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DORWIN FALLES. From a sketch by the Rev. Mr. Aug. Laverdière.—See page 179.

THE GREAT BOAT RACE AT LACHINE.

THE TYNE AND ST. JOHN (PARIS) CREWS.

The hour of our going to press prevents us from giving the result of the great four-oared boat race, fixed for Thursday last, the 15th, over a six mile course on the waters of the St. Lawrence, at Lachine. Extraordinary interest has been manifested in this race, which was brought about by the challenge of the Tyne crew to the whole world, after they had beaten the Thames crew, which challenge was manfully accepted by the gallant oarsmen who won for the British American Provinces a cosmopolitan reputation on the Seine at the regatta held during the Paris Exhibition in 1867. From this victory they take the somewhat inappropriate title of the "Paris" crew, a title which, whether they won or lost the championship, we hope they will surrender for the more patriotic one of "St. John." As New Brunswickers they owe it to their native Province to shed the glory of their achievements on its chief city to which they belong. The race of Thursday was for the championship of the world and a purse of five hundred pounds sterling. We publish the articles of agreement in No. 23 of vol. 1, page 359. High and honourable as are the stakes, the money portion thereof represents but a small proportion of the "currency" which was doomed to change hands on the result of the race, for the betting was active, and even extravagant, Canadians generally backing their own men with odds. This spirit is not to be attributed to a want of hospitality towards our fellow countrymen of the Tyne crew, who crossed the ocean to preserve their laurels and give friendly battle to the doughty colonists who took up their challenge. It is rather an outgrowth of the character begotten of this western clime and the self-reliant habits of the people. But no matter who may have won, the contest itself is one of a friendly character, tending to cement the feelings of good-will between the people of old and new Britain, and perhaps to show that the sturdy old race has not degenerated under our western sky. Defeat could be accepted by Canadians with equanimity, a triumph for the St. John crew would be esteemed a glory. In our supplement this week we give portraits of the rowers in both crews, and here subjoin some particulars concerning the contestants, which we have gleaned from the accounts published in the daily journals, whose reporters have been indefatigable in their exertions at "interviewing" the oarsmen.

THE TYNE CREW.

James Renforth, the stroke, and champion sculler of England, is a fine broad-shouldered man of blonde complexion, of enormous muscular development and uncommon strength indicated in every feature. He weighs 174 lbs., is 5 feet 7½ inches in height, and girths 42 inches round the chest. He was born at Newcastle, and is now 28 years of age. He is very quiet and unassuming, sociable, but not over talkative, and there is nothing in his ordinary conversation that would for a moment warrant a stranger in supposing that he was without a successful rival in all England as an oarsman.

James Taylor, who pulls the bow oar, is a very intelligent looking man, with activity and elasticity indicated in every movement. He is, perhaps, the smallest of the four, but very tough and wiry-looking, and with every muscle developed to its fullest extent. He is of a brown complexion, and very affable and communicative. His weight is 149 lbs., 5 feet 7½ inches in height, and 39 inches around the chest. He was born at Gateshead, County of Durham, and is now 33 years of age.

Thos. Winship, who pulls No. 2 oar, is of light complexion, full featured, and evidently built on the high pressure principle. He has a very intelligent look, and the appearance of an active, wide-awake and spirited oarsman. He weighs 153 lbs., is 5 feet 7½ inches in height, and 38 inches round the chest. He was born at Elswick near Newcastle, and is 27 years of age.

John Martin, No. 3, and tallest man of the four. In point of strength he perhaps has few equals, either in England or in Canada, and presents one of the finest specimens of muscular development to be often seen. He is strongly and compactly built, with a firm step and symmetrical form, with nothing angular, awkward or out of place. Every muscle is full and rounded, and he looks what he evidently is, the active and highly trained oarsman. He is intelligent-looking and of a light brown complexion. His weight is 178 lbs., height 5 ft. 8½ inches, and measure 40 inches round the chest. He was borne at Daneshole, near Newcastle, and is 27 years of age.

John Adams is an extra man, brought along in case of any mishap occurring to either of the before mentioned four. He is not a professional oarsman, but as an amateur rower on the Tyne, has gained considerable celebrity. He is 34 years of age and a well-built, powerful-looking man.

The Tyne crew as it now stands, have rowed together only about 14 months. Renforth and Taylor, however, have worked together for about three years. Martin and Winship joined a year ago last June. Since the present team was formed, they have won the chief prizes at all the local regattas they have attended, including those held at Burton-on-Trent, Sunderland and two in successions at both Chester and Durham. In 1869, when the crew rowed for the £300 prize on Thames, against Kelly, Sadler, Messenger and Hamilton—the Thames crew—they failed to secure the prize, through the occurrence of an accident. A small row-boat happened to pass immediately in front of them, and the delay thus occasioned lost them the race. In contest, however, with the Thames crew since that time, they have asserted their superiority beyond all question.—On the 5th November last, on the Thames, and on the 18th of the same month, on the Tyne, they not only secured the £200 stakes in each case, but proved themselves to be the champions of England. On the 4th of June last, at the Durham regatta, they also easily distanced all competitors. In addition to this joint record, we may state that Winship and Taylor were declared the champion pair at the Thames regatta in 1860, while Taylor, in company with Matthew Scott, another Newcastle oarsman, was similarly distinguished in 1868, at the same place. Renforth is well known to be without a successful rival in England as a sculler, and for

some time has been the acknowledged champion. Before leaving England on the present trip, they challenged any four men in the country to row them, in order that there might be no question, either with themselves or the public, as to superiority.

A correspondent who saw them practice at Lachine, says:—"Renforth and Martin were down first, and between them lifted their ticklish looking craft, and carried it to a landing nearly opposite their present home, and gently launched it into the water. Soon all were embarked, and gently pushing off from the landing, paddled out a short distance, and steadying themselves for an instant, began their first spin on Canadian waters. From the shore they seemed to work like one man, arms and back went forward like lightning, and then came that long, steady sweep, the back gradually straightening as they came up."

They have a curious mode of raising money:—"To the many who are interested in the approaching contest they make the following offer:—"To any person who may purchase their colours, valued at \$5, they will give, in the event of their losing the race, the \$5 back again and the colours for nothing. Should they win the race you forfeit the \$5 but are at liberty to retain the colours. The colours offered are a beautiful piece of silk, about three feet square, the body of which is white with blue border edged with white. In the centre there is a picture of the four men seated in their boat, striped, and as if waiting for the contest."

Their boat is thus described:—"The cover of the box in which it was encased was soon taken off and the boat, the "Dunston-on-Tyne," drawn out and carried to the beach. The "Dunston-on-Tyne" is a beautiful mahogany shell, about 40 feet long and 19 inches wide, and weighs 90 pounds. One of its peculiarities is the steering apparatus worked by the feet of the bow oarsman.

THE ST. JOHN-"PARIS"-CREW.

The following account of the "Paris" Crew is copied from a late number of the *Montreal Gazette*:

"The names of the crew are Robert Fulton, Elijah Ross, Samuel Hutton and George Price.

"Mr. Walker and Dr. Potter accompany them, the former to make their business arrangements, and the latter to look out for their health and training.

"Fulton, stroke, is 25 years of age, stands 6 ft. 1 inch, and weighs 168 pounds. His complexion is a swarthy brown, and his face bears the impress of indomitable energy and pluck. His shoulders are broad, chest well developed, and loins spare. In fact he is in every way beautifully proportioned, and would make a capital model for a sculptor.

"Elijah Ross, No. 3, is 5 feet 11 in. in height, weighs 158 pounds, and is 25 years of age. He too is of a dark complexion, and is a decidedly handsome man. His muscular development is immense, and his whole appearance is that of a well-trained athlete.

"Samuel Hutton, who pulls No. 2 oar, is of a dark complexion, and has dark brown hair. He is compactly made, possesses a very considerable development of chest and shoulders, and exhibits every appearance of great strength. From his countenance we should judge him to possess more nervous energy than any of his comrades, and that he is not one of the slow, dogged kind, but rather given to going at things with a view to finishing them in a hurry. He is 25 years of age, stands 5 feet 10, and weighs 158 pounds.

"George Price, bow oar, is the veteran of the crew, being 39 years of age. His height is 5 feet 10, and he weighs 154 pounds. His expression of countenance is stern, and indicates a dogged perseverance. Unlike the rest of the crew his complexion is light, and notwithstanding long exposure to the sun, his skin retains its natural colour.

"All of the men were born in or about St. John, and from their childhood up have been almost more at home on water than on land. Fulton, Hutton and Price are fishermen in summer, and in the winter do ship carpentering, or turn their hands to any kind of employment in that line which may offer. Ross has for some years past been a light-house keeper.

"In aggregate the Tyne crew are 29 pounds heavier than their opponents from St. John. The difference is made up between Renforth and Martin, who weigh 174 and 178 pounds respectively. Winship and Taylor are both lighter than any of the St. John men.

"The crew was first organized between five and six years ago, and since that time they have stuck together without ever having had any serious disagreement.

"Their first noteworthy performance was at their native place, St. John, where some four years ago they won four matches with crews from that place. Since that time they made their name famous at Paris, where they won an international race, for which they somewhat injudiciously claim the championship of the world. But by odds their best performance was beating the Ward Brothers,—at that time champions of the United States, on the Connecticut River, Springfield, Mass., in the autumn of 1868. This match excited a great deal of interest over the whole continent, and capped the climax of the fame which the St. John oarsmen had already acquired. There have been several different versions of the time given, but we believe 39 min. 38½ sec. to be the time in which the six miles were covered. Since that time they have won several races of less interest, making in all 19 contests in which they have successfully engaged."

In due course we shall give such illustrations of the race as may have suggested themselves to our artist, who was present to witness the race.

COUNT DE PALIKAO.

Count Palikao, the French statesman, who a short time ago succeeded M. Ollivier as Premier, has passed a very active life. His full name is Charles Guillaume Marie Cousin de Montauban, Count de Palikao, and he was born on the 24th of June, 1796. He was employed at an early age in Algiers, and distinguished himself there as a cavalry officer. On September 4, 1826, he was made chief of a squadron of horse; on the 7th of May, 1843, lieutenant-colonel; and on the 2nd of August, 1843, colonel of the 2nd Chasseurs. He became general of brigade on the 21st of September, 1851, and commanded the division of Flemeen; general of division after 28th of September, 1855, he commanded the division of Constantine. Recalled to France he was put at the head of the 21st Military Division during the siege of Limoges. The year 1860 was marked in the life of General Montauban by one of the most extraordinary events of modern history. Invested with the chief command of the French expedition into China, he had the honour of accomplishing that almost fabulous invasion

which brought the arms and banners of the French and English even to the capital of this vast and distant Empire. The capture of the forts of Takou at the mouth of the Peiho on the 20th of August, the great victory of Palikao over General Sang-ko-hiosin, on the 21st of September, the destruction of the royal palace, the entry into Peking on the 12th of October, forced the Chinese to accept the treaties imposed by the allies, and assured, at least temporarily, the respect of European interests in the extreme East. The General left there at the end of the same year and returned by way of Japan, many of whose principal cities he visited, and re-entered France in July, 1861. In recompense for these great successes, the Emperor had already elevated him to the dignity of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour on the 26th of December, 1860, and had made him Senator on the 4th of March, 1861. On the 22nd of January, 1862, he conferred on him the title of Count de Palikao, and submitted to the Corps Legislatif a project of pensioning him, which excited a lively opposition there. The General demanded its withdrawal; the Emperor opposed this, and the project was accepted by the Chamber with a modification. On the 22nd of June, 1865, he was made, in place of Marshal Canrobert, who was called to Paris, commander of the 4th Army Corps, of which the head-quarters are at Lyons, and of the 8th Military Division. He was made Commander of the Legion of Honour on the 23rd of December, 1858, and Grand Officer on the 28th of December, 1859. In 1860, when he was given the Grand Cross, he could count forty-two years of effective service, twenty-eight campaigns, and one wound. At the outbreak of the present war it was rumoured that Count Palikao was to be put in command of the 2nd Army Corps, but his command was subsequently given to the unfortunate Frossard, and the new Premier, instead of figuring in the present war, has been compelled by the march of political events, following on the reverses of the French arms, to escape from Paris and seek refuge in Belgium, where he now is. When the Emperor had surrendered it is currently reported that the Empress contemplated signing an act of abdication, but her Ministers, the chief of whom was Palikao, dissuaded her from the step. Time only can develop the fate of these Imperial exiles. It is at least to be said of Count Palikao, better known as General Montauban, that his brief administration in Paris was marred by no mistake of his, or of his colleagues. The Palikao Ministry only fell when, by the fortunes of war, the Emperor was a prisoner, and by the decree of the popular will in Paris the Imperial régime had terminated. It is honourable to Count Palikao and his associates that while they refused to take an active part in the establishment of the Republic, they neither did nor counselled any act which was calculated to distract the attention of the French people from the supremacy of defending the integrity of their country. Their advice to the Empress-Regent was equally patriotic; they desired her not to sign an abdication which might compromise the rights of the dynasty hereafter, but they did not recommend that the integrity of France should be compromised by intestine brawls. In spite of the inglorious end of his Ministerial career, we think Count Palikao retires with far more honour than did his predecessor, the lawyer Ollivier.

GENERAL TROCHU.

In the present war events have followed one another with such lightning-like rapidity that it has been nearly impossible to fancy what would happen next. All the more credit is due to an American contemporary—the *Army and Navy Journal of New York*—for venturing upon a prediction which has received fulfilment in the most literal manner. A month ago this journal said:—"As Von Moltke was hardly known to readers out of Prussia anterior in the splendid campaign which ended at Sadowa, the man to whose brain will be due whatever of successful strategy shall characterize the French arms in the coming war is as yet unnamed. General Louis Jules Trochu is to day undeniably the best soldier of France. He is now fifty five years of age. A graduate of the Staff School of St. Cyr, he was made lieutenant in 1830, and promoted to a captaincy in 1843. His first staff service was with that fine soldier, Bugeaud, in Algeria. Chef d'escadron and major in 1846, and lieutenant-colonel in 1853; his first European service was in the Italian campaign. At the commencement of the Crimean war he was made chief of the general staff, and by reference to Kinglake's history it will be seen that in all conferences with Lord Raglan, Trochu, rather than St. Arnaud or Canrobert, was spokesman on the part of France. Throughout the campaign, having been made General of Brigade in 1854, he occupied this position of confidential staff officer of the Commander-in-Chief, an office analogous to that of Gneisenau under Blucher, given in just recognition of his military ability and skill. In 1864 he reached his grade of General of Division. Two years after he was charged with the preparation of a plan to reorganise the army. Instead of, as has been suggested, lacking the imperial confidence, he has it in the most flattering degree. His essay upon organisation, 'L'Armée Française,' published in 1867, ran through ten editions. Trochu is known to have anticipated the event of a war with Prussia. A recent pamphlet from his pen, which unfortunately cannot be obtained in this country, develops an immense deal of study of the Rhenish frontier as a fighting field, and palpably indicates the national impulse as occupying the strategist's mind. Should the war survive its first battle a fortnight, and promise, as seems very likely, to be a long one, Trochu's name may chance to appear at the head of the French armies." We need hardly remind our readers that exactly fourteen days after the commencement of the war the Emperor of the French summoned General Trochu to his assistance. However much the fallen potentate may have trusted in the military genius of the general who now has chief control in Paris, the very heart of France, it is certain that Napoleon was not unwilling to have gone through this war without Gen. Trochu's assistance and that he only accepted his services in the hour of supreme difficulty. It is complimentary to the discretion of the newly declared Republican Government that its members not only continue Gen. Trochu in the chief command of Paris but that they have also conferred upon him the title of President of the Committee of Defence, i. e., virtually successor to the Emperor, if not dictator of France. Every friend of order will pray that he may use his great and newly acquired power with discretion, firmness and wisdom.

ARREST OF A SUPPOSED PRUSSIAN SPY ON THE BOULEVARDS, PARIS.

The almost universal suspicion that has pervaded Paris for some time past that a regular system of espionage has been carried on through France has led in some cases to very un-

pleasant results for many private individuals. Were a man seen peering rather inquisitively about the fortifications of the city, or taking notes or sketches of important positions, or attempting to draw out some communicative soldier on the merits of the mitrailleuse, he was apt to find himself, before many minutes had passed, in a very uncomfortable predicament. A quarter of an hour to take leave of this earth, and the attentions of a corporal's file is generally the fate that awaits such inquisitive strangers in Paris, to say nothing of the likelihood of being torn to pieces by an infuriated mob. Especially after the riots at Belleville, which were said to have been instigated by a Prussian informer, an eager hunt for spies and secret agents was instituted in all quarters of Paris. Several Germans, or foreigners who were suspected of being Germans, were hustled and beaten while quietly strolling on the Boulevards. One of these incidents affords the subject of an illustration copied in our Supplement. The usual termination of such brawls was that the police had to take such obnoxious persons into custody in order to save them from the violence of the mob.

ENROLLING THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Our illustration shows the scene in the *mairie* of the 13th arrondissement during the enrollment of the National Guard. This body of troops, levied in time of necessity, resembles in more than one particular the English militia. It consists entirely of civilians, who receive their military instruction from the regular drill-sergeants of the army. The National Guard was first raised on the 13th July, 1789, and was called into active service in 1813. During that and the following year, the guard distinguished itself in several engagements in a way that drew the highest encomiums from the military authorities; it also took a prominent part in the defence of Paris against the allies. After the peace which followed Waterloo the National Guard was disbanded, but was reorganised by a decree of the 11th January, 1852.

GENERAL COLSON.

General Colson, who was killed at Reichshoffen, was born in 1821, educated at St. Cyr, and entered the army in 1841. He was first attached to the staff, and served in this capacity in the Crimea, where he distinguished himself at Inkerman and on the occasion of the capture of the Malakoff. In return for his services he received the cross of an officer in the Legion of Honour. After the Crimean war he served in the Kabylean expedition on the staff of Gen. Renault, and afterwards in Italy as chief of staff of the first division of the third corps. In 1869 he was sent to St. Petersburg as military attaché to the French embassy, and accompanied a Russian expedition to the Caucasus. In 1863 he commanded the French division in Rome but was shortly afterwards recalled to occupy an important position in the war office. In 1868 he obtained the rank of general of brigade. At the time of his death he was attached to the staff of Marshal McMahon.

GENERAL BATAILLE.

General Bataille, the hero of Saarbruck, was educated for the military service at St. Cyr. In 1839 he entered the army and obtained the rank of captain in 1842. He subsequently served in Algeria, the training-school of all French officers, and distinguished himself under Canrobert in the expedition to Nemencbas, and in 1848 at the siege of Zaatcha. In 1850 he commanded the battalion of Turcos, and served as colonel in the Kabylean campaign. At the age of forty he obtained the rank of general of brigade, and as such commanded the first brigade of general Trochu's division in the Italian campaign. At Solferino he distinguished himself by his intrepidity and his generalship, which enabled him to rescue the fourth corps of his division. On his return to France Gen. Bataille was placed at the head of a brigade of infantry of the guard. In 1866 he became general of division, and took the command of the army of the Rhine.

GENERAL RAOULT.

General Raoult is one of the few officers of high rank in the French service who have raised themselves by their own merits from the ranks. He was made lieutenant in 1838, served his time in Africa, where he won the cross of the Legion of Honour, and obtained his captaincy. In the East he was attached to Gen. Bosquet's division before Sebastopol, where he attracted the admiration of the great Russian general Todleben by his skill in directing the works in the trenches. Gen. Raoult disappeared in the battle at Reichshoffen.

THE DORWIN FALLS.

For the sketch from which we print the Leggotype of the Dorwin Falls, on the first page of this issue, we are indebted to the Rev. M. Laverdière, of St. Jacques de l'Achigan. These falls are situated in the Township of Rawdon, one of the best water townships in Canada, having no less than four rivers running through it—the Quareau, the Rouge, the Blanche, and a branch of the St. Esprit. These streams are, however, too much obstructed by falls and rapids to be available for navigation, but they are richly stocked with trout. The village of Rawdon is about forty-two miles north from Montreal.

THE BATTLE OF WEISSENBURG.

The town of Weissenburg, or Wissembourg, as spelt in French, was formerly a free city of the German Empire. It is situated close to the frontier, on the Lauter, a tributary of the Rhine running into that river at or near Lauterburg. The town was ceded to France by the Treaty of Ryswick, and for six years—from 1719 to 1725—it was the residence of the unfortunate Stanislas Leczynski, Duke of Lorraine and Elect King of Poland. It has more than once owed its selection for a battle-ground to the works with which its neighbourhood was furnished by Marshal Villars, in the reign of Louis XIV., after his conquest of Alsace. In 1705 the Marshal caused a series of redoubts and intrenchments to be constructed from the Geisberg—or, to use the French name, the "Mont du Pigeonnier"—which lies at the eastern entrance of the town, above the southern bank of the Lauter, as far as Lauterburg; and these lines have, time after time, been captured and recaptured. They were stormed more than once during the War of the Succession; and on Oct. 13, 1793, they were carried by the Austrians, under Prince Waldeck. The Germans, however,

held them only for a short time, as on Christmas Day of the same year they were retaken by the French; and since that time Weissenburg has enjoyed an interval of peaceful existence as the *chef lieu* of the department of the Bas-Rhin. It is distant twenty-seven miles, north-east, from Strasbourg, by the railway which passes through Hagnenau, seven miles from Weissenburg, and which there forms a junction with the main railway, the Great Eastern of France, leading to Lunéville, Nancy, Châlons, and Paris. The valley of the Lauter at Weissenburg forms a gorge which opens into the Rhenish plains to the south and to the Vosges to the west. About two miles and a half to the west, upon the road to Bitsche, is the hill called the Pigeonnier, which rises nearly 2000 ft. above the valley of the Lauter. The ground from Weissenburg to this peak for about half a mile rises gently; and then suddenly, at the bend to the right, which the road to Bitsche makes, the ascent becomes more steep, so that the road is winding. The road from the Col du Pigeonnier to Chimbach, runs through a woody country easily defended, crosses the forest of Mundat, and, after running rather more than a mile beyond, reaches the little village of Chimbach, which lies on high ground. The road then descends for more than a mile to Lembach; passes through the forest of Kutzenthal, lying in a small valley; and terminates at Bitsche, a fortress of great natural strength, twenty-five miles distant from Weissenburg. But the ground extending a few miles south of the Lauter towards Saverne and Hagnenau, is diversified with hills and woods, though not at all of a mountainous character. It was this tract of country, towards Neuweiler, Ingweiler, and Frischweiler on the western side, that was surreptitiously explored, on the 26th July by the reconnoitring party of Baden officers, with Lieutenant Winslow, led by Count Zeppelin, one of whom was killed, and two became captives to the French.

The action at Weissenburg on the morning of the 5th ult. though its consequences were momentous, was rather a surprise by overwhelming numbers, than a regular battle. A portion of Marshal McMahon's corps d'armée, two regiments of the Line, one of foot chasseurs, one of mounted chasseurs, and one of Turcos, under General Abel Douay, had encamped the night before close to Weissenburg. At daybreak next morning they were aroused by a violent cannonade from the hills of the Bienwald, on the opposite bank of the Lauter, whence they were attacked by a very superior German force. They fought obstinately during several hours. The Crown Prince and his Staff were on the left of the German line, the artillery was in the centre, and the columns of German troops were massed on the right. The French had but three guns at first, but they got some reinforcements by railway, and maintained a brave contest till two o'clock in the afternoon. General Abel Douay was killed by a shell; Brigadier Montmarie was wounded; there was great slaughter, and several hundred French soldiers, with eighteen officers, were taken prisoners; one gun was also taken. The French retired over the hill of the Pigeonnier, and made their way to Bitsche.

INFLUENCE OF SOUND UPON RAIN.

A French *savant* maintains that it is in our power to produce rain at any time when the wind is in the right direction and there are clouds of vapour in the sky. The proper direction of the wind must be determined for each place by experiment, and the condition of the sky must be studied before attempting to hasten a rain-fall by any particular sounds, such as the ringing of bells or the firing of cannon. During the siege of Sebastopol, as soon as the cannonading commenced, the sky was overcast, and a fine rain began to fall, which was sometimes followed by violent storms and whirlwinds.

As a consequence of the atmospheric changes, the mercurial column in the barometer commenced to vibrate, and it was possible to represent on a chart the exact state of the siege by giving the height of the barometer at all hours of the day. Whenever there was a truce of a few hours for the burial of the dead, the change in the height of the mercury at once indicated it.

It has been found that the explosions of powder magazines and the heavy blasts of mines, as well as the violent ringing of bells, have brought on a sudden fall of rain. In some instances the striking of a clock in the tower of a church indicated the exact hour of the commencement of the storm. Whether this was an accidental coincidence or attributable to cause and effect, it is difficult to say.

It was found by the same *savant* that of one hundred and thirty-three rain-falls seventy-six commenced at the sounding of the hour by the church clock; forty-two at the stroke of the half hour, eight at three quarters, and seven at the quarter.

In large cities the varieties of sounds produce opposite effects, and may neutralize each other, and it is difficult to study the phenomena; but in small towns, if we notice the commencement of the rain, it is said that it will coincide with the stroke of the clock.

The explanation given is, that the vapour of water is formed of myriads of globules similar to soap bubbles, which burst when the percussion of the air is excessive, and thus run to water and produce rain. When the sky is overcast with such vapour, if we fire a cannon the equilibrium is destroyed, the globules burst, and the rain falls. If, however, the sky is clear, the discharge of cannon cannot cause rain, as there is none in the sky to be made to fall—but the vibrations in the air may affect some distant place where the clouds are already charged with vapour.

During the Crimean war, in Italy, and in Bohemia, in 1866, it was observed that a rain-storm attended nearly every battle. At Solferino there was a heavy storm of hail and rain between 4 and 5 p. m., which obliged France to cease fighting, and thus probably saved the Austrian army.

M. L. Maout, who has studied this subject more than any other writer, recommends the systematic establishment of meteorological stations in communication with each other, to be provided with cannon of suitable calibre, and when the wind is in the right direction, to hasten a rain-fall, or to drive the clouds to an opposite direction if a continuance of dry weather be desired.

He firmly believes that it is in our power to control the elements sufficiently to do all this. It is easy to criticise and find objection to the theory, but the best way would be to try the experiment. We read that in the present unhappy war in Europe the troops have suffered greatly from rain; and as the cannonading was kept up for nearly a week, there may be some connection between it and the condensation of moisture. The fact that great battles are often attended by rain has been observed since a remote antiquity, but no one has attempted to

draw any conclusion from this circumstance or to make any practical application of it. We also know that the guides in Switzerland interdict all talking, singing, or even whistling, when a party is ascending a mountain, as any sudden vibration in the air produced by the least sound is often sufficient to start an avalanche that could sweep away the whole company in a moment.

Professor Winlock is now engaged in photographing the sun on a plan which, so far as we know, has not before been put into practice. He uses a single lens object glass, 4 1/4 inches diameter, 40 feet focal length, of crown glass, made by Clark, and corrected for spherical aberration by means of an artificial star of homogeneous (sodium) light in the focus of a 5-inch collimator. The image of the sun is 4 1/4 in. in diameter. The tube of the telescope points to the North, and the image of the sun is thrown in by means of a reflector of plate glass. This glass is not roughened or blackened on one side, because when that was done the heat of the sun distorted the plane surface. The slit is at the object glass end of the telescope, and that position has the advantage that when it is thrown across no dust is shaken down on to the plate, as is apt to happen in the usual way of working. It seems also probable that this mode of photographing might be of advantage for the partial phases of an eclipse.

CHESS.

A Selection from Walker's "Chess Studies."

Philidor gives Atwood Q. R. for Q. B. P. and move. (This is the only game, extant in print, in which Q. B. P. is given instead of K. B. P.)

Before playing over, it will be necessary to remove White's Q. R. and Black's Q. B. P.

White—Philidor.

1. K. P. 2
2. K. B. P. 2
3. K. Kt. B. 3rd
4. K. B. Q. B. 4th
5. Q. B. P. 1
6. Q. P. 1
7. Q. B. takes P.
8. K. B. takes P. ch.
9. K. B. Q. Kt. rd
10. Q. Kt. Q. 2nd
11. Q. K. 2nd
12. K. R. P. 1
13. Q. takes B.
14. Castles (Q. R.)
15. Q. B. K. 3rd
16. K. B. Q. R. 4th
17. Q. K. 2nd
18. Q. Kt. P. 2nd
19. K. Kt. 2nd
20. Q. P. 1
21. K. B. Q. B. 2nd
22. Q. R. P. 2
23. K. B. Q. 3rd
24. R. Q. R.
25. K. to B. 2nd
26. K. B. takes P.
27. P. takes Kt.
28. R. Q. Kt.
29. Q. ch.
30. R. takes R. ch.
31. Q. ch.
32. Q. Q. R. 7th. ch.
33. K. B. Q. Kt. 5th
34. Q. B. K. B. 2nd
35. Q. Q. B. 3rd
36. K. takes Q.
37. K. takes B.
38. B. ch
39. K. to B. 2nd
40. Q. B. K.
41. K. P. 1
42. B. Q. Kt. 4th. ch.
43. K. to Kt. 2nd
44. P. takes Kt.
45. K. to R. 3rd
46. K. takes P.
47. K. takes R.

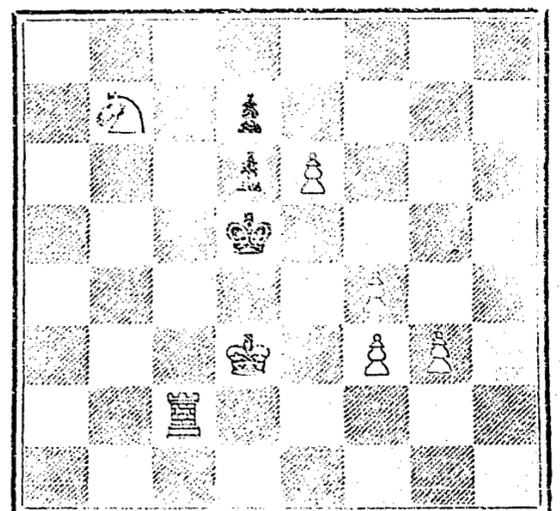
Black—Atwood.

- K. P. 2
- Q. P. 1
- B. pins Kt.
- Q. Kt. B. 3rd
- K. Kt. B. 3rd
- K. P. takes P.
- Q. Kt. 3rd
- K. K. 2nd
- Q. Kt. R. 4th
- Q. R. K.
- K. Q.
- B. takes Kt.
- K. B. K. 2nd
- K. R. B.
- Q. K. B. 2nd
- K. Kt. Q. 2nd
- Q. R. P. 1
- Q. Kt. B. 3rd.
- K. B. B. 3rd
- K. to B.
- Q. Kt. P. 2
- Q. Q. Kt. 2nd
- K. to B. 2nd
- Q. R. to Q. Kt.
- P. takes Q. R. P.
- Kt. takes Q. Kt. P. ch.
- Q. takes Q. Kt. P.
- Q. Q. R. 8th
- K. to Q.
- Kt. takes R.
- K. K. 2nd.
- Kt in.
- R. Q.
- B. K. Kt. 4th
- Q. takes Q. ch.
- B. takes Kt. ch.
- R. Q. R.
- K. to K.
- K. R. P. 1
- K. K. 2nd
- Q. P. 1.
- K. K. 3rd
- Kt. takes K. P.
- R. Q. Kt.
- R. takes B.
- R. takes B. ch.
- K. takes P. wins.

PROBLEM No. 17

By J. W.

BLACK.

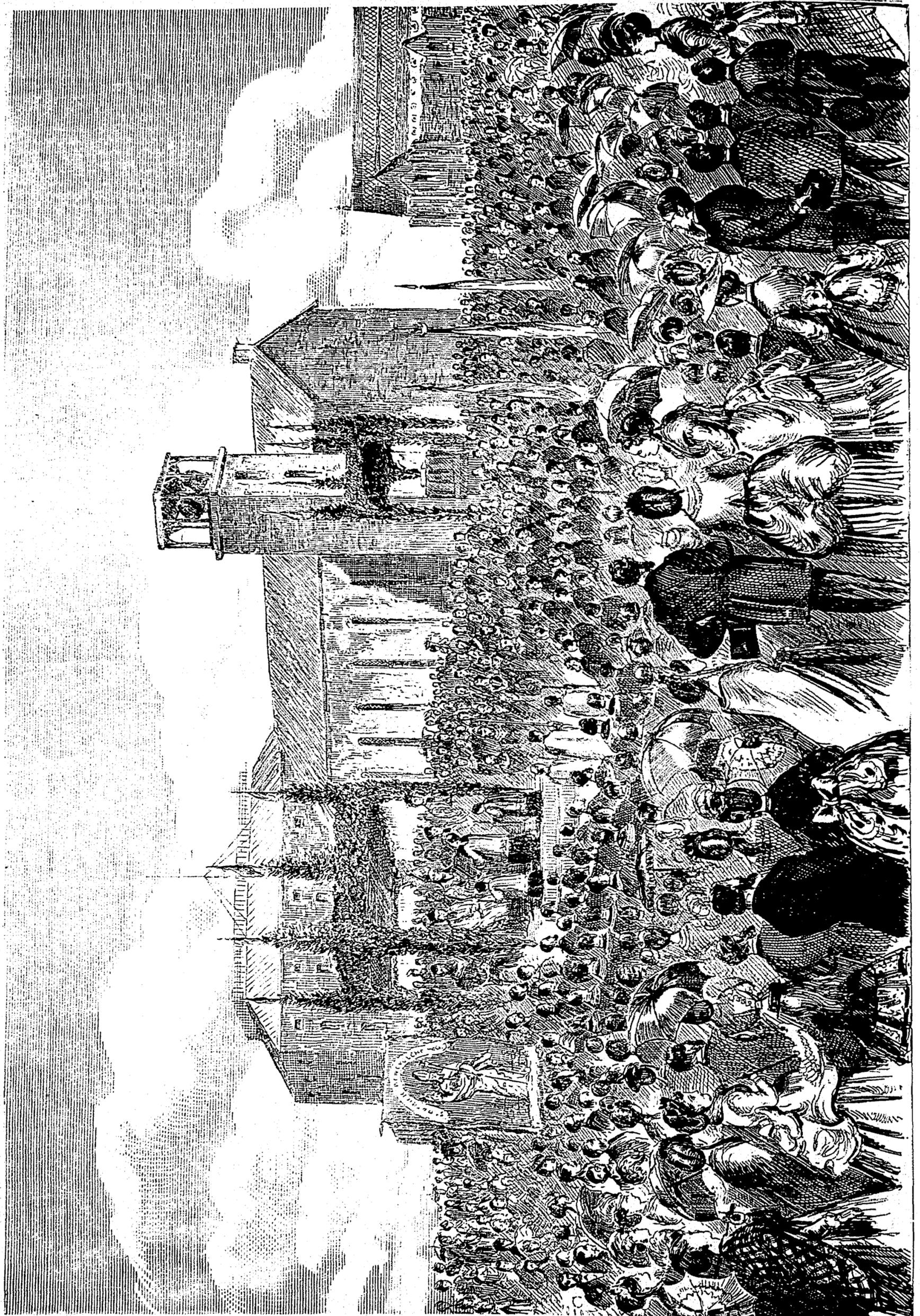


White to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 16.

- White.
1. B. to K. R. 3rd
 2. Kt. to B. 8th
 3. Kt. mates.

- Black.
- B. takes R. (best)
 - Any move



LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL. MONTREAL. L.—SEE PAGE 183.



EARL GRANVILLE.



COUNT DE PALIKAO.—SEE PAGE 178.

EARL GRANVILLE.

A brief sketch of the career of the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as an accompaniment to his excellent portrait will doubtless prove interesting to our readers.

The Right Hon. Granville George Leveson Gower, K. G., is the eldest son of the first Earl Granville, and belongs to the ancient family of the Gowers—a branch of the Sutherland family. He was born on May 11, 1815, and received his education at Eton and Christchurch, where he took his degree. After having spent a year in Paris as attaché to his father's embassy, he revisited England, where he was returned to the House of Commons as member for the borough of Morpeth. He was re-elected for the same place in 1837. Early in 1840 he accepted the appointment of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and, having followed the Whig party into retirement in 1841, he again took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Lichfield, becoming conspicuous as a warm supporter of the Free Trade policy. In 1846 he succeeded to his father's title, and in 1848 he was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and when the Conservative Ministry resigned was made Master of the Horse. He was also delegated to preside in the absence of H. R. H. the late Prince Consort, over the labours of the Royal Commission for the Great Exhibition of 1851. In the discharge of this duty Lord Granville won golden opinions from all with whom the nature of his duties brought him in contact. His urbanity, tact, and business capacity became widely known and deeply appreciated throughout the foreign countries which sent representatives to that great industrial congress.

In carrying out the details of this task Lord Granville's thorough acquaintance with foreign languages, and particularly



GENERAL BATAILLE.—SEE PAGE 179.

Administration in 1866. In 1868 he was appointed Colonial Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry; this post he retained until the lamented death of the late Lord Clarendon, whose office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was conferred on him after Lord Clarendon's death.

Earl Granville has been twice married. His first wife (to whom he was united on March 1, 1840) was the only daughter and heiress of the Duke of Dalberg, and the widow of Sir Ferdinand Acton; she died in 1860. The second Lady Granville was the beautiful Miss Castalia Campbell, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Walter F. Campbell, of Islay. This marriage took place in 1865.

The son of a peer, who was ennobled in recognition of his diplomatic services, first in Russia, and then for many years at Paris, Lord Granville's earliest education made him familiar with the inner political life of the Continent; subsequent official experience and training have contributed to form a worthy and competent successor to the late Lord Clarendon, and the present political aspect of affairs will afford ample scope for the display of his undoubtedly great ability and experience of foreign affairs. The rupture of relations between France and Prussia, and the yet unsettled succession to the Spanish throne, form a series of complications sufficient to test the abilities of any Foreign Secretary, however great. Another pressing and serious question is the kind and amount of reparation to be demanded from the Greek Government as some slight amends for the sad massacre of our countrymen by the brigands.

The new Foreign Secretary possesses in a remarkable degree the social charm and courtesy of manner which distinguished his predecessor. Long experience as leader of the House of Lords has tested his temper and his skill in the management of men; suave and cautious in speech and clear with his pen,



GENERAL RAOULT.—SEE PAGE 179.

with the French tongue (which he speaks with the accent and fluency of a Parisian), proved of great value. In the case of familiar and colloquial intercourse all difficulties seemed to vanish, vanquished by tact and courtesy.

After the Ministerial crisis, brought about by Lord Palmerston's strongly-expressed approbation of the *coup d'état* in Paris on the 2nd of December, 1851, Lord Granville took his place at the Foreign Office. He immediately obtained the strong support of his party by two popular measures; he firmly defended the political refugees against the Continental Powers, and he brought to a satisfactory conclusion the misunderstanding that had arisen between England and the United States. In February, 1852, he retired to give place to the Tories, whose tenure of office, however, was of very short duration, for at the end of the year Lord Granville was again in the Coalition Cabinet as Lord President of the Council. When Lord John Russell succeeded him in his office in 1854, Lord Granville became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and in February, 1855, he was again placed at the head of the Privy Council.

In June, 1856, Lord Granville was chosen to represent Great Britain at the coronation of the Czar Alexander II., with the title of Envoy Extraordinary. He fulfilled this mission with a magnificence worthy of the occasion and of the country he represented. In the same year he was nominated Chancellor of the University of London, and in February, 1858, he gave up the Presidency of the Council, only to resume it in June, 1859; then retaining it until the fall of Lord Russell's second



GENERAL COLSON.—SEE PAGE 179.

full of cosmopolitan knowledge, hard as polished steel, yet when necessary as flexible, Lord Granville may yet prove the ideal Foreign Minister for Great Britain. With singular unanimity, both Liberals and Conservatives concur in offering their confidence to a statesman whose tact, temper, and experience of diplomatic men and affairs are only the graceful veil that covers both prudence and firmness.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
SEPT. 24, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 18.—	Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. Quebec taken, 1789.
MONDAY,	" 19.—	Battle of Poitiers, 1356. Baron Sydenham died, 1841.
TUESDAY,	" 20.—	Battle of the Alma, 1854. Federals defeated at Chickamauga, 1863.
WEDNESDAY,	" 21.—	St. Matthew, Ev. Battle of Preston Pans, 1745.
THURSDAY,	" 22.—	George III crowned, 1761.
FRIDAY,	" 23.—	Sieur de Courcelles Governor of Canada, 1665. Battle of Assaye, 1803.
SATURDAY	" 24.—	Jerome Cardan born, 1501. Guy Carleton Lieut-Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Canada, 1766.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

WE may at last fairly congratulate the country on the peaceful union of the North-West Territory with Canada. The Hon. Mr. Archibald, following close upon the heels of the military expedition, has arrived at Fort Garry and assumed the duties of Lieutenant-Governor of the new Province of Manitoba. Messrs. Riel, O'Donohue, Lepine, and some fifty followers fled on the approach of Colonel Wolseley and the detachment of the 60th, leaving their breakfast half finished, and the guns on the fort already charged! It is not at all improbable that Riel had contemplated armed resistance as a contingent substitute for the receipt of the expected "amnesty," so called; but, being so ill-supported and so completely surprised, he, with his friends, took the safer course of flight. Actions under the old forms of law in the Settlement have already been instituted against him and others for illegal imprisonment, robbery, &c.; but some of the correspondents aver that Mr. Donald Smith, now representing the Hudson's Bay Company at the fort, had endeavoured to delay the execution of the warrants. The same authorities state that the Indians had been persuaded that the military expedition was coming in to sustain the authority of the Hudson's Bay Company, though this statement, like the other, may be a pure fabrication. The fact is the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as other parties at Red River, should begin to reflect that they will soon have a class of people to deal with who will not submit to be held in leading strings. The unfortunate troubles of last winter have attracted a degree of attention to the North-West country which will be of immense benefit in promoting its settlement; but they have also awakened prejudices and passions which will influence public feeling for years.

The collapse of the insurrection without the necessity of firing a single shot, has been a very flattering evidence of the wisdom of the ministerial policy in dealing with the North-West question. It was only when Governor Archibald reached Fort Garry at the end of last month, and issued his proclamation, that the North-West really became united with the other provinces as part of Canada, and it was only then that the Canadian Government asserted any authority over it. It was careful to disavow the indiscreet acts of the Hon. Mr. Macdougall, Col. Dennis, and others, who had no authority to act in its name, and was equally cautious in paying the Hudson's Bay Company for what it was not in a position to deliver over. The rising under Riel, though in fact designed to resist Canadian authority, was in fact a rebellion against the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company, and, as such, Canada, through its Government, has so treated it, claiming neither right nor privilege to reward or punish for the deeds done under it. There are, however, questions of grave interest which have grown up among the settlers themselves, and between the settlers and the Hudson's Bay Company. Of course the law will only recognize the seizures and confiscations under Riel's government as theft and robbery, and the individuals who assisted in, or voluntarily connived at, these acts, will, or at least should, be punished as the law directs. It is hardly possible, even with the somewhat loose, free-and-easy administration which formerly characterised the Red River Settlement, that the lawless acts of last winter can be entirely blinked at; and when punishment is being awarded it would be strange indeed were Riel and Lepine to suffer, and Ross and Bannatyne go scot free. By the way, Ross—we beg his pardon—His Honour the Chief Justice—has found quiet asylum in Toronto. Surely the fact that he fled to Canada ought to be no excuse for his aiding and

abetting the robbing of British subjects, and the lawless plundering of a Company which, whatever may have been its faults in the past—and we think they were very many—is entitled to fair play and the enjoyment of its own property. As between the two factions of the people at Winnipeg, it is indispensably necessary that local law should render prompt justice. If the men who imprisoned their neighbours, who robbed ladies of their watches, and who perpetrated other crimes in the usurped name of authority are not brought to justice, there is danger that Judge Lynch will be reproduced in the North-West, and the horrible spectacle of masked men inflicting the punishment which the law has failed to award. This would be a disgrace to the country, and therefore it is desirable that as soon as possible every pretension to civil government on the part of the Hudson's Bay Company, or even according to its system, should be swept away.

With respect to the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company for damages on account of the rebellion against their own authority, which the President of the Company is reported to have said would be favourably regarded both by Canada and England, we have only to remark that we do not believe that any government in Canada would last forty-eight hours after recognising such an absurd pretension. The rebellion, there is very good reason for believing, was fomented and even fostered after its inception by the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company; and if Riel stole their pemmican and plundered their stores generally, they have only to look to him for reimbursement; Canada did not plunder them, and we are quite sure it will not pay a dollar for their losses. As to the future, Canadians can do nothing better with respect to the North-West than imitate the example of the Government, by ignoring all past quarrels as affairs in which they were not legitimately concerned, and by facing the future with respect to Manitoba in the same fair spirit that inspired the legislation constituting that Province, in which every man's right is respected, and no past offence which the law can reach condoned. Colonel Wolseley may fairly be congratulated on the success of the expedition under his command, and as Imperial policy has necessitated his immediate return it is to be hoped that the Canadian authorities will maintain in the new Province a sufficient force to guarantee order and respect for the law.

EVENTS in Europe, since the surrender of the French Emperor and the flight of the Empress, did not, according to the news received up to Wednesday last, indicate any reasonable prospects of a speedy peace, though certainly the tendency of European opinion was very strongly marked in favour of a cessation of hostilities, and a settlement of the quarrel upon terms honourable to both parties. The Republican party, having no responsibility for the war, can, without humiliation, make concessions on behalf of France, to which the Emperor could not have agreed without loss of prestige. It is surely matter for regret that Prussia seems so little disposed to fall in with the general sentiment of humanity; but then there is the terrible Republic! However, it is a mild institution compared with that born of the first revolution; and we trust its improved manners may be accepted as an evidence of human progress. May they continue—if the Republic lasts!

CHLORAL-HYDRATE.—The new remedial agent, or anæsthetic as we suppose it may properly be called, which bears the designation of "hydrate of chloral" has attracted much attention from the medical faculty within the past few months, being considered equally certain and far less dangerous in its operation than chloroform. We have already published the results of some experiments made upon himself by a scientific man of eminence, with this new agent, and though, for our own part, we can generally extract from a hard day's work all the sleep-producing influences that our limited corporosity seems to require, we are in a position to add the testimony of a personal friend as to the undoubted hypnotic qualities of the hydrate of chloral, and with the additional merit of leaving none of the enervating sensations which generally follow the use of medicines having like powers. Mr. H. R. Gray, Dispensing Chemist, of this city, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street, has prepared a syrup of Chloral-Hydrate, which, though he recommends it to be taken only under the direction of a physician, is yet so carefully compounded and accompanied with such ample directions that any one who has reached the ripe maturity of being able to be either "his own physician or a fool," may safely venture on its use, guided by Mr. Gray's directions. Mr. Gray's notice of this new compound will be found in our advertising columns.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of invitations to the opening of the Canada Central Railway on the 15th inst. and regret that circumstances prevented our making use of them. The Canada Central, even the short link, from Ottawa to Carleton Place, is an important work; but it must reach Montreal on the East and the great Lakes on the West before its promoters rest from their labours.

This week we print a supplement containing portraits of the Tyne and Paris Crews, with other illustrations.

The attention of our readers is directed to several new advertisements on the 191st page. Our rates of advertising are such that only articles of real merit which will commend themselves to the public can be profitably advertised in our columns.

What with the Agricultural Exhibition at Mile End and the Regatta at Lachine, Montreal has had a large influx of visitors during the week. As usual on occasions of sight-seeing our American Cousins mustered in great force and appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

THE WAR NEWS.

The numerous reverses that have attended the French army in the field appear to have kindled new ardour among the defenders of Paris. The general discontent created by the news of the capitulation of McMahon's army, and the surrender of the Emperor, has been entirely dispelled by the proclamation of the Republic, and by the vigorous measures for the defence of the capital that the members of the new government have taken. The inhabitants of Paris appear to have made up their minds for a siege, and although there is every appearance of Prussia being forced to accept an armistice before her armies can effect a junction around the walls of Paris, the city has been strongly fortified, and all within it have prepared for the worst. The strongest hope, however, is expressed, both by Gen. Trochu and those under his command, that the city will be able to hold out against all the attempts of the invaders.

After the capitulation at Sedan, Gen. Vinoy, who was in command of the remnant of the French forces in the field, beat a rapid retreat towards Paris. On Tuesday week, the 7th, he reached the city with thirteen trains of artillery, eleven of cavalry, and fourteen of infantry. He was received by the populace with the most enthusiastic demonstrations, and was immediately assigned an important command in the defence of the city. The Prussians, meanwhile, had resumed their march upon Paris, taking a different route to that already followed. They are divided into three corps, the first going by Laon, Compiègne and St. Denis; the second by Soissons and Bondy, and the third following the road from Epernay, by way of Château-Thierry. Their plan of attack appears to be to advance by Meuse and Fontainebleau to Versailles, after which the army now advancing from Laon will push on to St. Denis. The latter force will then make an attack on Montmartre, but the main attack will be on the other side. The force occupying Versailles will advance by the wood to Meudon, and thence to the heights of Clarmont, where they will throw up earthworks and plant batteries against Fort D'Isay and open fire at Vaugirard.

Gen. Trochu's preparations to defend Paris are being carried on with unceasing activity. Large quantities of ammunition have been received and distributed; the city has been provisioned for two months for two millions of men, and all the fortresses in the suburbs have been thoroughly equipped. Not only have all the regular troops and the Garde Mobile from the provinces been called in, but new corps are being organized for the defence of the city. Some formidable iron gunboats, intended for use on the Seine, have also been brought up from Toulon. The inhabitants of the military zone of Paris have been ordered to withdraw immediately, and an order has been issued by the Prefect of the Police desiring all persons intending to quit the city to do so immediately.

It was expected that the Prussian army would appear before the walls of Paris by Wednesday last, but it is thought in certain quarters that such influence will be brought to bear upon the King by the neutral powers that he would desist from his intention of attacking the city. On Monday the Prussian army extended in a semi-circle about 25 miles east of Paris. On that day one corps of their army made an attack upon some French troops at Tournaux, but were defeated with a loss, it is stated, of 10,000 men. Another force was defeated on the same day at Château-Thierry.

Strasbourg, notwithstanding the sharp bombardment to which it has been subjected, still holds out, as well as Montmédy, Thionville, and Metz. It has been stated, however, that Marshal Bazaine has managed to cut his way through the Prussian troops surrounding the latter city, and is on his way towards Paris, though this latter announcement is open to doubt.

It is proposed that some public demonstration should be made in honour of Sir John A. Macdonald on his return to Ottawa.

T. K. Ramsay, Esq., Q. C., has been appointed a Judge of the Superior Court of this Province, in the place of Judge Johnson, who goes to Manitoba to report upon the organization of the Judiciary for that Province, of which, in all likelihood, he will be appointed Chief-Justice.

A despatch to the New York World says that two formidable Democratic demonstrations took place in London last Saturday. At the one, held in Hyde Park, Prof. Beasley addressed the mob, denouncing the inaction of the British Government, and charging the Queen with encouraging the King of Prussia in his march on Paris, for the purpose of destroying the new republic. The despatch states that the name of the Queen evoked a tempest of hisses. At the other meeting, which was held in St. James' Hall, Prof. Beasley also spoke, and resolutions were passed denouncing the inconsistency of the Prussians in marching on Paris, after the solemn declaration of the King that Prussia warred with the Emperor and not with France. Mr. Odger, the irrepressible working-man's candidate, read an address from the Democrats of London to the French Republicans, which was adopted.

POLITICAL CHANGES IN FRANCE.

The political changes of France in eighty years are summarized as follows:

In 1792 the great French Revolution was inaugurated. Louis XVI. was deposed, and all the monarchies of Europe declared war against the young republic. France was without finances, without troops.

In 1795 the republic had been triumphant everywhere

against the monarchical government, and had established internal order.

- In 1799 Bonaparte was chosen First Consul.
- 1804—Bonaparte Emperor.
- 1815—Waterloo and St. Helena, and the restoration of the Bourbons in the person of Louis XVIII.
- 1830—The revolution and expulsion of Charles X. for general disregard of constitutional government, and in particular for Polignac decrees against the press. Louis Philippe ascends the throne.
- 1848—Louis Philippe abdicates; popular dissatisfaction at peace policy abroad; tampering with elections at home and limiting the powers of the press, and Louis Napoleon elected President.
- 1851—Louis Napoleon elected President for ten years by 7,839,216 votes.
- 1852—The Second Empire by a vote of 7,824,129 citizens.
- 1870—(Sept. 3) Republic again proclaimed at Paris.

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.
LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

On the afternoon of Sunday the 28th ult. at three o'clock the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new R. C. Cathedral was performed by His Lordship Bishop Bourget in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The site of the new cathedral is on the corner of Dorchester and Cemetery streets on the elevated grounds attached to the Bishop's palace, one of the most commanding views of the whole City. It is designed that the building shall be of vast proportions, modelled after the design of St. Peter's at Rome, and while the exterior will be mainly composed of substantial stone work which will be grandly imposing from its immense extent, it is also intended that the means for the purposes of decoration will be reserved for the interior. The great undertaking will no doubt extend over many years in completion, but it will be a fitting monument of Bishop Bourget's Episcopate. Before the hour appointed for the ceremony hundreds of people had collected, waiting in anxious expectation to witness the grand event of the day. And by half-past three not much less than 10,000 people were present, standing shoulder to shoulder over the whole area this vast building is destined to cover. Hundreds were also collected on the roofs and balconies of the neighbouring buildings, and on every wood pile, fence, or other elevation in the vicinity that afforded any means of getting a glimpse of the distinguished persons who were to officiate in the imposing ceremony. On the south side of the foundation walls of the new edifice a platform was erected overhanging with a beautiful canopy surrounded with flags and evergreens—on this dais seats were placed for His Lordship the Bishop, the most distinguished of the clergy, and the Presidents of all the Catholic National and Benevolent Societies in the city—on the ground in front and at each side of the platform seats were arranged and occupied by members of the above societies and about one hundred and fifty of the clergy, many of whom were from the country districts.

The Grand Vicar of Three Rivers was expected to be present and deliver an address specially prepared for the auspicious occasion. Through unavoidable causes he failed to appear and after the singing of a hymn by the choir His Lordship ascended the temporary pulpit on the west side of the grounds and delivered an extempore address in French, in which he showed the necessity of a suitable Cathedral being erected in the diocese and pointed out the duty of members of the Church to extend a helping hand towards the completion of so needed a work. The choir then gave another selection of music, which was listened to with much pleasure and interest. Father Lanegan, Parish Priest of Hochelaga, next addressed the assembled multitude. After a few introductory remarks he said he was going to narrow his subject down to one simple question, to which he begged an answer from all. He was not going to indulge in a long argumentation, for it was quite unnecessary to appeal even to their good sense, but he would simply call attention to one palpable fact. He would ask them was that building (pointing to the one in connection with the Bishop's Palace) to remain the Cathedral of the Bishop of Montreal; that was the whole question. Was that miserable hovel going to be the Cathedral of the largest city in the whole Dominion, when in is centred the emporium of commerce, the mart of industry, the centre of art, science and literature. (Cries of no, no.) Was that building going to be the Cathedral of this city—the largest in population and the greatest in wealth of any city in the Dominion from Halifax to the farthest West. Was it to be the Cathedral of 400,000 Catholics? Was that going to remain the Cathedral of this large diocese? (Cries again of no, no.) The Rev. gentleman concluded his earnest and eloquent address by referring to the numerous elegant and costly church edifices erected by the several Protestant denominations in Montreal; and by the expression of the hope that the Roman Catholic Irishmen of Montreal would come forward with their accustomed liberality to aid their Bishop in the completion of the pious work he had designed.

The ceremony of laying the stone was then performed by His Lordship the Bishop, and after the conclusion of the religious ceremonies His Lordship briefly addressed the people, inviting all to contribute towards the erection of the sacred edifice. The vast concourse of people then dispersed.

THE LOSS OF THE "CAPTAIN."

The sinking of the iron-clad "Captain," off the Spanish coast, on Thursday morning last week, with all on board, is a calamity such as has not befallen the navy since the "Royal George," with Kampenfelt and twice five hundred men, went down at her anchors at Spithead. At night the vessel rode the waves the finest war ship, perhaps, that ever sailed the sea. At dawn her consort swept the horizon in vain for the least trace of her. Only later in the day some stray spars and small boats that the great deep had given up attested her dismal fate. In the face of so horrible a disaster as this—a disaster which not only swallows up the most superb specimen of naval architecture ever known, but carries down with it five hundred gallant English sailors—it may seem harsh to dwell on mere points of technical precision; and yet in the interests of humanity it is proper that the build of the "Captain" should be touched on, that the revelation of its now lamentably well-proven defects may help to avert such dreadful casualties in the future.

In its build, its plan, its armament, the "Captain" was, up to the hour it foundered, to all human insight simply perfect. It was a huge ship of 4,372 tons burden, armed with a

battery of six guns—300 pounders, if we are not mistaken—which had in their trials penetrated every obstacle; and, in order that its defensive armament might equal its offensive, the ship was clad in a mail of 8-inch wrought iron. Moved at great speed by engines of 900-horse power, manned with a picked crew of 500 men, and steaming out under the banner of St. George for a trial trip on the French coast, no wonder the pride of England was stirred by so magnificent a witness that she still was "Captain" of the glory of the sea. By any adversary of human contrivance the great ship would probably have been irresistible; but the wind rose, and in a storm that many a wooden whaler would have laughed at the iron leviathan went down. Under the stress of a sudden squall the staunchest iron-clad ever put in commission sinks as swiftly as one of her own shot, and by so sinking demonstrates that the limit of naval armoring has been fatally reached. Like the Admiral Earl of Sandwich, she was carried down by her armour of proof. Ranging from 8 inches in the most exposed portion of her hull, to 7, 4, and 3 inches as the exposure lessened, the weight of her protection became her destruction; and in contemplating that destruction it would be well for the British Admiralty, and for that matter naval constructors every where, to take instant pause. With 8-inch armour the Captain succumbed to a squall; and yet there are now in the English dock-yards the Invincible, Iron Duke, Swiftsure, Triumph, and Vanguard, all to have a like maximum plating, with a 6-inch armour as minimum, double the Captain's minimum; the Hercules and Sultan to have 9-inch armour; the Hotspur to have 11-inch; and the Glutton to have the monstrous thickness of one foot. With the evidence afforded by the terrible fate of the vessel which has just foundered that the armour limit is overstepped for safety at eight inches, no matter what the calculations may say about sufficient buoyancy under that or greater thickness, it would surely be criminal for the naval authorities of Christendom not to arrest the further construction of vessels so heavily plated as to be but mere man-traps in reality, however imposing or efficient to the fancy or the eye. The sea will not sustain fabrics that with the offensive also possess the defensive strength of forts, and the sooner the effort to realize that impossibility is abandoned the better for life and art. Naval architecture must recognize the facts of nature; and such disasters as that of the Captain—a disaster originating obviously from a system, and not, like the loss of the Royal George, in an abnormal circumstance of carelessness—must cease to appal humanity.

Five hundred men dragged down—in an instant of time, in an iron box—is a terrific commentary on over-armouring. It is simply awful to reel on what must have been the circumstances of this frightful casualty. One lurch, and all must have been over. Perhaps but a single wave was shipped, and under that weight of water, the ship already burdened to within a hair's breadth of her resisting power, went down like lead. No rocket was shot, no gun fired, not so much as one boat was cleared. When we consider how brief a time is required on a man-of-war for either of these operations, we can dimly realize the heart-rending suddenness with which the finest vessel in the world disappeared for ever. At night, says Admiral Milne's simply pathetic despatch, the Captain lay "near us." At dawn "she was missing."—*New York World*

[A boat with eighteen of the crew has been picked up. Another boat was launched, but it quickly swamped and the occupants perished. Among the victims were Capt. Coles, the builder of the "Captain," Lord Northbrook, a son of Mr. Childers, of the Admiralty, and other men of note.]

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

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued.)

NEIGHBOUR.—This word is derived from *nigh*, or next, and *boor*, which formerly meant a farmer—hence to this day the settlers in South Africa are called the Dutch Boors. The word now signifies next door inhabitant, the nearest person living to you.

O.

"OLD DOMINION."—Few things are so well calculated to awaken in the mind of the proud Virginian, when wandering in foreign lands, touching reminiscences of home and kindred, as the simple mention of the "Old Dominion." And yet there are comparatively few who are aware of the term which has so long and so generally been applied to Virginia. It originated thus: During the protectorate of Cromwell, the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, the alarmed Virginians sent a messenger to Charles II., who was then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to return in the ship with the messenger, and be King of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation, and was on the eve of embarkation, when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was fairly seated on his throne, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as an independent member of the empire, a distinct portion of the "Old Dominion." Hence arose the origin of the term. Copper coins of Virginia were issued as late as the reign of George III., which bore on one side the coats of arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia.—(Notes and Queries.)

ORDEAL—called "The Judgment of God;" it was first used by Edward the Confessor, and disused by the royal proclamation of Henry III., A. D. 1261. This superstitious custom was anciently very prevalent in Britain. There were three kinds of ordeal; that by fire, that by cold water, and that by hot water. In that by fire, the accused were to walk blindfolded and barefooted, over nine red-hot ploughshares, placed at unequal distances; in that by cold water, the person accused was bound hands and feet, thrown into a pond, or river, and was then to clear himself by escaping drowning; in that by hot water, the hands and feet were thrown into scalding water.

OSSEFRAGE—The Scavenger of Egypt; so called because it eats up all the offal, &c., which otherwise would rot and vitiate the air. The word comes from *frango*, I break, and *ossa*, bones. It has powerful muscles in its head wherewith it can break up the bones, &c., lying about, especially in the streets of Grand Cairo, where it is contrary to the law to molest or kill them.

ORCHESTRA.—Every one knows that this term is now applied to the place set apart, in theatres and other resorts of the kind, for the band of musicians. The haughty patricians of Rome, could they become eye or ear-witnesses of this employment of the word, would feel very indignant, seeing that orchestra had once the honour to signify the seats or gallery (next the stage in the theatre, and next the arena in the amphitheatre) appropriated to the use of their lordly order in the places of assembly of their city.

OSTRACISM.—Ostracism is a term, in our own and other tongues, synonymous with banishment or exile. The word is derived from the Greek *ostrakon*, a tile. Banishment was decreed in Athens, at the will of a fierce and often ungrateful populace, in the following way:—In a certain part of the market-place of the city, there was a spot of ground, inclosed with wooden rails, and having ten gates leading into it, that being the number of the Athenian tribes. When the doom of banishment was sought against one or more persons, and a popular vote was to be taken on the subject, each citizen provided himself with a tile, or, frequently, a piece of a broken earthen pot, and, after marking on it the name of the man against whom he voted, carried it to the market-place, where it was deposited in a heap with others, within the inclosure. If less than 6,000 tiles in the gross were collected, the vote was void; if more, the accused was banished. If, again, two persons of opposite sides were put on their trial at the same time, the one whose name appeared on the majority of the tiles was banished. And this balloting, by tiles and broken flower-pots, gave rise to the term *ostracism*. A similar practice prevailed in other parts of Greece, as well as in Athens. In the latter city the custom was put an end to by a trick of Alcibiades, a celebrated Athenian captain, and the pupil of Socrates. Alcibiades was the head of a powerful faction in his native city, at the same time that his rivals, Nicias and Phœax, headed two other parties of considerable strength. The whole three of these chiefs, however, were put in danger by a demagogue named Hyperbolus, who persuaded the people to put them to the tile-trial, believing himself certain of thus getting rid of one of them at least. But Alcibiades and his two rivals secretly laid their heads together, and induced all their friends to write Hyperbolus's own name on their tiles. The consequence was, that when the tiles were divided into four lots, Hyperbolus, to his extreme surprise, had more votes against him than any of the others individually, and was accordingly banished. The Athenians felt offended and affronted, and never *ostracised* another person afterwards.

P

PAGANS.—The word *Pagans* is not very often used, though formerly it was the common and current designation for heathens, or infidels—for all, in short, without the pale of Christianity. In its true acceptation, the word signified merely *villagers*. It received its new application upon the public establishment of Christianity in the Roman empire by Constantine, when the pursuit of the ancient worship was prohibited in cities, and the old temples shut up. Those who were attached to the forbidden religion fled to the country, and secretly performed their former sacred rites in the secrecy of village (*pagorum*); hence they were called *Pagans*.

PURE WATER UNKNOWN IN NATURE.—Water, of all liquids with which we are acquainted, possesses the greatest power of holding substances in solution. And this solvent power is not confined to its action on solids, but extends also to gaseous matter, the solution being mechanical in some cases, and chemical in others. The power that water possesses in taking up some gases is extraordinary. In the case of ammonia gas, 750 volumes are soluble in one volume of water; and bearing in mind its vast solvent powers, there is nothing very extraordinary in the fact that absolutely chemically pure water is an unknown thing in nature. Rain water is contaminated with the ammonia and other gaseous elements with which it meets in its downward progress. Even snow, as Liebig has shown, contains a considerable quantity of ammonia. In using the word "contaminated," I merely intend to imply that rain water is not chemically pure, because there can be but very little doubt that the presence of ammonia is not altogether unimportant in its influence on vegetable life; nor is it unlikely but that the excessively invigorating effect produced on vegetation by a shower of rain may to a certain extent be due to its presence. I may just remark here that plants seem to revive more rapidly when sprinkled with water to which you have added a trace of ammonia solution, than when common water has been employed. I have tried this several times, and am convinced of its truth.—*Food Journal*.

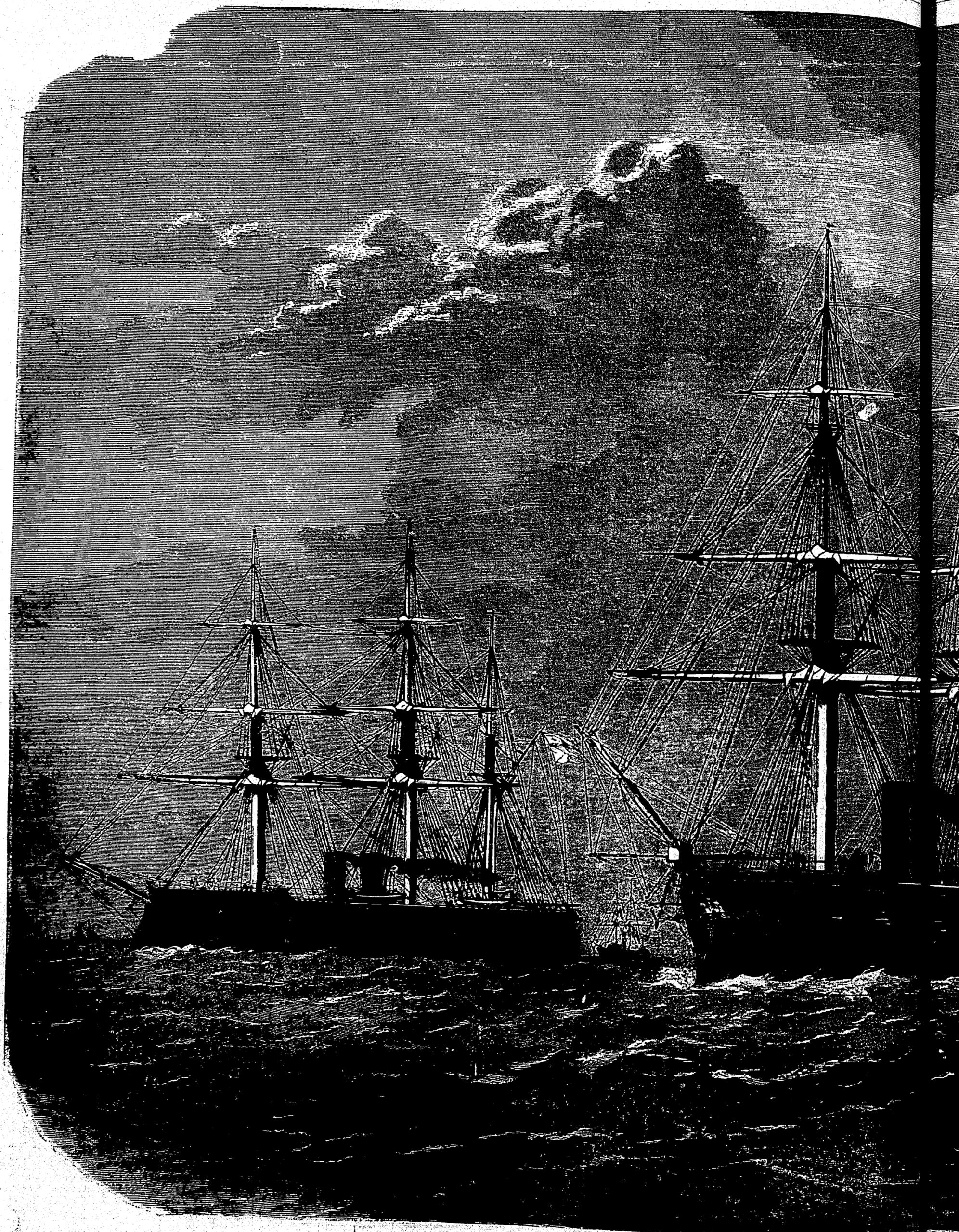
Temp. utate in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

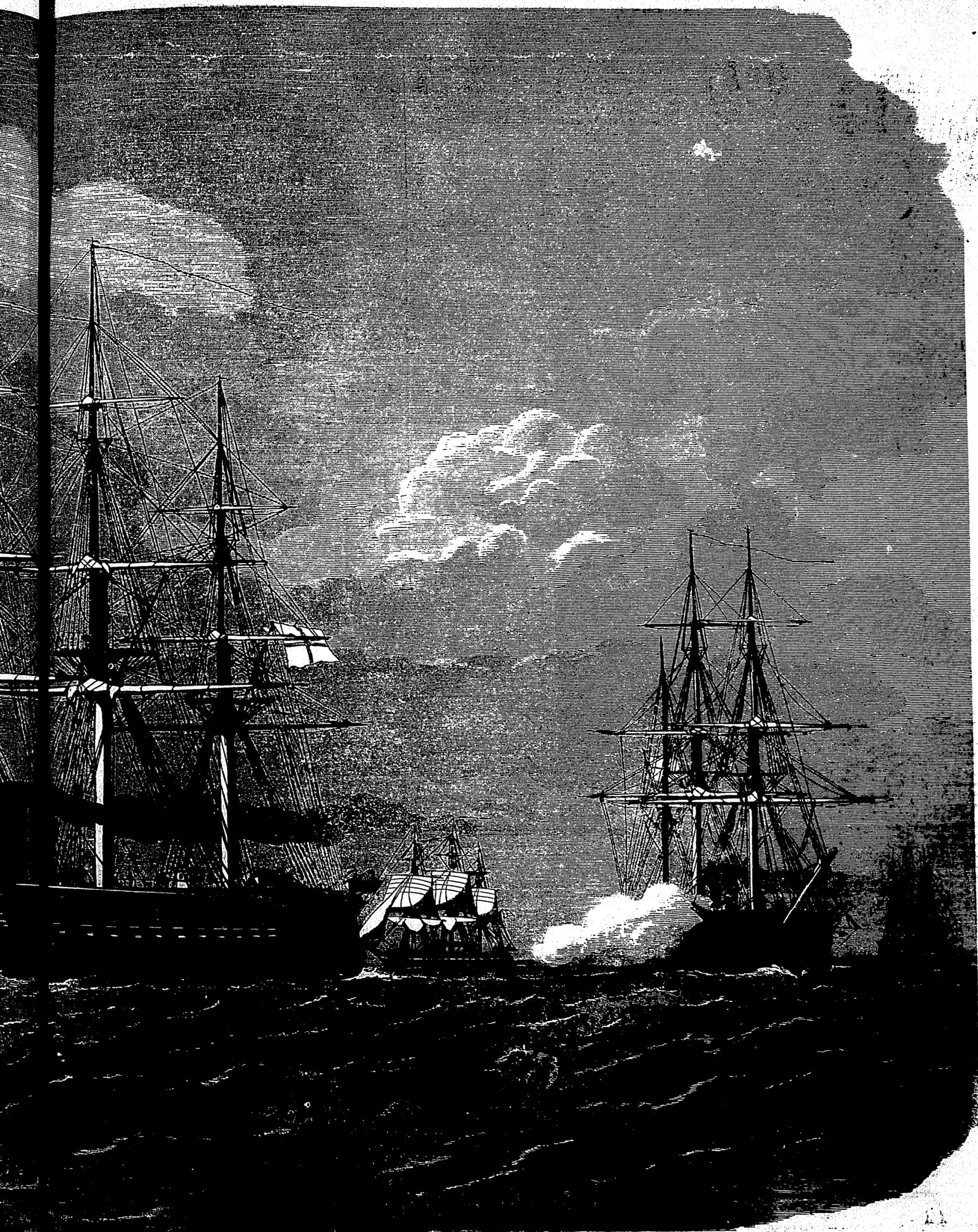
	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday, Sept. 7	60°	71° 5	64°
Thursday, " 8	62°	72°	66°
Friday, " 9	66°	73°	70°
Saturday, " 10	64°	67°	58°
Sunday, " 11	52°	62°	56°
Monday, " 12	56°	69°	62°
Tuesday, " 13	61°	73°	68°

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday, Sept. 7	72°	45°	58° 5
Thursday, " 8	72°	44°	58°
Friday, " 9	76°	55°	65° 5
Saturday, " 10	69°	54°	61° 5
Sunday, " 11	64°	41°	52° 5
Monday, " 12	66°	41°	53°
Tuesday, " 13	75°	47°	61°

Aneroïd Barometer compensated and corrected.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday, Sept. 7	30.40	30.46	30.49
Thursday, " 8	30.52	30.60	30.45
Friday, " 9	30.35	30.26	30.18
Saturday, " 10	30.25	30.26	30.30
Sunday, " 11	30.38	30.38	30.35
Monday, " 12	30.50	30.50	30.45
Tuesday, " 13	30.50	30.46	30.42





CONJUGAL CANDOUR.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

BY EDGAR FAWCETT, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

Now, Jack, since you're jealous and surly,
One matter looks dolefully clear;
Beginning to quarrel thus early,
Speaks ill for the future, my dear.
Our honeymoon scarcely completed,
You talk, amid fluster and fret,
Of how you've been shamefully treated,
And I'm but a cruel coquette.

Was ever so stupid a fellow?
Thank Heaven, the world has but few!
Why, Jack, Desdemona's Othello
Was mild when contrasted with you.
I honestly never have known a
Same man in such pitiful plight;
Perhaps, like the poor Desdemona,
I'm doomed to be smothered some night.

And all for behaving politely,
Last evening to Willoughby Brown;
Don't frown in that style; it's unsightly,
You look like an ape when you frown.
No doubt you would have me inane,
Talk twaddle at balls by the hour,
But please understand very plainly,
I hate and despise a wall-flower.

Then Willoughby Brown is so witty,
And clever, and anxious to please.
There isn't a man in the city
Who waltzes with his perfect ease.
I've known him an age, I remember
What nice times at Newport we had.
Yes, two years ago last September,
We flirted together like mad!

Dear, dear, this is only fresh fuel
To feed the hot flame of your rage;
Perhaps you'd resort to a duel
If duels were fought in this age.
You horrid old thunder-cloud! (Truly
I'm getting alarmed, by-the-by,
He threatened to grow quite unruly
It's puzzling enough to tell why.)

WHO PAINTED THE GREAT MURILLO
DE LA MERCED?

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It is a long time now since I was twenty-three, and a student in the Royal Academy. I had loved and practised my art, enthusiastically, before school-time, in and out of school-time, and since school-time—as child, youth, and man—for sixteen years; and, there can be no doubt, had been overdoing it. My thin face and hands were white and hectic as a ballet-girl's. I had, too, a tightness across my chest that the doctor said was rather alarming, and for which he prescribed a year or two of Italy. Seldom do patients anticipate taking their medicine with so much delight as I did. Why I did not use mine at once was a want of means to pay for it. I had friends who would have helped me if they could; but, like myself, every one of them only lived from hand to mouth. Of relations I had but one, who, if he had the will, was in a position to assist me, and he was settled in Spain. Taking heart of grace, I made appeal to him. I sincerely wish that every nephew in circumstances such as mine may find an uncle as kind. He placed to my account with his correspondent in London a sum larger than I had asked; expressed great affection for and sympathy with me; but disapproved of my medico's prescription, and recommended a different mode of treatment. There was no climate in the world, he insisted, so likely to do me good as that of Spain; if I required nursing, he promised that my aunt and cousins should make a pet of me; and, he asserted, all that artists go about the world looking for could be found more readily there than anywhere else; and, finally, he put as a question, where, besides, could I find such masters to study from as Ponz, Polomino, Morales, Murillo, Zurbaran? The names fired me. I adopted my uncle's opinions, took his advice, and in little more than a week was looking out ahead across the Bay of Biscay for Cadiz, en route for Seville.

Hope and a sunny voyage set me up wonderfully; and when I got out, it was little nursing, but a good deal of feeding, that I wanted. What a glorious life I led for a couple of years!—everything provided; nothing to care about; a hundred masterpieces within reach, and every one worth having come the distance to see; to say nothing of health, leisure, and opportunity. Rich as they were in other great masters, the convents, churches, and galleries were especially rich in Murillos—the greatest painter, I think, that ever existed. Him I stuck to, as no one is ever followed up but from intense love, or perhaps hate. That's how and where I got, what people call, my "Spanish style."

When I came back to England, I had the uphill work common to all who independently aspire to gain the heights of a profession. There was nothing for it but with patience to abide my time, and cherish hope while diligently working on in faith—three virtues I strenuously recommend to all in similar circumstances.

My studio was in Newman Street, and I had occupied it now for five months without receiving a single commission, although the dealers—terrible screws!—had bought some five or six of my Spanish studies. I had for several weeks been suffering again from a return of my old nervous complaint, when a circumstance, which I should have thought much more likely to happen in the land I had come from than in that I was returned to, occurred.

As certain dates are all-important to the well understanding my story, I mention that it begins in the afternoon of March 28, 1823.

I had left off work much earlier than usual; for the day, which had scarcely known a dawn, was, later, quite borne down by a thick fog of Egyptian darkness. I was battling time, till I could go out to some place of amusement, by the help of a cigar, an own-made pot of coffee, and a blazing fire, with no other light, so that the recesses of my studio were in deep obscurity. Sitting in front of the grate, I suffered my imagination to become so excited and my regards so engrossed by the wonderful pictures perceptible among the glowing coals, that neither a knock at the door nor the noise of a person entering attracted my notice. My attention was first aroused by a sound close to me—a curious sound, in which a

husky wheeze and a heavy sob were both embodied. Starting up, I beheld a tall, veiled female figure, dressed entirely in black, standing behind the chair from which I had just sprung.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, quite unnerved, "what are you?—where do you come from?"

"I gnoekt, an' taught I he'ert you zay coom in," she replied in a deep guttural voice, accompanied by asthmatic gasps similar to those which had so startled me.

"Are you a model?" I asked, recovering my self-possession.

"Sare!—a mottle? I ra'nther tink not?" she answered, drawing herself up and speaking with great haughtiness. "I list a la'atee—a rish la'atee; and I coom apout a gommision fore you."

"A thousand pardons!—but I was taken so by surprise."
"Nefare meint—don't mention eet. New let me talk mit you."

"Certainly, madam. I will just get lights."

"I vo'ot ra'ader not—for de zake of mine eyes. You can talk ferry vell mitout."

"As you please, madam," I answered, placing a chair.

I took the opportunity of observing her. She was so thickly veiled that not a feature could be discovered; but occasionally, as they reflected a gleam from the fire, what seemed a pair of brilliant eyes flashed through the heavy pattern of the lace. A thick curl of black hair, which had escaped from under her bonnet, lay, a straggling, untidy mass, on her shoulder. She was enveloped in wrappers from head to foot, and her hands were gloved. My scrutiny was a failure.

"Curious, very!" I thought to myself; "a lady!—with that voice! Dutch, I should say—ah!—that perhaps accounts for it."

"Vee vants you"—and, curiously, in all our conversations, then and subsequently, she always used the plural pronoun—"Vee vants you to baint a picture from de life—halfe lengt; aber, vee moos hafe a pargain."

"Certainly, madam;—what do you propose?"

"Subbose eet take you von mout; you cooms an' you leef in our house in de gountry; an' you doos eem so kevvick as afer you can—an' vee gif you two hundred kinnies."

"Delighted, I am sure, madam!" I replied, my breath so taken away by the splendid offer that I could scarcely muster enough to utter the words.

"Ferry vell—an' vee gif you de money at vonce—de two hundred now."

She marked the adverb strongly in speaking, and still more emphatically by laying down, with a thump upon the table, what appeared to be a leathern bag, from which the jingling of coin, though muffled, was clearly distinguishable. "An'!" she continued, "eef you doos eem as vee ist pleast, vee vout meint to gif you anoder hundred."

"That—is—very—liberal," I managed to gasp out.

"Ferry goot! Dat ist what vee doos. Now den, what you doos ist dis. You moos gif us your vort of honour, as you stays in our house alle de time, and dat you nefare sheek to nopotty as you sees dere—nopotty but me—not von vort; an' dat you nefare asts no kevestions. Doos you understant?"

"Quite clearly, madam."

"Ferry goot! All de time, you understant, you moos be pris'ner—you moos be an secret!"

"Well, it's not for very long, however."

"No longer—er as you makes to baint your picture."

"Well, madam, I must try to fight it out as well as I can."

"Yah, wohl! Dere is ebery tings as makes you gom-fortable—yaves! Den dere is 'noderting. When you 'as done dis picture—meint!—you forgits eet—you moos know nothing of eet. Eef efer you see eet, you nefare zay you baint eet. Eet is lee-tle secret. Vee makes our pargain mit you for our hee-tle secret. Vee takes your vort of honour, as von shen'l'man, nefare to talk of eet—nefare to know nothing at all apout eet—nefare—nefare—noting at all. You understant ail dat—kevite?"

"You mean, I suppose, madam, that on my part this transaction, when complete, must be as if it had never been."

"Goot gesagt! Yah!" she exclaimed, evidently pleased.

"So ist's recht, kevite."

"Then, madam, I can have no hesitation in giving my word of honour to observe your stipulations."

"Nun recht! Ferry goot. Den you coom 'long mit me in our garrage," she said, rising.

"But madam, I have preparations to make—"

"Das thut nicht! Dere is studio mit ganyvas, mit goulours, mit eferytting. But more as eferytting, barticular, dere ist hurry. You moos baint dis picture at vonce—pegin dis evenin'. What you zay?—eferytting you vant ist dere."

"In that case, madam, I will soon be ready."

"Den I wait; aber, de sooner de besser."

I was in a state of ecstatic excitement. The adventure blended with something romantic in my disposition; the emolument, for a picture of the size proposed, was to me at the time magnificent; and it quickened into sudden bloom hopes that had sunk torpid in the shadow of long-continued, cold neglect. As soon as I was alone in my chamber, an ignoble curiosity, I am afraid, urged me to ascertain by sight, tale and weight of the precious bag's contents, whether I had not been dreaming. I was never in my life more happily wide awake than while counting over those two hundred and ten beautiful, ponderous sovereigns, and locking them securely away; pitching some things into my portmanteau, and, after pausing only to inform my landlady that I had a sudden commission in the country which would keep me absent for probably a month, declaring my readiness to proceed, and descending with my patroness into the street.

We found the fog so impervious that I hesitated about trusting myself to pass through the thoroughfares in the vehicle, which I could only just discern was there waiting. Not so with the lady, she entered it at once. I was not suffered to remain undecided; for a man laid hold of my colour-box and portmanteau, threw them up in front, and ascended himself; while two others, seizing my arms, half helped, half pushed me hurriedly into the carriage, one of them rudely exclaiming, "Now den, mister, in wid ye, please." As his face came close to mine, the light of the lamp fell full upon it. There was no mistaking what race he belonged to—he was a Jew. Short as was my glimpse of them, it was long enough for his features to impress themselves so on my memory as to make me confident I could recognise him at any future time. It flashed upon me, also, now my attention was attracted to it, that the accent with which he had spoken was identical with his mistress's. It was, therefore, more than probable that she was a Jewess.

The moment I was in, the carriage proceeded. I found that all the blinds were carefully drawn down so as to exclude every ray of light, as well as all chance of observing the direction it took.

"A-w-ach! ah-ugh!" exclaimed, or rather coughed my companion, her voice not at all improved by the fog; "ugh!—hafe you find de mo'oney alle right?"

At the moment I was quite grateful to the darkness which prevented the scarlet that I felt rushing to my brow from being visible. It enabled me to answer composedly, and to change the subject.

"Oh, I can have no doubt it is perfectly correct—thanks. Pray, madam, is it a lady or a gentleman I am to paint?"

"Vell, eet is a la'atee, an' part of a shen'l'man. Ach! you ought to hafe gount your mo'oney, an' look eef out vas all goot—I alleveys doos."

A lady, and only part of a gentleman!

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I do not quite understand."

"Vee is not long pefore vee is dere, an' you sees," she replied. "I tinks you vill like your subject. Do you meint to baint mit a lamp? Eet is besser you pegins de shob at vonce—dere ist no time to los apout eet."

I lay back in my corner of the carriage in a state of great mental perplexity. In the little time we had been together the language of my travelling companion had grown perceptibly coarser, and some of her expressions were vulgarly offensive. Who could she be? Where were we going? Above all, what was "part of a gentleman?" There was nothing for it but patience, and the recollection of the bag of gold at home; for however I might blush at the mention of the money, a very sound gratification sprang out of having it in positive possession. Of course I could form no idea of our direction; we were progressing at a very slow rate, but the fog would make it highly dangerous to go faster. From the same cause, doubtless, the usual uproar in the streets was less. I could perceive at first that we made frequent turnings; but after some time the carriage appeared to go, at greatly accelerated speed, straight on; and a silence prevailed that convinced me we had got into the country. It seemed more than double the time, but we must have been boxed up the better part of an hour, when, making a sudden turn into what struck me as a gravelled sweep, in a minute after the carriage stopped.

I had by this time worked myself into a state of great nervous excitement. The circumstances which occurred as the door on my side opened, and I put my foot on the step to descend, by no means tended to allay it. A dark cloth was thrown over my head; my arms were seized by persons on each side, who irresistibly led me forward, up some steps, into a passage, as I suppose, for I heard a heavy door close behind me; and on again—first this way, then that, right and left, till my perceptions of distance and position were utterly confused, and finally deposited me, still hooded, in a remarkably comfortable easy-chair. Between distress at being half stifled and the excitement of mystery, doubt, and apprehension, I was nearly fainting; but hearing a door softly shut, and finding my arms at liberty, I tore off the cloth that covered my face.

I found myself quite alone, and gazed around in the extremity of wonder. I was in a large and well-lighted room. The illumination was produced by a cluster of lamps disposed beneath a powerful reflector, admirably contrived and adapted for artistic purposes, and enabling me to observe that the apartment was superbly furnished as a painter's studio. The ceiling was piced by a sloping skylight over the lamps, but no apertures for windows were visible in the lofty walls. If any existed, they were hidden by a noble piece of tapestry which covered the side on my right from ceiling to floor, as if it had been wrought expressly to its dimensions. In the angles next the tapestry, and opposite each other, were two doors of dark polished mahogany. All the walls were tinted with that dusky red which throws out so well, and relieves with warm reflections, objects opposed to it. Evidently, by the blanched colour of the tinting where they were hung, these walls had been covered with pictures frequently changed; for their markings ran into or over one another in a way sufficiently convincing to an experienced eye: at present they did not carry a single canvas. On my left, judiciously placed as regarded the light, was an artist's throne—that is, an estrade or low platform—covered by a Turkey carpet, and supporting, instead of the usual sitter's chair, a verd-antique and white marble pedestal, surmounted by what appeared to be, from the level where I sat, whence the massive rim only was visible, a large silver saucer. Between this and the wall hung a piece of heavy purple drapery. Close to where I sat was an old carved oak table, covered, as I perceived at a glance, with knowingly-selected implements and materials for my work, and with my own colour-box and telescope maul-stick. Standing in front, and below the throne, with a canvas resting on it, was an easel. Further on, still enveloped in its baize covering, I could see a lay-figure. Here and there against the walls, or standing out upon the floor, were cabinets, tables, and chairs, various in pattern and material, but each so rare, picturesque, elegant, or curious, that, for either one of them, half the fellows I knew would have given their ears, and at once set about composing a picture to introduce a portrait of it.

It was a luxurious seat in which I found myself. I had not yet so entirely recovered from what I may so well call my fright, as to be able to leave it. Indeed I was still trembling from head to foot. My observations certainly had discovered nothing to increase my alarm; on the contrary, they helped to compose and reassure me. It was plain, I reasoned, that not only no ill was intended towards me, but that, having been brought there for the purpose avowed, the concomitant circumstances were only such as the parties who had engaged my services thought it prudent to employ for enforcing the stipulation of profound secrecy. Why there should be any secrecy I at once determined was no business of mine; and, for the moment, in blissful ignorance, dismissed the subject from my thoughts.

After a time I assumed courage to get up and make a more minute survey of the many attractive objects scattered around. Going from one to the other, I found those I might require, each well suited for its purpose; and beside them, heaped, with little attempt at arrangement, on chairs, tables, and shelves, a profusion of costly, curious, and beautiful articles—shawls, scarfs, tissues, vases, plate, gems—so desirable for an artist's use as to make me sigh covetously that they were not "all mine and none of my neighbours," besides wondering more and more who and what those neighbours could be.

At length my attention became greatly interested in the canvas which stood ready to receive the picture I was to paint. It struck me with astonishment to find it of real Spanish cloth

and that it was on a stretcher of Spanish oak, worm-eaten, dark with age, and undoubtedly a genuine antique. While puzzling myself why and how these things should be, I stepped upon the estrade. As I recollect that moment, I seem to feel again the great throbs that my heart gave, and the sickening pause during which I could draw no breath, at the sight which met my eyes. But for a thought as sudden as my look, that what I saw was only a work of frightful art, I am afraid to think what the effect of the shock might have been. In the deep silver salver, already mentioned as surmounting the marble pedestal, seeming freshly severed from the trunk, bespattered and bedabbled in a pool of blood, was lying a human head—that of a man, probably thirty years old—the features eminently beautiful, relieved in their bloodless pallor by magnificent black hair and a sable beard. Unquestionably it was the face of a Jew, and as unquestionably the same face I had seen and scrutinised only an hour before.

I think it was the recognition that enabled me to withstand the shock; for, while seeing it was he, I knew it could not be he. Lightning-like, under some conditions, are the operations of the mind. In less than a moment I seemed to reason and bring out my conclusion—that the man whom I had remarked by the light of the carriage-lamp must have been the model for this admirable effigy of a John Baptist's head; executed, probably, to satisfy some morbid devotional feeling. I was so convinced, that curiosity began to prevail over my first horror and disgust. But while I gazed, my senses encountered the unmistakable odour of blood and death. A convulsive desperation forced me to put forth a shrinking finger and to touch the sad cheek. Good God!—it was real!—it was dead flesh!

What a horror fell upon me! The touch acted like a spell to burst the elements of a thousand tales of crime that I had heard or read, and buried in my memory. Starting from each arose a gashed and bloody spectre, till my imagination was thronged with frightful forms of murder. I remember feeling an irresistible terror mingled with loathing, then a sense of deadly sickness; then—I recollect nothing for a time—I had fainted.

How long an interval elapsed before I recovered, I know not. My first consciousness was of some pungent essence acting acutely upon my nasal organs; and at the same time of choking by brandy, which some one was pouring down my throat. Gasping for breath, I started up, for a moment wondering where I was, and what had happened; but all the circumstances of the situation soon flashed upon me. Now others were added to them, which, if not so frightful in character, were certainly to the full as mysterious. With the tingling in my nose, and the taste of cognac on my palate—with my subveiled guide holding a vinaigrette in one hand, and a *p. té-verre* in the other—I could not for a single moment make a pretence to myself that I was dreaming. Yet what met my look was more like the splendid creation of a vision than a being of waking reality. Standing on the estrade—lightly poised on one sandaled foot, with the other thrown just behind it, and resting only on the bent toe; one exquisitely-modelled arm hanging loosely from the shoulder, the other, gracefully curved at the elbow and wrist, with the hand supported on the rim of the ominous salver by the forefinger only; the rich swellings of the pearly bust thrown high in half-profile; the wondrous visage turned towards me, with, oh, such marvellous depths of calm wistful sorrow in the large brown eyes—I beheld a young female whose beauty of form and face surpassed all I had ever seen in nature or art—whose loveliness was beyond all that my happiest imaginations had ever conceived.

Her dress was superbly adapted to her beauty. Suspended from the left shoulder by an embroidered strap with a large jewelled clasp at its middle, she had on a gold-tinted tunic of some gorgeous tissue as soft and glittering as satin, but like no satin I had ever seen, falling lightly across the breast on that side, and leaving all the other, to the waist, with the shoulder and arm bare; from under a girdle, thickly studded with precious stones, clasping the waist high up beneath the bosom, it hung in straight folds, reaching only to the knee, and terminating in a border of high-embossed ornaments upon purple velvet. The ends of a scarf-embroidered with gold figs upon a white ground, as transparent and delicate as lace, and terminating in gold fringes so ponderous and deep that it was a marvel they could be sustained by so slight a texture, were brought from behind over the hips, and fell in unequal lengths from the knot, low in front, by which they were confined. A tiara of sapphires and diamonds blazed across her forehead, and among the wavy masses of her glorious hair, rich with lights of ruddy yellow and purple shades. Clasping the upper part of her white rounded arm was a cincture of heavy gold with long pendants of emeralds; and enormous jewels, which gleamed like rubies set in circlets of pearls, hung in her small pink ears. More jewels flashed from her wrists and fingers, and from the lacings of her purple sandals. How shall I describe her further? Tall, graceful, slender, yet full and exquisitely rounded, her form looked perfect in womanhood; but among the finely-chiselled features of her face a fresh girlhood seemed yet to linger and play, despite a constant look of sorrow, so tender and mournful—so appealing—that it touched the pity in my heart, and caused it to vibrate with all the pain of her surmised but unknown suffering.

The trance of surprise into which I had fallen while gazing was broken by the croaking voice of my hostess asking, in a really affectionate sort of way,—

"Ist you petter now, oder vill you hafe some more prantee?"

"Good God!" I cried, "what is the meaning of this?"

"De meanin'—vhat of?"

"That bloody head—that lady?"

"Dat ist de h'atec you ist to baint, an' dats de part of de shen'im' I shepck apout," she answered coolly. "Ve vants a Salome mit a Shone Pappist. Besser you doos eem so kevic as efer you can; he vont keep long, you knows."

She spoke of the dreadful obj. et. as indifferently as if she were a butcher's wife talking of mutton-chops.

"Great heaven! madam, I cannot, unless I am satisfied as to his fate."

She came to my front, and, I suppose, stared hard at me; then, after a pause, raised her gloved hand, and, shaking her forefinger in my face, spoke in a very decided manner,—

"I tellt you as vee hafe our secret. You has gife your vort as you ast no kevestions. All vhat you has to do ist to baint de picture—dem ist our pargains; alle oder ting ist no peassions de yours."

There could be no doubt of it—she was right. I glanced appealingly from her to the wonderful creature standing on the throne, but encountered only the same look of wistful sor-

row which had so thrilled me already. I was about to remonstrate again.

"Hear me, madam, I——" but she interrupted me at once.

"Besser dan you talks you sbticks to your pargain; an' you finds vee vont pe vorsser as ours."

I felt rather cowed. The resolute tone in which she spoke, the recollection of the way in which I had been handled, and the thick black veil which repelled all attempts to judge of the speaker by feature and expression, together, tended to impress my excited apprehension menacingly—to silence and subdue me. Besides, just then, at I imagine, some unobserved signal, the beautiful young lady, lifting the salver with its livid burden, threw herself into a pose which, whether it had been previously studied or was spontaneous, so perfectly satisfied my ideas of grace and meaning, that my art-enthusiasm soon superseded all other subjects and emotions.

It was under these circumstances that I commenced my work. As it grew upon the canvas my ardour grew with it. Inspired by the unspeakable loveliness of my model, idea after idea rushed in upon me each of a higher beauty than the last, but each of the last raising each of the former to its own glorious standard, till, when I threw down my port-crayon, what was as yet a mere outlined space, presented to my eyes a vision of form and expression, of glowing light and colour, whose harmonies made my spirit faint with rapture.

As I stood absorbed contemplating my sketch, the wheezy voice of my hostess broke upon my reverie,—

"Soh you has doon enouph for dis vonce, ferry goot! You finds drough dere," pointing to one of the doors, "your zimmer, your pet-room—eferyting gomfortable. Dere ist von gallerie, wenefer you likes to walk, vhere you can stretch your lecks. S'pose you goes dere now, an' vee has in ten minuits subber for you here."

Supper!—my thoughts reverted to that loathsome object in the salver. "I have been nervously ill lately," I said; "I fear I should be unable to eat anything with that—that, you know, before me." I pointed as I spoke. Her voice was pitched in the highest tones of surprise as she replied,—

"Curios! das ist ja curios! Nefers meint; when you cooms pack, you finds eem not here. Vee puts him down in de coldt to make eem keep."

I had scarcely sickened so much at the sight itself as I did now at the way she spoke of it; and without further parley, with one parting look at the Salome, rushed away.

As soon as I had passed out of the studio I found myself in the gallery. From this passage, as it really was, a door opened into my bedroom. There, a cursory glance showed me, everything was perfectly comfortable. I gladly availed myself of the few minutes allowed to try—by plunging my head and hands into cold water, and by brushing the former till it smarted—to freshen up my faculties, and clear somewhat the confusion of my mind, before returning. When I did so I found beautiful lady and bloody salver both gone, and only the duenna there, as I benamed her to myself on the spot, standing beside a table set out with delicacies.

"In de dum-vaiter ist de vines—you finds dem dere," she said, pointing to it. "Vee wishes you goot abbetite. You sitz an' you shumokes here, oder you goes to your pet as mo'sh as efer you likes." She appeared to be going, but returned to say, in a most amiable manner: "Eef you is not kevic gomfortable, oder you vants something, you shust tells me in de mornen," an' vee doos ect. Gute nacht, schlafen sie wohl!" and she left me alone.

Instinctively certain of its uselessness, I made no attempt to discover if there were any means of escape; but instead, with a pipe and some remarkable claret for aids—for I could eat nothing—I set myself to serious reflection. Events had occurred so rapidly, each more extraordinary than the others, every one so unprecedented in my experience, and running through all, were circumstances so incongruous that, after vainly trying to think them over with deliberation and reason out their consequences, I gave up the attempt, and yielded myself to the fascination of one overpowering idea. All other facts and every adjunct connected with them fell away, retired, and ranged themselves behind and far beyond it—veiled themselves in a haze of remoteness, which I ceased to endeavour to penetrate; while this, coming to the foreground, blazed on my imagination in its own effulgence. Beauty, such as I had seen to-night, I had never seen before; nor had it entered into my heart that it might be. While delineating it, I had, so to speak, absorbed it—face and form, feature and limb—the sorrow-fraught look of the violet-lidded eyes, and tender seriousness of the curved lip—the lines of the rounded cheek, and the dimpled chin crowned as with a rosebud—the pearly hues of its polished skin encircled with traceries of delicate blue—the bright shimmering of the waves of its auburn hair—its grace, in every gesture making "poetry of motion,"—and, as the Eastern drug subdues its votary, I found it master all my other faculties, exciting and leaving in me but one power—to dream.

I made no attempt, at least then, to resist, but, I fear, rather instigated its tyranny, by what, for one of my abstemious habits and depressed state of health, were over-copious draughts of wine, and unusual smokings-out of many pipes. I may as well confess the consequences. I am unable to recollect any succeeding circumstances, till, on the following morning, I started up from heavy sleep, wide awake, with an aching head, a feverish trickling through all my veins, and a feeling of remorse oppressing me as for some vague crime I had committed. The luxury of a cold bath and a rapid walk up and down the outside passage to promote circulation, however, soon restored tension to my relaxed nerves, and set me up again in body and spirit. As I became calmer, the idea of the night before recurred to my mind, but not in such overpowering force as then. Another feeling arose to share its intensity—curiosity. All my endeavours to gratify it were, however, futile. The door leading to the studio, and both the others in the passage, were locked. The window of my bedroom opened only at the top, and its lower half was blocked by an immovable shutter. Standing on a chair and looking out of the upper part I could see nothing but the tops of over-greens growing thickly beneath, and the trunks and leafless branches of a close plantation beyond. Suddenly there recurred to me the story of the midwife, who, brought blindfold to the bedside of a lady, was enabled afterwards to identify the scene of a murder, by producing a snip of cloth, which, unobserved, she had cut from the hangings. The idea of the bloodless head, I know not how, had faded from my attention; but now, as I reflected, the possibility of its being the result of a dreadful crime revived with terrible circumstances, and set me in action. I began at once to make private marks on the

walls and furniture, by which, in case of need, I could identify the place, as well as produce evidence to conviction to satisfy others. While pursuing this work, a church clock, not very remote, struck eight. I paused to count the beats, and was resuming my furtive task, when a loud rap at my door sent the blood rushing to my heart, as if I had been caught in some horrible nefarious action. The knock was repeated before I could recover self-possession to answer or open. It was my hostess, the duenna, veiled and as imperviously disguised as before. My reflections upon her manners, language, and the character indicated by them, together with the possibility that she might be a murderess, or at least implicated with others in an abominable crime, made this woman intensely odious to me. Nothing, however, could be more kind than the manner, almost motherly, in which she bade me "Guten morgen," hoped I had slept well, and congratulated me on being an early riser.

"Dere ist your preakfass," she said, when we got into the studio. "You links dere ist anytings more as you vants."

I glanced at the table—heavens! what means for a feast! Tea, coffee, toast, butter, eggs, slices of delicate beef, a fowl, a tongue, anchovies, and—a bottle of maraschino. All I could reply was to thank her for such liberal provision. Then it was arranged that, my meal finished, I should retire for half an hour to walk, and, if I liked, smoke in the gallery; meanwhile, everything would be prepared in the studio for my work.

"You doos de head of de shen'im' mans fust," suggested the lady, "Besser you doos eem fust."

"Yes, yes, certainly—by all means," I replied, with repressed loathing.

"Yah," she wheezed out, "yah, eet is besser."

Although I had eaten nothing since yesterday afternoon, and despite the provocatives to appetite before me, it was with difficulty I managed to make a very poor meal—I had such a choky sensation in my throat. "The part of the gentleman" this time had nothing to do with producing it—it was something very different. Before me was the sketch I had made a few hours ago, and the reflex of the vision that had then enchanted me resumed again, now, all its power of fascination over my fancy. I felt the danger of yielding to it, and manfully overcame the temptation of maraschino, although I was in exactly that state of perilous excitement which stimulates the desire to increase itself. These feelings only made my task, on returning to the studio from my walk, more repugnant. I had not, however, proceeded far in it before my aesthetic perceptions enabled me to regard the object I was painting *per se*. Through and beyond the mere beauty of the features the face had acquired and retained a nobleness and dignity from the mysterious expression and unfathomable calm of death. As, too, I wrought on the wonders of colour on the sad brow, cheek, and lip—the blendings of brown and purples beneath the sunken eyes, with the play and shimmer of light along the pale forehead and arched nose, over the sable hair and beard, and down among the flashing points of the embossed silver on to the sanguine drops below—revealed themselves, their contrasts and harmonies, against the equally wondrous shadows; in beauty—the power to feel which must, I suppose, be born with one, but which, however it comes, I thank heaven I have.

Once engaged in it, I became thoroughly absorbed in my work, and never paused till, having done all I could for the present, I stopped to contemplate its effect; when that duenna, who I began to believe was born to shake my nerves, who seemed to live and move and have her being in mystery, startled me, by asking, in her thick choky tones, "Don't you vants your dinner?"

She was sitting behind me, very composedly, in one chair, with her feet resting upon another.

"You doos eem ferry pe-ti-fool! eet ist vonderfool! Doos you not vant your dinner? You maist avay agin eef you doos not hafe your dinner."

"Bless my soul!" I could not help exclaiming, "how long have you been here?"

"A-n-ch! efer so long."

"Did you come in at the door?" I asked confusedly.

"Gewiss—ya'es—drough der tore. When ist youf reaty fore your dinner?"

"Why, madam, I can do no more for the present, so when——"

"Vell, I links dat," she interrupted me by saying, and getting up to go; "den you goes an' vashes yourself; an' in von viedel—das ist, kevarter von hour—you cooms pack, an' you finds your dinner alle nice!"

What shallow creatures we are! for myself, at least, I may confess as much. For I was immensely pleased by the duenna's admiration of what I had done; principally, perhaps, because she expressed what was in my own thought, though I had not dared to say as much to myself.

Upon my return to the studio I found a table profusely spread with luxuries, for at least one-half of which I could find no names in my experience. I may as well mention here, that all the time this adventure lasted my board was supplied with such delicious profusion, so exquisitely prepared, that its remembrance has made me a rather fastidious liver ever since. Without being conscious of it while at work, I had become much exhausted. It told upon me now, I suppose; for after dining, before getting through half a cigar, I dropped off into a sound sleep. For how long, I know not; but when I awoke—silence, mystery, and startling surprise again—the table was cleared, the black-veiled lady was seated before my picture, and there, upon the throne, stood that vision of beauty in all her transcendent loveliness, with those eyes of hers, as full as before of appealing sadness, fixed wistfully upon mine. Greatly abashed, and too much dazed to be perfectly self-possessed, I began to address to her a confused apology for my want of vigilance, when, starting up and interposing between us, the duenna shouted at me in her vulgar German and shrillest tones,—

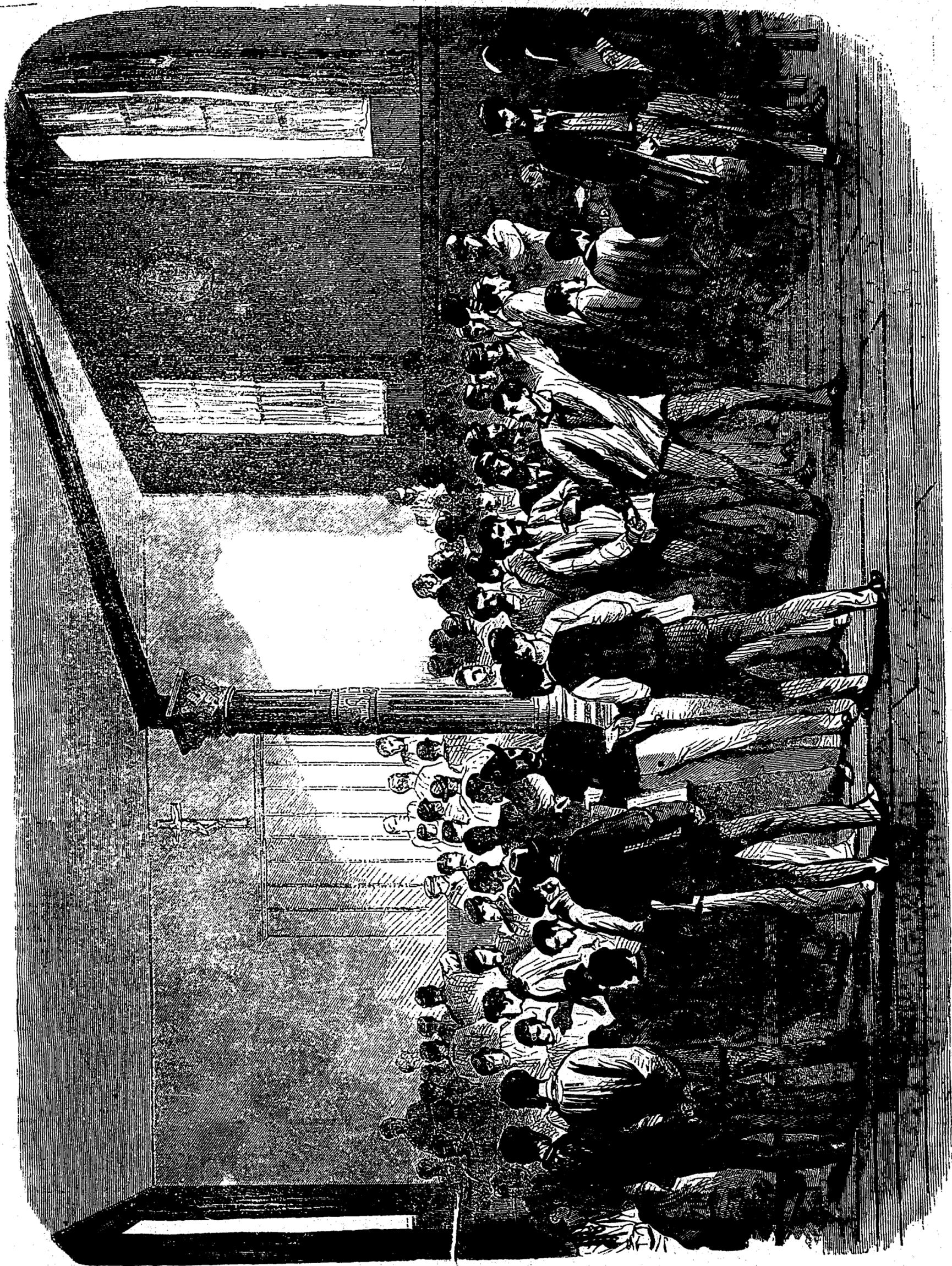
"Halt des maun, gleich!" She seemed suddenly roused into uncontrollable rage, for she stamped her foot and actually threatened me with her clenched hand. "Vhat fore you dars shepck zu de Brinness?—she no unterstant von vort you shepcks; vhen you hafe so bromise, how dars you?"

To be continued.

At the Saratoga Woman suffrage Convention the only new thing uttered was by a Mrs. Blake, who said that woman's sphere has been bounded on the north by her husband, on the south by her baby, on the east by her mother-in-law, and on the west by her maid and aunt; they now propose to enlarge it.



BATTLE OF WINSBORO—SEE PAGE 179



THE WAR-ENROLLING THE NATIONAL GUARD.—SEE PAGE 179.

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HILDA; OR, THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOLAN.

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 VI.

THE place of residence chosen by Mrs. Tremayne on leaving Quebec, was a cottage on the shore of Lake Ontario, near Kingston. It stood in a verdant nook, sheltered from those gales which often sweep over that magnificent sheet of water, by a wooded headland, and separated from the public road by stately poplars. Stretching down to the lake was a prettily-laid-out garden with a terraced walk at the end, overlooking the water which laved the base of the garden wall. At one end of this terrace was an arbour trellised with flowering vines, and here Hilda spent part of each day admiring the scenery around and watching the various crafts passing upon the lake. Mrs. Tremayne's health was very much improved. Change of air, change of scene, and change of circumstances had contributed to effect this.

At the request of Hilda, her marriage was concealed, and she was known as Miss Tremayne, her mother reluctantly complying with this caprice. Whenever the mother and daughter appeared in public the rare beauty of the one and the elegant appearance of both attracted considerable attention and excited some curiosity in the minds of the gossiping public—a curiosity, however, which was not gratified, for no information could be obtained about these strangers who had come to reside for the summer at Ontario Cottage, on the Lake shore.

July had come! July with its balmy breezes laden with rich fragrance from countless flowers; its warm sunshine, its azure skies floating with such fantastic grace through the clear ether! and now the daily papers announced a horticultural exhibition in the Town Hall.

Hilda, who loved everything beautiful in art or nature, loved flowers; therefore, Hilda, accompanied by Mrs. Tremayne, went to the Floral Show. It was the first time she had seen such an exhibition—previously her life had been as retired as if she had been living in a wilderness—and the scene, as she entered the Hall, was as beautiful to her as it was novel. There was a splendid display of flowers, among which were some rare exotics. A military band was in attendance,—and while the eye dwelt with delight on the exquisite diversity in the shades of green and the brilliant variety of colour displayed in the flowers, the ear drank in the touching cadence of some Scotch or Irish melody or the spirit-stirring notes of a fashionable galop or quadrille.

After they had been sometime in the Hall, Mrs. Tremayne was taken suddenly ill, affected by the heat and rich perfume of the flowers. She would have fainted were it not for the timely assistance of an officer who found her a seat near an open window. This gentleman Hilda had observed in the Park the preceding day viewing her with evident admiration as she and her mother strolled about listening to the band of the —th regiment which was playing for the amusement of the public. His figure was tall and noble-looking, his face fine—the features regular, and the expression of the dark grey eye peculiarly pleasing. Since the preceding day his image had haunted Hilda, and it was with a feeling of pleasure she saw him among the crowd as she entered the Hall. A sudden interest had flashed into his face as he recognised her, and she knew that his eye followed her as she moved about admiring the flowers.

The very consciousness of this gentleman's admiration added to the beauty of Hilda, for the delicate colour on her rounded cheek deepened, and the dark eyes flashed with pleasing excitement. She felt the power of her beauty, and womanlike she exulted in the thought. Certainly, this day Hilda looked singularly well. Her coquettish-looking hat with its ostrich plume suited the oval face, showing it to advantage through the small veil of delicate texture. Her dress—a mauve muslin, its ample folds falling gracefully around her tall figure which her mantle of black lace did not hide. What a contrast did she present in this stylish attire to the shabbily-dressed daily governess introduced to the reader in the streets of Quebec, but at what a price had this change of costume been effected! would it compensate for the sacrifice of self?

Mrs. Tremayne who, in her long absence from society, had not lost the polished manner she had acquired in her youth, courteously thanked the stranger and addressed to him some common-place remarks, as he lingered near, evidently wishing to be of more use. Feeling too ill to remain longer at the exhibition she soon rose to return home, and grate-

fully accepted the stranger's offered arm on leaving the Hall. On reaching the street he called a cab and handed the ladies into it. How gracefully he lifted his hat as they drove off! and what glossy masses of brown hair Hilda observed shading his brow!

During their drive home Mrs. Tremayne never ceased praising their new acquaintance. It was the first time in many years that she had had any intercourse with a person belonging to the circle in which she had once been accustomed to move, and the associations called forth were full of mingled pain and pleasure.

On alighting from the cab on reaching the cottage, Hilda perceived a gentleman on horseback, riding leisurely along the road they had come. She could not be mistaken in the elegant appearance of that horseman—the stranger had followed them home. How flattering was the interest thus shown? Through the rest of that day the handsome officer filled her thoughts; his fine eyes flashed their admiration upon her, his rich voice sounded in her ear.

Had Hilda really forgotten her marriage, that she could allow her thoughts to dwell on the image of another! Far away on the trackless deep, was one whose fond heart turned yearningly to her, who counted the weary days of their separation. Whatever she might think on the subject, this man, such as he was—and oh how he did suffer in her estimation contrasted with this aristocratic-looking acquaintance—claimed her affection. To him she had pledged her vows. Did not conscience whisper this unpleasant truth? Alas, yes! but its warnings were speedily hushed, its stern monitions disregarded.

The next day threatened rain, but though the atmosphere was cloudy, evening came and no rain had yet fallen. The air was excessively sultry, and taking her crochet-work, Hilda seated herself in the arbour, hoping to enjoy a cool breeze from the Lake. But not a breeze rippled its blue surface, nor stirred the foliage of the graceful elm shading the terrace. All nature wore that portentous calm which in summer often precedes a thunder-storm. The hour of sunset came and the departing luminary breaking through the heavy drapery of clouds which had veiled it during the day, cast a sudden flood of golden light upon the scene. The various crafts upon the lake, its picturesque islands, its points of land jutting out far into the blue waters, the spires of the neighbouring city—all were bathed in sudden sunshine.

It was at this moment that a tiny boat, propelled by a single rower, caught Hilda's wandering eye as it moved quietly over the sunlit water. The gentleman in the boat bending so gracefully to the oars, could not be mistaken. It was the stranger. There he was again in the vicinity of the cottage—vanity suggested—with the hope of seeing her. Day after day had she sat in that arbour, watching the boats upon the lake, but never until this evening had she observed him among the passers-by. It was very natural for the young beauty to imagine herself his magnet of attraction, vanity being the imputed characteristic of woman, although the sterner sex are by no means exempt from this so-called feminine weakness.

Mrs. Tremayne, who was reclining on a couch by an open window reading a popular novel, seeing the sudden radiance gleam on the page, looked out and, attracted by the beauty of the scene, joined her daughter in the garden.

"What a glorious sunset!" she exclaimed. "How the golden rays light up every object! It is such a sudden contrast to the previous gloom."

"Look, Hilda! really there is our new acquaintance in that skiff just now crossing the wake of the Toronto steamer! See, he is looking in this direction, resting on his oar, as the tiny boat rises on the swell of the steamer. How dangerous, too! He might be upset!"

"Even if he were, there is no danger," observed Hilda quietly; "he could soon be rescued from the shore."

"Does he not look handsome?" continued Mrs. Tremayne. "He has taken off his hat and is fanning himself. It must be warm work rowing this sultry evening. Now, we have caught his eye; how gracefully he returns my bow!"

A few minutes afterwards, and the gorgeous sunset began to fade from the scene. As suddenly as it had come, the golden light departed. The last gleam had scarcely vanished, when the dark clouds, partially dispersed, again rapidly overspread the sky, and some heavy drops of rain began to fall.

"The storm so long threatening is about to break at last!" Mrs. Tremayne observed, as a vivid flash of lightning lit up the gathering gloom. "How unfortunate! The officer will be overtaken by the rain! Do you not think, Hilda, I had better offer him the shelter of our roof till the storm passes?"

"But, mamma, wouldn't it seem odd? we know so little of him."

"Hospitality is always graceful. Think of his kind attention yesterday. I cannot from any ridiculous notions of propriety let him be drenched by the rain; lightning, too, is so dangerous on the water."

As she spoke, Mrs. Tremayne waved her handkerchief to attract the officer's attention. He was not long in observing it. Indeed he had been furtively watching that garden and the fair girl sitting in the arbor for the last half-hour. A few strokes of the oar brought him beneath the terraced walk where Mrs. Tremayne stood.

"I shall be glad to offer you shelter till the storm is over," she courteously remarked.

A flush of pleasure coloured the young man's face at this invitation. Giving his boat in charge to a lounge on the shore, he joined the ladies in the cottage just in time to escape the heavy rain, which now began to fall in torrents.

Mrs. Tremayne was an Irish lady possessing that frank courteousness which soon makes a stranger feel at home, and Major Montague—so the stranger introduced himself—was a man of the world, entirely at his ease in any society. The evening passed pleasantly in that little drawing-room, the shutters and drapery of the window excluding the glare of the lightning, while the rattling of the thunder and the noise of the rain passed unheeded by the trio thus brought unexpectedly together, and determined to enjoy the passing hour.

For some time Hilda took no part in the conversation, for, unaccustomed to society, she felt embarrassed in the presence of the stranger, who she intuitively knew was regarding her with no small degree of interest and admiration. Very busy she seemed with her crochet-work, her slender white fingers moving nervously, endeavouring to look unconscious that the Major's eye rested admiringly on her.

And faultlessly beautiful did she appear to that critical eye, as she sat at that little work-table—the glossy raven hair brushed back from the fair arched brow, the dark eyes veiled by the pure white lids whose silken fringes shadowed, the polished cheek glowing with the carmine of excitement.

Gradually Hilda joined in the conversation, timidly at first, but gaining more confidence as she became accustomed to the sound of her own voice. Major Montague listened attentively when she spoke. He perceived by her observations that she was well versed in the light literature of the day—a style of reading, by the way, not calculated to form her character according to an exalted standard, or impart to her mind a high moral tone.

Two or three hours passed, almost imperceptibly to Hilda and Mrs. Tremayne, so great was the pleasure they experienced, conversing with one educated and refined. The storm had passed, the rain had ceased, and still the officer lingered in that pleasant room, unwilling to resign the pleasure he felt in the society of his new acquaintances. The French clock on the mantle-piece striking eleven made him at last take his leave, but not before he had asked permission to continue his visits at the cottage. This request Mrs. Tremayne granted, notwithstanding some prudent suggestions which presented themselves to her mind, as the thought flashed through it—what influence would this intercourse, with one so fascinating, have on the wife of the absent Dudley?

On his way home Major Montague's thoughts were filled with Mrs. Tremayne and her beautiful daughter. There was a mystery about them which, like all mysteries, heightened the interest they inspired. Ladies they evidently were, he could not doubt that, but anything more than their names he had not been able to learn. There was a reticence shown about their affairs which made him suspect there was something to be concealed. He knew they had not been long resident at the cottage, but where they had lived previously he could not discover. Time might throw some light upon the subject, and in the meantime Major Montague determined to become a frequent visitor at Mrs. Tremayne's, and cultivate this agreeable acquaintance.

CHAPTER VII.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

FOR the next four weeks, Major Montague continued to pay almost daily visits at Ontario Cottage. His pretexts for calling were various. Sometimes it was a piece of new music he wished Hilda to play for him, or a fashionable song which no one could sing so divinely as Miss Tremayne. Again it was the latest novel or the last number of some popular magazine which he thought might afford Mrs. Tremayne amusement. His visits were generally made in the evening; he came in his boat, and very frequently induced Mrs. Tremayne and her daughter to accompany him to some of the islands so picturesquely scattered between Kingston and the American shore, seen to such advantage in the sunset-hour or the calm moonlight summer night.

This was a period of intense enjoyment to Hilda. Suddenly had she woke up to a blissful existence—entered upon a flowery pathway flooded with sunshine. Tasting now, for the first time, the cup of earthly happiness such as she had dreamed of, or read about in books, carefully did she exclude from her mind the one maddening thought which had the power to overwhelm her with despair. The recollection of her marriage was sufficient

to do this; therefore every thought of it, or of her previous miserable life, was instantly crushed; and Hilda, with the recklessness of youth, determined to enjoy the present, forgetful of the past, and hopeful for the future—yes, hopeful, trusting to the treacherous deep and the wild tempest's resistless wrath.

Even to Mrs. Tremayne this intercourse with Major Montague was a source of much gratification. It brought her back to the days of her youth, and there were times when she seemed to forget the miserable years which bridged that period with the present. Occasionally an anxious thought of the possible effect this delightful companionship might have upon Hilda shadowed her own enjoyment. The contrast, which could not escape the eye of the young wife, between her husband and the handsome officer could not fail of being prejudicial to the absent Dudley.

Was not Mrs. Tremayne guilty of great imprudence in allowing Major Montague's frequent visits. Conscience winced at this accusation, but Mrs. Tremayne was not one accustomed to keep a strict account with the inward monitor, the suggestion was disregarded, and the weak-minded and too-indulgent mother, unwilling to interrupt her daughter's happiness, allowed the evil to continue. An unexpected event at length effected what Mrs. Tremayne's judgment approved, but which her weak will refused to accomplish.

One evening when Mrs. and Miss Tremayne were waiting the arrival of their military acquaintance—who had made an appointment to escort them to a concert—they received a note informing them that Major Montague was obliged to leave Kingston immediately. That day's mail had brought him the sad intelligence of his father's death, in consequence of which he found it necessary to return to England.

The Major expressed much regret at not being able to bid the ladies adieu, but unless he left Kingston that evening by the Cape Vincent boat, he would be too late for the English steamship, which was to leave New York the next day.

"It was as well he did not come," Mrs. Tremayne observed as she furtively watched the change in her daughter's face at this unexpected disappointment.

Hilda looked inquiringly at her mother, who observed, with regret, that the dark eyes turned towards her were dimmed with unshed tears.

"I do not think I could have gone to the concert. I do not feel well; I must have caught cold on the water last night when we were overtaken by that sudden shower."

"Do you think he will be long absent from Canada?" Hilda asked, without taking any notice of her mother's observation about her health. It seemed to have escaped her notice so deep did the one thought of Major Montague's absence fill her mind.

"We have most probably seen our last of him," was Mrs. Tremayne's curt reply.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because Major Montague will probably leave the army, now that his father is dead. You remember his telling us one day he was an only son, he also spoke of a mother and sister living on the family estate in Devonshire. Indeed, Hilda, I think our chances of enjoying his pleasant society again are few. And it is better it should be so. Even if he were to return to Kingston before we leave, I would not again permit his visits. Henceforth a gulf must divide us."

"Must!" repeated Hilda, with an emphasis on the word.

"Yes, darling, must. This delightful little episode in our monotonous existence must end here. And, for my part, I think it is as well that this acquaintance with Major Montague should end now before any unpleasant dénouement had taken place. I mean, before circumstances made it necessary to inform him of your marriage. It was a foolish whim of yours, Hilda, wishing to conceal it."

"I only wish I could always hide it! yes, even forget it! never think of it again!" exclaimed Hilda vehemently. "Why are you always reminding me of that miserable marriage?" she added, almost fiercely.

"Now, Hilda, you are unjust," remarked Mrs. Tremayne in grieved tones.

"You know that from a weak compliance with your wishes I have scarcely even mentioned Dudley's name since he left Canada. I fear I have been very culpable in humouring your whims, and," she added after a moment's hesitation, "in countenancing your intimacy with Major Montague."

"Why reproach yourself with that, dear mama? It has been a source of much enjoyment to us both, has it not?"

Hilda spoke with assumed calmness, and there was unwonted tenderness in her voice. Her love for her mother made her always sorry for any little out-break of temper displayed towards her, besides she was unwilling that she should be made unhappy by thinking any evil consequences had arisen from her weak indulgence.

"I will not deny that it has, dear. The last few weeks have been spent very pleasantly. I only fear now when the Major's visits have ceased, you will miss his society exceedingly."

"And so I shall." Hilda spoke very quietly,

but she turned away from her mother's penetrating gaze.
 Mrs. Tremayne was not so easily deceived. "Hilda," she said appealingly, "you have had no secrets from me hitherto. Tell me now, darling, whether Major Montague has given you reason to think he loves you—or," she added hesitatingly, "whether he has taught you to love him?"

"Hitherto I have had no secrets," thought Hilda, "and now I have one which mama cannot share, it would only render her wretched also, I alone must suffer."

"Really, mama," she said, assuming a playfulness of manner to hide her feelings, "you seem determined to find out some love-passages between Major Montague and myself. Believe me, no impassioned words have ever been uttered by him to me. Now, will not that confession satisfy you, and relieve your mind of all apprehension?"

"That is but an indirect answer, Hilda. If his lips have not spoken of love, has not his manner revealed it?"

"Of that you can judge yourself. You were always present during our interviews."

"Yes, but I have often been engaged reading, and have not always been watching his glances. The eye often speaks when the tongue is silent."

"Really, mama, you would make a good Inquisitor," said Hilda, with a forced laugh, as she rose to leave the room with the pretence that it was time to see about tea, and she had to gather some currants in the garden.
To be continued.

WEATHER LESSONS FROM THE SKIES.—The colours of the sky at particular times afford wonderfully good evidence. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather and a ruddy sunshine, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellowish sky in the evening indicates wind, a pale yellow, wet, a neutral gray colour constitutes a favourable sign in the evening and an unfavourable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine. If the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual lines betoken wind or rain, while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

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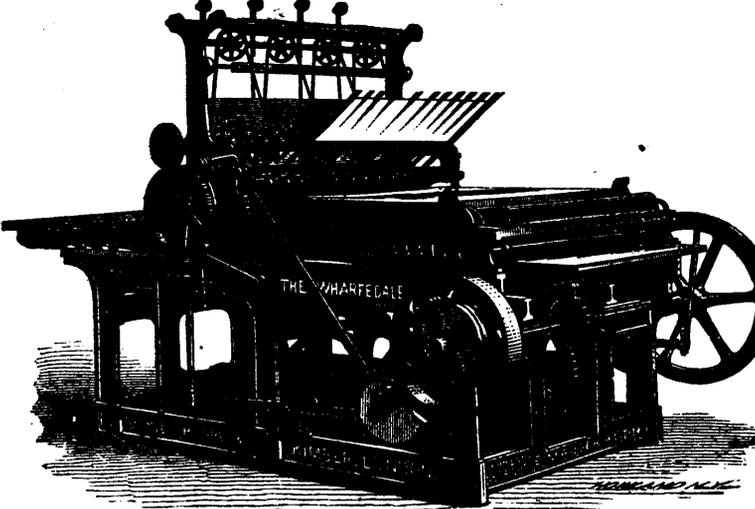
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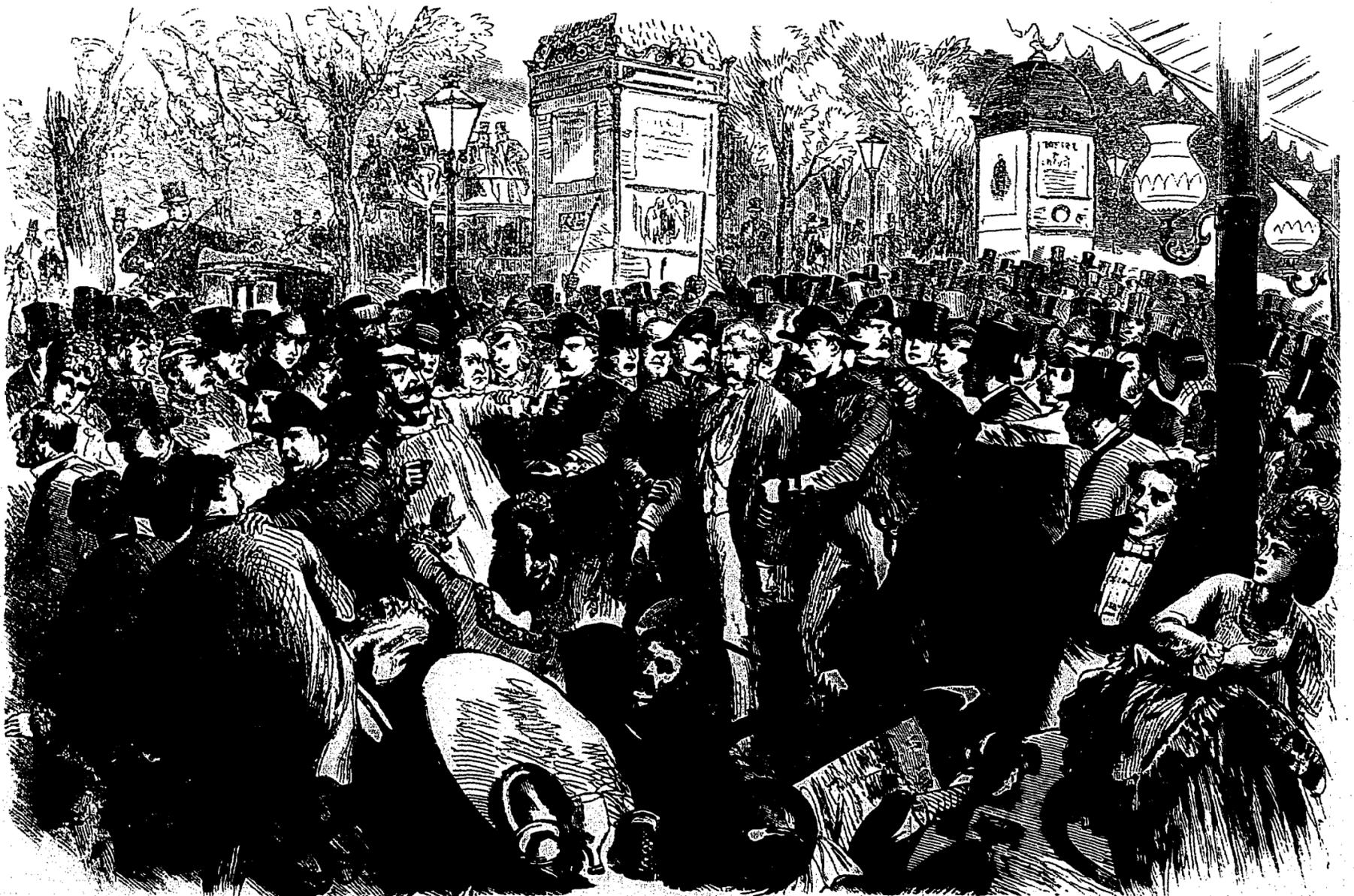
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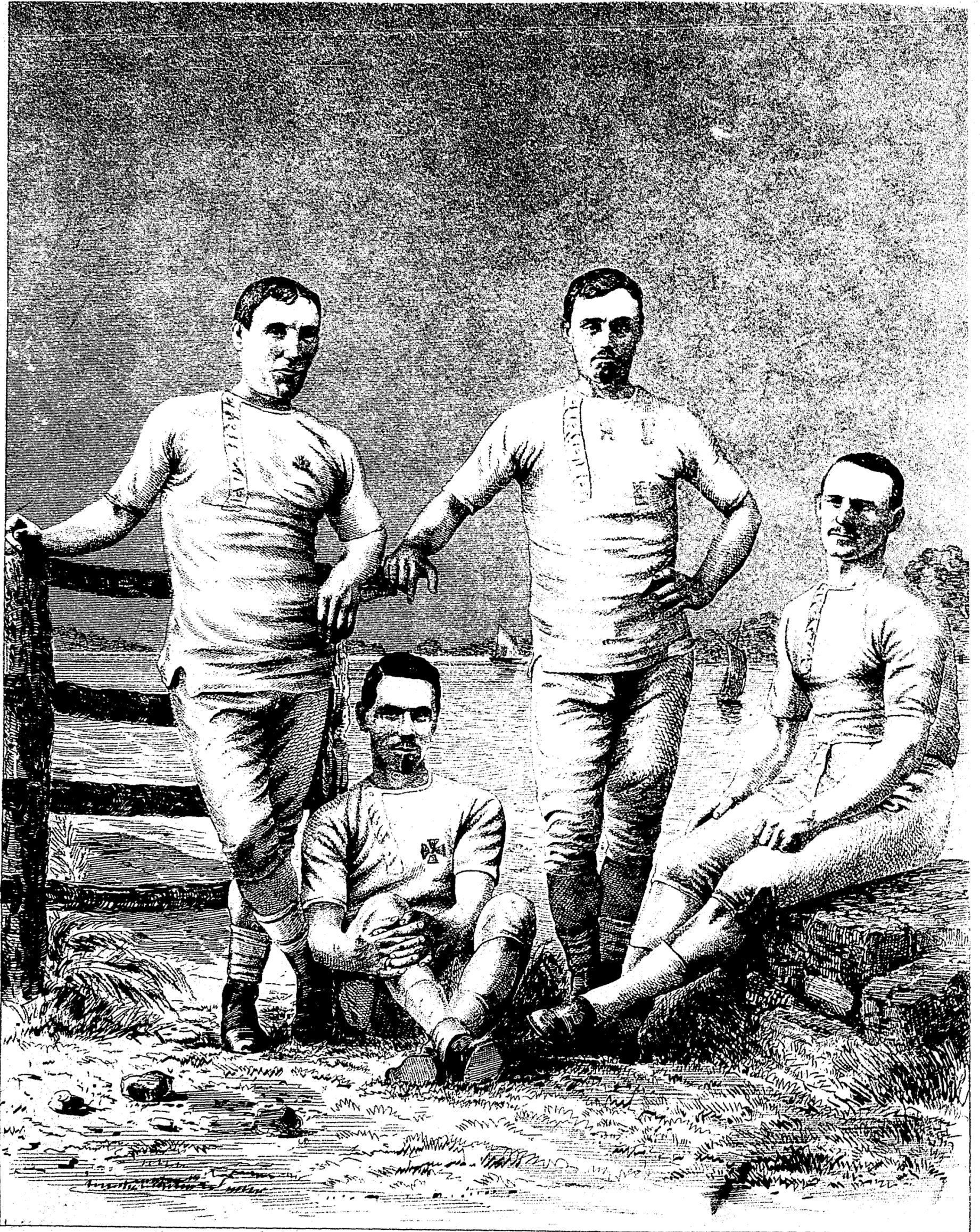
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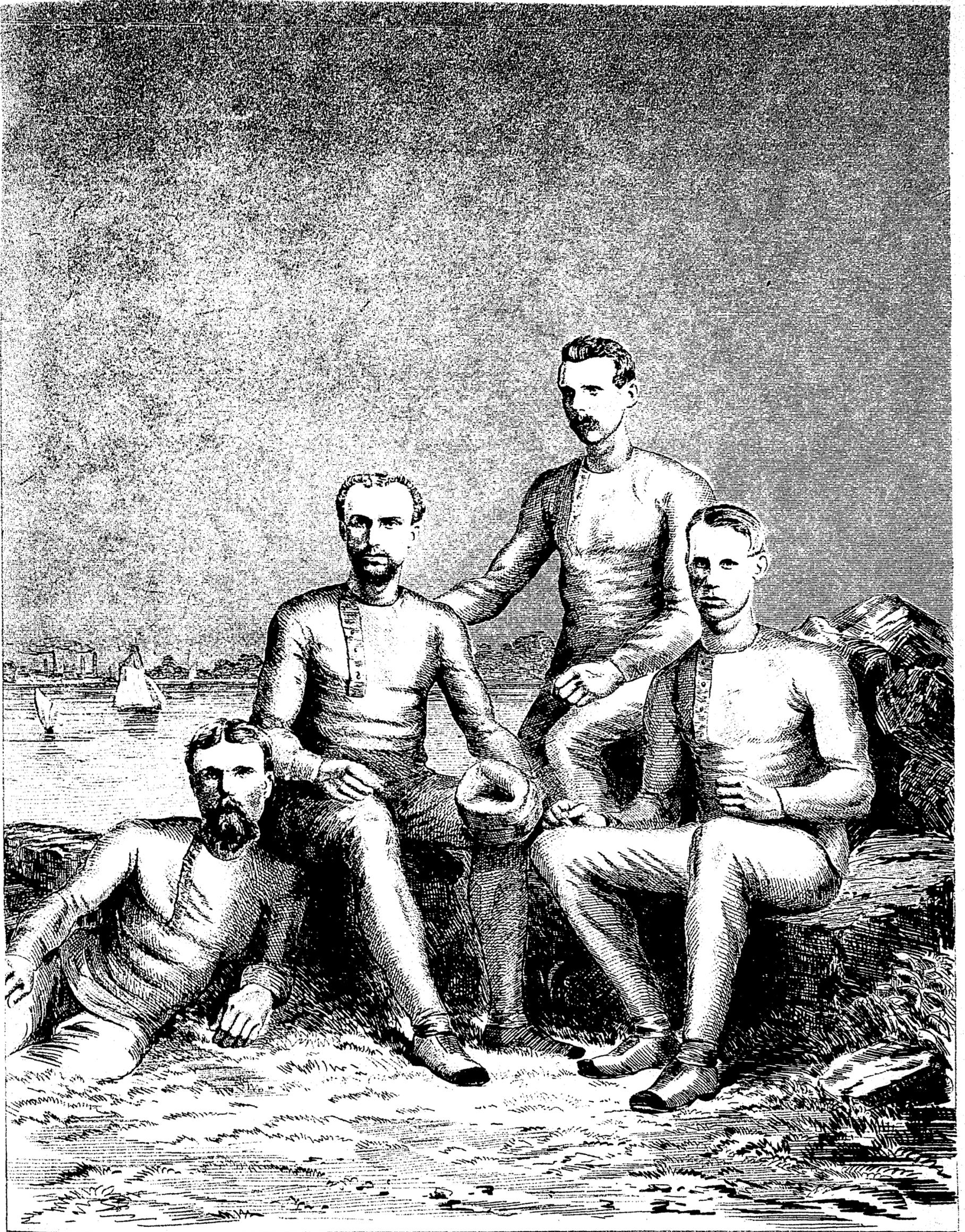
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