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## GEN. LEE.

The War of Independence so stoutly, but unsuccessfully, waged for four years by the Southern States of the American Republic, developed no greater military genius than Robert E. Lee, who died at Lexington, Va., on Wednesday, the 12th inst. He was a man of high distinction for his scholarly attainments, personal honour, and spotlessness of character. The "Lost Cause" had no more earnest champion than he, and perhaps not another possessing so many varied accomplishments. By his military genius for strategy in the field he achieved some of the greatest victories of modern times, and, what was perhaps still more to his credit, his defeats, like his victories, were characterised by extraordinary precaution and foresight in husbanding the lives of his soldiers. He knew no "pegging away," nor "fighting it out on this line," reckless of how many human beings he sacrificed. To the superior force of the North—about four to one—he opposed his own military skill, which proved so much more than a match for Northern strength that half the world was persuaded the Confederacy would never be conquered. However, Sherman's "march to the sea," proved at length that it was a mere shell, that in fact it had been literally scooped out while the gallant Lee was supporting the outer rim on the North; and he only surrendered when further resistance would have been unavailing, and even cruel to his own soldiers.

Robert Edmund Lee was born in the State of Virginia, in 1808; he was the son of Gen. Henry Lee, of revolutionary fame, and belonged to one of the oldest and most opulent and aristocratic families of that



THE LATE GENERAL ROBERT EDMUND LEE, C. S. A.

proud State which boasts the title of "Mother of Presidents," and has undoubtedly been the birthplace of many of the greatest men who have ever adorned the Republic. He received a liberal education, and in 1825 entered the Military School of West Point as a cadet. His first commission as second Lieutenant in the U. S. army, bears date July, 1829, and seven years later he was made first Lieutenant. In July, 1835, he rose to the rank of Captain, and in 1845 was appointed a member of the Board of Engineers. Lee's first experiences of war were acquired in the Mexican campaign, under Gen. Scott, who had frequent occasion to mention his skill and bravery. In 1846 Captain Lee was appointed Chief Engineer of the Army in Mexico, and, on the 18th April of that year, raised to the rank of Major for gallant conduct at Cerro Gordo. His promotion during the war was rapid: on the 20th Aug., 1847, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel for bravery at Contreras and Churubusco; and Colonel, on the 13th Sept. of the same year, for gallant conduct at Chapultepec. At the end of the Mexican war he was reappointed a member of the Board of Engineers; and in 1852 was made Superintendent of West Point Military Academy, which he held until March, 1855, when he was appointed Lt.-Col. of the second regiment of Cavalry, and sent with Captain (now General) McClellan to the Crimea to watch and report upon military operations there on behalf of the American Government. This commission executed, Col. Lee returned and resumed military duty. In March, 1861, he was made Col. of Cavalry, and with his regiment was stationed at San Antonio, in the South-West of Texas. The fierce quarrels which

had so long been raging between the Northern and Southern States on the question of slavery, was then about to blaze up into a furious fratricidal war. How carefully the Southern leaders had prepared for this event, or how well they laid their plans to secure the independence of the South need not here be noted. Lee was not a politician; but he was endowed with the true spirit of Southern chivalry; he was an aristocratic Virginian, and his patriotism prompted him to place his sword at the service of his native State. On the 25th April, 1861, he therefore resigned his commission in the United States Army, and repaired to Richmond, where he was placed in chief command of the Virginia quota of the Confederate Army. His summer campaign in 1861 in the mountain regions of Virginia was not very important, the organization of the army at that time being but very incomplete. On his return to Richmond he was placed at the head of the War Department, and busied himself throughout the winter in completing the organization of the Confederate Army and preparing for the summer campaign of 1862. On the 31st May of that year, General J. E. Johnstone, of the Confederate Army, having been wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks, General Lee was appointed to the chief command of the army charged with the defence of Richmond, and thus found himself confronted with his old friend and companion in arms, General McClellan, who was by long odds the best military leader the North ever sent into the field. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that had not McClellan been thwarted by the politicians, wirepullers and jobbers who then carried on the Government business at Washington, General Lee's military career would have been shorter and somewhat less brilliant. McClellan was advancing on Richmond with a formidable army; but he was trusting to, and had sent urgent messages to Washington for supports that never came; and Lee fell upon him, June 1st, within the very sight of Richmond, when ensued the ever memorable Seven Days' fighting. This unparalleled series of engagements—fighting by day, and retreating or following up by night—closed with Lee's decisive victory at Malvern Hill, when McClellan had to betake his battered and beaten troops to the boats on the James River and land them at Alexandria. The political bitterness which had helped to defeat McClellan and confer upon Lee the laurels of such an unexampled triumph, still further favoured the success of the latter by removing the only soldier of the North fit to contend with him, and placing the braggart and incompetent Gen. Pope in chief command of the Potomac. With a largely increased force Gen. Pope advanced, his "headquarters in the saddle," as he pompously announced, and as some wag has remarked, where "his hindquarters ought to have been." His rout by the Confederate forces under Lee was finished at the second battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862, and was one of the most complete and—to the North—the most disgraceful which the whole history of the war records. Pope's shattered and disorganized army fled precipitately upon Washington within about two months of his having taken command; and the advance of Lee's army into northern territory—a questionable move—in Sept. of the same year, compelled the Washington authorities to again invite McClellan to take the supreme command. McClellan endeavoured to check the Confederate advance, and early in September contested, unsuccessfully, the battle of South Mountain. The victorious Confederates, under Lee, with the famous "Stonewall" Jackson, Longstreet, Stuart, and other illustrious characters in high command, advanced northward, captured Harper's Ferry with eleven thousand prisoners, and invaded the State of Maryland. On the bloody field of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862, Gen. Lee's forces sustained a severe check at the hands of Gen. McClellan's command. Though the battle was what may be styled a "drawn" one, neither party losing ground, yet the substantial victory remained with the North, for Lee, unable to hold his position in the enemy's country, immediately retreated to the south bank of the Potomac; that he was not pursued is, perhaps, the best proof of the severity of the engagement. On the 5th November of the same year, McClellan, whose wise caution was distasteful to Northern stupidity, was again removed, and a second edition of Pope was put in command of the Northern army, in the person of General Burnside. The battle of Fredericksburg, fought between the 12th and 16th of December, 1862, in which the Northerners were completely routed and slaughtered like sheep, added another to the many laurels already won by Gen. Lee; though in this case, as in some others, it can hardly be said that he met a "foeman worthy of his steel." Lee was yet destined to dispose of another Northern general. Burnside, overcome with the disgrace which attached to his name from the murderous slaughter at Fredericksburg, immediately asked to be relieved, and in the following month, January, 1863, he was succeeded by General Hooker. "Fighting Joe," as he was familiarly called, was a brave soldier and

a good man, but a general he certainly was not. After some months' delay, probably spent in the effort to repair the damage caused by the disasters of his predecessor, Hooker again advanced upon Lee's line of the Rappahannock, which that sagacious general had chosen as his line of defence. On the 30th of April Hooker crossed the Rappahannock, and the following day began the great battle of Chancellorsville. The defeat of the Northerners during the three or four days' fighting which ensued was complete—it was, in fact, a second Fredericksburg—and the only event which embittered its recollection to the Southern heart was the fall of the redoubtable "Stonewall" Jackson, who was mortally wounded on the second day. General Lee was now destined to meet another commander of the Northern army; and, perhaps, the only one next to McClellan who really was fitted for the command of troops. "Fighting Joe," having been utterly disgraced by the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, was succeeded by General Meade. Lee made another dash across the Potomac, and this time invaded Pennsylvania. Meade gave him battle at Gettysburg, and though through the first day's fighting, July 1st, 1863, the Confederates were successful, yet the operations of the two following days, having exhausted the Confederate ammunition and otherwise inflicted severe losses upon them, left General Meade the undoubted conqueror of the field, and Lee was fain to retreat across the Potomac as best he could after the severest reverse that up to that time had ever befallen him. General Grant was the next Northern commander whom Lee, with his exhausted army destitute of supplies and thinned by the fortunes of war, had to meet. Grant took the field with a force immensely larger than any other Northern General. He again tried to break the line of the Rappahannock in spite of the sad fate of Pope, Burnside, and "Fighting Joe;" but three or four terrible defeats from Lee's army, including the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, &c., in which it is recorded that the North lost more than one hundred thousand men, taught him that Lee's strategy was superior to any dogged resolution to "fight it out on this line." Grant made a handsome tribute to his own incapacity, to Lee's genius, and to McClellan's generalship when he abandoned that "line," on which he promised to "fight it out," and fell back upon McClellan's strategy of two years before, by crossing the James River and investing Petersburg. Even in this movement Lee again outgeneralled Grant in as far as his diminished forces would permit. The Northerners, now reinforced by the negroes, still suffered disastrous repulses, in one of which they lost six thousand men. At length, by the operations of other Federal Generals—such as Sherman and Sheridan—in the heart of the Southern States, the Confederacy was completely riddled; Sheridan came to the support of Grant at the siege of Petersburg; Lee's entrenchments had to be surrendered, Petersburg, and, by consequence, Richmond to be abandoned. Grant, by a rapid movement, cut off Lee's retreat towards Lynchburg, and overtaking the flying Confederates at Appomatox Court House, demanded their immediate surrender. Lee and Grant had a conference to arrange terms, and on Sunday, April 9th, 1865, the army of Northern Virginia capitulated, Gen. Lee surrendering his sword to Gen. Grant. The conditions granted were most liberal, the whole force being at once paroled, with permission to return to their homes, and the officers permitted to retain their side-arms, and each of the field officers one horse. This ended Gen. Lee's military career for ever.

The sympathy and admiration which his heroic defence of Richmond had created, did not desert him when the cause was lost. On the contrary, both in North and South of the once again united Republic, his genius and his virtues were freely acknowledged and loudly praised. After the war much regret was expressed for the spoliation of his magnificent mansion on Arlington Heights, on the south bank of the Potomac. Lee had been, before the war, a very wealthy man; at the close of the struggle he found himself penniless. Life had been risked and fortune sacrificed for what he considered the cause of his native State. But the people soon found a mode of shewing their appreciation of his merits, and in a manner which must have been equally gratifying to his tastes and grateful to his feelings. The Presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., was handsomely endowed, and General Lee was invited to take the office. He yielded to the general wish, and on the 2nd of October, just six months after he had been compelled to abandon his entrenchments at Petersburg, he was installed as President of this seat of learning, which soon afterwards was crowded with students from all parts of the country, but especially from the South. Up to the hour of his death he continued unostentatiously to discharge the duties belonging to this office, losing none of the respect or esteem which his honourable career had won for him. We close our somewhat long account of his career with

the following extract from a graphic sketch which appeared in the *Montreal Daily News*:

"Lee, physically, was a perfect man—full six feet high, and of an imposing appearance; he had an eye as bright as the eagle, it was clear black, and with a world of kindness and sympathy; his hair and beard, time, care and anxiety had whitened. In his dress he was decidedly negligent; he cared nothing for the insignia, the splendour of rank. The stars on his shoulders were the only evidence of his exalted position. Feathers and lace he left to Stuart and others. And yet how nobly dignified, how affable, how modest, how chivalrous, how perfect a Bayard he was; the humblest soldier might obtain a hearing, and justice at his hand every man might be assured of."

JAMES SYME, F.R.S.E., D.C.L.

The name of Syme has been identified with British Surgery for over forty years; without doubt he occupied a foremost position amongst modern surgeons. His natural endowments were such as to render him more than ordinarily successful in whatever he undertook. He was cool and collected, ever ready at resources, clear in judgment, and not biased by whatever might be considered authoritative. Ever ready to act, and act on his own judgment, he possessed great originality, which was tempered by unusual sagacity. He has given to surgery many improvements in operative procedures which bear his name, and which have done more for suffering humanity than all the discoveries of modern times. How can we compare the lasting benefits derived by excisions of joints which he reintroduced into practice with the discovery of anaesthetics, the one giving to the patient a permanently useful limb, the other equally beneficial, though of temporary good in saving shock to the nervous system, and thereby seconding, as it were, the surgeon's knife. Mr. Syme could not be called a showy operator. His operations were performed with care and deliberation, as he always kept in view the safety of his patient; but though deliberate and perhaps slow, his operations were characterised by quiet decision; on all occasions he seemed to have decided exactly what he intended to do, and in doing it there was neither hurry, nor unnecessary delay. Mr. Syme was fully alive to the importance, to the practical surgeon, of a careful study of anatomy. It appears that the collateral branches of Medical Science had for him no special interest. Nearly all his writings have reference to the nature and treatment of such diseases and accidents as are amenable and capable of benefit through the surgeon's knife, or by external mechanical contrivance. He fully knew his *forte* and followed it wisely. As a bed-side teacher he was unequalled; his diagnostic skill was at times almost miraculous and his explanations simple, graphic and to the point.

His powers of imparting knowledge were very considerable, as he not only taught by speech but by example. Many of the best operators of the day owe to Mr. Syme suggestions received during their pupilage, which have been found invaluable in after life, and which they freely acknowledge.

James Syme was born at Edinburgh on the 7th November, 1799. He was educated chiefly at the High School in that city, and as his father was in good circumstances he enjoyed the advantage of a private tutor. As a boy he had few associates, and was especially fond of chemical experiments and anatomy. He at first selected the legal profession, but soon relinquished that vocation and commenced the study of medicine under the instruction of Dr. Barclay. Within the first year of his pupilage he discovered a new solvent for caoutchouc, by distillation from coal-tar. By means of this solvent he rendered a silk cloak water-proof, and also made flexible tubes of the same substance. He was advised by his friends to seek for a patent, but in those days all considerations of trade were regarded as inconsistent with the pursuit of a profession, and he wrote a letter to Dr. Thompson, editor of the *Annals of Philosophy*, describing the whole process. Subsequently Mr. Mackintosh, of Glasgow, obtained a patent for making water-proof cloth, using the same material as a solvent that had been described by Syme, some two years previously—Syme shortly afterwards entered as a pupil at a private school of anatomy, opened by his cousin, Mr. Liston. He very shortly accepted the post of Demonstrator of Anatomy to the school.

In 1822 he obtained the Membership of the College of Surgeons of London; returning to Edinburgh he took Mr. Liston's place as private lecturer on anatomy. The following year he obtained the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, and from that time forth set himself earnestly to work, having but one object in view, that of becoming a thorough practical surgeon. In 1829, after failing to obtain an appointment in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, he established at his own expense a private hospital, as he knew that without a hospital no man could become a practical surgeon; one great inducement to this step was the fact that at that time his lectures on surgery were attended by a large class of students, this was more remarkable as competition was keen between himself and other surgeons of acknowledged eminence, who were lecturing on the same branch. His surgical lectures and clinical instruction was recognized by the College of Surgeons, London. In 1833 he effected an arrangement with Mr. Russell, who held the chair of Clinical Surgery in the Edinburgh University; this was with consent of the University authorities, and he succeeded that gentleman as Clinical Professor. From this time he continued to teach Clinical Surgery in the University, and secured so high a reputation as a clinical teacher, that a requisition was made to him on the death of Mr. Liston to remove to London. This offer he was induced to accept in 1848, and he received the appointment of Professor of Clinical Surgery in University College. This office he shortly afterwards resigned and returned to his former seat of learning, and again received the Clinical Chair in Edinburgh, which was still vacant. Here he continued his labours with unremitting energy up to within a few months of his death. In 1868 his judgment was clear and vigorous, and in bodily strength, considering his age, he was robust. He was able to make frequent journeys by rail between Edinburgh and London, as he was a prominent member of the Medical Council of Great Britain, and so clear was his intellect that his colleagues in the Council had marked him out to be the successor to Dr. Burrows in the Presidential Chair.

Early in April, 1869, he suffered an attack of partial paralysis, which obliged him to relinquish all public appointments. A second attack which he suffered from early in this year, was quickly followed by a third and fourth seizure, which terminated in death, on the 26th June, 1870, his intellect remaining clear and unimpaired to the last.—*Canada Medical Journal*.

## THE NEEPIGON REGION.

## No. 1.—MAP OF LAKE AND RIVER, AND VIEW OF NEEPIGON BAY.

Until the summer of 1869, when Professor Bell, of the Geological Survey, explored about five hundred miles of coast line around Lake Neepigon, it was considered quite an insignificant body of water, like many of the small lakes with which the North-West region of Canada is so abundantly supplied. In many of the maps it had no place at all, and in the best of them it appeared only as a large pond at the northern extremity of Neepigon river, which emptied into Lake Superior at Neepigon Bay, had thereby secured for itself a geographical distinction seldom accorded to the great body of water in which it takes its rise. Last season, when the surveyors had returned from their summer exploration, the public mind was disabused of this delusion. It was then announced on the authority of Professor Bell that Lake Neepigon contained a body of water covering an area probably as large as that of Lake Ontario. But the survey was not then completed, and this summer Professor Bell has returned to the same region to enable him to complete his report on the geographical and geological features of the country immediately surrounding the Lake. The map which we insert this week, though carefully corrected from observations made this summer, is not offered as a precise outline of the borders of the Lake. But it gives its correct position in relation to Lake Superior and the adjoining country, and such a general outline of its configuration as will satisfy the reader as to its extent and importance. Heretofore Lake Superior has been regarded as the head waters of the St. Lawrence; now, however, we must place Lake Neepigon in that proud position, for though it lies almost due north of the western extremity of the former lake, its extent, and the large volume of water it pours through the river Neepigon, entitles it to rank as a continuation of the Inland Water System of the Atlantic side of British America, rather than as a mere feeder to its head waters. It is, in fact, another, and we may say, the last link in the great chain of lakes which, beginning with Ontario, passes to Erie by the Niagara, thence to Huron by the Detroit, and from Lake Huron to Lakes Michigan and Superior by the Straits of Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie. This is the old "great" chain of Lakes, numbering five, all told, with which the public has become familiar; but to this chain must now be added the sixth and last, Lake Neepigon. Both Michigan and Neepigon are entirely lateral extensions of the system, the former to the south and the latter to the north; but were the oft-mentioned Ontario and Georgian Bay Canal constructed, the line of navigation would be almost a straight line for many hundreds of miles, that is, from Toronto to Fort William on Thunder Bay.

The Map requires little explanation. With respect to the Lake, it shows the general configuration, omitting many indentations, inlets, and mouths of small streams running into it, and also the numerous islands with which it is studded. The extent of the Lake, judged by a true observation and in the light of all information yet available, is estimated at about sixty-five to seventy miles due north, from the mouth of the Neepigon River, and in a north-easterly direction from the same point towards the mouth of the Umbagog River, about ninety-five or one hundred miles. Its breadth, from East to West, at the widest point, corresponds very nearly with its shortest length from due North to South. The southern shore presents a rocky surface of trap running down to the Lake, beyond which, at a short distance, there is a sparse growth of cherry, yellow pine, spruce and birch. The general appearance of the Lake is described as very beautiful, the immense number of islands richly covered with fine spruce, tamarac, birch and poplar, giving it something of the look of an enlarged picture of our own Lake of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence. So thickly are these islands planted throughout the Lake, that at one place only could our voyagers see the Lake and the horizon embrace, on the journey from the river's mouth to the Hudson's Bay post, almost due North, and indicated on the Map as between the Nos. 11 and 12. In the middle of the Lake the islands are generally about five miles apart, while towards the shore they are grouped much more closely together. Some of them tower above the water to a height of perhaps a thousand feet, and the monotony of the dark green vegetation is relieved by the exposed and precipitous cliffs of red rock. We shall take occasion to speak more particularly of the peculiarities of the country surrounding the Lake, in describing the forthcoming series in the series.

Neepigon Bay, the first view in the series, is probably destined to play an important part in facilitating the future trade between the Atlantic Provinces and the Great North-West. Its position will be readily distinguished as one of extreme importance. Completely land-locked, with one main channel and several smaller ones, communicating with Lake Superior, it offers even far greater protection to shipping than does Thunder Bay, with the partial shelter which the few islands between it and the Lake, and the Cape dividing it from Black Bay, can afford. Its position, only about thirty miles north and forty miles east of Fort William, will show that in respect of climatic influences there can be no serious objection to its adoption as the Western harbour on Lake Huron, in connection with the contemplated Pacific Railway, provided that, in other respects, it possesses the other advantages claimed for it over Thunder Bay. We shall continue our description of the Neepigon region, following next week the course of the river from the Bay towards the Lake. The view of the Bay in this number, is taken from Neepigon Strait, looking towards Lake Superior, and showing St. Ignace Island on the left.

## GEN. VON WERDER.

General Augustus von Werder, the commander of the army detailed to reduce Strasburg, was born in 1808, and commenced his military career in 1825, in the regiment of the Royal Guard. In the following year he joined the 1st regiment of Foot Guards and was subsequently transferred in turn to the Engineers, the Topographical Department and the Military School. After having served with distinction in these various branches he received a staff appointment, which he soon relinquished to join the campaign of 1842-43 in the Caucasus. He was present at the battle of Kesar, where he was wounded. On his return he was replaced on the staff with the rank of captain. In 1851 he became major, lieutenant-colonel in 1856, and in 1859 colonel, inspector of the Jäger and Rifle regiments, and member of the committee of direction of the Central Military College at Berlin. He was appointed Major-General in 1863, with the command of the 8th Brigade

of Infantry, and the following year was transferred to the 4th Brigade of the Foot Guards. In 1865 he received the command of the 3rd general division, and in 1866, as Lieutenant-General, commanded the division at Gitchin and Koniggratz, where he distinguished himself by his coolness and intrepidity.

At the commencement of the present war, Gen. von Werder received the command of the 1st Corps de Reserve, consisting of the 30th and 34th regiments of the line, two regiments of Landwehr, one of dragoons and one of Uhlans. General von Beyer falling sick in the early part of the campaign, the task of reducing Strasburg fell to Gen. von Werder, a task which he has filled with great credit to himself, and by the execution of which he has rendered his name for ever famous in the history of military operations.

## McMAHON AT SEDAN.

A correspondent of one of the Paris papers, who was present at the battle of Sedan, speaks in the highest terms of the gallantry and daring of Gen. McMahon. It was only when he saw that everything was inevitably lost, and when he himself had received a severe wound in the thigh which prevented his taking any further part in the engagement, that he was willing to retreat into Sedan. During the whole of the engagement he exposed himself in a most reckless manner to the fire of the enemy, rallying his men and encouraging them to attack the countless swarms of Prussians that enthroned them on every side. Several times his officers expostulated with him, entreating him to keep out of harm's way—they even threw themselves under his horse's feet to prevent him advancing—but the old Marshal only replied: "Let me go, my friends, and show these princes who hide behind their enormous masses of troops, that a Marshal of France knows how to fight; aye, and to die, when he can fight no longer." A few moments after the Marshal was struck by an exploding shell which completely shattered his thigh and entirely carried away the flesh, leaving the bone exposed. It is gratifying, however, to know that the gallant old General is rapidly recovering from the effects of the wound. He is said to utterly condemn the surrender of the army at Sedan, and to express the conviction that it might have safely retreated under proper guidance. The Prussian authorities, who treated him with great consideration, offered him his parole, but he declared his preference for imprisonment with his brave troops in Germany. Nearly three thousand officers came to the same resolution, in order to show their disapproval of the act of capitulation, which was done solely at the instance of the Emperor, and even against the protest of Gen. Wimpfen. It is promised on the part of Marshal McMahon, that he will make a statement fully vindicating his own tactics and placing the responsibility of the disasters which befell the army under him upon the right shoulders.

## PARIS, SEPT., 1867.—PARIS, SEPT., 1870.

PARIS, Sept. 26, 1867.

MY FRIEND,—Why did you not visit *ma belle Paris* this year, this year when she is so regal, so beautiful! ah, more than charming, for have not her fascinations bewitched all the Emperors, Kings and Princes of the earth.

I am proud to belong to this mighty France, this land of Balzac and Malherbe, of Corneille and Racine, of Montesquieu and Beaumarchais. This nation raised by the glories of our grand Napoleon in War, now the paradise of the earth and the receptacle of the glories of peace. Yes, my friend, we have drawn the lazy Oriental Sultan from his harem, we have greeted the Austrian Emperor we conquered at Solferino and Magenta, we have suffered the presence of the son of Nicholas, whose pride we crushed at Sevastopol, we have feted the King of Prussia, his son and hero of Sadowa, and his wily minister, Von Bismarck. We have shown them our army. Our splendidly helmeted and mounted Cuirassiers, our stern Imperial Guard, our tiger-like Turcos, our dreaded Zouaves, our Spahis, our matchless artillery. Fifty thousand men marched by at each grand review. Is not our Emperor shrewd,—has he not achieved marvels,—has he not "crowned the edifice?"

Think of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Napoleon III., whom they once despised, riding along the Champs Elysees. Confess we have a right to be proud; and if we Frenchmen have, what must be the pride of the Emperor. The descendants of the man who drove his uncle out of France, who captured his heart's pride, Paris! that he had stored with treasures of such value, that Rome, even in her palmiest days could never boast its equal. These men that sat by his side, had come to do homage to the genius of the Nephew who had completed what had been projected by their victim, the Uncle. He may well have smiled as he perceived the expression of surprise on their faces as they gazed upon the Boulevards of Palaces. What is Vienna, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg to our Paris,—that we have nearly rebuilt in ten years. If I take my seat in one of the chairs outside of the *café* at the Grand Hotel, there passes before me an endless throng, dressed in every imaginable costume. If I listen, I hear the language of every nationality; they have come from China and Japan to contribute to our exhibition. British India has sent her turbaned and jewelled Nawab. Circassia has sent her men of beauty. Egypt is represented by the wealthy Kaiser and his brother. Spain has her dark men and her passionate women, glancing fire from interesting eyes, the fair-haired German, the envious English, the "American citizen;" but I cannot proceed, there is a babel of tongues. Ejaculations of surprise I hear on every hand. The young artist who loves his art, exclaims, "Have you been to the Louvre,—have you been through its galleries,—have you seen the works of Nicholas Poussin, Claude Lorraine, Vernet, Le Brun and Gaspar, or the modern ones of Gerard, David, Gross, Paul de Laroche and Eugene Delacroix?" But the beauty and freshness of that "Broken Pitcher" of Vernet, or the pathos of "Le Depart" and "Le Retour," I can never forget. Such is the exclamation of an enthusiastic young artist. Next, I hear a sober divine from Albion describing Notre Dame as if he had been reading your Murray's Guide, and wondering whether our solemn and imposing Notre Dame was built on the spot where Tiberius dedicated a temple to Jupiter, or whether in 1793, Maillard, the courtizan, was installed as the "Goddess of Reason" upon the high altar of the Cathedral, adding, there was no doubt it was Catholic now, but "what a pity so magnificent a building should not be converted into a Protestant Temple." Still another is discoursing of the splendour of the

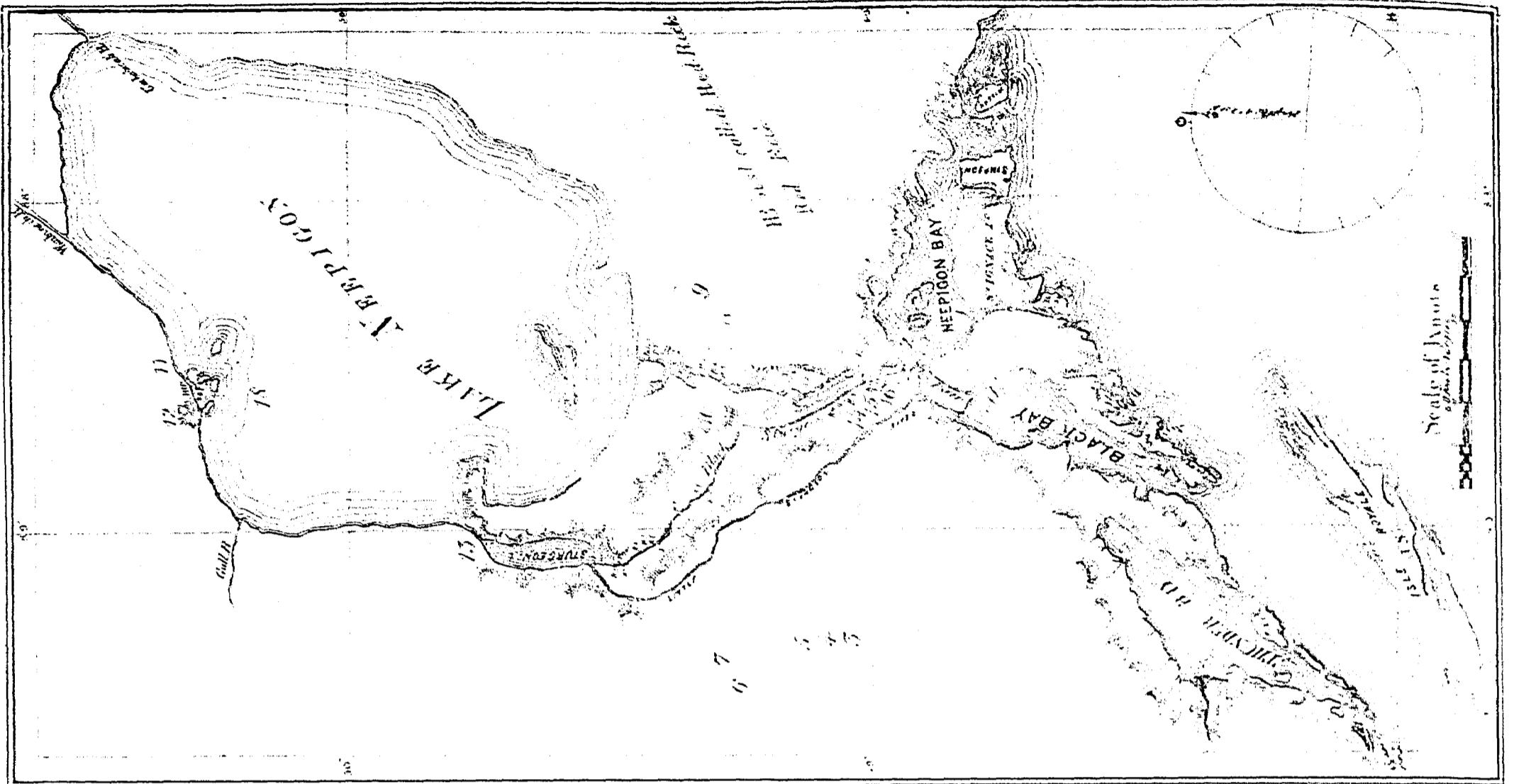
Palais Royal, that extravagant monument of Richelieu's luxurious taste, its galleries, its salons and its garden adorned with exquisite statuary, splendid paintings, luxurious shrubberies, and redolent with flowers; some talking of the glories of the Luxembourg, its gallery painted by Delacroix, and that voluptuous hall of Marie de Medecis, painted by Rubens; of the Pantheon, where Rousseau and Voltaire rest, and which is enriched by the immortal pencil of Raphael; others had visited the famous cemetery of *Père Lachaise*, where the thousands of tombs and monoleums with their pyramids, obelisks and urns rise far above the cypresses and cedars, and from whose hillocks you can see, stretching far and wide, the Queen City of the earth. There they have seen the tombs of La Place, La Fontaine, Molière, Talma, Delille, Rolland and a host of others, and there lie that glorious galaxy of Marshals of the Empire, Lefevre, Massena, Kellerman, Davoust and Suchet, and within a little iron railing "the bravest of the brave," Ney. Others again have been spending the day at Versailles, the most magnificent palace ever erected by a magnificent King. Four hundred millions of dollars were expended by Louis XIV., France's Louis the Great. Think for a moment of a facade two thousand feet in length, ornamented with Ionic pilasters and adorned with eighty statues, sixteen feet in height, allegorically representing the months, seasons, arts and sciences. Oh, could you see its miles of paintings, its three thousand apartments adorned with voluptuous frescoes and sumptuous furniture, its salons of varied coloured marbles, its busts, its statues, its tombs of Kings, Queens and Princes,—could you step into the grounds and behold its splendid avenues, its gigantic and costly fountains, sail on its lakes embowered in refreshing groves, or pass on to the *Palace de Maintenon*, built of marble for that wonderful woman. Then lounge through the history of those who have inhabited and stood where those strangers have stood to-day. Pompadour, de Maintenon, Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Eugenie, and Victoria of England. But pardon, I weary you; but how can one help dreaming and revering as he hears the encomiums of the *étranger*. They talk of lighter things, too, of the *Bais de Boulogne*, of the *Champs Elysees*, of the *Boulevards*, the *Jardin Mabile*, and the *Château de Fleurs*, where the serious never visit, but where the *demi monde* trip lightly to the strains of music and beneath the lily-shaped lamps that adorn the grounds.

But come with me, follow the mass of the people, never mind the Gendarmes, don't trouble about the Turcos and Zouaves that idle along. We are to have a *fête to-night*,—let us pass across the *Place de la Concorde* and make our way through the *Elysees* towards the *Arc de Triomphe*. See now the *Palace d'Industrie* towers yonder in the *Champs de Mars*, its minor buildings seem like a village. But stop, there go the soldiers—five minutes more the signal gun is fired, and everything is in a blaze, arches on arches of light extend for miles; imperial N's and E's with splendid devices in honour of the guests, fill up all intermediate spaces; see how orderly the crowd is and yet how thick they swarm—every heart is happy, every face wears an enjoyable smile: Paris and the Parisians are in their glory, they have to welcome the strangers, to show them how well we do things; cast your eye around, is it not fairy land, and yet it is not a dream but a reality; and from you pile of buildings Imperial and Kingly eyes are alike watching, wondering and admiring with us. There go a shower of rockets, they cleave the sky higher and higher, and now they burst, and heaven seems as if she were showering stars of silver, emerald, sapphire, ruby and turquoise, interspersed with raining gold; anon there is a Temple vast in extent and lofty, its pillars are silver, its roof is gold, and there are crowns of many coloured gems dazzling the eye; there is no cessation—piece after piece, showers of rockets, bombs and Roman candles burst in the air and seem to fill the world with fire music, loading the air with melody, voices are shouting with joy and then comes the *piece de resistance*. The flags of all nations, the emblems national and religious, the mottoes that mean good will to all men, in every language, are spread and written in scrolls of light over the wondrous structure of wheels, pyramids, roses, diamonds and crowns that adorn the Palace of Peace. On it blazes, revolves, changes from coloured prism to coloured prism, then with a mighty burst like that of an earthquake or a volcano, ten thousand balls of fire rush into the air and then all is darkness. My friend, would that you had been here. Day after day, night after night, have we Parisians been delighted with such scenes. Imperial processions, grand reviews, and crowded splendour have dazzled the eye week after week. Paris looks like a newly-wedded bride, and all peoples have done homage to her loveliness and beauty. Emperors, Kings and Princes, have worshipped at her altar, and her votaries have brought offerings from the ends of the world. Well, well, good night. Think you she will always be so lovely, so fairly adorned, so happy and so joyous. Time alone can tell.

A. R.

## THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

The twenty-fifth annual Exhibition of the Upper Canada Provincial Agricultural Society was held at the Crystal Palace and Fair Grounds, Toronto, during the first week of the present month. There were, as usual, several thousands of entries, and the visitors, during the four days the Exhibition was open, numbered about 70,000. This enormous attendance gave the Society \$17,500 of "gate money," besides the receipts from entrance fees, so that, financially, the Exhibition was an extraordinary success. At the annual meeting of the Delegates from the various local Agricultural Societies, it was resolved to hold the next Exhibition at Kingston, though a large minority voted in favour of its being held at Ottawa. It is a matter for regret that Western supporters of the Association do not take a more liberal view of the Society's obligations to all parts of the country; even were an exhibition at Ottawa to fall short of the mere financial results to be attained at Kingston—and this is doubtful—still the advantages that would accrue to the development of agricultural enterprise in the Ottawa Valley, would far more than counterbalance the temporary loss to the Society; and that loss would soon be made up by the increased encouragement the Society would receive from the eastern section of Ontario. The recent Exhibition at Toronto derived additional *credit* from the presence of His Excellency the Governor General, Sir John A. Macdonald, and other notabilities. We notice in the prize list that the Montreal competitors fared remarkably well, Mr. Notman and Mr. Inglis especially distinguishing themselves in all departments of the photographic art. We print elsewhere an illustration, copied from a sketch by our special artist, of the "horse ring," when the brood mares and heavy team horses were passing before the Judges' stand.



MAP OF RIVER AND LAKE NEEPIGON. FROM A DRAWING BY THOS. MASON.

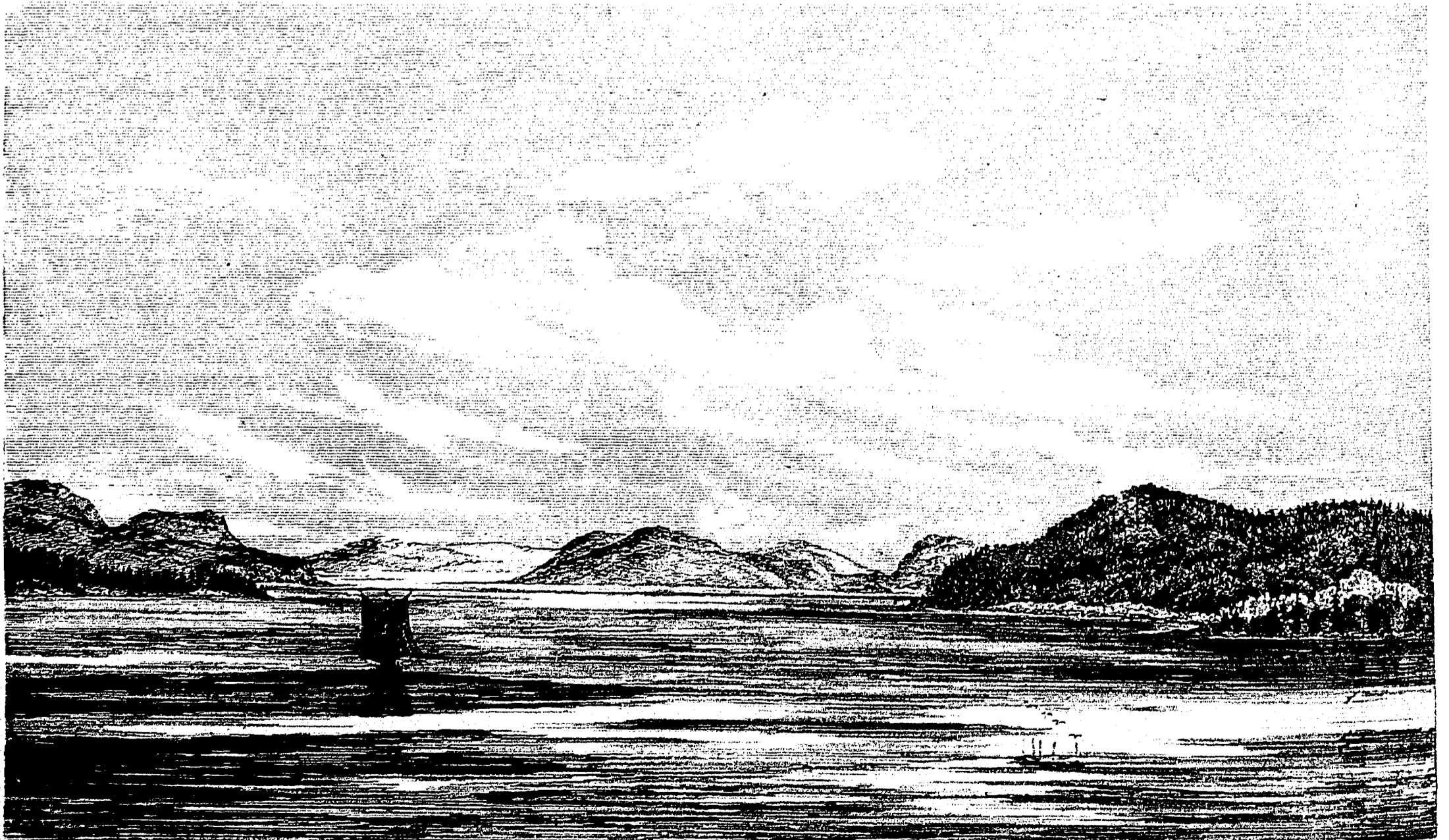
LAKE NEEPIGON AND ITS SCENERY.

This week we commence a series of views of Lake Neepigon, from sketches by Mr. Armstrong, of Toronto, and shall continue the same until they are completed. This will form an interesting feature in our paper, as illustrating a region of Canada hitherto almost unknown, except to a few of the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company. With these views, from

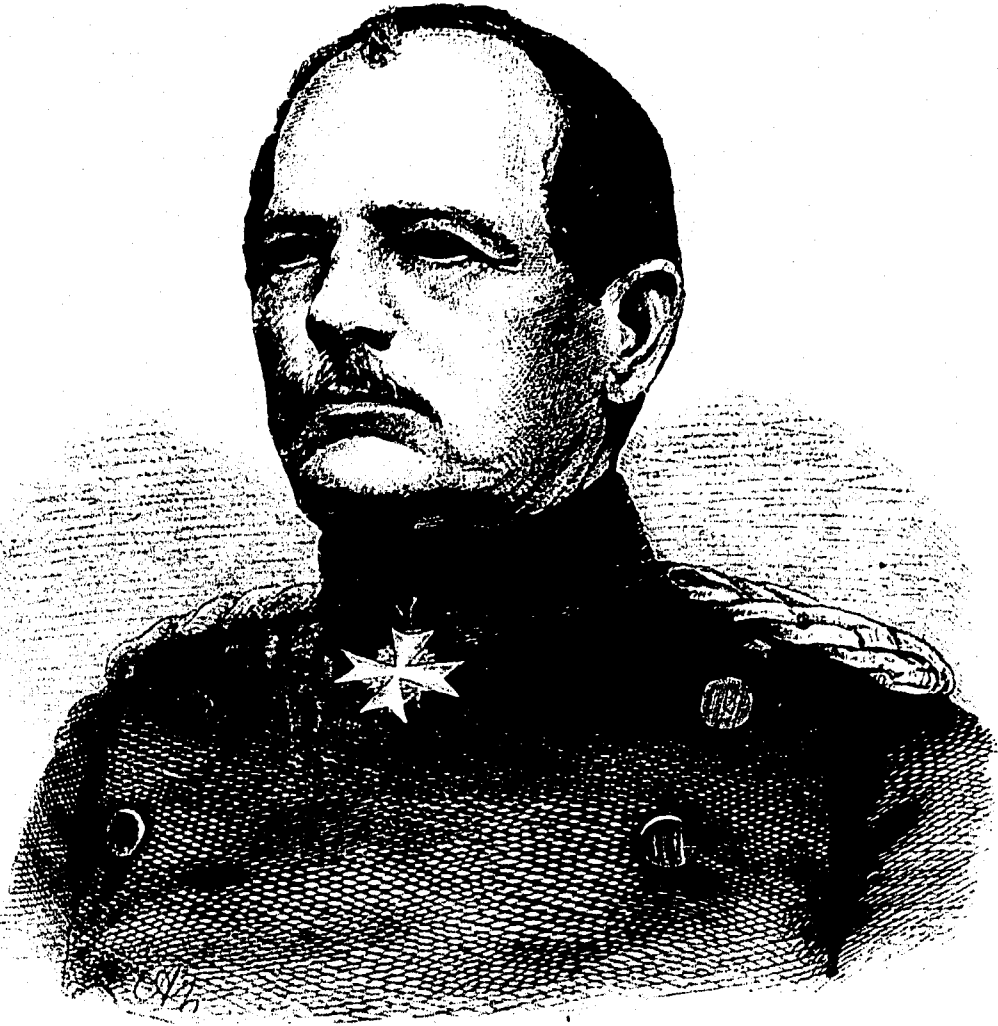
week to week we shall give such information about the Lake and the country surrounding it as is at present available.

Professor Bell, of the Geological Survey, who was the first to give the public accurate information as to the extent and importance of the Lake, is now engaged completing the explorations and survey which he commenced last year. The region of country in which the Lake is situated has of late

attracted great interest from the opinion expressed by several gentlemen of experience, that through it would be found the most practicable route for a railway to Fort Garry, and thence, in time, to the Pacific. The large figures in the map indicate the situation of the eighteen views of the series, No. 1 being Neepigon Bay, shown below. The series will be printed in order and numbered as indicated in the map.



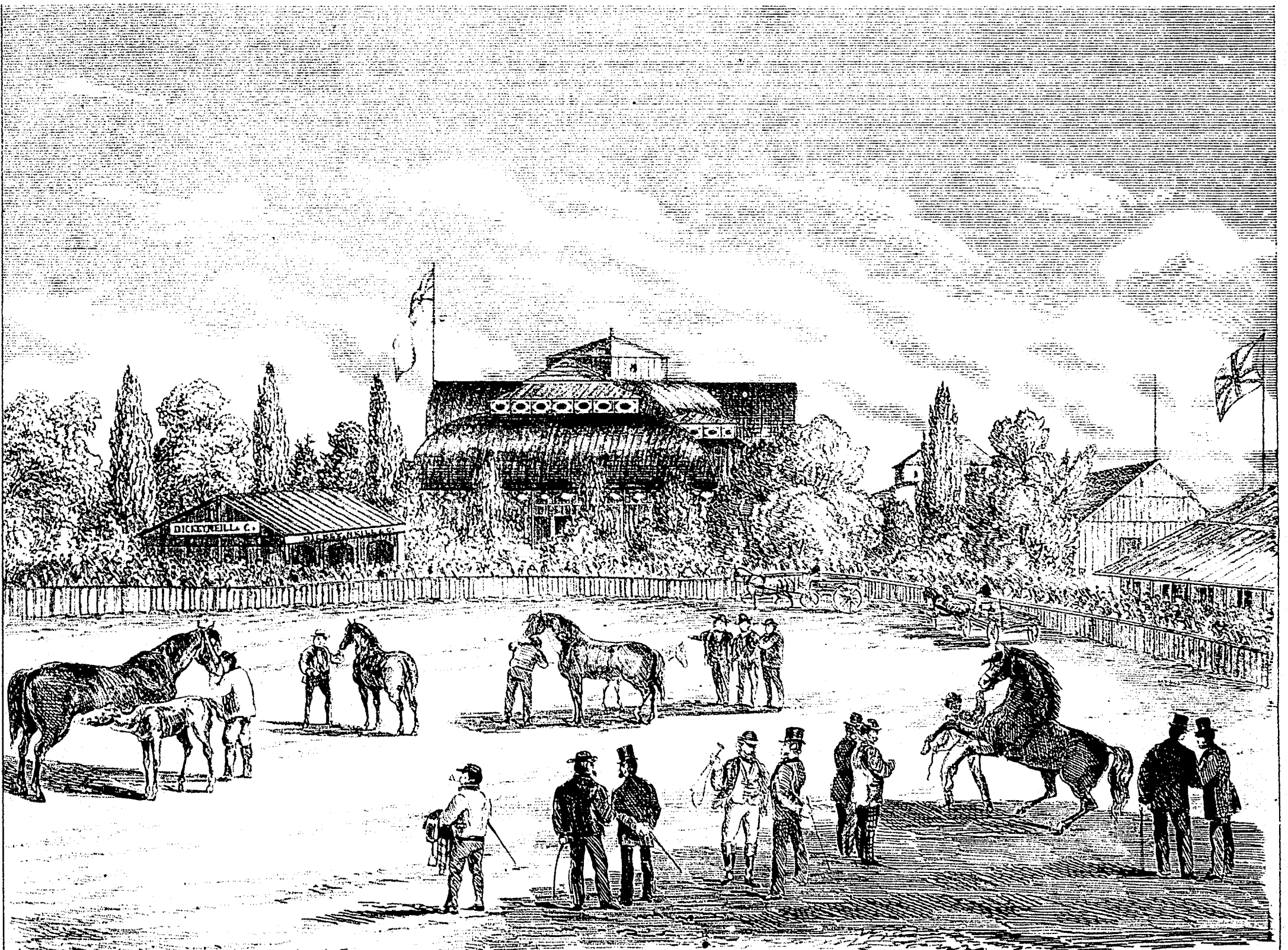
No. 1.—NEEPIGON BAY, LOOKING SOUTH INTO LAKE SUPERIOR. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.



GEN. VON WERDER.  
COMMANDING THE PRUSSIAN AT THE SIEGE OF STRASBURG



THE LATE DR. SYME. F.R.S.E., D.C.L.



THE HORSE RING, PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
OCT. 29, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 23.—	Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. Irish Rebellion, 1641. Lord Monck arrived at Quebec, 1861.
MONDAY,	" 24.—	Sir J. H. Craig, K. B., Governor-General of Canada, 1807. Daniel Webster died, 1852.
TUESDAY,	" 25.—	St. Crispin, M. Battle of Balaclava, 1854.
WEDNESDAY,	" 26.—	Battle of Chateaugay, 1813.
THURSDAY,	" 27.—	G. T. R. Montreal to Toronto section opened, 1856.
FRIDAY,	" 28.—	S. S. Simon and Jude, App. & M. M. Alfred the Great died, 900.
SATURDAY,	" 29.—	Battle of Fort Erie, 1813. Bristol Riots, 1831.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870

THERE is no other institution of comparatively modern growth that has risen so rapidly to power as the press. Its achievements in the cause of human progress have been the theme of unlimited praise by men of the highest genius in all walks of life; and its privileges have been won, or rather wrung, bit by bit, from Legislatures and from Society, by the gradual assertion of its power, until throughout the civilized world, with very trifling exceptions, the journal enjoys all the freedom and personal immunity attaching to the individual. What the individual may say, the newspaper may say; and even what the individual may not, with impunity, whisper to one neighbour concerning another, just-minded interpreters of the law have declared that the newspaper may proclaim to the whole world, if in so doing the journalist is free from malicious intent, and has a colourable pretension that thereby he is serving the public interest. The law of libel has thus received a very wide interpretation in regard to the press; and this not merely because of the public motives which ought, and which therefore are supposed, to inspire its conductors; but because with its elevation to such great power and influence its weak points have been made manifest, and its sins written upon its forehead even by its own hand; hence a statement, in itself libellous, is not always deemed punishable, for the reason that it brings no injury to the subject of it. This considerate application of the law, though not very flattering to the press, is of immense advantage to its least worthy members, who, under cover of this immunity, often inflict needless pain upon the feelings of an opponent without doing the slightest substantial harm either to his character, or property, or prospects in life. In fact, it is notorious that many distinguished politicians have valued the personal attacks made upon them through the press by their opponents as little less flattering than the warmest praises of their friends; and much in the same light does public opinion view the generality of "newspaper attacks" of a purely personal character, when directed against public men.

If the foregoing remarks contain a fair statement as regards the more recent opinions of the Courts in respect to the law of libel, and of the public opinion regarding libel suits against the press, the indifference with which the result of the latest one, tried at Toronto on Saturday last, was regarded, may be easily understood. The case referred to, that of Hon. Col. Gray vs. Hon. George Brown, was virtually settled, when the affidavits of the complainant and Hon. D. L. Macpherson were filed in Court and an order issued thereon for the trial of the defendant. The alleged libel consisted in a "playful" statement, saddled upon the shoulders of a gentleman, very high in political life in this Province, but published in the *Globe*, that Col. Gray had borrowed money from Senator Macpherson, and would therefore, perhaps, be biassed in his judgment as Arbitrator between the two Provinces! This statement was utterly untrue in so far as it related to Col. Gray; and upon it he based his ground of action. The article was a political diatribe insinuating the charge by putting it in the mouth of a third party, and though according to the views already stated, we do not think it was calculated to do material injury to Col. Gray, there is no doubt that it must have galled his feelings exceedingly. But on the other hand if personal torture—and it surely accomplished nothing else—was aimed at, the crime could not have been the Hon. George Brown's, for he knew nothing of the article until after its appearance; and we believe had no fair opportunity of retracting or explaining the libellous part of it until after he was served with notice that a criminal prosecution had been entered against him. Under these circumstances Mr. Brown declined to make apology, on the plea that such apology would be made to cover more ground than

that traversed by the original offence. The manager of the *Globe* may well be supposed to have been convinced that no jury would bring him in *criminally* guilty in such a matter, especially with respect to a public man who is expected to take all the blows he gets, when he (Mr. Brown) was personally ignorant of the affair, and *a priori*, innocent of any malicious intention towards Col. Gray. The punishment in case of conviction under a criminal action for libel is a personal degradation such as public opinion in Canada, under the education it has received from the press, would hardly have approved in this particular case; and in the embarrassing circumstances in which the jury found themselves, we think they did the best thing they could by agreeing to differ. It was due to Col. Gray that the facts should have been authoritatively stated; and though we think the affidavits put in to initiate proceedings did this sufficiently, yet perhaps the case coming before the court as it did gave them a wider prominence, and thereby furnished a more complete refutation of the charge made on hearsay authority. The lesson of the case is, however, that criminal prosecutions should not be instituted without clear proof of the criminal intent of the party to be proceeded against; and that if libel suits, growing out of political discussion in the press, are to be persisted in, the better course would be to proceed by the ordinary action for damages, which most people know is usually instituted, not for vindictive purposes, nor to make money, but to compel a statement of the truth by convicting the libeller of falsehood or malicious intention.

THE RECEPTION OF THE R. C. BISHOP AT OTTAWA.—On the occasion of the return of Bishop Guigues from Rome, the Roman Catholics of the Capital tendered His Lordship a most hearty and enthusiastic reception, between five and six thousand persons having met him at the station and escorted him to the Cathedral, where addresses were presented from the several societies, &c. The decorations of the Cathedral were elaborate and profuse. We have to acknowledge the receipt of a photograph of these, executed by Messrs. Henderson & Fraser, and considering the extreme difficulty of making a good picture of the interior of so large a building, we must congratulate these gentlemen on their extraordinary success. The photograph is an admirable one in every respect, and reflects the greatest credit on their skill.

The consent of Her Majesty to the marriage of the Princess Louisa with the Marquis of Lorne has excited no little comment, as the matrimonial alliance of any member of the Royal family with a person not related by blood to some other Royal House is a departure from long-established precedent. In the case of the Princess Mary of Cambridge it is generally believed that the Queen was not quite so gracious; but nevertheless, the departure from the established custom, even though coming somewhat late, is regarded with general favour. The happy and expectant couple are both young, the Princess being twenty-two, and the Marquis (eldest son of the Duke of Argyll) twenty-five. The marriage is fixed for February next.

Cols. Smith, McEachern, Chamberlin, and Fletcher were on Tuesday last invested with the insignia of the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, by His Excellency the Governor-General at the St. Lawrence Hall. We shall probably give an illustration of the ceremony in our next.

OBITUARY.

ARCHBISHOP BAILLARGEON.

The Archbishop of Quebec, Most Rev. Francis Charles Baillargeon, who has been very ill for several weeks past, died at the Archiepiscopal residence, Quebec, on Friday, the 14th inst., at the age of 72. In our next issue we shall give a portrait and biographical sketch of this distinguished Primate of the R. C. Church in Canada.

VERY REV. E. GORDON, V. G., HAMILTON, ONT.

The Very Rev. E. Gordon, V. G., died at the Bishop's Palace, Hamilton, Ont., on Saturday last. He was born in Dublin, Nov. 1st, 1792, and had, therefore, almost completed his 78th year. He came to Canada in 1817, and, after some time, entered St. Raphael's College and was ordained Priest by the late Bishop McDonnell, in 1829. For forty-one years he has been one of the most widely known and most highly esteemed among the Clergy of the R. C. Church in Upper Canada. In Hamilton, where he was sincerely beloved by all classes of the community, his death, though not unexpected, has inspired a feeling of universal regret.

SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.—Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith, of Boston, the enterprising manufacturers of American Organs, have an agency in this city at 225 Notre Dame Street,—Messrs. Laurent, Laforce, & Co. The firm have been over twenty years in business and have sold about thirty thousand instruments. By recent improvements to their great manufacturing establishment in Boston, they are now able to turn them out at the rate of one hundred per week. It is claimed

for the "American Organ" made by the Messrs. Smith, that it is the very best reed instrument as yet manufactured, and the extraordinary patronage they receive is no bad evidence of the justice of the claim. Many of these instruments have found purchasers in England, and have there given the greatest satisfaction. Circular and price list will be forwarded on application either to the firm in Boston or to their agents in Montreal.

THE WAR.

The news from Paris this week has been extremely contradictory. One day we are informed by the telegraph that the preparations for the bombardment of Paris are complete; the next day that the Prussians are in full retreat from Paris and that great excitement prevails in the city in consequence. No reason is given for the retreat, and before we have done surmising as to the cause of this sudden abandonment of the siege, we are informed from the same source, without explanation or apology for the previous rumour, that the Prussians are actively engaged in preparations for the bombardment of the city. With such contradictory data to go upon it is not easy to form an idea of the position or condition of the invading army. The French, we know, are cooped up in Paris, at Tours, at Metz, Rouen, Lyons and Lille; but the Prussian armies appear to be scattered over the whole race of the country in a manner that would certainly imply their being four times as strong in numbers as they really are. And, moreover, these same despatches place them in various towns and villages that certainly are not to be found on the map, but which it is more than doubtful were ever known to geographer.

As far as can be gathered from the obscure despatches in which Transatlantic correspondents delight, it would seem that the Prussians surround Paris in two distinct lines, of which the outer is at some distance from the inner. Thus the inner circle would be by the way of St. Denis, Bondy, Ville-neuve, Meudon and Versailles; while the outer line would pass by Dreux, Fontainebleau, Chateau Thierry, Compiègne, Clermont, Beauvais and Gisors. In the interior line, immediately before Paris, the Prussians have, within the last few days, generally met with reverses. The condition of the besieged appears to be all that could be wished for those in their position. They are represented as steadfast, quiet, and orderly, but evincing great impatience at the inaction of the Prussians, and desiring above all things to be attacked, and preparing quietly for a formidable assault on the besiegers. In the meantime they have not been inactive, and in a number of well-executed sorties have driven back the Prussian line in several places. Towards the east they have recaptured Creteil, Joinville and Bobigny; to the north, towards St. Denis, they compelled the Prussians to withdraw to Enghien, Pierrefitte, and Dugny, and westwards they have thrown back the enemy from Meudon and St. Cloud on Versailles; and this notwithstanding that the Prussians are receiving heavy reinforcements from Strasburg, Baden, and Silesia, and are opposing their well-trained men to the raw recruits of the Garde Mobile and the National Guard. The last despatches state that the Prussians threaten immediate bombardment, but this would be impossible, as the French forts outside are so well served that the enemy cannot approach near enough. The French fire from these outside forts, especially from Mont Valérien, is so tremendous that the plains in front are swept and laid bare by it. From the latter fort the fire sweeps the country for a circuit of six kilometres—nearly four miles. The Prussian works have been destroyed, and all the batteries they sought to erect against the fort have been annihilated. The Prussian engineers have also been driven out of Clamart and Villejuif. In fact the whole of the Prussian inner circle is daily expanding. On Saturday last a brilliant sortie was made under Trochu, driving the Prussians from their investing positions south and west of Paris. The French advanced under cover of a tremendous cannonade in three columns upon Chevilly, Sèvres, and Bougival. The latter was a most serious attack and resulted in the defeat of the Prussians under Von Kirchbach; this compelled the Bavarians to retreat from Bagneux and Chatillon. A division of Gen. Tann's troops held stubbornly Chevilly and l'Hay. The Germans lost over 8,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, with a great number of cannon, flags, ambulance, and commissary teams.

In the eastern provinces of France the Prussians are occupied in reducing several of the larger fortresses which they left behind them in their hasty march on Paris. An army of 50,000 men is besieging New Breisach, but a late despatch says that they were dispersed with great loss in a vigorous sortie made by the garrison. The Prussians occupy the country in the neighbourhood of Bruyères and Colmar, and are levying heavy contributions on the inhabitants. They have also entered Epinal, notwithstanding a vigorous resistance made by the inhabitants and a body of Franks-Tireurs. The bombardment of Verdun still continues, but Soissons, after a four days' resistance, has capitulated. Montmédy still holds out, and it is reported that the garrison, in a recent sortie, recaptured Stenay. It is reported that Bazaine has escaped from Metz, after driving the besieging German force back to Pont-à-Mousson; and that he is now at Thionville, preparing to advance to the relief of Verdun.

In the north the Prussian have entered Gisors and Breteuil, with the intent, evidently, of marching upon Rouen and Amiens. Small bodies of Prussians have been defeated in this section at Les Andelys, Montdidier, and La Ferte St. Aubin. It is said that Gen. Bourbaki has gone to Lille, for the purpose of taking command of the army of the north. In the west the Prussians have been repulsed at Cherisy, near Dreux.

In the southern provinces the Prussians gained a great victory on the 11th at Orleans, but a few days after they were compelled to evacuate the city, and to retreat in order to reorganize their forces previous to making another attempt upon the city. It appears that Orleans was occupied by the army of the Loire, who were in smaller force than the Prussians, and on being attacked were compelled, after nine hours' fight, to retire before the heavy artillery of the enemy, and were driven back into the suburbs of Tours. The Prussians then opened the guns on the city, and owing to the heavy bombardment several fires occurred. During the week the Germans advanced as far as Beaugency and Meung, fifteen miles south of Orleans, but during the last few days they have evacuated these two places in order to concentrate their forces in Orleans, as the French troops are collecting in the neighbour-

hood, and a great decisive battle is expected within a few days. It is reported that on Sunday last the Provisional Government and the Diplomatic Corps had left Tours to take up their quarters at Bordeaux; and that before Paris on Sunday last the French had resumed the attack and completely broken the German lines on the south and west of the city. From London it is stated that the present position of the Prussian forces does not warrant Prussia in dictating terms of peace. The proposals of King William for a neutrality of Alsace and Lorraine, the payment of a large money indemnity, and the opening of the gates of Paris to the Prussians, where the treaty of peace would be signed, were indignantly rejected by Jules Favre on the part of France.

"SABBATH DESECRATION."

In our issue of this week appears a double page illustration from a sketch by our own artist, which represents the extremes of the two modes of Sunday observance as practised in Montreal. On one side, the right side of course, may be seen a large body of seemingly earnest and undoubtedly decorous Christians engaged in the solemn act of public worship; on the other, the left side, appear a motley group, whose chief employment for the time consists in applauding the successful contestant in a velocipede race. There are brass instruments away up in the corner screaming shrill notes at the bidding of the hot wind blown from very baggy cheeks; and little boys further up still, enjoying a free sight from their perch on the overhanging boughs of the trees. And there are other indications of something "free"—what in common parlance is called a "free fight"—with the appearance, in the hands of some members of the gathering, of sundry bottles and glasses whose contents may safely be pronounced free from the *animalcules* infesting the Montreal water supply, recently so graphically described and illustrated in our pages. But they imply the imbibing of something more immediately dangerous to health and peace; and, in fact, appear to show that drinking, if not drunkenness, is a prominent feature in these Sunday entertainments. Truth compels us to state, however, that up to this time of writing we are utterly ignorant of a single fact to support this charge so frequently made; and here we may remark that our artist, as a faithful interpreter of public conviction, has judiciously for the purposes of this picture, sought to show what is believed to be rather than what is; having satisfied himself as to the truth of the broad outline he rightly accepted those details assumed by public report to be correct, which would best heighten the contrast. Hence we have the extremes of the picture of Sunday as it is observed in Montreal. That a reform is urgently desired, is beyond question from the frequency with which the subject is brought up for discussion; and, doubtless, to appeal to the judgment through the eye, as our artist does, will be quite as effective in arresting public attention as the writing of half-a-dozen anonymous letters to the press.

The Sunday observance question has excited no small share of attention for many a year, and we suppose will continue to do so for many a year to come. On both sides of the Atlantic, and in all Christian countries, however much people may agree in theory, there has been and there is still much diversity of individual conduct in the way of practically illustrating how the Sunday should be kept. All, for instance, admit that the day should not be desecrated; but how many agree as to what is Sabbath desecration? Or, so many agreeing, whence comes their right to impose by legal restriction their judgment upon others? These questions must press themselves upon the attention of thoughtful men who approach the consideration of Sunday observance with an earnest desire to do right by their own conscience, and yet preserve to others the liberty they claim for themselves. Granted that no man has the right to do wrong, who is the judge of the wrong-doing in matters upon which men honestly differ in conscience, but in which they do not thereby violate each other's acknowledged personal rights?

These speculative issues may be pondered over at leisure. In the meantime, our purpose is to call attention to the fact of organized public entertainments for private profit being an established institution within the environs of this city; that their great feature is the velocipede race; that they sometimes aspire to tight rope and other gymnastic performances, and wind up with the discharge into mid air of a very tiny balloon composed exteriorly of red coloured paper. Very likely the audience cheer, too, sometimes, and being of a loquacious race, they doubtless chat enormously. They have begun to patronize the velocipede rink in force since Guilbault closed his moral exhibition of wild animals; and the suburb of St. Jean Baptiste has, by its lax Municipal rules, permitted the establishment of these regular Sunday afternoon performances, which are also said to be favoured by the Montreal Street Car Company because of the crowds of passengers thereby attracted, to and fro, along the line of St. Lawrence Main Street. The press, ever watchful of the public morals, has discussed the matter; and one writer has indignantly condemned the *Maire* of St. Jean, in that the said *Maire* hath, systematically and continuously, fined the Montrealers in the sum of five dollars per head (or per purse, when the head was gone) for being drunk; whereas on the denizens of the privileged Municipality over which his worship rules, the penalty inflicted for the same offence is the ridiculously small sum of twenty-five cents! In this we acknowledge a graceful compliment to the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, and, accordingly, applaud the civic discrimination which can see, in a Montrealer going into St. Jean to misconduct himself, an iniquity twenty times greater than is that of the like indiscretion perpetrated by those "to the manner born," and who perhaps pay their fines—as American partisans cast their votes on election day—early and often. If his worship should see fit to double his rates on the intoxicated Montrealers who come within the clutches of St. Jean law, we should take it as a fresh recognition of the great dignity of this city, and a new inducement to its residents to conduct themselves with propriety when they go beyond its precincts.

Another writer in one of the city papers who signs himself "G. R. H.," and wrote on the 13th inst., asserted that "At the Velocipede Rink" the poor man "can get plenty of whisky, but when he gets that he . . . reels along the street, using language the most obscene or blasphemous, varying his amusement by fighting with his fellows. These drunkards are of all ages, but usually lads from fourteen to twenty." We stop our extract here; and have eliminated it, not to divert its sense—from the omitted portion refers to the Sunday traffic of the street cars, which we are not now dis-

cussing—but simply to put on record the charge that at the Rink intoxicating drinks are dispensed on Sunday afternoon. It is not affirmed by "G. R. H." of his own knowledge, in so far as his letter shows, and we are strongly inclined to believe that it is not true. Desirous of setting before the public the facts in connection with this very serious matter which our artist had chosen for illustration, we went one Sunday afternoon, in company with another member of our staff, to see the iniquity with our own eyes, with the intention of telling exactly what we saw, in order that the facts, plainly stated, might aid the public in forming a judgment on the oft repeated charge of the Sabbath desecrations perpetrated in the neighbourhood of Montreal. But in our ignorance of the topography of the sportive region of St. Jean, we took the wrong course and only arrived at the Rink after the balloon had entered on its aerial journey and the audience were dispersing to their homes. There was no appearance of drunkenness among the crowd issuing from the Rink. The patrons of the institution seemed to be all, or nearly all, French Canadians, mostly made up of family groups, with, of course, a large admixture of young people of both sexes. As we entered—and this was some time before dark—the benches were nearly all empty; five minutes afterwards they were entirely cleared. Half a dozen devoted, if not devout, velocipedists were yet careering—and some of them almost careening—round the course, and the bandsmen having ceased to play, had lost their puffy faces, and seemed to be rather attenuated youths. There were still three policemen about the portals, and a bar-man at the refreshment table. In the absence of all means of gaining information as to the internal resources of the very unpretending establishment under his charge, we "interviewed" this *garçon* and learned that he dispensed nothing but "Temperance drinks." After another glance at the unexhausted velocipedists we left the Rink, and on our way, overtook one of the guardians of the peace. This functionary, on being questioned, was civilly communicative. He told us that he had had a three years' acquaintance with these suburban Sunday amusements; that the refreshment tables were conducted on Temperance principles; that disturbances were rare—in fact scarcely ever occurred—and that if any one appeared intoxicated in the Rink, he must have got his liquor before entering it.

The public, having been told as far as possible what this Sunday amusement at the Velocipede Rink is, will have little difficulty in arriving at a conclusion as to the duty of those who administer the law, to deal with it in the interest of order and public decency. The suburban corporations are not, of course, amenable to the municipal authorities of this city; but the law of the land, which has made provision for the enforcement of the respect due to the Lord's Day, surely offers redress against its desecration through the holding of public entertainments. There is one matter in connection with this subject not yet mentioned, and one which it is perfectly competent for those within the city to suppress—that is the distribution on Sunday, after mass, at the doors of the French churches—at least at those of the Gesù—of the programmes or advertisements of these Rink entertainments. "Bill posting" is as much a business calling as brick laying, and has no more reason to be tolerated on Sunday, except in the interest of purely charitable or religious objects. It is only right, too, to say, for the credit of Montreal, that despite the culpable laxity of the surrounding municipalities in the administration of the law, especially with respect to liquor selling and keeping improper houses—a laxity which may, perhaps, be also in some degree chargeable upon the city itself—there is no more reason for giving Montreal the credit of being the "Wickedest City" in Canada than there is for believing that it does not contain a full quota, "according to population," of those who

"Compound for sins they have a mind to  
By damning those they're not inclined to."

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

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued.)

**Saw.**—This instrument was invented by Dædalus, according to Pliny; by Talus, according to Apollodorus. Talus, it is said, having found the jaw-bone of a snake, employed it to cut through a piece of wood, and then made one of iron.

**SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.**—The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make, instead of their signature, is in the form of a cross; and this practice having been formerly followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariably a proof of such ignorance; anciently, the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for amongst the Saxons the mark of the cross is an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, and was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. In these times if a man could write or even read, his knowledge was considered proof presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word *clericus* or *clerk* was synonymous with penman; and the laity, and the people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was, therefore, universal; alike by those who could and could not write; it was the symbol of an oath, from its holy associations, and, generally, the mark.

**SIRLOIN.**—This word come from the French *surlonge*, which is compounded from the Latin *super, above, and lumbus, a loin*. The general opinion, however, is that this word owes its first syllable to Charles II., who, it is said, in one of his merry moods, *knighted a loin of beef*, and hence they say this joint is called the *sir-loin* (Sir Loin.)

**"SKEDADDLE."**—A Confederate soldier says that skeddaddle is neither Greek nor Sanscrit, nor any o'd world waif, but that it originated in Virginia soil, and among men who, "rund mit Siegel," in this wise: In the earlier days of the war, when Mosby and other guerilla partisans were making the Federal troops much trouble, it was customary for both parties to send out companies of skirmishers, to act as circumstances might require. Of course they frequently encountered each other in very pretty little fights. On one of these occasions Mosby's men got the worst of it, and their leader sung out "Scatter, boys, scatter," every one running his own way then, into the bushes, and vanishing like rabbits from the exulting enemy. A few days afterwards there was another encounter, in which

the Federals were overpowered, and their German commander, who understood English very imperfectly, but remembered the magic rebel words, "Scatter, boys, scatter," attempted to give the same order. But either in his ignorance of the words, or his excitement, he could only say "Ske-dad-dle, boys, ske-dad-dle," which they did to such good purpose that the joke and the order have been very popular ever since, and saved, we may hope, as they say, "many valuable lives."

**SKIPPER.**—Peter the Great chanced one day to meet at the house of a certain merchant, a captain of a trading vessel, a Dutchman, of the name of *Schipper*, who was there, with some of his crew. Peter had just dined, he desired that the captain might sit down to table, and that his people should also remain in the apartment and enjoy his presence; he had them served with drink, and he amused himself with their sea-phrases, as coarse as they were artless. One of these sailors, emboldened by the indulgence of the monarch, thought proper to drink the health of the Empress, with all the zeal of gratitude. After a moment's pause, he took up the jug, bent his head in advance, scraped his feet awkwardly behind him, and said, "My Lord, the Great Peter, long live your wife, Madam the Empress." Captain Schipper turned himself round, looked at the sailor, shrugged his shoulders, and to show the Czar that he, for his part, understood the usages, politeness, and style of the Court, rose up, joggled the sailor with his elbow, took the jug, advanced towards Peter, bent his body very low, and thus correcting the phrase of the mariner, said:—*Sir, the Great Peter, long live her Excellency, Madam, the Empress, your spouse.* The Czar smiling, replied, "*Schipper*, that is very well, indeed, I thank you;" and hence arose the word *Skipper*, as applied to the master of a sailing vessel.

**SPA.**—A watering place, so called from the town of Spa in Liege (Belgium) famous for its mineral waters, hence any watering place is called a Spa.

On Thursday last, about noon, a shock of earthquake was felt in this city. The vibrations, which seemed to be from North to South, were strong at first, and gradually weakened until they became imperceptible, about thirty seconds after their commencement.

**A PHILOSOPHICAL COMPOSER.**—There is a man living in Paris now who has seen all shades of political events with the cheerful indifference of Epicurus. This is Auber, the composer. Born under Louis XVI., he has successfully saluted the First Republic, the First Empire, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, the Republic of 1848, the Second Empire, and the Third Republic in 1870.

CHESS.

A well defended game lately played in the "Ancient Capital."

TWO KTS. DEFENCE.

White—Mr. P.

1. P. to K. 4th
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd
3. B. to B. 4th
4. Castles.
5. R. to K. sq.
6. B. to Q. Kt. 5th
7. P. to Q. 3rd
8. Q. takes B.
9. R. takes P. ch.
10. B. to K. Kt. 5th
11. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
12. Q. R. to K. sq.
13. B. takes Kt.
14. R. to K. B. 5th
15. P. to K. R. 4th
16. R. takes R.
17. P. to K. Kt. 3rd
18. K. to Kt. 2nd
19. P. to R. 5th
20. P. takes P.
21. R. takes B.
22. Q. to K. Kt. 4th
23. Q. to K. B. 4th
24. Kt. to Q. sq.
25. Kt. to K. 3rd
26. Q. to K. R. 4th
27. Q. takes Q.

Black—Mr. S.

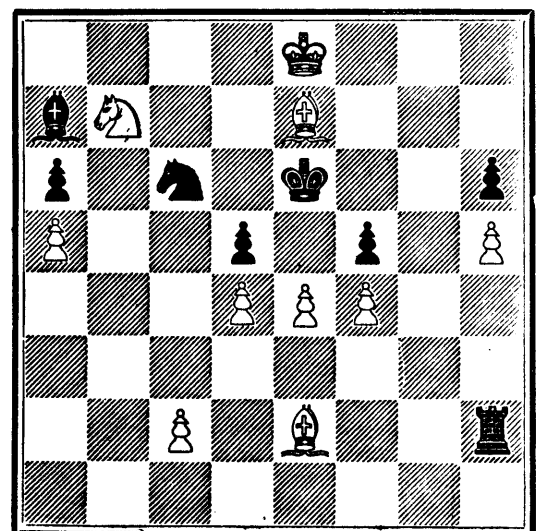
- P. to K. 4th
- Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
- K. Kt. to B. 3rd
- Kt. takes K. P. a
- P. to Q. 4th
- Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th
- B. takes Kt.
- Kt. to K. B. 3rd
- B. to K. 2nd
- Castles. b
- P. to K. R. 3rd
- B. to Q. 3rd
- Q. takes B.
- Q. to K. Kt. 3rd
- Q. R. to K. sq.
- R. takes R.
- Q. to K. 3rd
- K. to R. 2nd
- R. to K. 2nd
- R. to B. 2nd
- Q. to K. B. 3rd
- R. takes Q. wins

- a Black exposes his game to a formidable assault by this capture.
- b The positions are now about equal, as Black has been obliged to give up the Pawn, and to remain on the defensive for some time.
- c Great care is still necessary.
- d The "coup-juste;" forcing an exchange, and remaining with the superior game.

PROBLEM No. 19.

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.







H DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY."

## BETROTHAL.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

The two stood alone 'neath the chestnut's shade,  
And the moon from the heavens looked down,  
As her beams wove webs of golden braid  
O'er the leaves in the chestnut's crown:  
And lovingly stole through the locks of the maid,  
Leeks outshining the chestnut's brown.

And the two stood silent, hand in hand,  
Filled with thoughts which they could not speak:  
For o'er them Love swayed his mystic wand,  
And the silence they dared not break:  
But one common thought, like a gold arch spanned  
'Twixt each heart and lit up each cheek.

And her face was turned for awhile side,  
In the light of the moon it shone—  
A gem in the curls of a future bride,  
Flushed like bridal rose fresh-blown:  
But her beaming glances she might not hide,  
For their light was but half her own,

And the other half his, by the right of heart—  
So they thus in silence stood:  
But a word leapt forth and it made her start,  
And again that face he viewed:  
One smile, one sweet word from those lips apart,  
Morn and music o'er solitude!

O the sweet bright hour and the witching power  
Of those eyes of the trustful blue!  
O the love which to beauty gives a dower,  
Like the holy halo we view  
Round a Saint's brow—some painter's pencil-flower,  
Which in glimpse of glory he drew.

The leaves may wither, the moons may wane,  
But never that night-light flame:  
Like a vestal's fire o'er which in vain  
Breathed time, swept peril and blame,  
So her truth will be—in his memory's fan  
Her dear face shall be still the same.

S. J. WATSON.

## KATE'S CHOICE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER I.

On a fine sharp morning in September, a young girl, who had been walking briskly down Oxford Street, turned into one of the quieter thoroughfares branching from it, and suddenly stopped before a large bookseller's shop. Up to this moment, her pace had been quick and unbroken, and her step decisive enough to raise a half-sneering smile on the lip of more than one young-lady lonnger; but now something like hesitation crossed her face, as she glanced through the closed glass-doors into the shop. It had more of the leisure air of a select library than of a place of business—it might be impertinent to intrude her little affairs upon its dignified repose. She tapped her foot on the pavement irresolutely, while the fine colour brought to her cheek by exercise deepened to a glow.

"Am I so weak as to shrink on the threshold of my enterprise?" she asked herself; and then quickly answered her own question by a determined turn of the door-handle, and a firm step up to the counter.

"Is Mr. Dalton within, and disengaged?" she asked of a pale young man in attendance.

"I will see, miss," replied the functionary, slowing tying up a parcel of books. "Is it essential to see Mr. Dalton?" he asked without moving, and glancing languidly at the dark tweed shawl and straw-bonnet of the lady.

"Certainly, otherwise I should not have asked to do so," was the reply. Upon which the pale young man opened his eyes, and slowly cut the string of his parcel.

"I will thank you to ascertain at once whether Mr. Dalton is engaged or not. Say Miss Ashcombe wishes to see him, and will wait his leisure." The words were spoken with a quiet decision that effected their purpose, the dilatory youth quickly removing himself from the firm, bright eyes which watched his progress. In a minute or two, he returned with a great addition of respect in his manner. "Mr. Dalton requested that Miss Ashcombe would amuse herself for ten minutes with any of the books." And he ushered her forward into an inner room—a sort of small library—opening into another, and yet another similar, but larger one, beyond.

At any time but this, Kate Ashcombe would have enjoyed the permission; but now she looked impatiently at her watch. "Ten minutes! Before then, I shall be a very Acres in cowardice." There was no remedy, however; so she tried to keep up her courage, and her impatience down, during the trial of delay. Full of her one idea, she was vainly trying to concentrate her attention upon *Amy Harrington*, when the now obsequious official reappeared, to inform her that Mr. Dalton was at liberty, and waited her pleasure. Kate Ashcombe dropped her book somewhat disrespectfully, and followed her conductor up a short flight of stairs into a little counting-house, where, from above a high desk which concealed the rest of his person, the bald head of Mr. Dalton presented its shining expanse to her view. It was bent down over the paper on which he was int. nt, and continued so for some seconds, despite the announcement of "Miss Ashcombe, sir!" to the great relief of Kate's throbbing pulses. A small but bright fire directly before her, gave her a social, inviting look, and she drew near it with a side-glance at so much of the aforesaid forehead as was visible. "Large development of benevolence," mentally observed Kate, who had been dipping into phrenology; "but I always knew that, or I should not have come." Kate, now somewhat reassured, began to wonder whether he was aware of her presence, and at length gave a little indicative cough, upon which a deep voice issuing from under the forehead said: "I know Miss Ashcombe is waiting, but it will do her no harm."

"Not at all," replied Kate's now clear and pleasant voice. "She is feeling a little more comfortable and courageous."

A pair of blue eyes, in which sense and humour dwelt together, now raised themselves, and turned a full penetrating look up her, while slowly wheeling round upon his stool from under the recesses of the desk, Mr. Dalton leaned one arm thereupon, and confronted his visitor.

"Sit still, Miss Ashcombe," glancing at his old leather arm-chair, of which Kate had half-unconsciously taken possession. "We will waive all unnecessary preliminaries. Now, what is the business on hand? Have we been writing some new novel?" with a slight sneer.

"If I had committed such an indiscretion, I don't think I should venture to speak of it to Mr. Dalton," said Kate.

"Humph!" was the reply. "Well!"

"Mr. Dalton is a thoroughly practical man, a man of business," resumed Kate; "and he has very little sympathy with girlish crotchets, I know, and yet I have come to ask his aid in a plan which, at the first glance, will appear to him perhaps very girlish and not a little crotchety."

"Come to the point, madam; I never read prefaces."

"Mr. Dalton, I wish to be a governess! I wish to go to Germany." Mr. Dalton descended from his stool, and stepped in front of the fire, tall, strong, and irate.

"Kate Ashcombe! I thought you were a girl of sense. Go home." But Kate sat still, though with a deprecatory look; while Mr. Dalton put his hands under his coat-tails, and looked contemptuously at the door, personifying it as the offender.

"Stuff! nonsense!" said he to the door—"empty brains breed maggots!"

"Do you despise the office of a governess?" interrupted Kate, a little indignant. "Is it not a right useful one?"

"The field is overcrowded; no room for those who have no business there."

"But if I have business there? if I can prove it to be my vocation?"

"Vocation! Fiddlestick!" Kate glanced up at him—he was looking vengeancefully at the door; she walked up to it, and placed her back against it.

"I am the offender, Mr. Dalton," said she. "You may as well annihilate me with your looks as your words."

Mr. Dalton was surprised into silence. Kate gave another glance.

"Oh, I do not think I can go on," she said, half aloud. "He looks so very unpromising. How unsympathetic men are! how cruelly matter-of-fact!"

"They'd need to be so, or you women would turn them crazy," muttered Mr. Dalton, but still there was a sly gleam of humour in the corner of his eye. "Come," continued he, "let me know what has put this strange fancy into your head."

"Ah! that is right," said Kate. "You will hear reason, and allow me to prove myself reasonable." But here she came to a dead stop. She had a great deal to say, and the question was where to begin. Not by an appeal to his sympathies, she thought, noting the half-defiant air with which he seemed to await her attack upon them. A shrewd thought suggested:

"Possess him of the facts of the case: his suspicion will then be no longer on the alert to detect something in the background."

"Mr. Dalton, Ellen is going to marry Alfred Crawford," said Kate, taking her first decided plunge into the subject.

"Hey! what?" asked Mr. Dalton, dropping the pen he had just placed between his lips.

"Mr. Crawford, you are aware, has been visiting our house more and more frequently since my father's death: he has evidently admired Ellen for some time, and—I believe the attachment is mutual. Mamma, too, always liked Mr. Crawford very much."

"I understand. Ellen and mamma admire Crawford House very much: but the former part of the statement puzzles me rather. Alfred Crawford is going to marry Ellen! Are you quite sure there is not some mistake, Kate? Women often jump to conclusions in these matters."

Kate smiled.

"Go home with me to-night, Mr. Dalton, and you will find a happy trio sitting over the fire, fixing the day, discussing the trousseau, arranging the wedding-trip, and so on."

"Blowing bubbles! a fit pastime for fools!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, wrathfully. "I always thought him an empty-headed fop!"

"You are very unjust, sir," said Kate indignantly. "Ellen is fair enough to make such a choice, the most natural thing in the world; and Mr. Crawford has sterling qualities, which I have a right to appreciate, who know how he devoted his evenings last winter to the amusement of my dear father, reading to him by the hour together."

"You were a listener, were you not?"

"Yes," said Kate.

"And mamma and mamma's Ellen were in Hampshire?"

"Yes," said Kate, stooping to pick up her shawl, which had fallen from the chair.

"Humph!" said Mr. Dalton, taking up his pen and crunching it vigorously between his teeth.

"Therefore," resumed Kate with a clear, steady voice, "I have a friendship of gratitude for Mr. Crawford, and I hope—indeed, why should not Ellen make a good wife? Marriage will sober her, and discover to her her deeper nature."

"Indeed! How do you know?" asked her querist, regarding her with very scrutinising eyes.

"From observation—and imagination, perhaps."

"Ah!" said Mr. Dalton, jerking his pen into the fire, and folding his arms. "Well, Kate?"

"Mamma cannot bear to be parted from Ellen; and Ellen and Mr. Crawford both wish that she should take up her home with them. But there is a difficulty, you see."

"Is not Crawford House large enough to hold Kate too?"

"Yes, if she should submit to live there," said Kate, with a momentarily flashing eye. "But that she will not do. Neither will she, for her sake alone, exile Ellen's mother from Ellen's home. Listen to me, Mr. Dalton. Don't think so meanly of me as to imagine I am moved by a mere impulse of pride. I have deeper and better reasons. If it had not been for my father, I should have left home long before now; not that I have anything unkind to say of it, but because it did not suit me, nor I it. This happens sometimes in the world. People find themselves in a sphere out of harmony with their nature. Don't curl your lip, sir: I am speaking fact, not sentiment. What was I, as a child, where Beauty was the idol of the nursery? What but a shadow in Ellen's little world of triumph? Oh! Mr. Dalton, you know that the poor little plain sister carried about a heavy heart. It was not admiration I wanted,—here Kate spoke impetuously,—"but love. Mamma was always absorbed in Ellen. I was nothing to her, but a sigh after a smile. Papa had not learned to know me then. You were the first who spoke lovingly to me: at first, out of pity, but afterwards you got to love me. I know you did, and it did me more good than anything. You taught me the best lesson of my life—to love, rather than long to be loved. Mr. Dalton, I know what I owe you." She rose up and took his hand, and pressed it with no sylph-like force.

"The girl actually hurts one! her grasp is like a vice," said Mr. Dalton, turning round to his desk.

"It was better after I grew older, and found courage to

separate my life from Ellen's," went on Kate. "To stay at home from balls, and study or read to papa, was far pleasanter. But he took up so little of my time; and after I left school, I painfully felt the want of some useful object in life. I was doing nothing. Mamma and Ellen did not need me; papa for a long time scorned a girl's society. I could not fritter away my time in young-lady trifles; I have not much of the young lady about me, you know. I began to prepare myself for my probable future."

"Now we are getting into Don Quixote again," soliloquised Mr. Dalton, opening the ledger.

"Not at all," said Kate. "I merely mean that I did not think it probable I should marry."

"And why not, pray? Do you think every man is an Alfred Crawford, to be won by the mere tinsel of a pretty face?"

"No," said Kate, reddening; but I am not merely plain, but unattractive. It takes some little time, and perhaps some little trouble, for people to know me. And yet I have the presumption to be as difficult to be pleased as I am to please. There are few with whom I could consent to associate for life; so, you see, my chances are small in a matrimonial view. The time will come—it has come sooner than I thought—when I shall be alone. I would not, if I could, live a solitary, indolent, self-indulgent life: I will go into the world and use the faculties given to me; I have been preparing myself by study for some time."

"How long do these resolutions date? From last winter or the spring, hey?"

Kate's cheek flushed. She looked up clearly into those inquisitive eyes.

"Long before," said she; "but as soon as papa was ill, I knew my nearest duty lay at home."

"And you did it," said Mr. Dalton emphatically. "I know well about you, Kate Ashcombe; I have not been blind: I have watched your quiet path of home-duty, deliberately taken, well sustained, and with no assumption of superiority over your butterfly sister. You have had your reward: your father, in his latest moments, commended you to me as 'the best and dearest of daughters!'"

"Did he say these words? He never said so much to me," Kate's eyes filled with glad tears.

"If any other girl made such a proposal to me, I should, ten to one, say: 'Go home, and find out your duty there.' But the case is different, and the girl is different—strong-minded, energetic, high-principled. She may go; she will make her way, a useful and happy way. But why to Germany, madam?"

"Because the German language is in much repute now-a-days; I know something of it, and should like to know more. To tell the truth, I am heartily fond of it, and my fancy here, I think, may be innocently indulged."

"There's the fox slipped out of his hole at last," said Mr. Dalton, gruffly. "I knew fancy was at the bottom of it. What did you come to me for? I'm an Englishman; what have I to do with Germany?"

"You have so many foreign correspondents; you take an interest in governesses; you know best how to direct me, you are my friend of long-standing."

"Pooh!"

But Kate's powers of persuasion now came in, and perhaps those dark, intelligent eyes, with their clear, single-hearted glance, were not so devoid of power as she fancied. Certain it is that Kate gathered her Tweed shawl around her with an air of triumph, and that Mr. Dalton muttered to his books with a vanquished look: "I hate romance; why wouldn't England have done as well?"

Kate now hurried into Oxford Street, and got into an omnibus, for she was not one of those young ladies who deem such a conveyance beneath their dignity. She understood her limited means, and it never came into her head to be ashamed of regulating her conduct by them. She sat in its further corner, with a glow of satisfaction on her cheek; her secretly cherished plan looked so much more tangible and practicable, now she had induced Mr. Dalton to foster it; a mere idea, so long as it lay silent and struggling within herself, had become a reality in Mr. Dalton's common-sense grasp. Her position was fixed; her object in life clearly defined before her; she felt all the quiet energy of independence. She, too, was about to step upon a new path; and if that step must be taken boldly and singly, it rather suited her character, than to follow, like Ellen, in the footsteps of another. At least so she said to herself; and if, low down in her heart, there was a womanly whisper against this assertion, she smiled it away with a refusal to listen. Upon reaching that labyrinth of villas, St. John's Wood, she turned from one of the main roads into a sort of side-grove. It was a trim, retired spot, too genteel and townish to suit Kate's taste; yet there had been pleasant hours in that small, carefully tended garden, the gate of which she now opened; she knew every flower, and cared for each as we do for the pets of our own fostering. That back-parlour window, too, admitted of a pleasant seat; indeed she remembered that, last winter, it had often held two: her work-table was there, and of course Alfred Crawford was glad to come as near to the light with his book as possible. Kate stood still for a minute; her memory was apt to present to her little vivid pictures of the past; it was not her fault that they stamped themselves so graphically upon her mind, or that just then the autumnal light upon that window brought before her a bright, manly face bent over a book, with slant streaks of sunshine playing on chestnut hair. The clear air freshening round her had in it the echo of a gay, pleasant voice reading her favourite authors, and association would not let a glance, that every now and then sought hers, escape her memory. As these truant thoughts came, a shadow passed over the animated face, the erect and energetic form drooped a little. The sound of Ellen's laugh within soon broke the spell, and Kate started, entered the house, and went upstairs.

"I thought I was a strong-minded woman," she exclaimed, with a smile of self-mockery, "but I am weak. 'Strong-minded, energetic'—ah, Mr. Dalton!"

Take courage, Kate; it is only the strong who so feel their weakness. It was not the first struggle that had occurred in that chamber, nor was it the first of many victories.

Kate entered the parlour quiet, subdued, but steady; the momentary weakness was over. The Alfred Crawford sitting somewhat listlessly by the fire was not the too pleasant companion of her memory, but the betrothed of her sister Ellen; the voice might have the same tone, the bright hair might catch the same sunset gleam, but Kate was strong now. He sprang up to receive her with a warm greeting, placed a chair by the fire—"was sure she must be cold, sitting so long upstairs." Kate cheerfully answered. Perhaps she thought as

warm a welcome might have been given by her mother and Ellen; but she was accustomed to the careless glance of the one, and the half-fretful questioning of the other.

"Where have you been all day, Kate? You are always out of the way. You might have finished that volume for us when Mr. Crawford could read no longer."

"It would scarcely have suited Miss Ashcombe's taste, I think," said Crawford.

Kate glanced at it—it was one of the thousand novels of the day. She smiled, while a sort of pity stole into her glance, that a man like Crawford, active and intelligent, should be compelled to waste that bright day in such occupation. Ellen was sitting on the sofa, listlessly working at an elaborate piece of embroidery; she looked as if the morning had pressed a heavy weight of hours upon her. Crawford, perhaps, had some perception of Kate's thought.

"Take a run in the garden before dinner, my dear Ellen," said he—"it will refresh you. You look quite pale beside your sister."

Ellen glanced up scornfully. "I hate a blowsy colour," she said; "and I am not a pedestrian like Kate."

Crawford walked to the window, and stood there apparently engrossed by Kate's fuchsias, but really glancing from one sister to the other. Could Kate, in her dark Cashmere, bear comparison with the fair and guile-robbed Ellen? Could spirit and intelligence bear the palm from mere beauty? Nay, it is possible, despite man's weakness; but often, unfortunately, the preference does not last long enough, or comes too late.

Gathered around the evening fire, Kate braced herself to open her plans to the small circle. She would rather meet the united brunt of opposition, if such there was to be, than run the gauntlet. And opposition there was, in the form of surprise, disapproval, and remonstrance.

"Absurd and romantic!" pronounced Mrs. Ashcombe; "indeed, I consider the idea quite a disgrace to us all."

"Vulgar and degrading, mamma," said Ellen. "I can't think how Kate can take such low views of things. What do you say, Alfred?" And Crawford, who had sat silent and astonished until then, said with decision:

"I agree with you, certainly. A degradation! I should think so! Kate Ashcombe a governess!"

Kate looked at him. "Is this his view?" she said to herself. "Mr. Dalton saw no degradation in it." Then breaking out a little indignantly:

"Where," said she, "is the disgrace of living according to my circumstances?"

"You have so disagreeable a way of putting things," said Mrs. Ashcombe.

"It is unkind and unsteady," said Crawford in a vexed tone, "when your brother would feel himself honoured by your society." Something jarred upon Kate's heart in this speech, and she answered a little curtly:

"Whether is it more honourable to support yourself, or to be supported by others?—Vulgar! degrading! What, then, is right or respectable?"

"You are angry, Kate."

"Quite in a passion," said Ellen, with a sneer at the heightening colour and flashing eyes. Crawford looked at Kate too, and then threw the force of his arguments and remonstrances into the scale, while Ellen curled her lip, that he should seem so anxious about it. As he grew warmer, she and her mother cooled, until, on Kate's steady persistence in her purpose, Mrs. Ashcombe broke in:

"There's no arguing with Kate," said she, "when she's bent upon anything. Let her go. She can please herself."

"I shall not hinder her," said Ellen carelessly.

"She has few to please beside," said Kate with a touch of tartness as she rose up. "I thank you both for the permission, but it might have been given more kindly." There was a touch on her arm in the hall. She turned round; Alfred Crawford looked earnestly in her face.

"Then you won't go with us, Kate? Dear Kate, think again."

"I thank you—I cannot." Kate resisted the pleading glance, and loosened her hand from his. She drew her breath quickly as she ran into her own room. "What does he mean? What does he think a woman's heart is made of?" Tears came; and the heart that had borne so bravely, yielded for a while.

But Kate was not conquered; it was perhaps her last hour of weakness. The next evening, Mr. Dalton called, and discussed the affair in a tone that greatly altered Mrs. Ashcombe's and Ellen's. The dead husband's friend and counsellor, the plain practical man of business, approved and supported Kate—that made all the difference. Henceforth no more opposition. Crawford no longer ventured a word, though he glanced at Mr. Dalton with a dissatisfied air, that questioned his business with the affair at all. If that was a time of probation for Kate, it soon came to an end. Mr. Dalton had heard of an excellent school in Frankfurt, and there he advised Kate to study for at least three months; in that time, she would familiarise herself with the people and manners of a strange land, and be on the spot to select her position. Kate admired the clear-sightedness of this arrangement, and embraced it at once, although the offer of protection in her journey, by an old friend of Mr. Dalton, obliged her to take her departure much sooner than she had intended; but Ellen dispensed with her assistance in her bridal preparations, and gave her free leave to waive that consideration. So Kate quitted her home one drear morning in October, with no very heart-breaking farewells, under the kind escort of her father's friend. He even accompanied her to Dover, and saw her fairly on board the Ostend packet, and in charge of his old friend, Mr. Liston—a kindness which almost overwhelmed Kate, for she knew how much against his habits was such a proceeding. She clasped his hand with a very lingering pressure; she felt as if she should yield after all, if he did but say "Stay!" But he only said "Good-by, my girl," in an apparently careless way, and hurried over the gangway long before the bell began to ring. "He might have given me a fatherly kiss," thought Kate; and she sat down and cried quietly, with her head turned aside, and her tears dropping into the water.

In this brief sketch of Kate's history it does not come within our purpose to follow her across the Channel, or step with her into "Fatherland." It is enough that the energy which formed the resolution did not fail when put to the test. She made the very best use of her opportunities in the Frankfurt school, and actually enjoyed her position there among the frank-hearted German girls. Before the end of the quarter, she departed with one of these to her home near Cologne, to take up her abode with Madame Topfer as private governess to

her niece. To dwell in a somewhat isolated German country-house with an elderly lady and one young girl, might not seem a very inviting position; and we do not speak of difficulties and unpleasantnesses—of struggles with English prepossession, if not prejudices—and, still more, of the home-yearnings of an English heart—because it is enough that Kate overcame these, and made for herself a home with the old lady and Minnie Topfer.

To be continued.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT IT WILL ALL COME TO.

The man who knows what it will all come to is the natural enemy of the man who has a scheme. When the two meet they look askance at each other, and the man who has a scheme becomes taciturn. "Do you see that fellow?" whispers the man who knows what it will all come to, with a sceptic wink and a jerk of the thumb. "Well, don't you have anything to do with his machinations?" "Do you see that individual?" mutters the man who has a scheme, with bitter contempt in his voice. "Well, he's a fool; if he tries to talk to you don't listen to him." The man who has a scheme is generally restless and anxious. He is perpetually on the move. He catches hold of one's buttonhole at street corners, and develops his plans with conviction and fire. The man who knows what it will all come to is the very opposite. His gait is measured and firm, like that of a philosopher. There is an arch, mocking expression on his face. He carries a newspaper in his pocket, and, when he meets an acquaintance, he pulls out this paper, points significantly to a paragraph, and says, with undisguised satisfaction, "There, read that; didn't I tell you it would happen?" Of course the paragraph relates to a bankruptcy, to the sudden collapse of a mining company, to a great battle lost, or to some other catastrophe over which the rest of the public are lamenting. The man who knows what it will all come to has a keen scent for such paragraphs, and the more there are of them so much the blither is his mood. It is a picture to see him dining at his club, with an open copy of the evening paper beside him, and his quick eye turned towards the door in joyous expectancy of a friend to whom he may be the first to communicate the dismal tidings: "I say, Guinness, you had shares in this concern, hadn't you? Three hundred, I think you told me? Ah! they never catch me with such chaff. I knew from the first what it would all come to." And with immense gusto he helps himself to a glass of wine. Some friends mumble curses at this job's comforter, and hasten away to be rid of him. But one is bound to acknowledge that these are few, and that among the majority of his acquaintances the man who knows what it will all come to passes for a being of deep forethought and preternaturally acute instincts.

Reputations are often as easy to make as to lose. We marvel sometimes at the sight of a man standing high in the opinion of his contemporaries without any apparent reason. He has no great wealth, no title, no unusual talents, nothing, in short, which can explain the fetishism of the public. And yet he is a very great man in his sphere. People quote him as an authority, make way for him near the fireside, and ask his advice in as deferential a tone as if they meant to follow it. When this is the case one may be sure that the man has been fortunate enough to strike either by speech or deed one of the numerous chords that lie hid in the breast of mankind. For this no talent is needed, but only a peculiar idiosyncrasy. Men who listen attentively without saying anything but "Ah! yes, just so!" and who laugh readily, are very popular, and enjoy a great reputation for wit and conversational aptitude. Men who are of a lugubrious turn of mind, and who, being convinced that all things on earth are empty and vain, groan dejectedly, mournfully shake their heads, and utter gloomy ejaculations at the mention of other people's sorrow, are much in request among people who have a grievance—and who is the man who has not had a grievance? Similarly, the man who persistently declares that he knows what it will all come to is sure soon or late to be honoured with the esteem of his fellows. Not that as a rule prophets of evil are popular; but because the man who augurs failure of every human enterprise must in most cases be right, and because every right guess is accepted by enlightened persons as a certain indication of wisdom.

The man who knows what it will all come to has an unmistakable advantage over the prophet of good in this, that not even the smallest dose of common sense is requisite for his stock in trade. People are often wary enough of believing good, they are seldom backward in crediting evil. The man who vaunts a scheme must be smooth and imaginative. His language must be persuasive, his address insinuating, and his manner adroit. The man who knows what it will all come to needs nothing of all this. With him a few words are sufficient—a shrug, a wink. Once establish him in his reputation for prescience, and his slightest utterances become oracles. To judge of this, one has only to see him in a family circle where his opinion has been asked about hiring a servant, or sending Tom to school, or marrying Lucy. "Humph!" he says, in that freezing tone which reminds the frightened housewife of the north wind, "have you attentively watched that footman's face?" "No." "Well, I have; and, though I have not the slightest wish to make you uneasy, I think it right to tell you that he has exactly the cast of countenance which marks the villain." Next comes the turn of poor Tom, who wants to go to Eton. Of course the man who knows what it will all come to has heard everything about Eton. One of his friends had a son who was drowned there bathing; another friend had a boy who was killed there in a fight; a third friend was the guardian of two promising lads who had got so hopelessly drunk with champagne one 4th of June that they had to be conveyed back to their tutor's house on a stretcher, and were laid up for six weeks after with delirium tremens. The only case he can remember of a boy turning out well at Eton was a young nephew of his, who was a bright sturdy youth of five feet ten. But then his education had been so neglected that he cost his father two hundred guineas for "crumming" after leaving school, and was eventually plucked three times in the army examinations. These encouraging exhortations seldom miss their effect, especially if the oracle be an old friend of the family. If he be only a casual acquaintance they sometimes carry less weight; but even in this last case, when delivered with suitable earnestness, they may act very successfully as domestic torpedoes. I have heard of a wiseacre who prevented a good marriage by a monosyllable. "Is it true," said he, gravely, "that you are going to marry Miss A.?" "Yes," an-

swered the lover, who, as ill-luck would have it, was of a suspicious character. "Oh!" exclaimed the wiseacre; and without adding anything he changed the subject. But the "Oh," and the peculiar tone in which it was uttered, were quite enough for the lover, who meditated on the monosyllable more than was good for him. A vision of the Divorce Court began to haunt him, and the upshot of it was that Miss A. remained a spinster.

In conclusion one can only say that the man who knows what it will all come to is not without his use. One would often rejoice to see him appear with his wet blanket in tow to damp the enthusiasm of too confident shareholders, or to utter his redoubtable prophecies in the ear of Ministers who are framing worthless bills, and demagogues who amuse themselves by exciting the people to serve their own ambition. Unfortunately, like many other good things in life, such as drenching showers for instance, the man who knows what it will all come to has a trick of presenting himself when he is not wanted, and so mars more fortunes than he makes.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

**HETEROGENY.**—The following is an extract from an article by G. Bentham, in *Nature*, on "The Progress of Botany in 1869":—"In all organized beings which in their earlier stages are appreciable through our instruments, every individual has been proven to have proceeded in some stage or another from a similarly organized parent. But there are cases where living beings, Vibrios, Bacteria, &c., first appear under the microscope in a fully formed state, in decaying organic substances in which no presence of a parent could be detected or supposed. Three different theories have been put forward to account for their presence: first, that they are suddenly created out of nothing, or out of purely inorganic elements, which is perhaps the true meaning disguised under the name of spontaneous generation, a theory not susceptible of argument, and therefore rejected by most naturalists as absurd; secondly, that they are the result of the transformation of the particles of the organic substances in which they are found, without any action of parent Vibrios or Bacteria; and this appears to be what is specially termed Heterogeny; thirdly, that there existed in these organic substances germs which had proceeded from parent Vibrios and Bacteria, but too minute for optical appreciation, and that their generation was therefore normal. The supporters of Heterogeny rely upon the impossibility of accounting for the appearance of the Vibrios and Bacteria in any other manner; for they say that although you treat the medium by heat in a hermetically closed vessel in such a manner as to destroy all germs and to intercept all access, still these beings appear. This their opponents deny, if the experiments are conducted with proper care. So it was seven years ago, and so it is still, although the experiments have been frequently repeated in this country, in France, and in North America, almost always with varying results. All reasoning by analogy is still in favour of reproduction from a parent; but Heterogeny has of late acquired partisans, especially in Germany, among those who are prepared to break down the barriers which separate living beings from inorganic bodies."

THRICE KILLED.

The shocking casualties among prominent commanders in the present war, followed by sudden and amazing recovery, will be cited hereafter as the greatest curiosities of history.

The Emperor Napoleon died at Châlons on an early period in the struggle. He died again between Châlons and Mezieres. He tried to die a third time at the head of his army, but could not. At present he is in better health than he has enjoyed for years.

Marshal McMahon, after being instantaneously killed at Sedan, recovered in time to be mortally wounded and die in Belgium. He is now convalescent.

Gen. Faily was shot by his own troops. He was afterwards killed in battle by the Prussians. Finally he was executed for cowardice. He is now alive and well.

King William went raving mad and was conveyed to Berlin in a straight-jacket, ever since which time he has been in command at the front.

Bismarck has been shot. Prince Frederick Charles was killed in action three weeks ago. Subsequently the former gentleman held several interesting conversations with M. Favre and the *Tribune* correspondent, and the Prince, notwithstanding his untimely demise, has continued to make pretty lively times in the neighbourhood of Paris.

The latest victim is Gen. Von. Moltke, who has been borne to his grave in three lead coffins, at three different times, and with three splendid funeral processions. He has not reappeared yet; but he has been so effectually buried that the resurrection will take longer in his case than it did in the others.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Oct. 18, 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,	Oct. 12	60°	68°	64°
Thursday,	" 13	60°	61°	55°
Friday,	" 14	52°	52°	52°
Saturday,	" 15	53°	58°	54°
Sunday,	" 16	55°	63°	60°
Monday,	" 17	60°	60°	57°
Tuesday,	" 18	57°	45°	41°
		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday,	Oct. 12	70°	52°	61°
Thursday,	" 13	62°	50°	56°
Friday,	" 14	55°	42°	48° 5
Saturday,	" 15	60°	40°	50°
Sunday,	" 16	70°	45°	57° 5
Monday,	" 17	61°	52°	56° 5
Tuesday,	" 18	57°	41°	49°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	Oct. 12	29.85	29.80	29.78
Thursday,	" 13	29.84	29.80	29.80
Friday,	" 14	30.04	30.08	30.13
Saturday,	" 15	30.24	30.23	30.30
Sunday,	" 16	30.38	30.35	30.32
Monday,	" 17	30.27	30.24	30.20
Tuesday,	" 18	29.43	29.70	30.00



THE WAGON-TRAIN ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SEDAN.



THE WAR-DEFENCE OF PARIS.—STUDENTS GOING TO MAN THE FORTIFICATIONS.

PREPARING TO MAN THE RAMPARTS.

The Parisians have had a strange experience since mid-summer. When July opened upon them there was not a dream of war; the city was gay; trade brisk; tourists from America, from Britain, from nearly all quarters of the world, were flocking in and making the hotels, the shops, and the places of public amusement hilarious with their presence. The plebiscite had, to all outward appearance, confirmed the perpetuity of the Napoleonic dynasty, and the Liberal Cabinet, with Ollivier at its head, was making at least a show of Constitutional Government. But there were disturbing elements at work. The Spanish Crown, so long a-begging, had been in-

formally offered to and informally accepted by a German Prince of the House of Hohenzollern, the Royal House of Prussia. France and United Europe protested; and the modest young Prince Leopold at once displayed his good sense by declining a position which, despite its many attractions, threatened to bring with it a counterbalancing number of difficulties. The restoration of good feeling among the nations did not follow, however. France, or the Emperor in the name of France, demanded fresh guarantees for the future to bar the throne of Spain from occupancy by a German Prince. Prussia refused; Bismarck contrived the scene at Ems; Benedetti was made, for the time being, the cause of offence; Napoleon thought a war was needed for the confirmation of his dynasty

by the "baptism of fire;" and the most reckless and least competent of ministers seconded his wishes by flaunting threats against Germany in the face of the whole world. How events have moved since the 18th July, when the declaration of war was posted from Paris to Berlin, need not be repeated. But three short months have yet passed, and the Paris which was gay, braggart and audacious, has become serious and constrained, hopeless, at times panic stricken, and almost everything but cowardly. Inside of six weeks from the declaration of war, the Emperor who had placed himself "at the head of his army," as he vauntingly said he would, was a prisoner in the hands of the victorious foe; and three days later the Empress Regent, a fugitive from the capital, fain to take a ride

*incognita* in a country market waggon with no attendant but her courageous cousin, M. De Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame. Within the walls of Paris Ollivier and his colleagues had been already ignominiously dismissed, and the Count de Palikao (Gen. Montauban) had formed a new Government which, in its turn, had to fall with the flight of the Empress, to be succeeded by the Government of the Committee of National Defence under the proclamation of the Republic.

Amidst all these national reverses and political changes the Parisians have carried themselves with exceeding fidelity to the national cause. As under the Empire, so under the nominal Republic, Gen. Trochu continued to prepare for the defence of the capital, which has been in imminent danger since the fall of Sedan. There has been wondrous activity, admirable good conduct and great courage displayed by the population, despite the excesses of a few roughs and red-hot Republicans. The work of defensive preparation has been steadily pushed forward until it is believed the Prussians will be compelled to retreat from under its walls without accomplishing their cherished object of capturing it. When all classes have joined in the patriotic work of saving the capital, it is hardly to be expected that the students of Paris, ever ready as they are to make themselves heard in moments of excitement, would be behindhand in taking their share of the perils and the duties of the hour. The foregoing illustration shows a group of them preparing to man the ramparts; and doubtless, as occasion offers, they will perform their duties with characteristic courage and impetuosity. The following extract from a letter written from Paris, when the Prussians were on their march from Sedan, and daily expected at its gates, will be read with interest, as shewing the changed aspect of the city and the devotion of its occupants:

"What is the visitor at Paris to do now? He must wander forth in the wilderness of empty hotels and boarding-houses, the open gates of which still silently and drearily yawn for him. He calls instinctively for a journal to see what is going on in the way of amusement to-night. There is actually nothing. The theatres, concerts, and gardens are closed. He can at least console himself with a stroll in the Champs Elysees. They must be open, and many a pleasant hour does he remember to have wiled away, seated in the thickly-peopled shade of the trees and watching the ceaseless stream of carriages ebb and flow past him in its way to and from the Bois de Boulogne. The Champs Elysees are, indeed, open; but they are unapproachable from, if he can trust his eyesight, dust. Fancy dust in the Champs Elysees!—not a casual cloud, flying vainly from one water-cart to fall before the spouts of another, but dense volumes, rolling along unchecked, and hiding whatever there is to hide: it is not much. A few lean horses, the bony relics of some overworked battery, are being slowly led along, or a waggon passes crammed with the quaint medley of mattresses, crockery, chairs, and children, that, with the tired cow, dragging behind, forms some French peasant's whole stock of goods in the world. There is nothing for it but to try the Boulevards. Here the change is less, but still it is striking. The usually crowded cafes scare you with whole rows of empty chairs. Some of the shops are shut. They have neither customers left nor assistants to wait upon them. Many of the jewellers have packed out of sight most of their glittering wares, as if resolved not too severely to tempt the countrymen of Blucher; and, looking into one shop to-day, I saw its "young ladies" engaged, not with bonnets or ribbons, but in making *la charpie*. There is little excitement of any kind in the streets; and perhaps endless caricatures of the Emperor are, with one exception, the most prominent signs of the times.

"This exception is the provincial Garde Mobile, the heroes of the hour. They have been swarming in shoals into Paris for the last few days, and one can hardly go a dozen yards without coming upon a group of their blue blouses. They are most of them fine manly-looking young fellows, and no doubt are capital raw material for soldiers, if there were only time to lick it into shape. But some of them handle a rifle as if, which is not improbable, they had never handled it before, and don't appear to know the first elements of drill. It was quite touching to watch, this afternoon, a party of the rawest of them painfully, though most willingly, mastering the A B C of rifle practice, and to think that in a few days, almost hours, they might be matched against such troops as the Prussians. But they will have the advantage of fighting behind walls, with veteran troops to support and set them an example; and they certainly don't look as if they wanted stamina, earnestness, or pluck. Indeed, about the downright earnestness of all the Parisians—or, at least, the vast majority—there cannot be the slightest doubt, whatever may be thought of their endurance under a severe test. It is all the better, in English eyes, for its unusual freedom from noisy demonstration. Their tranquillity is very remarkable, considering what enthusiasm underlies it. I was standing in the street a day or two ago, watching a large body

of outsiders who hang on to all the regiments here suddenly stopped, faced me full, and, thrusting a bullet into my hand, exclaimed, 'Take, citizen, the bullet of a Franc-Tireur.' If he had just torn it, still dripping with blood, from the heart of my bitterest enemy, his manner could not have been more severely melo-dramatic. Yet the corps was going along in the most quiet, matter-of-fact way. The citizens are working too hard to have much superfluous strength left for noise.

"I have spoken about the quiet and dreary appearance of the Boulevards, but anybody has only to step to the nearest open space, in which there is room for drill, to find it full of energy and life. It was close to the Madeleine that I saw the patient provincials learning the alphabet of drill. Their rifles were levelled full at the sacred windows. That so recently lazy lounge, the Palais Royal Garden, looked to-night as warlike and workmanlike as a barrack. In fact, wherever there is room for them, one comes upon bodies of men going through some exercise. They are usually in all varieties of civilian undress, though carrying rifles, and you may imagine what a singular effect is produced by this unusual combination of wide-awakes, rifles, and military manoeuvres.

"For the moment it is very fine—indeed, sublime. There are few grander spectacles than an army of soldier citizens rising en masse to fight for hearth and home. But think of the future: think of the excitable and daring French populace, always ready for change, and deeply imbued, many of them, with the rabidest Socialism, all armed with rifles, and mastering drill. It requires no gift of prophecy to see that, unless there are some singularly cool heads and able hands at the helm of the State, capable of dealing with a great national crisis, the streets of Paris will run with blood shed in civil strife. One can only hope that, to the perils of a siege outside the walls of Paris, will not be added the horrors of anarchy within."

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## HILDA; OR, THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. Y. NOEL.

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

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

### CHAPTER XV.

#### HILDA AT INNISMOYNE.

Nothing can surpass the wild sublimity and solitary grandeur of the scenery along the south-west coast of Ireland. A succession of noble bays indent the shores, and between these, stretching away towards the Atlantic from the cultivated country, are vast headlands where rugged mountains lift their bare summits to the skies.

On the southern shore of one of these peninsulas stood Innismoyne. It was an ancient edifice—the grey walls weather-stained, and in one wing dilapidated, the numerous chimneys and windows almost hidden by masses of luxuriant ivy. The style of its architecture was nondescript for changes, and additions had been made at different periods, but the appearance of the whole was imposing. The situation of the mansion was wild and solitary. It stood at the head of a cove running in from Bay in the form of a crescent. Behind it, and stretching away for miles towards the ocean, were precipitous mountains, forming an impassable barrier to the wild dash of the Atlantic, and sheltering the dwelling from its fierce gales. In front the view was open to the bay, commanding the magnificent scenery of the headland opposite, with the blue mountains of Killarney and the Reeks dimly seen through the shadowing clouds.

Having described the situation of Innismoyne, we will now introduce the reader within its ancient walls. Entering the wide hall and ascending the broad oak staircase we pass into that antique-looking apartment called the library. The dark wainscot, the mullioned windows, the groined ceiling, with its delicate tracery, speak of other days; so does the massive old-fashioned furniture and rich but faded carpet. That white-haired, stately-looking old man sitting in a fauteuil reading the *Times*, is also in keeping with the appearance of the room. The only thing modern is that fashionably-dressed young lady standing at the open window looking out upon the splendid view it commands. Through the interlacing boughs of clustering ivy poured the warm rays of the meridian sun, bathing in glorious light the graceful figure of Hilda Tremayne, and gleaming on the silvered head of her grandfather, showing the many lines which sorrow and passion had graved in his handsome face.

It was now some days since Hilda's arrival

at Innismoyne. Colonel Godfrey's reception of her had been kinder than his letter had led her to expect. Her appearance had impressed him favourably; he saw at a glance that he need never be ashamed of her; that she was one who would grace a pageant. The grief of the old man was very bitter when Hilda related to him the privations and sufferings her mother had endured. His grief was the more poignant because mingled with self-reproach for having so heartlessly neglected her and left her to stem the tide of poverty unaided. All the paternal love which had been for so many years pent up by the barrier pride erected was now poured out upon Hilda, all that was left him of his unhappy daughter. Hilda on her part felt her feelings of resentment towards him softened by his professions of regard, and by the deep self-condemnation he expressed for his unnatural treatment of her mother.

"Do you know, Hilda, we are going to have our retirement broken in upon," said Colonel Godfrey, suddenly looking up from the newspaper he was reading. "I received a letter this morning from Lady Millicent Godfrey, the widow of my son, Roger. Well, my lady writes me word she is about to visit Innismoyne. She wishes to be here when Cecil comes of age. We must of course give a dinner to the tenantry, and a bail will be expected by the families in the neighbourhood. The time is gone when such doings would give me pleasure, but I do not see how a little gaiety can be avoided. What do you say, Hilda?"

"Certainly not, grandpapa; at such a time festivities are always expected. What sort of person is Lady Millicent?" continued Hilda rather anxiously. She remembered she was Sir Gervase Montague's aunt, one of the aristocracy too, and the idea of meeting her was rather formidable.

"Well I cannot say much in her favour. She is a fashionable lady of elegant appearance, with cold, stately manners and a selfish nature. How she captivated Roger I cannot imagine, for no two persons could be more dissimilar in character, he possessing a frank, generous disposition, she haughty and reserved, in fact a heartless woman of the world. And yet in married life such extremes meet. If it were not for the sake of her son, Cecil—it's a pity he was not called after his father—I would never endure her presence at Innismoyne."

"But you like cousin Cecil, do you not? he seems to possess a noble nature."

"Of course, I do like him," said the Colonel, warmly. "He is like his father in disposition as well as features. A true Godfrey he is! and I am glad of it! a fine-looking young fellow, too! with such splendid dark eyes! You have the Godfrey eye, too, Hilda! You are like your poor mother. I knew you were her child the moment I saw you. It seemed as if she had come back to me again. For the moment I forgot the years that had passed, and that she was lying cold and lifeless in the Godfrey vault. Oh, how could I have forsaken her as I did! If Roger had lived he would not have done so! but he died in India, soon after she left us."

A short silence ensued, Colonel Godfrey bowed his head upon his hands to hide the tears which welled up from the bitter fount of memory, the waters of which were always stirred by any allusion to his unfortunate daughter. Recovering his composure at length, he resumed:

"Lady Millicent's daughter will be a young companion for you while they stay, but I do not expect an eternal friendship will be the result of your acquaintance."

"Why! Is she like her mother in character?"

"In many respects she is. She has been brought up in the school of fashion. You are aware, I suppose, that she is the child of a former marriage."

"Yes, I remember hearing that from Cecil. Is Miss Clifford beautiful?"

"The world says she is—I do not. Her beauty is of that blond style which puts you in mind of a wax-doll—flaxen hair, alabaster complexion, blue eyes—very light blue, with such a cold expression."

"She has not the Godfrey eye," said Hilda, with an arch smile.

"No; is it not Byron who praises the light of a dark eye in woman. I quite agree with him; there is no soul in light eyes!"

"How old is Miss Clifford?"

"A few years older than you. You are about Cecil's age, I think.—And, by the way, it is rather strange she is not married yet. I suppose she is waiting for some prize in the matrimonial lottery. The young peer who is coming here with them is the prize, I suppose."

"Then Lady Millicent and her daughter are not coming alone?"

"No; she always brings gentlemen in her train to enliven the solitude of this wild place, as she calls it. My Lady would never honour Innismoyne with her presence, if it were not to see her son who, you know, always resides here since he left college."

"And who are the gentlemen coming with Lady Millicent?"

"Lord Ashley, Sir Gervase Montague and Lord Percy Dashton."

"Sir Gervase! repeated Hilda, in surprise; there must be some mistake; I left him in Montreal."

"That may be, but he is now in England, and will be here with Lady Millicent and her party in a few days. They are to leave Brighton—where Lady Millicent and her daughter have been spending some weeks—next Monday, and the rapid travelling of the present day will bring them to Innismoyne some hours after they cross the Channel. I am sorry for this interruption to our pleasant seclusion," continued Colonel Godfrey. "For my part I should prefer yours and Cecil's society altogether. What a pleasant time we might have here all by ourselves without any visitors!"

"Very pleasant," Hilda readily acknowledged, but she did not so freely confess that she had no objection to the arrival of Lady Millicent's party, since Sir Gervase Montague was one of the number. Was not this unexpected visit of Sir Gervase to Innismoyne another proof of his devotion to herself. What a thrill of joy did the certainty of his love send through her frame. But soon too came the thought that she must put away from her the happiness within her reach—that she must sacrifice the passionate desires of her heart on the altar of duty.

One week passed away and Lady Millicent and her party have reached Innismoyne. There was a want of warmth in Lady Millicent's manner on being introduced to Hilda, which her stately politeness did not conceal, and Colonel Godfrey detected a gleam of vexation as well as surprise in her haughty eye, as it rested on her beautiful niece. Miss Clifford was a little more demonstrative of affection; but Hilda thought that her cold formal kisses were given for effect—it might be to excite the envy of the gentlemen present. The happiness Sir Gervase Montague felt at seeing Hilda again after their short separation flashed from his expressive eyes. Her manner was reserved, the Baronet thought it cold and the flush of pleasure faded from his face, leaving it clouded with disappointment. Lord Ashley had nothing aristocratic about him but the title. His figure was tall and its proportions massive; his face was uninteresting, its expression stupid. What a contrast between him and Sir Gervase Montague! If Hilda had met him anywhere else but in her grandfather's drawing-room, she would have mistaken him for a farmer; he looked more like a plebeian than a peer. And yet this nobleman was one of the best *parties* in the fashionable world, and one whom Miss Clifford hoped would lay his coronet at her feet. Lord Percy Dashton was an elegant-looking young man with a refined and intellectual countenance. He was a great admirer of Miss Clifford's, but the worldly-minded young lady preferred the burly peer, because Lord Percy had only the slender fortune of a younger son.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### COLONEL GODFREY'S GUESTS.

It was the evening of Lady Millicent's arrival—with her suit, as Colonel Godfrey laughingly called the guests who accompanied her to Innismoyne. The gentlemen had just joined the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner. They found them busy with their fancy work, while a conversation was kept up at intervals on general topics.

"Miss Tremayne is as enthusiastic as you are, Gervase, in her description of Canada," Lady Millicent observed, addressing her nephew, as he placed himself at the work-table beside the two young ladies.

"Did you really like it, Montague?" enquired Lord Percy, throwing his elegant figure into a chair near Miss Clifford, and beginning to admire the piece of delicate work which served to show the white-blossoms of her small jewelled hands.

"Of course I did, Canada is a fine country, the scenery charming, in some places magnificent."

"But is it not fearfully cold there? the winter so severe that people get frozen to death?" As Lord Percy Dashton made this remark he turned for information to Miss Tremayne.

"Such cases are not frequent, although the cold is often intense," and Hilda sighed when she thought of her own bitter experience of it in by-gone days, when lightly clad she went shivering through the streets of Quebec, wending her way through the deep snow.

"A young college friend of mine whose brother is an officer in the Canadian Rifles, said it was quite a common thing to get the nose or ears frozen," observed Cecil Godfrey; "but he also said they had rare fun in Canada, skating and sliding down ice-hills in some Indian kind of vehicle, I forget what he calls it."

"A toboggan," observed Hilda.

"Yes, that was the name. I should like that kind of diversion. It must be capital."

"I suppose it is only gentlemen or boys who partake of that amusement," observed Lady Millicent.

"Ladies also enjoy it, it is really pleasant, quite exciting too," remarked Sir Gervase.

"Did you venture down an ice-hill in one of those vehicles, Gervase?" asked Miss Clifford. "Is it not attended with some danger?"

"There is some risk of fracturing a limb if

you do not steer carefully, but the excitement you feel in the rapid descent makes you overlook the danger. And there really is none, if you manage the toboggan properly. There is a magnificent slide near Kingston, at Fort Henry. The force of your rapid descent carries you out some distance on the Bay."

"On the Bay?" repeated Lord Percy; "then your pleasant slide ends in an immersion."

"By no means; the waters of the Bay are frozen some feet below the surface."

"May the Fates forbid my ever visiting Canada," exclaimed the young nobleman. "I could not exist in such a miserable country. The cold must be almost as great as in the Arctic regions."

"Not quite so bad," said Hilda, smiling. "But the sources of enjoyment peculiar to Canada and other cold countries make up, in my opinion, for the severity of the climate," continued Sir Gervase. "Sleigh-driving and skating are two very pleasant amusements."

"The amusements in Canada are similar to those in Russia," observed Lady Millicent. "Very much the same," replied the Baronet.

"And the costume of the people is, I presume, also similar. The intense cold must oblige them to wrap up in furs."

"Yes, and wear masks as they do in Siberia," observed Colonel Godfrey, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Wear masks?" repeated Lady Millicent, in surprise. "Yes, to keep their noses from being frozen. Positively, my lady, you might mistake a Canadian for a bear if you met him wrapped in the fur of some wild animal and striding on snow-shoes over the frozen country."

Hilda looked at her grandfather, in surprise, as he made these remarks, but she perceived by the mischievous expression of his eye he was only quizzing Lady Millicent.

"They are very fond of sleigh-driving, I believe," observed Cecil; "and the easy, rapid motion must be delightful."

"Their sledges are drawn by dogs of the wolf-sport, are they not?" asked stupid-looking Lord Ashleigh, for the first time joining in the conversation.

A silvery laugh from Hilda made the peer look at her in amazement.

"Some one has been selling you, Lord Ashleigh," observed Sir Gervase, joining in the laugh.

"I beg your pardon," said Hilda, restraining her merriment; "but you have such strange ideas of the Canadians and their customs. You seem to think they are only half-civilized. What a mistake!"

"A very great mistake!" observed Sir Gervase; "they are in as high a state of civilization as any nation upon earth."

"Certainly more so than many in Europe," remarked Colonel Godfrey. "The winters in Canada are really very pleasant," he continued. "Many years ago, when I was in the army, I spent a winter in Quebec—that impregnable old-fashioned city, in a new country seeming so out of place there. Business was for a time suspended, and all kinds of gaiety continued as long as the ice and snow lasted."

"But what kind of society do you meet out there?" asked Lord Percy; "is it not very mixed? none of the refinement of fashionable life."

"There you are quite mistaken," replied the Colonel, warmly. "I met as much real refinement and cultivation of mind in Canada as in any fashionable circle."

Lady Millicent raised her pencilled eye-brows in surprise. "There may be cultivation of mind, but there cannot be that high-bred courtesy, that inimitable elegance of manner which makes the English aristocracy," she haughtily observed.

"What a favourite amusement skating has become in Canada!" remarked Sir Gervase, breaking an awkward pause in the conversation. "Formerly that healthy exercise was confined exclusively to gentlemen, and it was considered quite unsuitable for a lady. Nevertheless, some strong-minded girls, in spite of masculine censure, persisted in their graceful evolutions on the frozen lakes and rivers, and now these fair innovators have the triumph of seeing their example universally followed."

"And they have every facility for enjoying this favourite amusement, I understand," observed Cecil. "You have been in their Rinks, I suppose, Gervase?"

To be continued.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN MONTREAL.

The progress of photography is one of the wonders of the age. When we consider that the discovery of the first daguerrotype is within the memory of those now living, when we remember what an excitement the discoveries of Daguerre and Talbot made in the artistic and scientific world, and when we examine, by the light of comparison, the feeble efforts that were formerly made to render the lineaments of men visible by the aid of the sun, and then examine the modern photographs, we imagine that if the first discoverers should rise from their graves, they would exclaim with much delight at the improvements as they emerged from their original discovery. Science, chemistry, and art walk hand in hand as they eliminate new beauties to charm the eye. The choicest works of the Vatican and the Louvre are brought within the reach of every man of taste. By the aid of the stereoscope, in a reduced scale, we can have the immortal works of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo transported from Rome into our drawing-rooms.

By its aid we can take the tour of Europe. One moment we may behold St. Peter's at Rome; at another we may be delighted with Geneva, or gazing on the snow-clothed heights of the Jung Frau; or, again, there is the Suez Canal, winding through the sandy deserts of Egypt; the storm-rocked ocean, the mighty ice-berg, the deep and gloomy cavern, the lordly castles of Lorraine, the classic temples of Greece, the mountains and floral beauties of Versailles, and Nature, in all her multitude of charms, is made subservient to our will, they are transplanted from the tropics and the cold north. Orange and palmetto, grand oaks and delicate ferns; but above all, the human face and form is seized with a flash, and we have the lineaments of our friends before us. The sun makes no mistakes, each curve is exact, the expression fixed as in the original, while the dress and the attitude mark the character of the man. We read of great men such as Gladstone, Von Moltke, Von Bismarck, Napoleon, or McMahon, but all the men picturing in the world cannot give us so correct an idea of the man as the photographic portrait. But we will go one step further, and say no artist can sketch or produce such results as the photographic, for it is combined with his chemical and mechanical knowledge pure artistic taste. To produce perfect and clear photographs you must have a clear atmosphere. We have never seen any photographs in England that could compare with those in this country. There are some in Brussels, and Claudet produces good ones in Paris. But in Canada there is every advantage, the sky and the atmosphere are as clear as a calm lake, and the result is observed in the photograph. But above these simple photographic, exquisite as they are in tone, sharp as they may be in outline, and wonderfully truthful as they may be in expression, the crowning triumph of the artist is in grouping figures, or to speak as they speak of the Armstrong gun, building up a gun, so a picture may be built up, made, grouped, or arranged by an artist of true taste to produce an astounding combination. There are very few aware that Frith's picture of the Railway Station was thus arranged, the reduced drawing of the station was made by one of the first civil engineers of London, every character was taken from a photographic sitting, and the separate figures were afterwards grouped. Tako Inglis's three pictures of the "Carnival at the Victoria Skating Rink, Montreal," the "Opening of the Caledonia Curling Rink by Prince Arthur," and the "Group of Officers of the Victoria Rifles in the Field." We venture to say that there are no such compositions in Europe or the United States. Taking the perspective, the marvellous grouping, the well arranged costumes, the correctness of faces, and the harmonious blending of one with the other, they may be pronounced unrivalled. The stranger will marvel at the amount of labour which must have been expended in the production of such pictures, and now that the originals have been photographed in reduced sizes, those who desire a charming souvenir of the Prince's visit, of the Carnival of the Caledonia opening, of our Victoria Rifles, should obtain copies. We understand they will be on view only till Christmas, as they have been presented by Mr. Inglis to the Kensington Museum, London. There they will assuredly be appreciated, and the Londoners will have an opportunity of seeing what an artist can produce in the Dominion.

A. R.

(Daily Witness.)

Within the space of some ten feet the notabilities of Montreal here see themselves and are seen; certainly a portion of them so disguised in masquerade as hardly to know themselves. But the sun has indented each countenance so plainly that not only who he runs, but he who skates, may read. In fact, notwithstanding the almost startling verisimilitude of the whole, we consider the lighting up of the faces of the main actors, and the grouping of the figures, as being the most artistic feature in the picture. But it is eyes as well as noses. In looking upon it, the main body and swirl of the great body of skaters can be perceived. Some of the most conspicuous members meander with exquisite grace, or play fantastic tricks in the centre of the scene; while, at the same moment, there are standing groups, engaged in chat or lively banter, and momentarily wearied with gliding, like the swallows, at their own sweet wills. Every figure is full of life, even when not in motion, and all are, so to speak, in unobtrusive rapport, while the whole abounds in by-play, and subtle touches to be given only by a true artist. Indeed, the composition is filled with groups, almost any one of which is in itself a picture. The massing of the aggregate is masterly in comprehension, and the perspective, too, is admirable, whilst the pose of individual figures is in great variety and in perfect keeping with character.

The view of the Rink is as it would appear to a person standing a little to the left of the Prince's Gallery, and so truthful are all the details, so natural to the position of skater and spectator, the look of the ice, the shadows, and, indeed, the mildest minutiae, that, after looking at the picture for a few moments, the scene is so engrossing one sees nothing else, and wonders why the skaters do not move, why the band does not strike up, and the spectators pronounce. The great charm of the picture is that none of the characters look as though they knew their portraits were being taken, everything is just as it appeared to a visitor who entered the rink while the maskers were in full swing; all is easy, graceful, and lifelike.

(Toronto Globe.)

We have received from Montreal a set of three large photographs, executed by Mr. Inglis, of Montreal, in the highest style of photographic art. One presents a view of the famous Fancy Ball at Montreal Skating Rink—the second is a view of the Curling Match in which Prince Arthur participated, at the same place—and the third exhibits a large group of the officers of the Montreal Volunteers in their military costumes. All these pictures contain a very large number of figures—and every one of those figures is a photograph from life of a well-known person. The postures of the figures throughout all the pictures are natural and life-like—and so admirably executed are the likenesses, that even without a limited personal knowledge of society in Montreal, one can pass from figure to figure, and readily distinguish most of the persons represented. The labour in getting up those pictures must have been immense, and reflects the highest credit on Mr. Inglis. We hope they will have, as they well deserve to have, a large sale.

(Daily News.)

It must not be thought that this is a mere grouping of heads, without any regard to posture and attitude; on the contrary, every figure of the hundred and fifty is replete with animation, every feature expressive of interest in the progressive game. The picture possesses excellencies which recommend it to the notice of all Canadians. Mr. Inglis' ingenuity in inventing the picture, and the artist's ability in bringing it to its present perfection, are worthy of all praise.



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