback, and riding astride like men. The elder boys and girls ride with their mothers, three or four on a horse. The men and stouter youths drive the bands of horses that run loose in front of the procession. The march is also graced by a pack of prick-eared curs, which are nothing else than tamed prairie wolves.

Lodges of all shapes and sizes are speedily erected on a level piece of ground which overlooks the falls. A zigzag path down a cliff which is almost vertical, leads from the falls to the rocks at their base. The squaws, who for such parties are the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," immediately busy themselves in the work which belongs to camping. The men, meanwhile, who are all under one chief, who is styled the "Salmon Chief," commence the labours which fall to their share. Some repair the drying sheds, which are placed, as well as many of the lodges, at the foot of the zigzag path; others make or mend huge wicker baskets, which are about thirty feet in circumference, and twelve feet in depth; others in groups drag down large trees, which have been already lopped clear of their branches. These branchless trunks they roll and twist and tumble over the rocks, fixing them at last by means of massive boulders, whilst the ends hang over the foaming waters not unlike so many gibbets. The trees having been secured in their right places, it remains to suspend from them the great wicker traps. This last work is very risky and difficult. Numerous willing hands, however, and long experience accomplish the necessary task. The baskets are at length firmly suspended with strong ropes made of twisted bark. The river now begins to rise rapidly, and soon overflows the rocks where the trees are fastened, and rushes also into the basket, which is speedily in the midst of the waterfall, and is so contrived as to be easily accessible from the rocks that are not covered by the flood. Everything is now ready for the reception of the finny visitors.

On such occasions, all feuds are laid aside, or, as the Indians themselves beautifully express it, "the hatchet is buried," and there commences, among these singular people, a series of diversions which it would be quite in vain to attempt to describe—horse-racing, gambling, love-making, dancing, &c. Revelling is the order of the day.

The medicine men or conjurors, meanwhile, are more seriously engaged. Some of these, in every tribe, go zealously to work, and ply their charms and incantations in order to insure an abundant run of fish.

Certain members of the tribes are appointed to keep watch, and as soon as they announce the welcome tidings that the salmon are come, the onslaught begins. The first few that arrive are often speared from the rocks. But soon they are in such great numbers that one could not well throw a stone into the water, at the base of the falls, without hitting a fish. More than fifty may now be seen in the air, at once, leaping over the wicker baskets, which experience has taught the Indians to place so cunningly that the adventurous fish, failing to clear the "salmon leap," fall back and are trapped. Two naked Indians are stationed in each basket all day long. This is accomplished by means of frequent relays, as there is always a heavy fall of water. Salmon, three or four at a time, fall in quick succession into the basket. They are no sooner trapped than the skilled fishermen thrust their fingers under the gills, strike the fish on the head with a heavy club, and then fling them on the rocks. Mr. Lord mentions having seen as many as three hundred salmon, varying in weight from twenty to seventy-five pounds, landed from one basket betwixt sunrise and sunset.

With so many traps in successful operation fish speedily accumulate on the rocks, where they are piled in heaps. Numbers of boys and girls are employed in dragging them back from these heaps to the curing houses, around which the Squaws are seated. These lady fish-curers rip the salmon open with sharp knives, twist off the head, and skilfully remove the backbone. The next process is to hang them on poles, which are close under the roofs of sheds open at the sides. In this position they are gradually dried by means of slow fires, which are kept smouldering on the floors. Flies are kept away by the smoke, which, no doubt, aids also in preserving the fish. The whole salmon is cured in this way with the exception of the head, backbone, roe and liver.

These portions are cooked and consumed during the fishing season. As soon as the drying process is completed, the fish are packed in bales made of rush mats. These bales are tightly bound with bark ropes. Each bale weighs about 50 lbs. The object in thus packing the trapped salmon is to facilitate an equal division of the spoil, as well as to render more easy its conveyance to winter quarters. For the latter purpose, the numerous horses brought by the tribes are employed, the lucky fishermen packing two bales on each horse. The fishing lasts about two months, and when it is done its welcome fruits are divided, and the ground abandoned to its wonted quietude until another season of revelry and fish harvesting comes round. An extraordinary way of preparing the salmon for comfortable chewing prevails among the Indians. Like many wonderful things, no doubt, it is more to be admired than imitated. But, "De gustibus non est disputandum." During the process of drying silicious sand is blown over the fish, and, as may be supposed, adheres to it. By virtue of his fictitious taste, the poor Indian chews this sanded fish with infinite relish. We cannot envy him. But is there nothing fictitious in civilized society?—nothing, in itself noxious and disgusting, which fashion renders delightful? Mr. Lord had in his possession the under-jaw of an Indian, the teeth in which were worn down by the flinty sand to a level with the bony sockets.

The successful fishing at the Kettle Falls shows how plentiful salmon are in the Columbia River. They are equally so in all the streams that flow to Puget's Sound, as well as in the Fraser River and all the rivers north of it as far as the Arctic Ocean. In the Fraser there are no impediments to the ascent of salmon all the way to Fort Hope. Hence the Indians do not fish as in the Columbia. Each village or family, on the contrary, do business on their own account. Near the mouth of the river salmon are hooked into canoes with large iron gaff hooks. A very ingenious kind of net, which is worked between two canoes, is also used higher up the river, at the mouths of the Sumass, the Chilukweyuk, and other tributaries. Great numbers of salmon are caught in these nets. Round nets likewise are employed, and stages are suspended over the eddies from the rocks.

THE INVESTITURE OF CANADIAN VOLUNTEER OFFICERS WITH THE ORDER OF C. M. G.

On Tuesday, the 18th instant, Colonels Smith, Fletcher, McEachern, and Chamberlin were presented with the decoration of the third class, or Companionship of the Most Noble Order of St. Michael and St. George, as an acknowledgment of their gallant services on the border in repelling the Fenian invasion in May last. Elsewhere we print an illustration from a sketch of the ceremony by our own artist, and copy the following account of the investiture from the Montreal *Gazette*:—

"Some time ago it was announced that Her Majesty had been pleased to confer on several of the officers who took part in the defence of our borders last spring the title of Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, as a recognition of the value of their services. The selection of those upon whom this honour was to be conferred was left to the Governor-General, who consulted with General Lindsay and the Minister of Militia as to who were most deserving of them, the choice finally falling upon the four gentlemen upon whom it was yesterday formally conferred.

In the reception room of the St. Lawrence Hall, a gay assemblage of ladies, attired in recherché morning costumes, volunteer and regular officers in gay uniforms, and staid civilians in sober-coloured habiliments, were gathered. The ladies for the most part were clustered at the north-eastern corner of the large drawing-room, while officers and civilians were scattered about generally.

Shortly after twelve o'clock Lady Young came in, and spent the few moments before the commencement of the ceremony in conversation. At half-past twelve His Excellency entered the apartment, attended by Mr Turville, his private secretary; Lieut.-Col. McNeil, V. C., military secretary; and Lieut.-Col. Boulton, R. A. Sir John, who was plainly attired, was decorated with the insignia of Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, and also of the Most Noble Order of the Bath. He stood at a table fronting the candidates for honours, and proceeded to say:

That he was highly delighted to see so large an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen present, despite the inclemency of the weather. He was glad to see so much interest taken in the ceremony, because this was the first occasion on which the new order had been conferred on any of the Colonial militia, and he was delighted to seize the present opportunity of conferring this mark of Royal favour upon persons who had distinguished themselves, as he thought it was calculated to do good, by showing that their services would not go without recognition. And here he wished to correct an erroneous impression which had been given abroad by some newspapers. They seemed to think these distinctions had been given on representations from the Canadian Government. This was entirely a mistake. The present Government of England represented the public opinion of the country to a wonderful extent. He believed that no government ever represented the opinion of the people of England so much as the present Government under Mr. Gladstone did. Some things had struck home to the British hearts. They had admired the manner in which our volunteers had turned out after their reorganization; more men had come forward than were required, and also when in the Spring but nine thousand men had been called for some thirteen thousand had answered to the call to arms. This most praiseworthy patriotism had struck a chord in public opinion in England, and they had held public meetings and expressed their approval of it. Another thing which showed how highly Canadian riflemen were regarded at home, was that a great many gentlemen, and with them the Lord Mayor of London, had raised a fund for the purpose of presenting prizes to be competed for by the riflemen of Canada. With regard to the action of the Home Government he said, "I was particularly asked whether there were any officers in command of the Colonial forces who were actually engaged in the recent repulse of the Fenians on the frontier, whom I would recommend on that account for the honour of a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; and I stated that there were gentlemen whose names I should be happy to have the opportunity of submitting for consideration under the circumstances, feeling assured, as I did, that the conferring rewards upon them would have an excellent effect throughout the Dominion, animate and encourage the Volunteer Militia, and be received with the utmost gratitude in all quarters as a gracious boon on the part of Her Majesty. Accordingly I communicated with the Lieut.-General in command, the Honourable James Lindsay, and the Hon. the Minister of Militia, Sir George E. Cartier, and in accordance with their views, I recommended for the distinction in question the names of the gentlemen following:—Lieut.-Col Wm Osborne Smith, Deputy-Adjutant-General of Militia, 5th District Commanded on the Missisquoi frontier, arranged the defence of Eccles' Hill, and provided for the defence of that post on the 25th of May; was present there in command on the afternoon of the same day when skirmishing took place: Lieut.-Col. John Fletcher, Brigade-Major of St. Johns Militia Brigade District. This officer was in command on the Huntingdon frontier previous to the arrival of Her Majesty's 69th Regiment, when Col. Bagot, the officer commanding that regiment, assumed the command of the field force. Colonel Fletcher accompanied the troops when advancing to attack, and though not in command, was present with the advanced guard when it drove the Fenians across the border. Lieut.-Col. A. McEachern, commanding 50th Huntingdon Borderers, commanded on the Huntingdon frontier until the arrival of Lieut-Col. Bagot, 69th Regiment; commanded his own corps when it drove the Fenians across the border at Trout River. Lieut.-Col. Brown Chamberlin, M. A., D.C.L., commanding 60th Missisquoi Battalion of Militia; commanded at Eccles Hill, and drove the Fenians back when they crossed the frontier and attacked that position on the forenoon of the 25th May. Lord Kimberly, who had in the meantime succeeded Lord Granville at the Colonial Office, acknowledged the receipt of my despatch, submitting the names of the four officers, and strongly recommending them for the distinction named. In reply, Lord Kimberly stated that he had much pleasure in submitting the names of the four gentlemen to the Queen for the Royal approval, and Her Majesty was graciously pleased to direct that the decoration should be offered them.

His Excellency added that they would then proceed with the ceremony.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. Osborne Smith, who was first called upon by His Excellency, came forward, and Mr. Turville, H. E. private secretary, proceeded to read the following warrant, which has the Royal Sign Manual and the Great Seal of the Order attached to it:

VICTORIA R.

Victoria, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Sovereign and Chief of the most distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, to Our Trusty and Well-beloved William Osborne Smith, Esquire, Deputy Adjutant-General in the Militia of Our Dominion of Canada, Greeting:—

Whereas, We have thought fit to appoint you to be a member of the Third Class, or Companion of Our most distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, We do by these presents grant unto you the dignity of a Companion of Our most distinguished Order. And we do hereby authorize you to have, hold and enjoy the said dignity as a member of the Third Class or Companion of Our most distinguished Order, together with all and singular the privileges thereunto belonging or appertaining.

Given at Our Court at Balmoral, under Our Sign Manual and the Seal of the said Order this Fifteenth day of September, 1870, in the thirty-fourth year of Our reign.

By the Sovereign's command.

GEORGE.
Grand Master.

Lieut.-Col. McNeil, V. C., then handed the Insignia of the Order to Lady Young, who fastened it on the breast of the gallant Colonel; when His Excellency presented him with a package containing the Royal warrant, a letter from the secretary and registrar, and a copy of the statutes of the Order, and at the same time shook him cordially by the hand.

The same ceremony was gone through with Colonels Fletcher, A. McEachern, and Chamberlin, after which His Excellency congratulated the new members of the Order, and declared the ceremony closed.

A short time longer was spent in conversation and the exchange of congratulations, after which the party broke up.

The Insignia of the Order consists of a gold star, with a white enamelled disc in the centre, on which is represented St. George and the Dragon, and around these the motto: "*Auspicium Melioris Ævi.*" On the reverse side of the star is the same motto, but within the disc is the figure of St. Michael. The star is surmounted by a small gold crown, that depends from the ribbon of the order, which is of light blue with a red bar down the centre.

The letter from the secretary of the order, contained in the envelope presented by His Excellency, was as follows:

CHANCERY OF THE ORDER OF SAINT MICHAEL AND SAINT GEORGE.

Colonial Office, Downing Street,
15th September, 1870.

SIR,—I have the honour to acquaint you that the Queen has been graciously pleased to appoint you to be a companion of the Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, and to transmit to you a warrant under the Royal sign manual and seal of the Order conferring to you the grant of that dignity, together with the Insignia thereof, a copy of the Statutes of the Order; also a blank form of the covenant for the restoration of the Insignia, which document you will be so good as to sign and return to me when duly executed in accordance with the provisions of the Statutes of the Order.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
C. COX,
For the Secretary and Registrar.

THE MONTREAL QUARRIES.

In this issue we give an illustration of the quarries by moonlight from a sketch by Mr. Sandham, a rising young artist of this city. There are many scenes in the neighbourhood of Montreal well worthy the attention of the artist; and we shall be glad from time to time, to give views of them when the etchings are supplied. The subject of this picture is one of a number of windmills used for raising the water out of the stone quarries at Cote St. Louis, the scenery in the neighbourhood of which is about the most charming and picturesque that the Island affords. The etching from which our illustration is copied was made by Mr. Sandham on a photograph plate.

FRENCH PRISONERS AT BERLIN.

No less by the treatment of their prisoners than by the care of their wounded enemies, have the Germans earned a title to the gratitude of the French. It certainly is to their credit that throughout the whole of the campaign the French prisoners have uniformly met with kindness and attention, and that not only from their guards and from the military authorities, but from private individuals. In every German town through which the detachments of prisoners have passed the people have turned out *en masse* to see the unfortunate strangers, and to supply them with those little comforts that the French *militaire*, of all classes in the world, knows so well how to appreciate. At Berlin, the centre of Prussian sympathy and of anti-French feeling, there was no exception to the rule. Our illustration, drawn on the spot, speaks sufficiently of this. Here we have a detachment of prisoners, consisting of Zouaves and Turcos, troops that the German mind has been taught to regard as little less than demons incarnate, treated in the kindest and most fraternal manner. "Immediately on their arrival at the station," says the artist, "the prisoners were taken to a waiting-room where tables and benches had been prepared for their reception. They were then served each with a bowl of rice-soup and meat with bread and beer; the students of the upper classes of the Lehranstalt waited upon them, and the public crowded in to see the "handsome strangers," until the station could hold no more. Nearly all the sight-seers brought with them cigars, tobacco and bottles of wine, which the prisoners were by no means loth to accept." It must have been a queer sight; the fair-haired, buxom German girls waiting upon the swarthy Turcos, half-curious and half-afraid of their guests, but supplying all their wants in the kindest and most charitable manner. It brings to mind Alfred de Musset's lines, written with but little idea that they would be fulfilled in such a manner:

"Your daughters remember the days of yore,
And wish the Frenchman among them yet
For whom your vintage white they were always blithe to pour."

A PRUSSIAN INFIRMARY.—BRINGING IN WOUNDED PRISONERS.

A noticeable and laudable feature in the war now raging in Europe, is the care and attention lavished upon the sick and wounded. Accompanying each army on its march is a corps of members of the Red Cross Society, who, after each battle, take possession of the field, tend the wounded and bury the dead. Nor are these friendly attentions extended solely by each nation to its own people. Friend and foe are cared for alike, and in many of the German hospitals now established in the conquered territory may be seen Spahis and Uhlan, Turco and Jager, lying side by side. Prussia certainly deserves credit for the admirable manner in which she has arranged her ambulance service, and for the impartiality with which its members distribute their services to all who may need them, be their nationality what it may. Her system is perfect. Besides her advanced corps accompanying the armies to the front, she has established hospitals all along the frontier from Strasburg to Saarbruck, and to these the wounded who are in a fit condition to be removed from the advanced posts are sent to be tended until they receive their discharge either as "cured" or "incapable." For those who are unable to stand the journey to the rear, temporary lazarettos are constructed in the open air, where they receive all the care that could be given them at home. One of these hospitals in the front is the subject of an illustration. It resembles an ordinary camp, with large, airy tents, arranged in streets or lanes. Each tent has accommodation for several wounded men, and the whole is attended by an efficient hospital staff. The best proof given of the admirable system pursued by the Germans in caring for their wounded is a complaint made by a member of an English Ambulance Corps, now established at Saarbruck, that "German foresight and tenderness had anticipated any external agency, and the committee of the Société de Secours of Strasburg had nothing to ask for; everything had been supplied which could be required by the sick and wounded."

But while praising the German ambulance system, and the impartial endeavours of the Prussian "hospitallers," it must not be forgotten that France had also her system, equally perfect, and that the French members of the Société de Secours were no less impartial in giving their services to friend and foe alike, than their German co-operators. Unfortunately, the reverses sustained by the armies of France, followed by the hasty retreat of McMahon and the capitulation at Sedan, put it out of the power of the French ambulance corps to do much in the way of relieving their wounded countrymen, and consequently the whole of them, with the exception of such as happened to be in besieged cities, were recalled to Paris shortly after the proclamation of the Republic. In the capital they will certainly find enough to do, when once the threatened bombardment commences.

CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 4.

White—K. at his R. 5th. Q. at Q. Kt. 3rd. Kt. at Q. 8th. P. at K. 2nd.

Black—K. at his B. 4th. Ps. at K. B. 3rd, and Q. B. 2nd.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 19.

White—	*Black*—
1. Kt. to Q. 8th, ch.	Kt. takes Kt.
2. P. to Q. B. 4th	Q. P. takes either P.
3. Q. P. mates.	

VARIATION.

2.	B. P. takes K. P.
3. K. B. mates.	

If Black move Rook or Bishop, P. takes P. mate.

VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY PRACTICE ON THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS. FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

THE WAR.—CAMP SCENE NEAR PARIS.—BRINGING IN WOUNDED PRISONERS.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

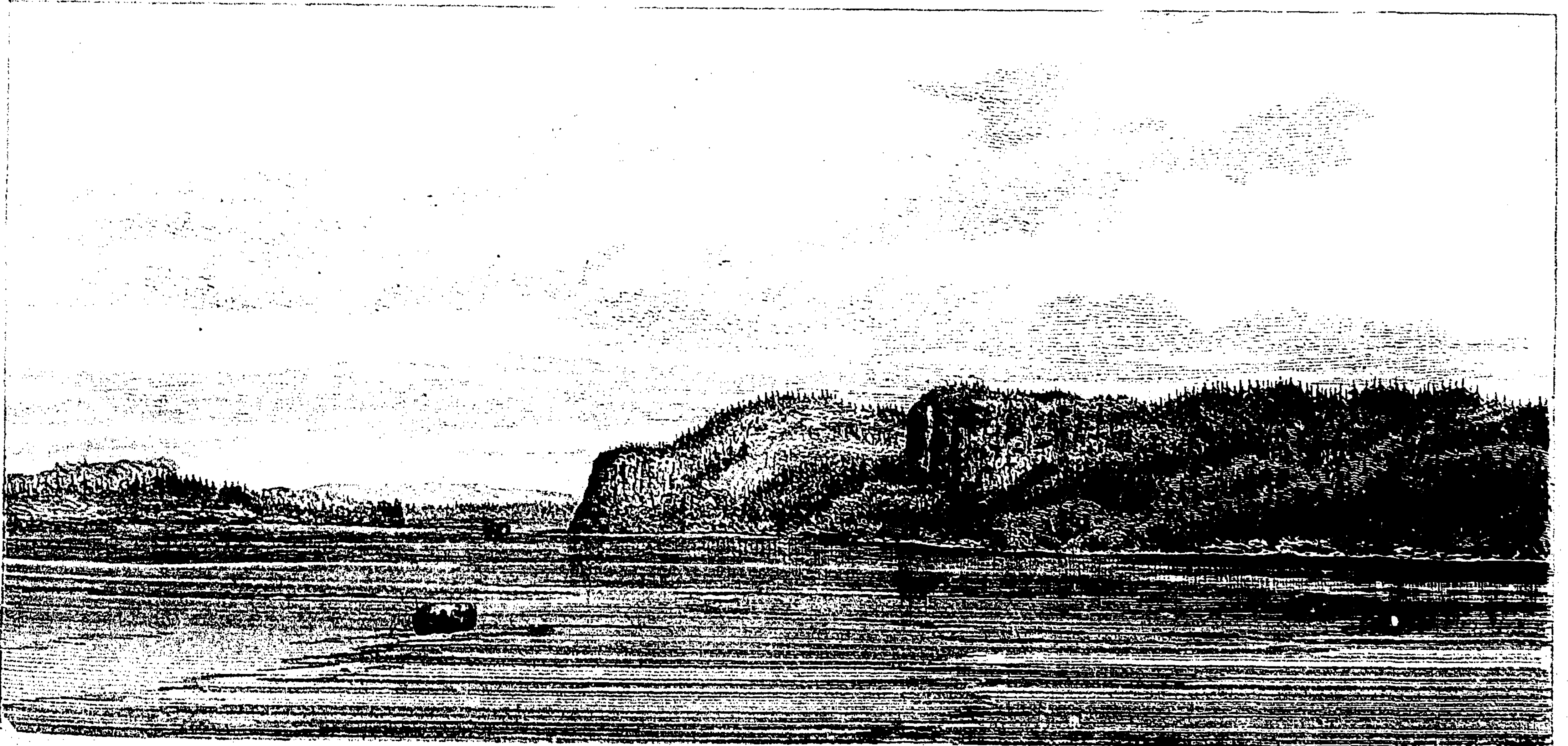
No. 47.—MOST REV. CHARLES FRANCIS BAILLARGEON, ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

It had been generally known for many months that His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec was in very feeble health. He had on more than one occasion sought to be relieved of his office, from a sense of his inability through physical weakness to discharge its duties to his satisfaction, but His Grace's resignation had always been declined at Rome. He attended the Œcumenical Council, but was granted leave of absence and returned to Quebec in May last, since which time he continued gradually to sink, until Thursday afternoon, the 13th inst., when he died.

Charles Francis Baillargeon was born on the 26th of April, 1798, at Isle aux Grues, a place about thirty miles from Quebec. His father belonged to an ancient Canadian family, whose ancestor had come to this country about the year 1650. He was, however, in humble circumstances, and Charles Francis was indebted for the first education he received to the curé of St. Francois, Rivière du Sud, under whose care he remained for several years. When considerably advanced in his elementary studies, the good curé placed him in the little college of St. Pierre, where he remained for a year; and in 1814 he was transferred to the Seminary of Nicolet, where he passed a course of four years. During these years of study and preparation for the active duties of the calling towards which his desires had ever been directed, he displayed great aptitude for learning, and commanded, accordingly, the respect and admiration of his preceptors. In 1818 he received the tonsure, and was also appointed Professor of Rhetoric at the Seminary of St. Roch, the duties of which position he discharged with great ability and assiduity, at the same time continuing to pursue his Theological studies in order to qualify himself for the Priesthood. On the 1st of June, 1822, M. Baillargeon, being then in his 25th year, was ordained Priest by Bishop Plessis, who appointed him chaplain to the church of St. Roch. The following year he resigned his professorship at the Seminary, and continued at St. Roch until 1827, when he was appointed Curé of St. Francis de Sales, on the Island of Orleans. From this he was transferred the following year to L'Ange Gardien. In the year 1831 he was transferred to the parish of Quebec, where he laboured for many years with great zeal, winning the confidence of the hierarchy and the admiration of the people. In 1850, the Bishops, having resolved to send an agent to Rome to treat of certain ecclesiastical matters, selected M. Baillargeon for the mission, who left during the summer of that year for the Eternal City. He had not been more than three months in Rome when the then Archbishop died, and his coadjutor, Bishop Turgeon, succeeded to the Archiepiscopal See. Archbishop Turgeon was then in feeble health, and he at once applied to Rome for a coadjutor, recommending the elevation of M. Baillargeon to the Episcopate and his appointment to that office. The rev. gentleman was reluctant indeed to assume such grave responsibilities, and it was only at the earnest solicitations of the Pope that he accepted the mitre. He was accordingly consecrated as Bishop of Tloa on the 23rd of February, 1851. From that time until 1855 he laboured actively throughout the diocese, assisting the Archbishop in its administration until 1855, when Archbishop Turgeon's health having completely given way, Bishop Baillargeon became Administrator, and so continued for twelve years. The death of Archbishop Turgeon, in Aug., 1867, conferred upon Bishop Baillargeon the title as well as the duties of Archbishop. How well His Grace had performed the latter it is not for us to say; but the wide esteem in which he was held throughout the church and the honour paid to his memory show how well he had approved himself to his calling. He was a man of great learning, and even found relaxation from the fatigues of his episcopal duties in the study of philosophical or scientific subjects. In 1816 he had pledged himself to revisit the Seminary of Nicolet in fifty years if God should spare his life so long, and accordingly on the 24th of May, 1866, His Grace presented himself and delivered an address to the students, exhorting them to cherish the desire for knowledge in which the most elevating and healthiest relaxation could always be found. In 1846 he published a French translation of the New Testament, a revised edition of which, with additional notes, appeared in 1865. In 1862, Bishop Baillargeon made his second visit to Rome to assist at the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, and on that occasion was appointed Assistant at the Pontifical throne and made a Roman Count. His third and last visit was, as we have said, to attend the Œcumenical Council, at which he acted as a member of the Committee *de Fide*.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS & BIENVENU.

His Grace's obsequies were of a most imposing character. His mortal remains lay in state in the chapel of the Palace until Tuesday, and were visited by many thousands. On that day the funeral took place, and, besides the high functionaries of Quebec, ecclesiastical and civil, there were present six Bishops and nearly two hundred priests. The military also took part in the procession. The services at the Cathedral were attended with all the dignity and grandeur of ceremonial which the solemn occasion demanded according to the custom of the Church. It is reported that Mgr. LaFlèche, Bishop of Three Rivers, will probably be His Grace's successor.



NEEPIGON, No. 2.—RED ROCK, VIEWED FROM NEEPIGON BAY. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.

The new half-penny correspondence card seems to be fully appreciated by the English public. The number collected in the E. C. district in London, the first day of its use, was 235,775; and 45,000 were posted at St. Martin's-le-Grand for the provinces.

There are very curious statistics about colour blindness, and they will astonish many folk. We are informed that one person in eighteen has this blindness, and that one in fifty-five is incapable of distinguishing green from red. Such of the Irish as believe that in a French Republic they behold a good omen for the flag of discontent at home, may be charitably assumed to be suffering under the colour blindness that leads men to take red for green.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 30	—*Twentieth Sunday after Trinity*. John Adams born, 1755. Lord Dundonald died, 1860.
MONDAY,	" 31.	—*All Hallows Eve*. The Reformation begun, 1517.
TUESDAY,	Nov. 1.	—*All Saints Day*. Normal School, Toronto, opened, 1847.
WEDNESDAY,	" 2.	—Insurrection in Lower Canada, 1838. Battle of Roan Springs, U. S., 1863.
THURSDAY,	" 3.	—Bombardment of St. Jean d'Arc, 1840.
FRIDAY,	" 4.	—Admirable Benbow died, 1702. Lord Tenterden died, 1832. McClellan removed, 1862.
SATURDAY,	" 5,	—Gunpowder Plot, 1605. Sir J. Colborne, Lt.-Governor, U. C., 1828.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870

A FORTNIGHT ago we hazarded the opinion that the Franco-Prussian war had reached a point from which its further prosecution would prove mutually exhausting. Since that time every event has but tended to confirm the correctness of our opinion. Prussia has, from that time, made no great advances towards the conquest of France; and though France has not been able to achieve any very substantial victories over Prussia, yet her stubborn resistance, getting stronger day by day, as she calls forth her latent vigour, has already begun to damage the Prussian strength. It is now almost a foregone conclusion with every one that Paris cannot be taken. The Prussians have not been able to gain an effective position for their siege guns. Disease is busy with their men and horses; the troops who were the least enthusiastic at the beginning of the war are now all but mutinous; and those who entered the struggle for a heroic and quick march into Paris, would at this time gladly face about and return to the Fatherland, leaving the Capital of France unharmed.

The English Government has taken a most warm interest in procuring peace, from the moment that the Prussians received their first reverse. This is held to be, with some reason, a cause of offence by France. The cordial feeling which once existed between France and England is now in serious danger. The English Government is suspected of lending itself to further the ends of Prussia, by making room for the latter power to get out of its complications. That the Royal family of England should sympathise with Prussia is not by any means unnatural, but it is something strange that a popular Minister like Gladstone should lend himself to the fulfilment of royal behests against the will of the nation. We are rather inclined to believe that the English people sympathise with the policy of the Government: that they have forgotten the more than twenty years of friendship between France and England, and that for reasons which hardly need to be specified the pro-Prussian sympathy controls the Imperial policy. This is a grievous mistake. No two countries have more interests in common than England and France. The foremost in civilization, the first in commerce, and the most capable of either helping or injuring each other, the highest dictates of policy, and the noblest impulses of feeling, alike suggested that they should have gone on hand in hand. Even now there is a question to settle with China in which they have a mutual interest. But that question is indefinitely postponed, and England appears on the scene as a mediator only at a time when her interference must of necessity be a source of humiliation to France. It is hardly possible that the French people can forget this. But they can, at least, distinguish between the people and the Government. They are themselves at this time without an administration that can challenge recognition from any other power; and this, perhaps, is the best excuse that can be offered for the otherwise unaccountable policy of England. Bazaine, it is said, does not recognize the Republic. Trochu is supposed to be an Orleanist. The Committee of National Defence is presumed not to possess the confidence of the nation. There is, in fact, no element of cohesion in France, except the presence of the Prussian foe. May not this fact account, in some measure, for the seemingly hostile course of England?

The latest information to hand as we write indicates that the peace negotiations have completely broken through. This was to have been expected. The quarrel, which first broke out between the Napoleonic and the Hohenzollern dynasties, has become one between the French nation and the Prussian monarchy. The king still pretends that he recognises only the Empire which the bulk of the French people have ignored. England has judiciously refused recognition to the Republic, on the ground that France has not yet formally acknowledged it. But how can peace be made without a responsible government in France? And how can the Empress, even if supported by Bazaine, and encouraged by King William, sign a peace that will bind the French nation? Whatever terms Thiers may propose or Favre accept, it must be evident that the nation cannot be compelled to submit to them; and for our part, much as we regret the prospect, we must confess that we see no sign of peace until the Prussians have betaken themselves from French soil. There is a question of national pride involved in the issue; and though the French nation may fairly say that the proclamation of war sprung from Imperial rather than national aspirations, they cannot repudiate the acceptance of the issue. They have made the quarrel their own since the surrender at Sedan; and we may be certain that they will not relinquish it until they have cleared their soil of the invader.

The ready acceptance of the new French loan by London capitalists is a significant fact. France has not, heretofore, gone beyond herself to borrow money. But despite the doubtful character of her present government, a loan on her credit finds ready takers in the London money market at par, or beyond it. It will thus be seen, that despite the policy of the Imperial Government, the English people have a strong sympathy with France; and from the Royal autographs said to have been lately passed, we judge that even Kings and Queens are beginning to be convinced that this war is likely to prove very damaging to their order. In this direction we have expected the most serious consequences of the war, ever since Napoleon's surrender. Already it has cost the Emperor and the Pope their crowns; may it not possibly prove equally disastrous to King William? At all events, it is now evident that Prussia is suffering rapid exhaustion; that the national strength is being frittered away, and that the war has become almost equally destructive to both the parties engaged in it. The world will not, however, be the ultimate loser if both the belligerents receive such a lesson as will compel them to keep the peace for a few generations to come.

THE other day our neighbours of the *Gazette* found one of their water taps mysteriously obstructed. A brief examination proved that a fish, four inches long, had audaciously left the Reservoir to visit that famous seat of learning. Being a perch, and in an advanced stage of decomposition, it could not get through the tap, hence the obstruction. The *Gazette* does not tell us how the man felt who took the last drink from that tap. By the way, we hope that the report we heard lately was correct, that, agitated by the revelations made through our columns, with the help of Dr. Edwards, the Corporation had seriously resolved on cleaning the Reservoir.

ON THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

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

> "He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding ———" SHAKSPEARE.

It is now nearly twenty years since this subject was brought prominently before the British public by the exposures of the "Analytical Commission" of the *Lancet*; and in July, 1856, a Committee of the House of Commons reported thus:

"Your Committee cannot avoid the conclusion that adulteration widely prevails, though under circumstances of very various character.

"Not only is the public health thus exposed to danger, but the public morality is tainted, and the high commercial character of this country lowered, both at home and in the eyes of foreign countries.

"Without entering into voluminous details of the evidence taken, your Committee would enumerate the leading articles proved to be more or less commonly adulterated. These are—

Arrowroot, adulterated with potato and other starches.

Bread, with plaster of Paris, alum, and sulphate of copper.

Bottled fruits and vegetables, with certain salts of copper.

Coffee, with chicory, roasted wheat, beans, and mangold wurtzel.

Chicory, with roasted wheat, carrots, sawdust, and Venetian red.

Cocoa, with arrowroot, potato flour, sugar, chicory, and some ferruginous red earths.

Confectionary, with plaster of Paris and similar ingredients, coloured with various pigments of a highly poisonous nature.

Cayenne, with ground rice, mustard husks, and coloured with red lead, Venetian red, and turmeric.

Gin, with grains of paradise, sulphuric acid, and cayenne.

Lard, with potato flour, mutton suet, alum, carbonate of soda, and caustic lime.

Mustard, with wheat flour, and turmeric.

Marmalade, with apples or turnips.

Porter and Stout, with water, sugar, treacle, salt, alum, cocculus indicus, grains of paradise, sulphuric acid, and nux vomica.

Pickles and preserves, with salts of copper.

Snuff, with various chromates, red lead, lime, and powdered glass.

Tobacco, with water, sugar, rhubarb, and treacle.

Vinegar, with water, sugar, and sulphuric acid.

"The adulteration of drinks deserves special notice, because your Committee cannot but conclude that the intoxication so deplorably prevalent is, in many cases, less due to the natural properties of the drinks themselves, than to the admixture of narcotics, or other noxious substances, intended to supply the properties lost by dilution."

This enquiry resulted in the passing of a permissive Act "For the Prevention of the Adulteration of Food and Drink," which was adopted by many of the large boroughs in England, but neglected by others, and the result of its working shows that a great deal of apathy on the subject still exists on the part of public communities. And the adage has been fully illustrated that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." Within the last year or two, public attention has been again directed to the subject, and the Act has been revised and rendered more workable.

In New York the civic authorities have adopted stringent measures which have resulted in the disclosure of a large amount of fraud—visited by severe penalties, and by the publication of the names and addresses of the offenders. In most of the large cities of the States similar provisions have been adopted. Such *exposés* are extremely useful, as nothing is so dreaded by the adulterator, (who is always a sneak) as detection,—the dread of which will often keep a man honest, in spite of his cupidity. And as "prevention is better than cure," a proper system of inspection and of penal publicity in case of detection, is the best safe-guard to any community. In the case of Bread and Flour, I have reason to believe that this country has not yet fallen into the bad customs of the large cities of England and America. Competition is not so excessive, and the crowd of the "unwashed" is not so great as in London or New York. Less wheat is spoiled by damp harvests, and the demand for unnaturally white bread is not so general.

This demand leads bakers and millers to mix alum and salt with the flour to an injurious and reprehensible extent.

The consumer must share the responsibility of this tendency, as he has long been instructed by medical authorities that the brown bread is more nutritious than the white bread, and if, to please the eye, he indulges in the finest of the flour, he omits albumen and alkaline phosphates; which, being necessary diet, he must seek to find in some other form of food; he therefore, probably, adds to his breakfast a boiled egg to replace the bran which he has thrown away. The man who "*tarries the grinding*" has the best chance of seeing that no alum nor plaster of Paris is mixed with his flour, and if he tarries till the process is complete, he will get the most nutritive portion last—and will get the best of "cakes." But we may trust our Canadian millers and bakers if we are content to eat our "whole grist" loaf like men.

In the articles of milk and butter, on the other hand, our climate and the seasons are against us, and the temptation of the dairy-man to "stretch" his commodities up to the demands of the market is something almost beyond human nature to resist. These are the natural zoological products of grass and succulent leaves, after the ruminations of the grave-faced "Graminivoræ." But, alas! we have not here the perennial and evergreen shamrocks, nor the green daisy meads of Derry or of Devon.

Our grass is burnt up to hay in summer-time, and under snow or water one half of the year. Our poor ruminants have, therefore, to ponder over hay, oil-cake, grains, mash, turnips, beet, and mangold, &c., and no doubt find their studies hard and dry. No wonder, then, that our butter has all sorts of flavours, and our milk lacks cream. How much better might the public be supplied by large country or suburban dairies, where diet, exercise, cleanliness and system might be applied to attaining the highest state of health and condition of the milch cow, instead of by a few scattered owners of ill-fed and ill-housed animals, which yield, as a rule, an uncertain supply of poor milk.

It is, however, amongst the grocery articles and the liquors that the largest amount of fraudulent adulteration exists—frequently without any knowledge on the part of the retailer, except that such articles are often supplied at a less price than the genuine article would cost. Importations of worthless articles find a market at some price which ought to be seized and destroyed by the public authorities, and the public can only protect themselves by an organized and official civic system of detection and of exposure.

"Werry good thing is a weal pie," says Sam Weller, "when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it a'nt kittens."

To be continued.

THE WAR.

The position of the Prussians around Paris appears to have become extremely perilous. In the centre of a strange country, with a force three times decimated, and harassed continually by watchful bands of citizen soldiery roused by continual defeat and by danger, they hold their victorious position by a very uncertain tenure. Hitherto all their efforts to place their guns in a position to command the city have been futile: their batteries have been destroyed by the fire of the French forts, and their ranks thinned by disease. Disaffection has also made its appearance. The discontent of the men is so great that their commanding officers are obliged to go often among them in order to keep up their *morale*. Sickness is increasing to a fearful extent in the camp, not more than half the men in some of the regiments being reported for duty. The whole force now investing Paris is placed at 26[illegible],000 men, including the sick and wounded. These are grouped in four masses, one on each side of the city. Every effort is being made to throw up offensive works, but the fire of the marine gunners within the forts is so perfect that it immediately levels or renders them untenable. The first circle of Prussian entrenchments therefore extends only just beyond the fire of the forts, but in front of this line they have detached forts occupied by strong parties. Only four encounters

have taken place in this neighbourhood since Saturday, the 19th, when the Mobiles attacked the Bavarians at Sèvres and Chevilly. On the following day, early in the morning, they made a second attack on the troops holding Bagneux, Chevilly, and L'Hay, to the south of Paris. The action lasted some eight hours, and was hotly contested, but towards midday the Bavarians fell back in disorder. So great was the loss of life on the German side, that the Prussians demanded an armistice of *six hours in order to bury their dead*. On the same day a spirited encounter occurred on the Rouen road, in which the Prussians were defeated and driven back by the Francs-Tireurs. In another skirmish the Germans, who numbered in proportion five to one of the enemy, drove back a small body of Francs-Tireurs. On Monday, the 21st, a sortie was made by the French from Fort Mont Valerien, supported by 40 field guns. They were repulsed, under the eyes of the King, who witnessed the engagement from the Marly viaduct, by detachments of the 9th and 10th divisions of infantry and a regiment of Landwehr, supported toward the close by the 4th corps.

Towards the south of Paris the Prussians still occupy Orleans with 60 pieces of artillery. The French army that was drawn up near the city, and with whom an engagement has for some time been expected, has gradually retreated towards Tours, as it is understood that the Prussians are preparing to make a strike at that city, as also at Bourges, a fortified town about ninety miles eastwards of Tours. Chateaudun, south of Chartres, has been captured, notwithstanding a vigorous resistance made by the National Guard, and a corps of Francs-Tireurs. Owing to their severe losses the Prussians set fire to the town, the greater part of which was destroyed. In the west the Prussians, 20,000 strong, under Gen. von Wittich, invested Chartres, which fell on the 22nd.

During the latter part of last week the Prussian army in the north, under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, having achieved considerable successes, occupying, amongst other places, Clermont, Beauvais, Compiègne, Montdidier and Breteuil, commenced the march upon Amiens; but after having made heavy requisitions in the various towns, they returned southwards, evidently with the intention of reinforcing the army before Paris.

In the east Neu Breisach, Verdun and Montmedy, are still besieged. Bitche has also been invested, and after a short bombardment Schelestadt has surrendered. At Chatillon-le-Duc the Prussians were defeated in small force, and compelled to retire.

It is reported that England has offered her intervention for an armistice, the object being, not the election of the Constituent Assembly, but the restoration of the Empire. The French appear to be indignant at this intervention. It has been generally considered in France that England is willing to work more for the interests of Prussia than those of France, and the significance of her movement is apparent, now that the difficulties in taking Paris have been demonstrated. Besides this England is also aware that the large French armies just organized are quite prepared to act on the offensive; that the bad season is at hand, and the difficulty of obtaining food for the Germans rapidly increasing in consequence, and that Gen. Trochu is preparing a series of formidable sorties. The French journals and the people who take notice of this phase of affairs, accord England no credit for her tardy action. Telegrams from Berlin state that Prussia is willing to grant the armistice if the principle of cession of territory be conceded. It is said, however, that the French Government will not cede an inch of territory nor pay a franc indemnity. It is, therefore, feared that the struggle will have to go to the bitter end, unless the conditions prescribed by Prussia are moderated—of which there appears to be but little hope.

PARIS IN 1870.

GRAND HOTEL,—*Oct. 1st.* 1870.

MY FRIEND.—It is three years since you found me complain in my correspondence of your absence from Paris. I described to you how almost regal Paris was in her appearance—how grand were her military reviews—how splendid and prodigal was the reception accorded to all that flocked here, from Emperor to the humblest mechanic—how the aid of all the Arts was brought to unite in perfecting the marvellous scenic effects designed to astonish these foreigners. Three short years only have passed, and where now is the glory and grandeur of France and Paris? Where are the streams of carriages with their wealthy and beautiful occupants that thronged the Bois and Boulevards? Where are the loungers at the Cafes? Where the crowds of happy maids and guileless children that lounged and sported in the gardens of the Tuileries? Where are the excitements of the race at Longchamps that drew the English across the Channel? Where are the people that filled this Caravansera from which I write? Where are the Imperial occupants of the Tuileries, of Fontainebleau, and St. Cloud? Where is the lovely Eugenie, who received the homage of a great nation so long? Where Prince Napoleon and his Sardinian bride, Clotilde? Where the proud Princess Demidoff? Where is De Grammont, where Olivier, where is Fleury, faithful equerry, where is the stern galaxy of Generals, McMahon, Bazaine, and the rest? Where are the Imperial *fêtes* that were to be made grand by opening that Opera House that was to cost 25,000,000 of francs, which was to have surpassed all the buildings either ancient or modern of the kind? Where is the angelic Patti, the beautiful Nilsson, the grand Titiens, or the fascinating but immorally dangerous Schneider? Where the festivities, the Mabille and the Chateau de Fleurs? Changed in all things! Such a transformation the world has never known. The Emperor a prisoner. Eugenie and her son in exile; Olivier and De Grammont are *non est*; while the whole Imperial family and all its surroundings are a thing of the past; McMahon a prisoner; Bazaine shut out from all assistance. While the gay, the giddy, songsters, actresses, and dancers have all flown to more congenial climes.

Paris is besieged. Is it a dream, is it? Can it be true that the King of Prussia is living in that wondrous and magnificent monument of folly, Versailles? Is he truly wandering through those almost endless galleries that in painting give us the history of France's noble deeds on so many fields of battle? Is our deadly foe gazing with delight on our beautiful city and hoping that his troops will soon be ransacking all its costly treasures? Alas, it is. Paris is besieged, surrounded, cut off from all communication with the outer world; her gates are closed, and, instead of splendid banqueting, the voluptuous swell of music and the airy dance, together with sumptuous carousing of the Imperial guests in the Tuileries, there lie arms stacked by thousands ready for the mass of Frenchmen who are drilling for the defence of Paris. Soldiers are everywhere, bivouacking in the Louvre, in the Jardin des Plantes, in the Champ de Mars, in the Champs Elysees; yea, in palaces, in churches, in theatres, in hotels, in private mansions and chateaux Tents line the squares and dot the streets in picturesque arrangements. The Grand Opera House is stocked with arms of every kind, and resounds to the martial orders of the commanding officers. All the women that remain, those who have heroically determined to devote themselves to the service of Paris's brave defenders, are found from garret to cellar making lint or bandages; others are labouring in the improvised hospital, to be found in every rue and boulevard. Every man is a soldier; the physician is ready to wield the rifle with his lancet; the *avocat* has thrown aside his gown and hied him to the walls; the merchant his counting-house; while the members of the Bourse have departed and left their gambling haunt for more useful action; the students are madly shouting "Vive la Republique" and singing *La Marseillaise*. All are soldiers now; they seem to have sprung as if by magic from the earth, and are terribly in earnest; there is no artificial and boisterous mirth, no false boasting such as characterised the first soldiers that were marching on to Berlin.

Jules Janin is there, Jules Simon has a command, Victor Hugo daily delivers his transcendental oratory on the ramparts, while Rochefort has become stern, earnest and real. The gamin de Paris are set to labour; the *Lorettes, Cocottes*, the *demi monde* have disappeared like sparrows when they smell powder.

There are incessant sounds of war day and night; false alarms are sounded day and night; we are drilling day and night; we are on vigilant guard day and night; we sally forth on surprise attacks day and night: the long trains of the ambulance corps come pouring in, the weary foot-sore soldier, the starving escaped from Sedan, Strasburg and Orleans, and then the wounded who may walk by the assistance of a comrade, how pitiful they look and yet how bravely they try to bear up; kind hands are ready to help, warm words are poured in their ears, and wine and meat to cheer them. Do not think we shall remain idle a moment; we have ammunition in abundance,—cartridges are being made by the million. We will fight, we will suffer hunger and privation, let even disease with all its terrors come amidst us, let shells and shot screech through the air by day and night, let us see our beautiful monuments, our splendid palaces with the accumulated art gatherings of years, let them shatter all our lovely city, reduce us to smouldering ruins, and then destroyed, and like Moscow, we will leave her in flames but never surrender.

But will Europe remain still and see us blotted out of the world; will she permit a city which is the delight and the longing of every man of taste and scholarship to visit, to be crushed? Will Europe look quietly on in this age of civilization and behold us a Troy; can those forget our transcendant beauty,—a beauty unsurpassed, and which all have eknowledged, who have either seen or read of us? We appeal to the world; we ask if this crime, not yet accomplished but awfully and with deadly detail arranged, shall come to pass? If so, then let Europe beware herself. Prussia shows the eyes of the watching nations what she is capable of; and England, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and even Italy may know what to expect in return. Farewell my friend. Perhaps, as the English Macaulay remarks, a modern New Zealander, like Caius Marius weeping over the ruins of Carthage, may seat himself on the bridges of the Seine or those of the Thames, and weep over the departed greatness and splendour of Paris and London.

A. R.

VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY CAMP AT ORLEANS.

We present to our readers a view taken on the 1st of September last at the camp of the "Quebec Garrison Artillery," Volunteer Militia of Canada, which we think will be of interest. The camp was situated on the Isle of Orleans, a few miles from Quebec, one of the most beautiful spots around the city Here the batteries of Royal Artillery stationed at Quebec carry on their annual practice, the isle having been selected originally by Colonel McCrea, R. A., on account of its magnificent range for the practice of heavy ordnance.

The "Quebec Garrison Artillery" consists of four batteries of fifty-five men each, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Bowen, and is composed of a fine hardy set of men, partly mechanics and partly stevedores, and others connected with the shipping. The corps has been in existence for many years, is well officered, and has attained a high state of proficiency. Their practice this summer with shot and shell at floating targets would have done credit to the regular service. The view represents the regiment on parade; in the background are seen the Falls of Montmorency, the parish of Beauport, and the distant hills of the Côte Beaupré, forming part of the Laurentian chain of mountains.

THE NEEPIGON REGION.

No. 2.—RED ROCK—NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN VIEW.

Our Neepigon view, No. 2, shows Red Rock from Neepigon Bay, that is, looking towards the north; and No. 3 shows the same from the mouth of the Neepigon River looking towards the south, the latter being considered by our artist one of the finest natural scenes he had ever witnessed in his life. Red Rock, near the mouth of the Neepigon River, towers about 800 feet over the water. Near this point the Hudson Bay Company have a station, called the Red Rock post. The bay and the river in this neighbourhood abound with fish, especially speckled trout, which may be readily caughr in great quantities. The Neepigon opens and empties into the bay through a very wide *embouchure* extending for several miles. In fact the river through its whole course of thirty miles presents the appearance of a series of small lakes; and for about half its distance runs parallel with, and not very far from, Black Sturgeon River, which rises on the west side of Neepigon Lake, or rather from Sturgeon Lake, which is connected with Neepigon by a short and narrow strait. This river empties into Black Bay, Lake Superior, between which and Neepigon there is a somewhat more considerable neck of land than that which divides it from Thunder Bay. The coast line is, however, much indented, and until more precise surveys are made it will be impossible to describe this part of the country with precision. Our views next week will be of scenes further up the river towards the lake.

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

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued.)

SNOW.—Snow is simply the visible vapour of which the clouds are composed, frozen. A quantity of very minute crystals of ice having been formed, they are enlarged by the condensation and freezing of vapour, and merging together, constitute flakes, which increase in size during the period of their descent. When the quantity of moisture, separated from the atmosphere, is not great, flakes are not formed, but the crystals remain detached, float in the air, and give rise to what is called the *frost smoke* in high latitudes. Snow falls to the ground when the temperature of the atmosphere down to the earth's surface is sufficiently cold; but if the lower strata of air is too warm, it melts in traversing them, and then we have rain below while it snows above. Hence, snow is never seen at the level of the sea within the tropics, and it becomes more abundant with the decrease of temperature towards the poles.

SPINSTER.—The term "spinster" is derived from the custom prevalent before the introduction of machinery, that a maiden should have spun a certain tale or task of woollen yarn before she was considered a qualified housewife.

SPRINGS.—The rains and melted snows are partly drained from the surface of high grounds into rills and streams, or returned again to the atmosphere by evaporation, or are devoted to the purposes of animal and vegetable life. But a large portion is received into the soil by minute absorption, or percolates through cracks and fissures in the rocks, pursuing a downward course, till arrested by clays and impermeable strata, where the water accumulates, and is forced by hydrostatic pressure to find its way to the surface, occasioning the phenomena of natural springs.

STARS AND STRIPES.—The American flag originated in a resolution of Congress, June 13th, 1777, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The combination is thought to have been derived from the arms of General Washington, which contain three stars in the upper portion and three bars running across the escutcheon; if this is not correct, the coincidence is very striking. There were several flags used before the striped one; formerly a new stripe was added for each new State admitted into the Union, until the flag became too large; when, by Act of Congress, the stripes were reduced to the old thirteen; and now a star is added to the Union at the accession of each new State. A paper says: The flag of the United States will hereafter have thirty-three stars on its union. By the Act of Congress approved 4th of April, 1818, the flag was to be of thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, and the Union thirty stars in a blue field; and on the admission of every new State, one more star was to be added, and this addition ordered to be made "on the 4th of July next succeeding such admission."

STERLING.—Camden gives the following account of the origin of the word. About the time of Richard I., money coined in the eastern parts of Germany came into special request in England, on account of its purity, and was called *Easterling* money, as all the inhabitants of that region of Germany were called Easterlings. Ultimately, some of these people, skilled in coining, were sent for to London, to bring the English coin to perfection; and to the new issues under their direction, the name of Easterling, contracted afterwards to Sterling, continued to be applied. The word became fixed in the language.

STOICS.—A sect of heathen philosophers, who took their rise from Zeno, a Cyprian. From his teaching his scholars in the *stoa* or *porch* at Athens, they came to be called Stoics or Porchers. They believed that God, as a kind of soul, actuated all things; that wisdom alone made men happy; that pains and poverty were fancied evils, and they affected much stiffness, patience, austerity and insensibility.

STYLE.—The ancient Romans used an instrument, sharp at one end and blunt at the other, named a *stylus*, for writing on their tablets of wax, and hence style became a word of the signification which it now bears. The phrase *vertere stylum*, to turn the stylus, was used to express blotting out.

Continued on page 287.

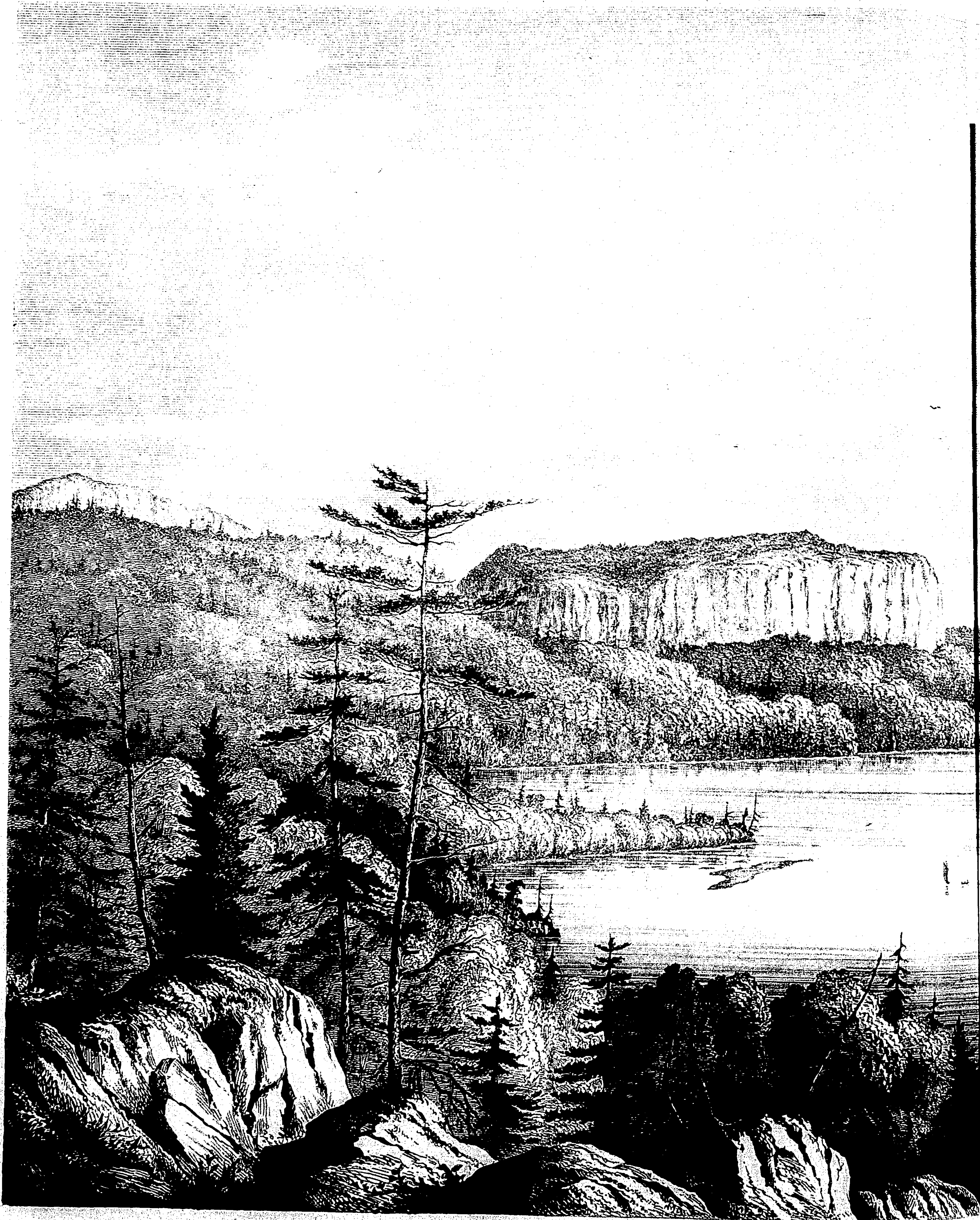
Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Oct. 25, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
We'nsday,	Oct. 19	42°	46°	42°
Thursday,	" 20	47°	47°	43°
Friday,	" 21	47°	52°	50°
Saturday,	" 22	50°	53°	48°
Sunday,	" 23	40°	45°	42°
Monday,	" 24	48°	61°	56°
Tuesday,	" 25	59°	58°	48°

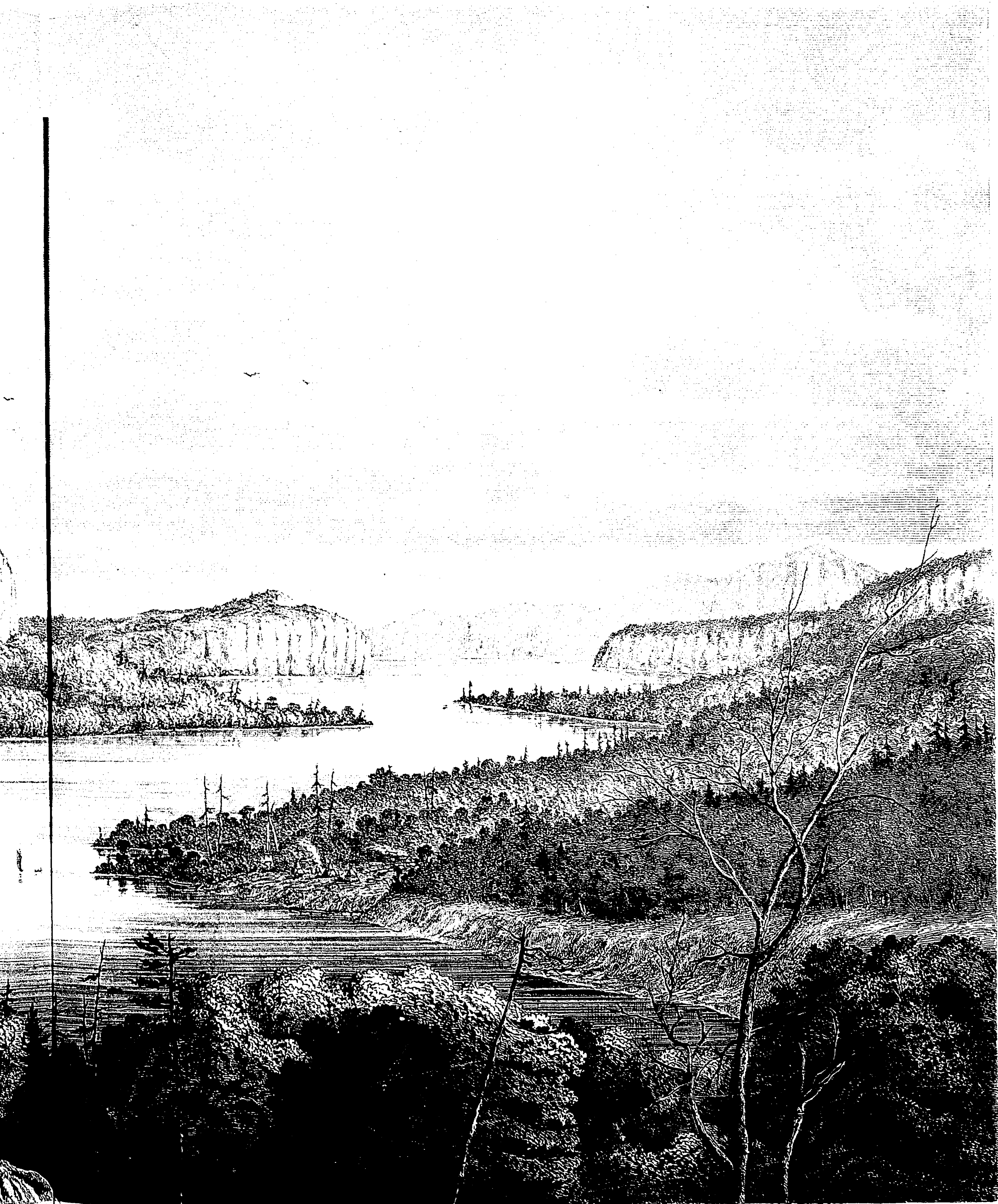
		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
We'nsday,	Oct. 19	46°	28°	37°
Thursday,	" 20	47°	35°	41°
Friday,	" 21	54°	36°	45°
Saturday,	" 22	56°	42°	49°
Sunday,	" 23	45°	33°	39°
Monday,	" 24	63°	38°	50° 5
Tuesday,	" 25	61°	38°	49° 5

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
We'nsday,	Oct. 19	30.24	30.16	30.11
Thursday,	" 20	29.62	29.48	29.48
Friday,	" 21	29.83	29.86	29.94
Saturday,	" 22	30.12	30.14	30.21
Sunday,	" 23	30.80	30.80	30.75
Monday,	" 24	30.46	30.32	30.24
Tuesday,	" 25	30.00	30.02	30.15



NEEPIGON, No. 3.—RED ROCK, VIEWED FROM NEEP



S FROM NEEPIGON RIVER. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG,

KATE'S CHOICE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

At the end of two years an opportunity offered of a visit to England, and Kate did not find it necessary to deny herself the pleasure of seeing her old friends. One Christmas evening, a fly drove up the avenue leading to Crawford House, and a strange lady descended.

"Mrs. Crawford is at home, I suppose?" said Kate.

"No, ma'am, but master is," replied the man.

Kate, in some surprise, was ushered across the wide hall into a room at the further end—a sort of study, small and cheerful, in which Mr. Crawford sat reading. The opening door roused him, and saved Kate the embarrassment of announcing herself.

"Kate! is it you? My dear sister" The greeting was as warm as she desired.

"Then I am not unexpected," said Kate with a reassured smile.

"No, certainly. But Ellen had an engagement—she always has plenty—and we were not sure of the exact day. How glad I am to see you!"

His cordial manner gave Kate a warm feeling about the heart; her momentary embarrassment vanished; she threw off her shawl, and sat down before the fire, to be made comfortable, and waited upon with all a brother's kindness. Kate had so much to ask—her mother, Ellen, and the baby!

"Oh! he's not much of a baby now, you know; a fine strapping fellow, of a year old and more, asleep in the nursery, and not visible at present. Mrs. Ashcombe and Ellen are well, and as gay as ever. As for me, my butterfly-days are over; I'm an old fatherly man now, and prefer sitting over my fire to gallanting at balls and parties."

He spoke gaily, but there was a tone beneath Kate did not like; he spoke of his boy with a bright and open look, but something crossed it when he named his wife—and Mrs. Ashcombe, why did he not call her *mother?* She glanced at him; there was a shade on the clear, manly face; that wrinkle rising up just now between the eyes—that half sneer about the handsome lips—she did not remember these. She was glad that, as they talked on, the unpleasant indications vanished, and the old, frank smile came back. When she was talking of her German affairs and her governess-life, he sat back in his chair, and looked at her with an expression of unusual pleasure. Perhaps Kate's lively, energetic way, the sunshine of her brave, independent spirit, struck him as a delightful change from the peevish inanities he listened to every day. Then she was so warm and natural: Crawford felt himself awakened from a sort of slumbrous state while he listened to her; activities that had fallen dormant began to stir; his eye caught the returning light, and he almost started at the sound of his old, hearty laugh.

They sat late; but sitting up for the absentees was out of the question, Crawford said; so he bade Kate go and rest, with a reluctant pressure of her hand and a glance into her eyes which did not need the words: "Truant, how well you look! never say again you are not handsome. Kate, you are something better—dearer." Words which would not have come quite so warmly but for the unshackling influence of that long, pleasant evening chat.

Kate walked up the oaken stair-case into a spacious and well-arranged chamber, where, delightful English sight! a ruddy fire was cheerily blazing, throwing up the crimson of the heavy-curtained bed, and of the deep bay-window. "Thanks to mine host, no doubt," thought Kate as she threw herself on the rug before it. There was a warm response within her to the cordial brotherly welcome he had given her; but something of wonder and regret mingled with it, and she fell into a fit of vague musing, until sleep at last put an end to her cogitations.

Kate's first visit in the morning was to the nursery. Children are not gracious to strangers, and it was some time before the little shy boy could be lured from behind his nurse's apron. She had made but very little progress towards acquaintanceship, when Mr. Crawford came in to pay his morning-visit. The boy darted to his father's arms, as to a well-known play-place, and Kate watched him tossed above his father's head, shouting with delight, with no little interest. She thought Crawford looked well at that moment, with a nobler expression in his face than she had yet seen; she trusted that the elements of domestic happiness, he seemed to possess so largely in his nature, were not to be suffered to lie undeveloped.

"What a terrible noise you two make!" was said as a morning-greeting behind her. She turned round to embrace Ellen. Wrapped in a pale-blue cashmere, Mrs Crawford looked thin and jaded. She assured Kate that she must take it as a great stretch of regard for her, that she had risen so early after being out so late: Crawford remarking in a parenthesis, that noon was Ellen's usual hour for appearing. Kate prevented a displeased rejoinder by drawing Ellen away.

"Let us go down to breakfast, and then we can have a long chat."

Ellen assented with the alacrity of one who was glad of any novelty of diversion; and, with a careless kiss of her boy, led the way from the room, Crawford excusing himself from attendance, as having breakfasted an hour before. He would take a walk over his farm; and he took little Alfred off with him, mounted upon his shoulder, and laughing defiance at the remonstrances of nurse.

Ellen conducted Kate into a pleasant breakfast-parlour, with a broad bay-window opening upon a velvet lawn.

"No fire! no breakfast!" exclaimed Mrs. Crawford, angrily pulling the bell. The servant's apology, that she thought the ladies would breakfast in their own rooms, as usual, was a sufficient indication of the state of arrangements in Crawford House.

"What! do away with that charming meal, an English family-breakfast!" remonstrated Kate.

"Oh, we go out so much, and are so tired," said Ellen.

It was useless to ask: "Why go out so much?"—this had been Ellen's foible of old. Kate did venture to say:

"But surely, with your husband and your little boy, you cannot have so much time for visiting?"

"My dear, I have been a slave long enough while nursing. Only a husband with Alfred's peculiar views would have required me to shut myself up as he did. But men have no consideration, so now I am taking my revenge"

This speech seemed unworthy of an answer, and the entrance of Mrs. Ashcombe prevented one. Kate thought her mother looked faded and much older, and, after the first greeting, there was little more affection than there used to be in her manner. Satiety after excitement, a restless weariness of tone and pursuit, marked all they said or did. Kate's lively accounts of her German home created, she perceived, only a temporary diversion: it was so beyond the pale of their sympathies, that they grew weary before she did. In the evening Kate had fresh proofs of the disparity of mind between man and wife. Ellen did not even try to please; she had been too long accustomed to be pleased, to submit to a reversed position. But she had not even the power. Listless and apathetic at home, her whole intrest was abroad, where she might gratify, though in a measure diminishing every day, her thirst for admiration—the one passion of the spoilt beauty. But it was her beauty Crawford had married—what right had he to complain?

The first was the only evening these two ladies remained at home during Kate's visit. "Kate did not like visiting, and she was not to be treated as a stranger;" so their consciences were easily pacified. How could she refuse, after little Alfred was dismissed, and she and Crawford were left alone, to beguile the long evenings with favourite books, or a repetition of that first friendly talk? Crawford treated her as a favourite sister, and she could not help it that those evenings *were* pleasant; she could not help it that their tastes were so much in harmony, that to each the chosen author was a dearly-loved friend; that their criticisms grew so animated and eloquent; that Crawford's eyes brightened, and his fluent tongue seemed loosened: she could not help it at first—the danger had to grow a little before she noted it.

It was not until sitting thus one evening, that after Kate had been reading some of Schiller's poems, and had thence been led to talk of Germany, and her dear little pupil Minnie Topfer, that Crawford bent forward with a start at some allusion to her return.

"You cannot really mean to leave us, Kate!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on hers. "For the sake of these delightful evenings, for the sake of all of us, don't think of going back to that dreary Germany, that odious Cologne!"

Kate looked up to see if he were quite in earnest.

He went on rapidly:

"The truth is, I'm a different being since you came, Kate. I was asleep, I think. When people don't like to think about things, they go to sleep; their whole nature sinks into a stupid apathy. You have aroused me—the better part of me, I mean—given me keener perceptions, fresher and more natural tastes and pleasures; now, do not throw me back again. Flint won't strike without contact, Kate; and Ellen—why, has she not given me up to your sisterly interest?" He spoke in that half-jesting tone which covers a deeper feeling.

"I shall go back to Germany, of course," said Kate, steadily; "I have made my home there. If any duty bade me stay here, it would be different, but it is not so; this is not my home."

Crawford glanced hastily up; there was a half-suppressed ejaculation on his lips.

"Alfred," said Kate, quickly, "I am grieved; oh, you know I must feel all that is wrong here! but—don't give Ellen up to her own pursuits in this way; don't let her go out so much without you; try what love, interest in her and her doings, may avail; love is powerful."

Kate spoke earnestly; she wished to say what she felt—to point out a remedy, if possible; but the matter was so difficult, and Crawford was not at that moment disposed for advice.

"Thank you for reminding me of my duties; I need to be reminded," he muttered. "If any of us had your energy, things might come right, perhaps. Kate, I admire your independence," he went on with sudden warmth; "I admire your noble, useful life; I always did, although I opposed your choice at the time."

He had taken her hand, and was looking half-sadly into her face.

Kate could have been angry with these ill-timed commendations of herself, but the look of anxious regret in his eyes awoke a more painful feeling: she drew away her hand and rose up. There was nothing more to be said; she closed her books, and replaced them in the bookcase, to dispel the sense of uneasiness creeping over both. But the act was significant, and she felt glad to make her escape from the room without another word from Crawford, only a steadily following glance as he threw himself wearily back in his easy chair.

Kate drew a deep breath as she reached her room; she was thankful that no weakness on her part had allowed words to be uttered that might afterwards have been bitterly regretted. There was one clear conclusion—that the sooner she left Crawford House, the better; but could nothing be done with Ellen? The time was long past when Crawford's amenities of disposition could blind Kate to his want of something higher—strength of will, and steady principle. Had he not always fallen under the sway of circumstances? Could she quite blot out the past from her memory, or help perceiving that only a weak vacillation of feeling and purpose led him to make a choice in life which he now vainly regretted? Perhaps Kate was unconsciously drawing a contrast between his and another character, in which warmth of heart was tested by substantial deeds rather than by mere ebullitions of feeling. It is certain, however, that her sad reverie upon Crawford and Ellen ended in a secret regret that her friend Mr. Dalton had been out of town when she called upon him.

Ellen was not greatly surprised when Kate informed her next morning, that she must end her visit sooner than she had intended; she received her farewell with customary listlessness, only remarking they would be dull without her. Nor did Kate go without venturing an earnest remonstrance upon her frivolous life, entreating her not to fling away her husband's affection. It was a difficult duty, and the suggestion was not received very graciously; but she led little Alfred to his mother, with tears on his rosy cheeks, saying:—"Will you not notice your own boy more, and stay more at home with him? Don't let his papa be the only one to care for him."

Mrs. Crawford was half-disposed to be angry, but the soft, boyish face looking sadly up to Kate, touched her a little; and Kate left them together, trusting that the childish influence might work.

She found the carriage awaiting her, and Mr. Crawford standing beside it. Kate held out her hand; he pressed it gravely and sadly. After all, her heart was full of pity for him. She glanced at the handsome house, with all its English accessories of comfort and pleasure, and sighed. What had it to compare with the peace and content of the little German circle! Every mile that distanced her from Crawford House revived affectionate and cheerful anticipations of her governess-life. So far from regretting her choice, she rejoiced over it—she even longed to recommence its happy usefulness; but there was one delay necessary; one visit must first be paid. It was getting dusk when she reached town, but she did not wish to lose another day; she would be able to get to Hampstead by Mr. Dalton's tea-hour, and, though weary, she exchanged with alacrity train for omnibus. The pure fresh breeze upon the Heath revived and invigorated her; she could not refuse herself a turn or two on the main just before entering Mr. Dalton's house. A comely, matronly woman admitted her; she had the pleasure of hearing that he was in town, but was not yet returned from the city; so she had time to lay aside bonnet and shawl, and settle herself in the handsome parlour. The brilliant fire lighting up the crimson paper, the substantial furniture, the sparkling tea-equipage, all united to form another English picture. But Kate sat rather erect, with an air that seemed to resist any other idea than this: "I am Minnie Topfer's governess."

"Your servant, madam," said a deep voice behind her. Kate started up, and turned. "Ah, my German friend! So it is actually Fraulein Kate! And she has found her way to Hampstead, despite the attractions of Crawford House"

"I come from there," said Kate; "but I thought you would allow an old friend to come and thank you before she goes back."

"Come from Crawford House to-day! Why, you must be tired, child. Sit down, and let me make you some tea."

"No, let *me* make it, Mr. Dalton; it will be like old times." So Kate installed herself, while Mr. Dalton lighted the lamp, and then sat down with an air of great content, to receive his cup from her hands. She had the pleasant art of making people feel particularly at home in her society, and it was only to be supposed that she and Mr. Dalton would enjoy that English meal thoroughly. Kate thought it the pleasantest she had had for a long time. Then afterwards, in a close tete-à-tete over the fire, Kate was led to open out the whole story of her governess-life through its gradual stages; her cheerful but hard-working days in the Frankfort school; her struggles with the language; her friendship for the pale delicate Minnie; Minnie's letters home, and her aunt's in return, inviting Kate to come and try how she liked living with them. Then the pleasant country-house, the homely simple life with the motherly Madame Topfer and the affectionate Minnie. Kate dwelt on all in graphic detail; she had no fear of tiring the interest of her listener, whose shrewd eyes, fixed on her animated face, and whose pertinent questions proved his thorough comprehension and enjoyment. How different from her late listeners! thought Kate. When she had at length come to an end, Mr. Dalton fell back in his chair, and looked steadfastly at the fire for some time

"Then you are satisfied, Kate?" said he after a long pause.

"Satisfied! oh! yes. I think I am a fortunate girl, Mr. Dalton; or rather, Providence has blessed my choice, and given me a useful and happy position. I am not cramped; I can use my faculties freely. I have felt myself expanding mentally, and it is a pleasant feeling," said she laughing.

"I can believe it; I see it in you. You are getting almost handsome, Kate."

"Am I? I am very glad you think so," said she frankly.

"Why, what does it signify to you? You have no womanly weaknesses, you know." Kate looked a little surprised.

"It was always my opinion, Kate, that you were a strong-minded woman, as I told you; and I admire you very much. I don't know a woman I admire so much," said Mr. Dalton, looking into the fire; "but, at the same time, Kate, it's not every woman that could do as you have done. There are some soft-hearted creatures, whose affections want scope, as you call it, who haven't strength to live your single independent life." Kate was silent.

"Don't be offended, Kate, that I exonerate you from these womanly yearnings, or weaknesses, as you might call them."

"I suppose men like women to be weak—even the most reasonable of men," said Kate, sadly She felt wounded. She knew what lay within her heart; she knew of more than one struggle; and just because she had conquered, she was to be supposed destitute of those softer feelings which perhaps were not half so keen in those who weakly yielded to them. She felt that man was a harsh judge of woman; but Mr. Dalton!—she had thought he understood her a little.

"Speak out, Kate! Don't write bitter things against me in your soul, but charge me with them."

"No," said Kate. "There are things we can feel, but cannot speak. Perhaps I was hurt that you should know me so little; perhaps I thought *you* might have understood that my duty in life has been to check those softer feelings you allude to; but no matter. Allow me just to say, that because a woman has never even had an offer of marriage, she is not compelled to let her affections freeze, but may find scope for them though not in the one peculiar channel."

"Very bitter indeed," said Mr. Dalton; and glancing down into her face—"I do believe she is a woman after all! I actually saw something glisten in those indignant eyes."

"Then if you did, I do heartily despise the weakness!" said Kate, jumping up.

"Only one word before your offended majesty withdraws;" and Mr. Dalton took both her hands.

"Kate, with all seriousness, I am grieved if I have vexed you. Be so forgiving as to tell me whether, if such an offer were to be made to you to-night, you would yield to your weakness, or be stern in your independence?" Kate's heart gave a strange bound; then she stared, and grew red and white by turns, but at length answered steadily:

"It would all depend upon who it was made the offer."

"One who has loved Kate long enough to be no light wooer—one who prizes her in his heart of hearts—but one who is a great deal too old for her, and not nearly romantic enough, I fear. But it is for you to decide that. What says your heart, Kate?"

"Give me a moment to think," said Kate in a low tone. She covered her face with her hands.

"Mr. Dalton," she said, lifting it up pale to his, "you will think me very hard; but, oh! judge for me. Minnie has been taken from school, and given up to me; I have been received as one of that family with the utmost kindness, upon the

understanding that I am to complete her education. She loves me; she is improving rapidly; she is a delicate plant, that would not flourish under any sort of fostering. Have I a right to give up what I have undertaken? Have I a right to disappoint those who have opened their hearts to me in full trust—and all for my own selfish pleasure?"

"Then it *would* be your pleasure, my own noble girl?" asked Mr. Dalton, drawing her to him. Kate did not answer for a moment; although it was obvious from her quickened breath and heaving chest that she was remonstrating with herself roundly on the weakness, and that the struggle, being new, was a hard one. Her habitual truthfulness, however, prevailed.

"Yes, it would," said she in a low voice, but with a warm frank glance. "But it must not."

Mr. Dalton walked across the room, then sat down. "Come and sit by me, Kate."

"No, Mr. Dalton, I would rather not. I am going to prove myself your strong-minded woman. I am going home; it is late."

There was a falter in her tone that suppressed the exclamation on his lips—"What do you call home, pray?"

Mr. Dalton looked gloomily into the fire. Kate wrapped her shawl round her; he did not see her tremble, or her lingering glance upon that pleasant room.

"God bless you, dear friend!" said a husky voice beside him, and Kate pressed one hasty kiss upon his forehead. He caught her to him.

"Don't delude yourself with the idea that I'm going to submit to this, Kate Ashcombe. I have something to propose that may set your scruples to rest. Will you not sit down and listen to it?"

"I will listen," said Kate, in a low tone; but she did not sit down; she even fastened her shawl more closely, as she stood back in the shadow of the curtained window. Mr. Dalton glanced at her, and went on

"Did you not say that Madame Topfer regretted she could not obtain masters for Minnie in her country-home?—that she would even remove to Cologne, if the advantages there were not so few?"

Kate assented.

"Now, what would she say to a home in England for her niece?—a home *here*, I mean, Kate, with all the advantages we could procure for her in London? You could have her in your own hands, and she could spend all the vacations with her aunt. Now, what think you, Kate? Madame Topfer is a sensible woman. Do you think she would refuse when her child's interests are concerned?"

Kate could not answer; the plan seemed feasible enough But was Mr. Dalton quite in earnest—to take a daughter as well as a wife upon his hands? He read her look, and smiled. He came up to her, and taking her hands, drew her to the fire. How could Kate refuse that seat, or the full discussion he would draw her into? She was no Stoic, nor was she bent upon the folly of an unnecessary sacrifice. It might not need, after all, that she should put away from herself the love of this strong-hearted man. Had not her heart long given him a secret preference, which she had not distinguished till now from her acknowledged esteem and gratitude? Could she help contrasting the warm unselfish love, the pleasant home now offered her, with late recollections? And Kate looked up to the kind keen eyes that were so anxiously bent upon her face; her own were full of tears, but there was a sufficient answer in them not to need many words.

Mr. Dalton wrote next day to Madame Topfer, and Kate wrote also; a frank and sincere letter, which did not disguise her own feelings, but which conveyed the conviction to the good lady's mind, that it was no mere form of words, when she said that she felt she owed herself to Minnie Topfer, and that her consent to Mr. Dalton's proposal was contingent to her own.

Madame Topfer was a kind-hearted and sensible woman; she was pleased with Mr. Dalton's letter, and was touched by Kate's frank confidence. It would not cost her much to exchange her country-home for the town and the society of her relations; but she was not one to form hasty determinations. She was a woman of decision, however; and when she saw how Minnie's blue eyes sparkled over her letters, she lost no time in making her arrangements, and undertaking a sudden trip to England, to see and judge for herself.

We need scarcely say that Madame Topfer's acquaintance with Mr. Dalton proved sufficiently satisfactory to both parties, and that she was induced to stay until Kate was installed as mistress in her new home, with Minnie, her happy young bridesmaid, beside her.

We have no room for the astonishment of Crawford House. Mrs. Ashcombe's consent was propitiated by an invitation to attend the wedding arrangements; and perhaps the influence of a plain practical mind like Madame Topfer's, full of sense and energy, was not without a beneficial effect upon that lady. It was satisfactory, too, to hear from her, that Ellen had not been out quite so much since Kate left. Mr. Dalton gave Kate a cheering glance.

"We must ask Ellen to bring her boy Alfred to town, and introduce him to his new uncle." After all, there might be hope in the future, and Kate smiled a glad response, as she warmly pressed her husband's hand.

THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

In the Mount of Pion, yonder, is the Cave of the Seven Sleepers. Once upon a time, about fifteen hundred years ago, seven young men lived near each other in Ephesus, who belonged to the despised sect of the Christians. It came to pass that the good King Maximilianus, (I am telling this story for good little boys and girls,) it came to pass, I say, that the good King Maximilianus fell to persecuting the Christians, and as time rolled on he made it very warm for them. So the seven young men said one to the other, let us get up and travel. And they got up and travelled. They tarried not to bid their fathers and mothers good-bye, or any friend they knew. They only took certain moneys which their parents had, and garments that belonged unto their friends, whereby they might remember them when far away; and they took also the dog, Ketmehr, which was the property of their neighbour Malchus, because the beast did run his head into a noose which one of the young men was carrying carelessly, and they had not time to release him; and they took also certain chickens that seemed lonely in the neighbouring coops, and likewise some bottles of curious liquors that stood near the grocer's window; and then they departed from the city. By-and-by they came to a marvellous cave in the Hill of Pion and entered into it and feasted, and presently they hurried on again. But they forgot the bottles of curious liquors, and left them behind. They travelled in many lands, and had many strange adventures. They were virtuous young men, and lost no opportunity that fell in their way to make their livelihood. Their motto was in these words, namely, "Procrastination is the thief of time." And so, whenever they did come upon a man who was alone, they said, "Behold, this person has the wherewithal—let us go through him." And they went through him. At the end of five years they had waxed tired of travel and adventure, and longed to revisit their old home again and hear the voices and see the faces that were dear unto their youth. Therefore, they went through such parties as fell in their way where they sojourned at that time, and journeyed back toward Ephesus again. For the good King Maximilianus was become converted unto the new faith, and the Christians rejoiced because they were no longer persecuted. One day as the sun went down, they came to the cave in the Mount of Pion, and they said, each to his fellow, "let us sleep here, and go and feast and make merry with our friends when the morning cometh." And each of the seven lifted up his voice and said, "it is a whiz." So they went in, and lo, where they had put them, there lay the bottles of strange liquors, and they judged that age had not impaired their excellence. Wherein the wanderers were right, and the heads of the same were level. So each of the young men drank six bottles, and behold they felt very tired then, and lay down and slept soundly.

When they awoke, one of them, Johannes—surnamed Smithianus—said, "we are naked." And it was so. Their raiment was all gone, and the money which they had gotten from a stranger whom they had proceeded through as they approached the city, was lying upon the ground, corroded and rusted and defaced. Likewise the dog Ketmehr was gone, and nothing save the brass that was upon his collar remained. They wondered much of these things. But they took the money, and they wrapped about their body some leaves, and came up to the top of the hill. Then were they perplexed. The wonderful temple of Diana was gone; many grand edifices they had never seen before stood in the city; men in strange garbs moved about the streets, and everything was changed.

Johannes said, "it hardly seems like Ephesus. Yet here is the great gymnasium; here is the mighty theatre, wherein I have seen seventy thousand men assembled; here is the Agora; there is the font in which the sainted John the Baptist immersed the converts; yonder is the prison of the good St. Paul, where we all did use to go to touch the ancient chains that bound him and be cured of our distempers; I see the tomb of the disciple Luke, and afar off is the church wherein repose the ashes of the holy John, where the Christians of Ephesus go twice a year to gather the dust from the tomb, which is able to make bodies whole again that are corrupted by disease, and cleanse the soul from sin; but see how the wharves encroach upon the sea, and what multitudes of ships are anchored in the bay; see, also, how the city hath stretched abroad, far over the valley behind Pion, and even unto the walls of Ayassalook; and lo, all the hills are white with palaces and ribbed with colonnades of marble How mighty is Ephesus become!"

And wondering at what their eyes had seen, they went down into the city and purchased garments and clothed themselves. And when they would have passed on, the merchant bit the coins which they had given him, with his teeth, and turned them about and looked curiously upon them, and cast them upon his counter, and listened if they rang; and then he said, "these be bogus." And they said, "depart thou to Hades," and went their way. When they were come to their houses, they recognized them, albeit they seemed old and mean; and they rejoiced and were glad. They ran to the doors, and knocked, and strangers opened, and looked inquiringly upon them. And they said, with great excitement, while their hearts beat high, and the colour in their faces came and went, "where is my father?" "where is my mother?" "where are Dionysius and Serapion, and Pericles, and Decius?" And the strangers that opened said, "we know not these." The Seven said, "how, you know them not? How long have ye dwelt here, and whither are they gone that dwelt here before ye?" And the strangers said, "ye play upon us with a jest, young men; we and our fathers have sojourned under these roofs these six generations; the names ye utter rot upon the tombs, and they that bore them have run their brief race, have laughed and sung, have borne the sorrows and the weariness that were allotted them, and are at rest; for nine score years the summers have come and gone, and the autumn leaves have fallen, since the roses faded out of their cheeks and they laid them to sleep with the dead."

Then the seven young men turned them away from their homes, and the strangers shut the doors upon them. The wanderers marvelled greatly and looked into the face of all they met, as hoping to find one that they knew; but all were strange and passed them by and spake no friendly word. They were so distressed and sad. Presently they spake unto a citizen and said, "who is King in Ephesus?" And the citizen answered and said, "whence come ye that ye know not that great Laertius reigns in Ephesus?" They looked one at the other, greatly perplexed, and presently asked again, "where, then, is the good King Maximilianus?" The citizen moved him apart, as one who is afraid, and said, "verily these men be mad, and dream dreams, else would they know that the King whereof they speak is dead above two hundred years agone"

Then the scales fell from the eyes of the Seven, and one said, "alas, that we drank of the curious liquors. They have made us weary, and in dreamless sleep these two long centuries have we lain. Our homes are desolate, our friends are dead. Behold, the jig is up—let us die." And that same day went they forth and laid them down and died. And in that self-same day, likewise, the Seven-up did cease in Ephesus, for that the Seven that were up were down again, and departed and dead withal. And the names that be upon their tombs, even unto this time, are *Johannes Smithianus*, Trumps, Gift, High, and Low, Jack, and the Game. And with the sleepers lie also the bottles wherein were once the curious liquors; and upon them is writ, in ancient letters, such words as these—names of heathen gods of olden time, perchance; Rumpunch, Jinsling, Egnog.

Such is the story of the Seven Sleepers, (with slight variations) and I know it is true, because I have seen the cave myself.

Why is the fair sex in Canada suspected of a tendency to homicide? Because it is fond of sleighing. N.B.—No wonder the gals over there are considered so killing!—*Fun*.

Continued from page 283.

STOCKS, BARNACLES, AND BILBOES.—Barnacles, or Bernicles, appear to be first mentioned by Joinville, the chronicler of St. Louis:—"And the Saracens, seeing that the king would not comply with their demands, threatened to put him in the *bernicles*, which is the most grievous torture they can put any one to. And these are two great beams of wood which are fastened to a head; and when they put any one in them, they lay him on his side between the two beams, and pass his legs across great pins; then shut down the piece of wood that is uppermost, and make a man sit down on the beams, from whence it comes that there remains not half a foot of bones in the body that are not crushed and broken; and still worse to make the matter, at the end of three days they put the legs, which are all swollen, back again into these bernicles, and break them anew, which is a most cruel thing, as well you may believe, and with bullock's sinews they tie down his head for fear he should move himself therein" The two holes for the feet must have suggested the name of "barnacles" for a pair of spectacles, used as a conventional jest-word by the London populace.

STUDENTS WEARING SILVER TASSELS AT OXFORD.—All colleges at Oxford which contributed *their plate* for the use of the Royal Mint have the privilege of wearing the silver tassel in their caps.

SYBARITE.—The inhabitants of the town of Sybaris were famed for their luxurious and effeminate lives. Their weakness was betrayed in this manner. They decreed marks of distinction to such as excelled in giving magnificent entertainments; they removed from their city those citizens and artizans whose work was noisy; and even the cocks were expelled, lest their shrill cries should disturb the peaceful slumbers of the inhabitants. From this circumstance, any lazy and effeminate person is called a *Sybarite*.

SYCOPHANT.—*Parasite* and *Sycophant* are terms descriptive severally of characters of a very contemptible kind. Parasite is compounded of the Greek words *para*, near, and *sitos*, corn; and Potter, in his "Antiquities of Greece," presents the following account of the way in which the compound term acquired its present signification. After telling us that the name of *parasiti* at first denoted simply those persons who held the honourable office of collection of the corn allotted for public sacrifices, "the public storehouse, he continues, where they kept the grain was called *parasition*." Diodorus, the Sinopesian, says that in every village of the Athenians, they maintained at the public charge certain parasiti, or grain-collectors, in honour of Hercules; but afterwards, to ease the commonwealth of this burden, the magistrates obliged some of the wealthier of the inhabitants to take them to their tables, and entertain them at their own cost; whence this word seems in later ages to have signified a *trencherman*, a *flatterer*, or one that for the sake of a dinner conforms himself to every man's humour." This is a very rational account of the way in which gentlemen who looked after the *corn of the gods* came to have their designation of *parasites*, changed in meaning, so as to signify toad-eaters, as we call gentlemen of the parasitical order now-a-days. The mode, however, in which the word *sycophant* acquired its odious meaning, is much more simple and clear. But we defy our unclassical readers to guess from its etymology how sycophant came to bear the sense of a flattering tale-bearer. It is composed of two words, *su on*, a fig, and *phaino*, to show. From this pair of roots, one might expect sycophant to have meant a *grocer*, for he is your true fig-exhibitor. Nevertheless, mark how simple and appropriate the origin of the present signification is. It was forbidden by law to export figs from Athens. Man, however, has always been a smuggling animal, and as the Athenians did not like the restrictive enactment in question, they were apt now and then to try and evade it in a quiet way. But wherever smugglers are, there will be found *informers* also, and accordingly the poor fig exporters were sometimes caught. The only revenge they could take was to fix on these informers the title of *sycophants*, or *fig-showers*, in a contemptuous sense, and by and by the word was applied to denote all contemptible talebearers and flatterers whatever

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TANTALISE.—Tantalus was condemned to undergo a punishment for certain crimes, viz., to be immersed in water to his chin and surrounded with the most fragrant flowers and splendid fruits, but suffering dreadful pangs of hunger and thirst, not allowed to taste any; hence came the word *tantalise*.

TARIFF.—The puzzling name "tariff" is derived from the town of Tarifa, at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar, and the most southern point in Europe, even excepting Cape Matapan, at the foot of the Morea. Tarifa was the last stronghold which the Moors disputed with the Christians, and is still within three leagues of the empire of Morocco. When the Moors held possession of both the pillars of Hercules, it was here that they levied contributions for vessels entering the Mediterranean—whence the generic name.

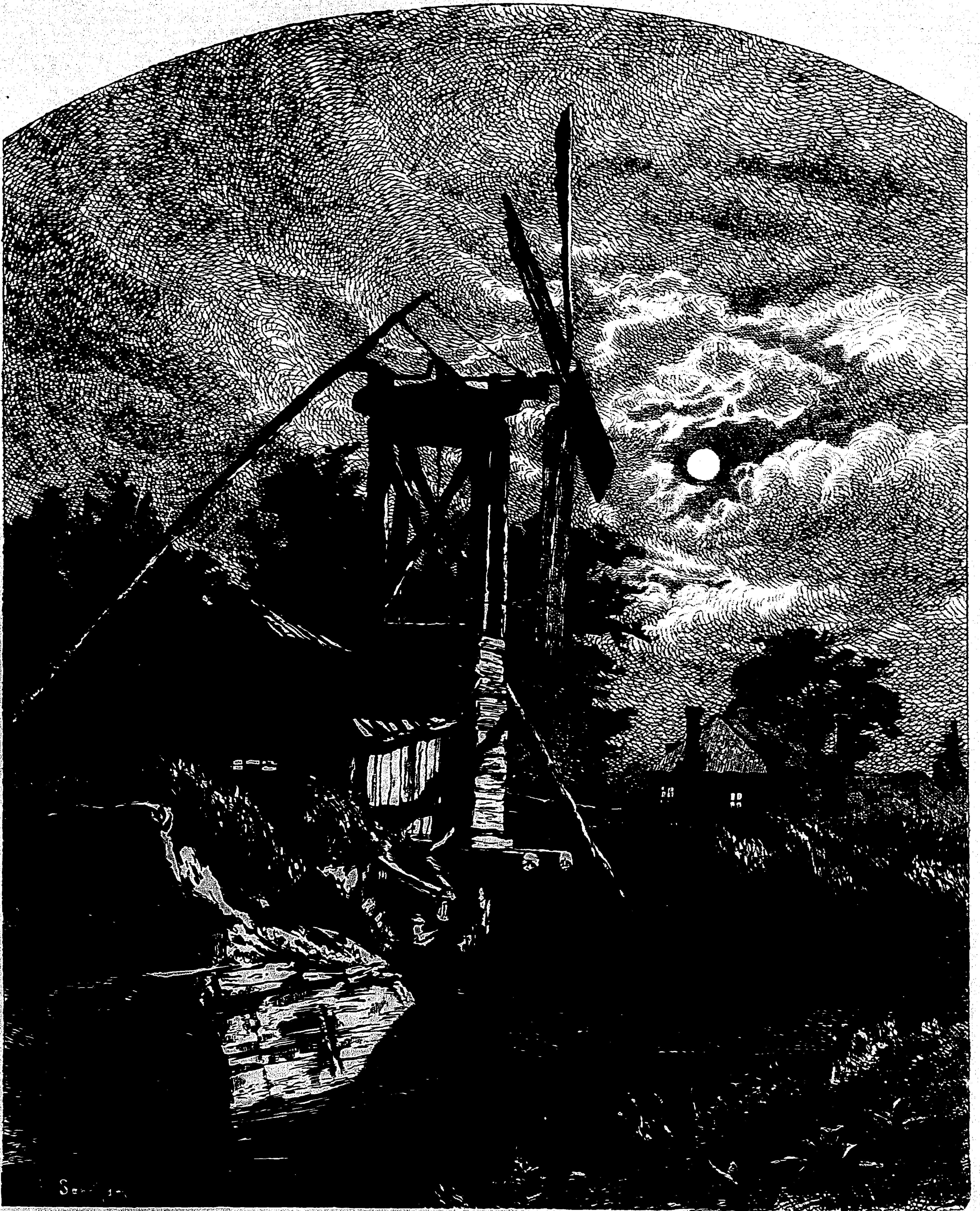
TENEMENT.—The word tenement has undergone a mutation of sense. It originally signified a "holding;" and so many were the houses at one time "held" of superiors, that the term came into frequent use in this signification, and ultimately was applied to houses whether held of a superior or not.

TINKERS.—Tinkers, were originally so called, because the itinerant members of that profession used to give notice of their approach to village and farmhouses by making a tinkling noise on an old brass kettle. This was a custom worthy of the wisdom of our ancestors, and ought to have been continued, seeing that the fact of the vicinity of tinkers, or tinklers, as the Scotch called them with a nearer approach to the true etymology, is a piece of information very serviceable and necessary in more respects than one.

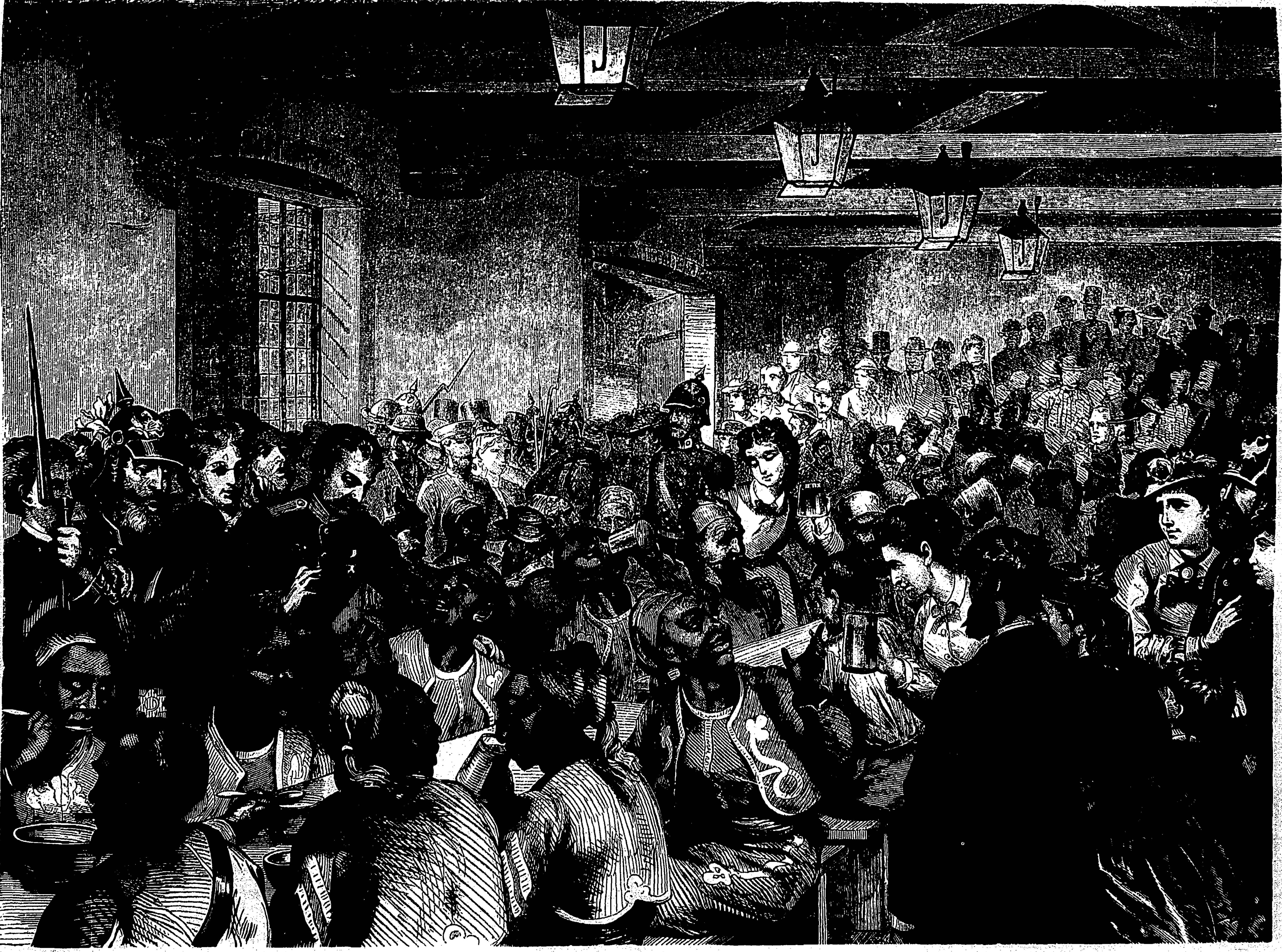
TOPAZ.—It comes from the Greek *topazion*, and has its name, according to Pliny, from the Island Topazium. There were two kinds of this stone, the one opaque and green, the other of a *golden hue*, hence called by the exact Greeks *chrysopasius*. From abounding in these stones, the river Topajos in Brazil has its name.

TO TREMBLE LIKE AN ASPEN LEAF.—This asp or aspen is a species of the poplar which from the perpetual quiver of its foliage, is designated the trembling poplar. The idea is prevalent among the peasantry of England, that our Saviour's cross was made of this wood, which accounts for the shudder.

TROY WEIGHT.—It is so called from Troyes, a city in France, where it was first employed; it is used in philosophy, in weighing gold, &c.



THE QUARRIES, NEAR MONTREAL, BY MOONLIGHT. By HENRY SANDHAM.



TREATMENT OF FRENCH PRISONERS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE RAILWAY STATION BERLIN.

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HILDA;

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

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

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XVI.—*Continued.*

"Yes, and an amusing spectacle it is—the gay throng on the glistening ice in one of those fashionable Rinks. A military band is often in attendance, and then they engage in it with absolute *furore*. Everyone seems anxious to attitudenize on the glassy ice."

"Do the ladies wear any particular costume skating?" asked Miss Clifford.

"No; but their style of dress is very tasteful. Some skate admirably; their evolutions are so perfectly graceful they seem to skim over the ice like birds."

"It seems to me they know how to enjoy life in Canada," observed Cecil. "Hilda, when you return to Montreal I think I shall accompany you."

"Hilda is not going to return to Canada, Cecil," broke in Colonel Godfrey, eagerly. "Her future home will be at Innismoyne."

"I should like to learn to skate. I think I shall have a Rink made next winter. Wouldn't you like it, Hilda?" asked her cousin.

"It would be labour lost, Cecil; the climate is not severe enough. If you want to enjoy skating you must visit Canada," observed Sir Gervase.

"The carnivals at the Rinks are amusing spectacles," observed Hilda; "the characters are often well supported, and the dresses tasteful."

"Yes, the masquerades are gay scenes. It is so amusing to watch the different characters skating or dancing together. In a quadrille you will often see a strange assemblage of maskers. A graceful Spanish lady having a Chinaman for a partner. A Mary Queen of Scots, a George Washington. A Knight Templar attitudenizing with a Flower Girl, or a Spanish Grandee with a pretty Scotch lassie. It is this variety and contrast which gives such scenes their greatest attraction."

"Dancing on skates must be a difficult achievement," remarked Lord Percy Dashton.

"Skating is brought to great perfection in Canada. I have seen many graceful and surprising evolutions on the ice performed by those who are adepts in the art," observed Sir Gervase.

"Canada is going to be a great country," remarked Colonel Godfrey. "It will yet take its place among the nations."

"'The Star of Empire glitters in the West,'" repeated Cecil sententiously, glancing archly at his lady mother.

"Not yet, Cecil; it has not set in our horizon yet," she added, scornfully. This enthusiasm about Canada was displeasing to her. She merely looked upon it as a colony of Great Britain—to talk of its nationality seemed absurd.

Lord Ashleigh, to whom Canada was also an uninteresting topic, now requested Miss Clifford to sing.

As she rose to comply, Sir Gervase Montague took her chair near Miss Tremayne, and asked her in a low voice, "if she had decided upon spending the rest of her life at Innismoyne."

"Grandpapa has determined it shall be so," she replied, with a faint smile.

"And you feel obliged to acquiesce?"

"Yes, I may not oppose his wishes. Poor mamma wrecked the happiness of her life by doing so."

"Hilda, this trifling with me is cruel! I followed you to Ireland; I came to Innismoyne to have my fate decided. I will speak to Colonel Godfrey to-morrow. I cannot live on enduring this torturing suspense."

"You must not speak to Grandpapa on that subject," said Hilda, struggling for composure. Then, fearful that their agitated *tête-à-tête* might attract attention, she rose suddenly and withdrew into the deep recess of one of the deep windows. Sir Gervase followed.

"Then you reject me!" he said in the hoarse voice of strong emotion.

Hilda was silent. Principle prompted her to answer in the affirmative, but the passionate love of her heart pleaded for her lover. She could not bring herself to pronounce his final dismissal. She clung still to the happiness of enjoying his love.

"I do not mean that. I cannot reject the love I so highly prize!" she exclaimed with subdued vehemence. "But it cannot be—not yet—at least, not for some time!"

Sir Gervase regarded her in surprise. The changing colour, the agitated manner, the trembling form, all bespoke emotion as stormy as his own.

She loved him, then! How the certainty of that thrilled him with delight! She had never before spoken so plainly—but why this unwillingness to accept his hand? why hesitate to give a decided answer? He could not understand the secret cause of so much inconsistency.

"And why not for some time?" he asked, very gravely, yet with a deep tenderness in his tones.

"It is a whim of mine to test the strength of your affection," Hilda replied, with an effort to be gay.

"This is very much like coquetry, Hilda. You cannot now doubt my love for you. You merely want to show your power over me."

"Our acquaintance has been too short, we are almost strangers to each other. Marriages contracted too hastily are often repented of afterwards. I am young yet, only twenty! Can we not wait a year or two yet, Gervase?"

"Gervase!" how sweetly that word fell on his ear. It was the first time she had addressed him so familiarly.

"Ah, Hilda! the love is mostly on my side, or you would not speak so coldly of waiting," and a gloomy oppression clouded the Baronet's brow. The girl could not really love him, he thought she must be trifling with his affections.

Hilda did not answer, but she turned her dark eyes on her lover with a look that startled him. Fondness, anguish, and something very like despair, were mixed up in that look, thrilling Sir Gervase with an undefined presentiment of evil. He drew nearer to Hilda, he could scarcely resist the impulse to take her in his arms as if to shelter her from the sorrow he saw so plainly in the depths of those mournful eyes.

"What is it, Hilda? Something troubles you. Reveal it all to me. Confide in me, darling!" The tones were so ineffably tender, the expression of the face so noble, so sympathising, that Hilda's crushed heart yearned to lay itself bare before him, to tell him all, to explain the inconsistency of her conduct; but it was only for a moment. Pride revolted at the thought of revealing her marriage to Sir Gervase, she shrank from such a declaration. Her connection with such an one as Dudley would be degradation in his eyes, it was so in her own. No, she would wait in hope. If the Baronet's love for her was such as he professed, it would bear the test of time. A sailor's life was uncertain. Some day she might read of Dudley's death—might see his name among the wrecked. To her great relief, Colonel Godfrey's voice at this moment was heard asking Sir Gervase to join in a rubber at whist, their tête-à-tête was therefore interrupted, very opportunely, Hilda thought, for she could not answer that question of Sir Gervase.

The next day was Sunday. Colonel Godfrey, at breakfast, invited those of his guests who felt inclined to attend divine service, to accompany him to church.

Lady Millicent excused herself on the plea of a bad headache. Colonel Godfrey declared she always had a headache when she spent a Sunday at Innismoyne. The rest of the party went, some from principle, others because they knew of no other way to relieve the ennui of the Sunday morning.

The church which Colonel Godfrey's family attended was about half a mile from Innismoyne. It stood in a lonely glen in the deep solitude of the mountains. The road leading to it was little better than a mountain-path. Its scenery was peculiarly wild. On either side were stupendous cliffs, clad with mosses, lichens, and luxuriant heather, while from their interstices sprang the ash and holly, the verdure of the lower sides of the mountains contrasting strangely with their bare and rugged summits.

A sudden turn in this wild road brought the party from Innismoyne in full view of the church so picturesquely situated, shaded by the dark and lofty branches of two stately yew-trees, the whole set in a frame-work of magnificent mountains.

The church was built in the form of a cross. The architecture was Gothic, and beneath its walls was the crypt of the Godfreys. There Mrs. Tremayne now slept with her ancestors the quiet sleep of death. The clergyman who officiated in this little church among the mountains was the Rev. Mr. Tyndall, a good man whose life was an exemplification of the duties religion teaches. The sermon he preached on this Sunday morning had been prepared with a view to reach the hearts of the fashionable visitors at Innismoyne. His earnestness made him eloquent, and the fearlessness with which he uttered the great principles he advocated, gained him the respect as well as the attention of his fashionable auditors.

He spoke of the grandeur of the soul, and the madness of those who allowed the world to fill what was made for God alone. He represented life as it really is—vain, illusive, its pleasures unsatisfying, its highest happiness fleeting and imperfect. Then he described the blessedness of a life of faith, of self-sacrifice and devotedness to God—a blessedness unfathomably deeper than the evanescent enjoyment of the worldling or votary of pleasure.

Hilda listened with reverent attention. She had never been brought under the influence of religious training. This high and holy strain was new to her. The solemn truths Mr. Tyndall enunciated, fell startlingly on her ear. To her awakened conscience the sermon seemed preached for her. Every word went straight to her heart. Was the line of conduct she was pursuing in accordance with the principles of the Gospel? Certainly not. The life of self-sacrifice, renouncing the earthly happiness which was forbidden by laws, human and divine, *that* was what religion required. The path of duty, rugged and uninviting, was opening plainly before her now. Sir Gervase must be given up. Must be told that an insuperable obstacle prevents their union. The cravings of her heart for a love that was forbidden, must be denied. The conquest of self must be achieved at the sacrifice of all that could make life endurable.

So reasoned, and so thought Hilda, but the will was not brought readily under control. The fearful contest between passion and principle was again renewed, rendering herself and Sir Gervase miserable.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHIPWRECK

"I knew the storm was coming up, Hilda. All last night I heard the booming sound of the ground-swell, which always precedes a gale on the Bay."

It was Cecil Godfrey who spoke. He was standing with his young cousin at one of the windows of the library looking out upon the storm-tost waves of —— Bay, over which a gale—coming in from the ocean—was wildly sweeping. In his hand he held a telescope, with which he was scanning the horizon for any vessels near the coast.

"Does the ground-swell sound like a continuous roar heard in the distance, Cecil? I noticed that noise too, but did not know it foretold bad weather."

"It always does. Heaven grant there are no vessels near the shore, for in this gale—sweeping inward—certain destruction awaits them."

"Are you sure there are none?" asked Hilda, anxiously. "Let me look through the glass, Cecil, hold it steadily for me."

"Well, what is the result of your observations? Have your bright eyes detected any vessel?"

"There is something looks like one crossing that dark sea-line far away. Look, Cecil, am I not right?"

"I am afraid it is indeed a brig, her masts—looking like bare poles—are just visible."

"And is it very near the coast? Do you think it will be driven up the Bay? Grandpapa says that navigation in a storm is very difficult."

Cecil was still looking through the glass.

"It seems drifting rapidly towards the mouth of the Bay."

"How the gale freshens," he continued, after some twenty minutes had elapsed, and they were still anxiously watching the yet distant vessel.

"You have no storms like this in Canada, Hilda. The country is so far inland."

"I suppose not, although I have seen a wild gale sweeping over Lake Ontario."

"The brig is coming up before the gale," Cecil exclaimed, after another half hour had been spent in anxious observation.

At length a distress gun was heard booming over the Bay. With a white face, Hilda looked at her cousin.

"Can nothing be done to help them, Cecil?"

"Impossible! It would only be perilling more lives. No boat could live in such tempestuous waters!"

"Oh, Cecil! how calmly you speak. Just think of the feelings of those on board, with death staring them in the face!" and, overcome by her high-wrought feelings, Hilda wept hysterically.

Again the sad sound of the minute-gun was heard, making the windows rattle.

"Where is grand-papa?" asked Hilda, excitedly, "he will best know what ought to be done."

"Nothing can at present be done, my dear child!" said Colonel Godfrey in sad tones, as he at this moment entered the room and joined the cousins in their anxious watch at the library window.

A silence of some minutes ensued, during which each was observing anxiously the onward motion of the ill-fated vessel.

"What a scene of awful grandeur that bay is in a storm!" remarked Colonel Godfrey. "How those gigantic billows leap against the dark cliffs and dash their white foam and spray high above their rugged summits!"

"Is there not a low dangerous reef about two hundred yards from the mouth of the cove running partly across the bay?" asked Cecil.

"Yes; it is only hidden at high water. It is covered now, and if that brig should be driven on it, it will be wrecked almost at our door."

"Oh that would be dreadful!" exclaimed Hilda.

"But it would perhaps be safer for those on board," observed Cecil. "We could then help them by flinging them a rope and fastening it to the rocks on shore. Such things are often done!"

"But not easily done, Cecil," remarked Colonel Godfrey gravely.

"But if the vessel strikes on the reef something of the kind must be attempted," urged his grandson.

"How many persons are there on the deck? Let me look through your glass, Cecil. Most of the crew must already have been swept overboard," Colonel Godfrey continued after a careful inspection of the brig. "I only see five men on deck. One stalwart fellow is still at the helm, although any effort to steer her safely seems vain."

"There is Gervase Montague on the beach!" exclaimed Cecil, "and Lord Ashleigh also; they can scarcely keep their feet, the wind is so high."

"They are sheltered by those high rocks," said Hilda. "Do you not think they will try to do something to help the unfortunate crew?" she asked very anxiously.

"Gervase is a noble fellow and will do what is in the power of man to do, and Lord Ashleigh would be brave enough to act, although rather too stupid to devise any plan. I must go and join them. I trust we shall be able to save the poor fellows!"

"I see some country people gathering on the beach," said Hilda, as Cecil left the library. "Do you not think, grandpapa, they will be willing to lend their aid?"

"They will do what human creatures can do," he replied; "but in danger like this man's power is weak indeed."

Very anxiously Colonel Godfrey and his grand-daughter watched the approach of the brig. At length it reached that part of the bay where the dangerous reef lay concealed by the foaming waters. It was a moment of deep suspense to those on shore, who knew the hidden danger; but those on board were only made aware of it by the striking of the vessel. The force of the shock parted her amidships. A gigantic sea swept over the wreck, carrying with it two of the crew, and bearing them on its crested top towards the beach, it dashed them lifeless on the rocks.

A cry of horror rose from the shore when the brig parted, and the white faces of the sailors were seen rising out of the wild waves as they struggled fiercely for life. In the stern of the vessel, which yet remained fast on the reef where it struck, three of the crew were seen clinging to the bulwarks and mutely imploring aid.

The gentlemen on the beach were now observed speaking to some fishermen, and offering them money to induce them to aid in saving the sufferers. But all held back, the danger was so great, although the distance to the wreck was not very far.

"Bless my soul! can Sir Gervase be mad enough to think of perilling his own life to save those men. Look, Hilda!" exclaimed Colonel Godfrey; "he has tied a rope round him, and is actually about to dash into the white breakers. What an act of noble daring!"

A low cry of horror from Hilda now made Colonel Godfrey turn quickly towards her. She had been looking through the telescope at the wreck, and the haggard faces of those sailors yet on deck were brought close before her eyes. In one of them she recognized the features of Dudley! What a moment of agony and despair! The glass fell from her trembling hands, and she would herself have fallen had not the Colonel caught her fainting form in his arms. But Hilda's senses were not long suspended. She soon recovered, with a dull, unaccountable sense of suffering, feeling as if she had suddenly experienced a stunning blow.

Surprised at her emotion, but attributing it to anxiety about Sir Gervase Montague, Col. Godfrey observed with a confidence he did not feel, "Sir Gervase is such an expert swimmer there is no occasion to feel so much alarmed. Besides the rope secures his safety. Look, Hilda, how manfully he breasts that wave! He will soon reach the wreck."

This was the first intimation Hilda had of the Baronet's danger. Colonel Godfrey's previous observation about him had been unnoticed in her intense dismay at recognising Dudley. Sir Gervase was then risking his life to save her husband's—the only one who stood between him and the happiness he coveted! How strange that it should happen thus! Who can paint the feelings of Hilda as she sat there, pale and trembling, watching with breathless interest the scene passing before her! She saw Sir Gervase, after battling with the wild sea, gain the wreck and climb on deck by the aid of a rope, which the man she thought was Dudley flung him. She then saw these two men—the husband and the lover—stand side by side upon the deck, making fast the rope—which the Baronet had brought—to a cable, which was then drawn on shore. By the communication thus effected, the rest of the crew were enabled to reach the land in safety.

The sailors were, by the direction of Cecil, brought to the house of Colonel Godfrey, and one of them, the captain of the brig, who was in a state of great exhaustion, was put under the care of Eveleen, an old woman who had been nurse in the Colonel's family, and who still continued to reside with him, his most privileged retainer.

At dinner the shipwreck was the topic of conversation, and Sir Gervase Montague's act of generous daring elicited many compliments.

Hilda's voice alone was silent in his praise. It was not that she did not appreciate the nobleness of soul which had led him to risk his own life for others, but the peculiar circumstances of the affair concerned her so deeply, the recognition she had made preyed so heavily upon her mind, that she found it impossible to take any part in the conversation, or express, as others did, her admiration of the Baronet's noble conduct.

Hilda did not feel glad that he had saved the life of Dudley. She could not conceal from herself the disagreeable truth that she would have been infinitely better pleased if the whelming waves had closed over him, and the tie that united them had been snapped then and forever!

She knew it was very wicked and selfish to feel thus; she struggled against such feelings, but still the bitter regret would linger, although it was mingled with self-reproach. Silent and abstracted she remained during dinner, and when the ladies left the dining-room she withdrew to her own apartment, excusing herself to Lady Milicent on the plea of indisposition.

The wish to see the man she supposed was Dudley had taken possession of her mind. The hope that she might have been mistaken urged her to take this step. She would know the worst at once. Anything was preferable to suspense. The apartment Eveleen occupied was in a remote wing of the house. She preferred it from early associations, for it was there the nursery was situated, where she had nursed Colonel Godfrey's children, and where her own happiest days were spent.

Hilda was accustomed to visit the old woman in her sanctum to listen to stories about her dead mother's happy childhood, which the nurse was never weary of telling. Throwing a shawl around her, for she was in dinner costume, Hilda now, with an anxious heart, traversed the silent passages leading to the remote part of the mansion where Eveleen was domiciled.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CASTONELLS.

In a plainly furnished sitting-room situated in an unfashionable street in Montreal, a gentle-looking lady sat sewing by the clear light of a coal-oil lamp placed on a work-table beside her. She was comparatively young, yet there were silver threads in the brown hair and lines of care about the mouth which, with the dark shadow under the sad, sweet eyes, showed but too plainly that the burden of life had pressed too heavily upon her. The reader will hardly recognize in that faded, care-worn woman the rich Edith Harrington. The hopes of happiness she had indulged at the time of her marriage with the man she loved were never realized. Mr Castonell's disappointment in not receiving the fortune he longed to possess had been the means of embittering her life. She too soon learned the humiliating truth that it was her money not herself he had coveted. How the idol became shattered, as the veil was torn aside, and she saw the worldliness, the hypocrisy of the man she had so greatly admired! This bitter revelation did not come gradually—it flashed upon her at once, some time after her marriage, when Mr. Castonell's hopes of a reconciliation with Mr. Harrington were destroyed,—and in the bitterness of passionate regret he bewailed his union with a portionless wife. The cruel words escaped the disappointed man in his passion, and he regretted them the next minute, but too late! Such words stamp themselves on the memory and are never forgotten. Like a crushing blow they fell upon the miserable wife, striking her down into the depths of humiliation, and from that hour the sunshine of her wedded life was clouded—the light of happiness was never seen in her young face again. For some years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Castonell had resided in Toronto, but they had lately taken up their residence in Montreal, Mr. Castonell having been appointed incumbent of St. Mark's Church in that city.

Mrs. Castonell was not the only occupant of the room where we have again brought her before the reader. A lovely girl of fourteen—her only child—was reclining in an easy-chair on the opposite side of the work-table, apparently busy with a book, but often laying it down as if to indulge in thought.

"You do not seem inclined to study to-night, Maud; what is it that diverts your attention?" asked her mother, with some reproof in her gentle tones.

"I cannot help thinking of that Mrs. Grant Berkeley who was at our church last Sunday. She is so handsome and so rich, and was so fashionably dressed, that every one else looked mean beside her. I wonder why she comes to St. Mark's. I think the Cathedral would suit such a fashionable lady better. Don't you think so, mamma?"

"You forget, Maud, that your papa is a very eloquent preacher, perhaps the best in the city," and Mrs. Castonell sighed, as she remembered how she had herself been once deceived by his beautiful sermons.

"Then you think it is to hear him preach she comes to St. Mark's? I really think it is," Maud continued, "for she seemed to admire him exceedingly. She never took her eyes off him during the sermon, and she did look so beautiful, mamma, leaning her cheek on her white jewelled hand, I could do nothing but look at her."

Mrs. Castonell's curiosity was awakened. "Is she then so very beautiful, Maud?"

"Just like a picture! with dark, bright eyes and rich colour! Papa thinks so too; he says he never saw any lady so handsome but one, whom he knew years ago, and Mrs. Grant Berkeley reminds him of her."

"Did he say so, Maud? He did not mention this lovely lady to me," Mrs. Castonell added, thoughtfully. "I feel some curiosity to see her. She will probably come to St. Mark's again."

"I should think she would! Why, mamma, she has taken a pew there already. The sexton told me so to-day. The girls at school were talking about it. Eva Smith said papa had converted her."

"And she has heard him preach only once!" said Mrs. Castonell, smiling.

"Oh, she heard him two or three times at the Cathedral lately. Eva Smith said her mamma did not admire Mrs. Grant Berkeley—that she was a great coquette."

"Maud!" said Mrs. Castonell, reprovingly; "this is evil-speaking."

"Only repeating what I heard, mamma. Eva said a great many things about her, but I know you would not listen if I were to repeat them, you are so very good, never listening to a word of gossip. Now, papa does, when he is in good humour; he listens to all the news I tell him."

"Is Mrs. Grant Berkeley's husband living? Does she come to St. Mark's alone?" asked Mrs. Castonell, whose curiosity was now fully aroused by this beautiful stranger, who had been attracted to St. Mark's Church by her husband's popular preaching.

"Mr. Grant Berkeley is living, but he does not attend our church. I believe he seldom goes to any. Eva Smith says he prefers the billiard-room to the Cathedral. There was a young fellow with her, though, last Sunday, who Dora Harris says is her son. His name is Frank Mordaunt."

"Did you say his name is Mordaunt? I thought you called the lady Berkeley."

"And so I did; her husband is the eldest son of the rich merchant, Mr. Berkeley. The family are among the most fashionable people in Montreal. But Mrs. Grant was married before to a Mr. Mordaunt."

To be continued.

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