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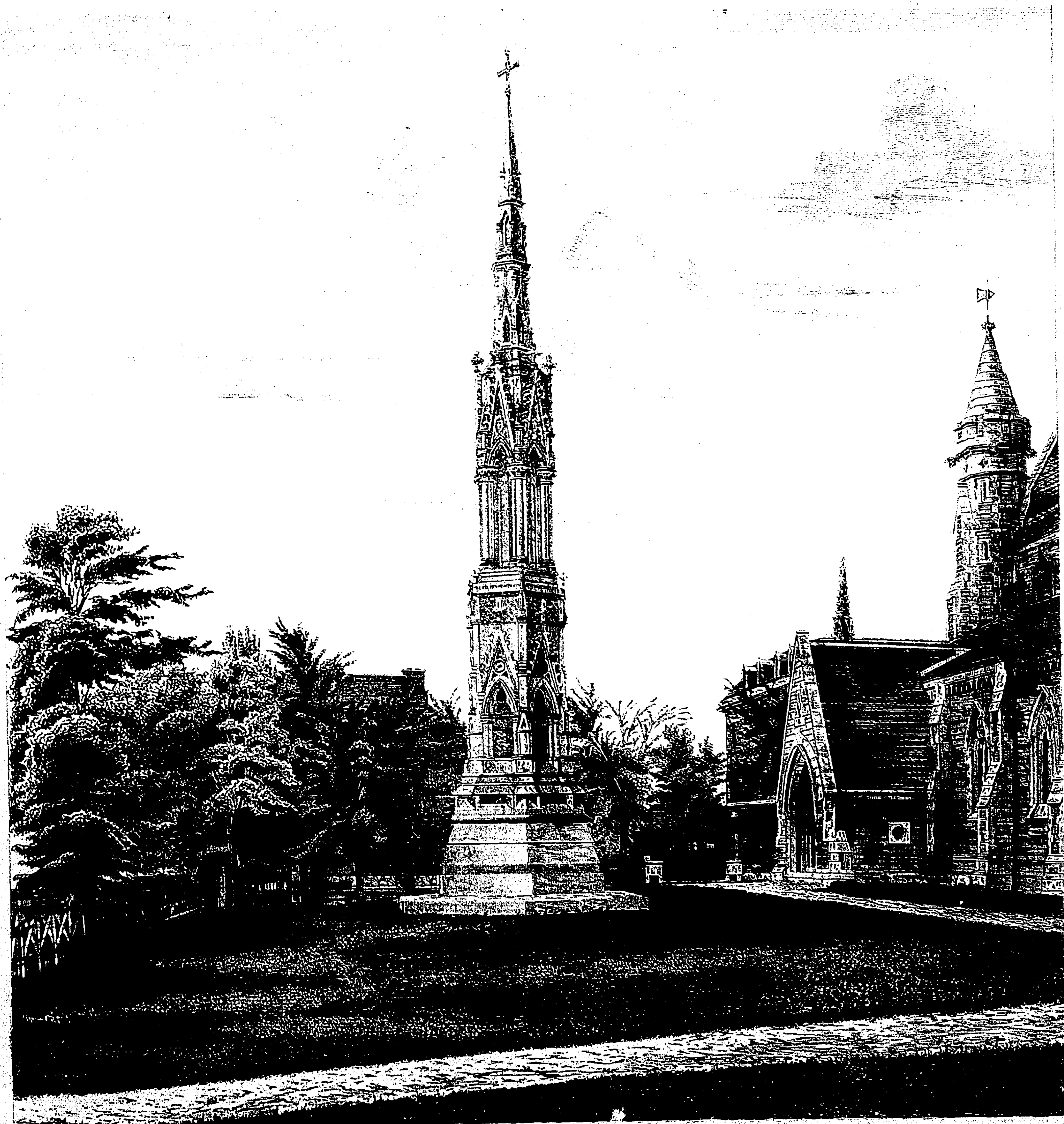


THE FULFORD MEMORIAL, MONTREAL. From a photograph by Leggo & Co.

THE MONTREAL SEWAGE SYSTEM.

By J. Baker Edwards, Ph.D., F.C.S.

" And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise
That a lie which is half the truth is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

Tennyson.

The Montreal water-closet system is but half a truth—and the street drainage is a still smaller " part of a truth." The bath, or the water-closet, is considered by an intelligent house-holder as a safeguard as well as a comfort to his family, and he is generally willing to pay an extra rent for this supposed luxury. That is as it ought to be, but not as it is, for, alas! in nine cases out of ten, the water-closet in Montreal is a mere contrivance by which the filthy sewers are ventilated (especially during the night) into the bedchambers of the sick and dying, into the nurseries of the young, and into the apartments of the old, against which no amount of ventilation is sufficient.

It is possible, however, for the good Major-Domo, by good plumbing, by good ventilation, and by the use of disinfectants, to render his water-closet sweet and wholesome; he has oftimes but to step up on the side-walk in front of his dwelling to have his olfactories offended, and to imbibe into his lungs the germs of Typhoid fever, Diptheria or Cholera.

Sewage is at all times a very complex mixture—containing, besides human excrement, the external dirt and exuvia from the body, the products of the wash-basin and of the bath, the filth of kitchens and of laundries, drainage from stables and from cattle sheds, as well as the refuse liquors of trades and factories, slaughter-houses and public markets. When these come together fermentation or putrefaction rapidly ensues, resulting in the production of highly offensive and poisonous gases, prussic acid gas being one of the well-known products of this kind of fermentation.

These gaseous products have a tendency to rise in the sewers, and as the rush of water descends the incline and carries off the solid matter, so the rush of gaseous matter is upwards, and penetrates into bath-rooms and water-closets wherever *imperfect traps* exist, and these are the rule, and not the exception.

The outlet of the drainage from Griffintown is near the bottom of McGill Street, and when the water is low, this outlet is so exposed to the wind from off the water, that a current of foul air blows up the ramifications of the sewers, and rolls up Beaver Hall both above and below the surface. Thence into every water-closet, and every bath-room, and every wash-stand communicating therewith, carrying with it the seeds of disease.

The outlet from the northern and eastern district is nearly opposite the Custom House, and in like manner, in certain states of the wind and water, the whole of the poisonous vapour is thrown back upon the densely populated area of the mercantile community.

Should a room be on fire in this quarter, the City bell would toll, and an active staff would rush in from all quarters to the salvation of property, *property*, PROPERTY; but as the only thing which could be saved by an intervention of *this* holocaust (from the sewers) would be *human life*, why—as Mr. Toots says—" It's of no consequence"—" thank you."

It is right that the community in Griffintown should know that when, in the spring floods, they are submitted to a deluge, they not only receive the water of the St. Lawrence into their cellars and their first floors; but also and chiefly the back water of the city sewers, the suspended matter of which must lie on the bottom and dry up, to be the lurking seeds of disease in the hot parched summer months following. We may assume that the " City Fathers" have done everything in their power to avert such disasters by lime-washing and carbolising these drowned dwellings of the poor. But even in such case 'Prevention' would be "better than cure." This is, however, but one phase, and an occasional phase of the general evil arising from bad sewers; and to paraphrase our text we might say that a sewer that is half a sewer, is ever the worst of sewers.

These city sewers need two remedies—trapping and ventilating—and until these remedies are applied every water closet and every open street grid is a pest chimney during one half the year. The proper mode of ventilation would be by a furnace and ventilating shaft on the mountain, where the gaseous products could be effectually consumed.

We see that a Special Committee of the Town Council has been appointed to consider certain proposals from a British "A B C" Company on the subject of the utilisation of the sewage for purpose of manure. It might be well to consider (before we walk out of the frying-pan into the fire)—1st, the cost, before we begin to build; 2nd, to have some idea as to how the special circumstances of climate, population, and value of manurial products here may affect a scheme which still remains an A B C process in the old country, although it has had some few years' trial there.

At a recent meeting of the Metropolitan Association of the Medical Officers of Health, Dr. Letheby gave an able address on the general subject of the Utilisation of Sewage; taking into account the importance of the information obtained by the "Rivers Pollution Committee," and acknowledging the powerful agency of oxidation in water upon the matters contained in sewage, he still arrives at the conclusion that the plan of spreading human excrement upon the soil is a fruitful source of disease in various shapes, and he condemns the A B C plan on this ground: That the system offers on the one hand no great inducement to farmers by the manurial value of its products, and on the other hand no relief to society from febrile disease.

No doubt the Committee now appointed will give ample consideration to the discussions which have already taken place in England on this subject, and to the peculiarities presented by the severities of the climate of Montreal, with the additional difficulties of its sudden thaws, and also to the general scientific merits of the question.

At the same time let them not overlook the merits of some other schemes, such as Monk's " Dry Earth Closet System," and other modes which have been adopted in England and Scotland, for the purification and utilization of sewage—plans which would relieve the poor, as well as those who can well afford to pay for water-cisterns and water-closets.

" In the multitude of counsellors there is safety."

THE FULFORD MEMORIAL—MONTREAL.

Immediately after the death of the late Metropolitan of Canada, Dr. Fulford, a movement was made among the Episcopal community to erect some suitable memorial to his memory. Subscriptions were raised for this purpose, and his lordship's family were consulted, but as they had reserved to themselves the privilege of erecting a monument over his grave in Mount Royal Cemetery, it was decided that the memorial should take the form of a suitable monument to stand near the scene of the late Bishop's labours. A committee was accordingly appointed to choose a design and to fix upon a site. Tenders were advertised for, that of Mr. C.P. Thomas, architect, of this city, being accepted, and the site was fixed on the west side of the Cathedral grounds, in close proximity to the chapter-house. The execution of the design was entrusted to Messrs. Mavor & Reid, of Montreal, who, it will be remembered, executed the beautiful monument erected in the Queen's Park at Toronto, to the memory of the volunteers who fell at Ridgeway.

The monument, as will be seen by our illustration, is of the type known as the " Eleanor's Cross," a class resembling and taking its name from the memorial crosses raised by Edward I., when transporting the remains of his queen to London, at the various places where the cortège stopped on the journey. Good modern examples of this kind of structure are to be found in the " Martyrs' Monument" at Oxford, the cross at Waltham, and the recently restored cross at Charing, in front of the Charing Cross terminus in London.

The cross in the Montreal Cathedral grounds is hexagonal in plan, and stands 47 feet in height from the surface of the ground to the apex of the terminal cross. It is executed throughout in Ohio sandstone, of a grey colour, and stands upon two bases of Montreal limestone. The whole is divided into three stages. The lower one consists of a hexagonal pedestal, with buttresses at the angles. Three sides of the hexagon face the east, and three the west. The die between the buttresses on each face contains a richly moulded arched panel, between double columns with carved caps, surmounted by a crocketted canopy with carved finial. The cornice of this storey has an inscribed friese, and moulded and embattled capping. On the centre panel of the three facing eastwards are the late Bishop's arms carved in relief; the panel to the left of this bears the inscription :—

FRANCIS FULFORD,
D. D.
LORD BISHOP
OF
MONTREAL
AND
FIRST METROPOLITAN
OF
CANADA.

The right-hand panel contains the following :—

BORN
3rd *June*, 1803;
DIED
9th *September*, 1868.

The western panels are filled with foliated scroll-work. That facing north bears the text,

A WISE MASTER-BUILDER;

and the opposite one,

ONE SOWETH, ANOTHER REAPETH.

The centre of these three panels has not yet been filled in, but will bear a text, the selection of which is left to His Lordship Bishop Oxenden.

The second stage of the monument has triple columns at the angles of the hexagon, with richly carved caps, the spaces above being arched and canopied with crocketts and finials, and divided by pinnacles. The spaces between the columns are occupied by carved scroll-work, interlaced with foliage. The uppermost stage also has buttresses at the angles, with arches, canopies, etc., to match the lower storeys, the whole being terminated by a richly decorated cross.

The monument, which cost some $5,000, is one of the richest and most elegant of its kind to be met with in Canada. Occupying a conspicuous position in the Cathedral enclosure, it forms a handsome addition to the beautiful main building, against which it stands out in bold relief, its dark grey stone contrasting well with the light stone of the Cathedral.

STRASBURG.

The city of Strasburg, the oldest on the Rhine, has perhaps changed masters more frequently than any of the numerous places along the French frontier that have belonged alternately to France and Germany. Situated on the left bank of the Rhine, it appears to have been destined by nature to be a border-town of France; but, like most border-towns, it has continually been the object of contention between rival powers. The city was founded by the Romans as a barrier against the excursions of the Germans; but it soon fell into the hands of the latter, and remained a German possession, under its Roman name of Argentoratum, until Clovis defeated the German troops at Tolbiac, drove them across the Rhine, and annexed to his kingdom the territory now known as Rhenish-Prussia. In the sixth century the city took the name of Strasburg, and early in the tenth century became subject to the emperors of Germany. It afterwards became a free town and was governed by a republic. In 1681 it was annexed to France, and has since been the great French fortress on the Rhine. It was formerly capital of the province of Alsace, but since the division of France into departments, it has been the chief town of the department of Bas-Rhin.

The city is situated on the left bank of the Ill, at a mile's distance from the left bank of the Rhine. It is a strongly fortified place, ranking as a first-class fortress, and is enclosed by bastioned ramparts, strengthened by numerous outworks. The length of the town proper, which is of triangular form, is four kilomètres, with a width, in its broadest part, of two kilomètres. The citadel, composed of five bastions, is situated at the extreme east of the city, overlooking the road to Kehl. It is the handiwork of Vauban, the great military engineer of Louis XIV's time. At the south-east the river Ill enters the city through a huge lock, by means of which it is possible to inundate the whole surrounding country—a measure which the besieged army have hitherto been unwilling to take, as the besiegers would be able to defeat the manœuvre by diverting the stream further up, and thus taking away the water from the moat inside the walls.

The siege of Strasburg, it will be remembered, was commenced on the 10th August, four days after the defeat of the French at Woerth. Since that time the bombardment has been carried on with unceasing vigour The besieged force, consisting almost entirely of Garde Mobile, under the command of General Uhrich, have made a most heroic resistance, but all their endeavours have been unavailing. The Prussian force have been advancing daily closer around the city; one outwork after another has fallen, and the capitulation of the city may be expected at any time. Serious damage has been inflicted upon the buildings of the city by the incessant fire of the besiegers, On the 24th the right side of the citadel was burnt down and the arsenal entirely gutted

Strasburg, as everyone knows, is celebrated for two things, its *pâtés de foie gras*, and its magnificent cathedral, a masterpiece of Gothic architecture. The manufacture of *pâtés* is at present suspended, to the regret of many a *gourmand*, and its cathedral, to the regret of every lover of art, bids fair to suffer considerably, if it be not entirely destroyed by the fire of the Prussian besiegers. This magnificent building was founded by Clovis in the year 510. Charlemagne added a choir. In 1007 it was destroyed by lightning, and its rebuilding was commenced in 1015 under the direction of Erwin von Steinbach, of Baden, and terminated in 1439 by Johann Hultz, of Cologne. The material of which the present edifice is built is a brown stone, brought from Wasselonne, in the valley of the Couronne, a few miles from Strasburg. The height of the edifice is 466 feet, surpassing that of St. Peter's at Rome, and about equalling that of the Great Pyramid. The cathedral is in every part richly decorated with sculptures, and the western front, rising to a height of 230 feet, is, or was, particularly fine with its wealth of statues, ornamental carvings, and bas-reliefs. It has a circular window 48 feet in diameter;

The astronomical clock, the product of a German clockmaker, in about the year 1450, is a marvel of ingenuity and mechanical skill, and has no counterpart. It performs not only the ordinary service of a clock, but exhibits the days and months and the years; the process of the seasons; the signs of the zodiac, and the names and movements of the heavenly bodies. At each quarter of an hour an angel comes out and strikes one stroke on a bell; at every hour another angel comes out and strikes twice, and at 12, meridian, a figure of Christ appears, accompanied by the twelve apostles, all of whom move round a central point and pass in, out of sight, by another door; the stroke of 12 being given, a cock flaps his wings and crows. The cock is enormous in size, like everything else connected with the vast cathedral, and is invisible from the outside street—the spectators passing through the nave of the cathedral to see it. It has suffered from fire and violence before the present year, having been out of repair and motionless since the revolution of 1793, until 1852, when it was repaired by a watchmaker of Bas-Rhin; and it has been in operation since. It is to be hoped that this ingenious piece of mechanism has not been irreparably injured by the present bombardment.

The loss of the Strasburg library—a vast collection of eight hundred thousand volumes, including many collections of rare and curious monkish parchments—is total and irreparable. It can never be replaced by any collection hereafter made. It was the slow result of a thousand years; and its destruction by fire, caused by the Prussian hot shot, is like the burning of the Alexandrian library in this, that of a great number of the works destroyed no duplicates can ever be obtained.

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN—RETREAT OF THE FRENCH INTO THE TOWN—THE BATTLE-FIELD.

It will be remembered that the fighting before the town of Sedan continued three days, and was terminated by the capitulation of McMahon's army, under Gen. Wimpfen, and the surrender of the Emperor. On Tuesday, the 30th of August, the attack was commenced by the Prussian army General Failly, who occupied the right bank of the Meuse, intended to move in the direction of Beaumont, not knowing that a Prussian corps occupied the ground across his line of march. As soon as he began to move, intending to form a junction with McMahon's main army at Mouzon, he was attacked by the 12th Saxon Army Corps, who had occupied a position on the French right. His right wing was driven in, and reinforcements, consisting of the 1st and 4th Prussian, and the Bavarian Corps, coming up, the attack was renewed and the French completely routed. His right thus turned McMahon was compelled to retreat. The next morning, (Wednesday) he was again attacked, but this time succeeded in driving off the enemy. On Thursday the decisive battle was fought. The number of Prussian troops engaged is estimated by Von Moltke at 240,000, and that of the French at 100,000. The Prussian, Bavarian and Saxon corps formed a crescent round the town with the horns towards the Belgian frontier. At six o'clock the fighting, which was chiefly confined to the artillery, commenced. Shortly after eleven the Bavarian and Saxon corps began to advance, under a heavy musketry fire, in order to complete the circle around the town. At twelve the circle was completed. The Prussian batteries had silenced

two French batteries, and the French infantry, finding themselves no longer supported by their artillery, commenced to retreat towards Sedan. Once the junction completed between the Prussian and Saxon corps, the battle was as good as over. The French were entirely surrounded. At a quarter past twelve the retreat began. First one and then another French column was seen retiring rapidly towards the city. At one o'clock the French batteries on the edge of the wood of La Garenne opened fire on the advancing Prussian columns who were advancing to storm the hill north-west of La Garenne. An advance was then made by an overwhelming body of French, who compelled the Prussians to retire precipitately down the hill in order to seek reinforcements. In a few minutes more the storming party returned and again took up their position on the hill. Then came those magnificent but unavailing charges made by the Cuirassiers, where the steady fire of the Prussian infantry literally mowed down the French cavalry. This concluded the hard fighting, and was followed, as our readers know, by the arrival of a messenger, bearing a flag of truce, who came to ask for terms of surrender. The rest of the day's proceedings has already been recounted in these pages.

On another page is given an illustration of a scene on the battle-field after the first day's engagement.

THE OCCUPATION OF PONT-À-MOUSSON.

The little village of Pont-à-Mousson, in the department of the Meurthe, has played no inconspicuous part in the present war. Shortly after the battle of Wœrth, when McMahon was defeated and retreated to Nancy, it was attacked by a body of Uhlans, who cut the railway connecting Nancy with Bazaine's head-quarters at Metz. Later on it was entered by the army of the Crown Prince, and for some time was occupied as the head-quarters of the King. Our illustration shows the scene in the market-place of the little town during its occupation by the Prussian troops.

DUDSWELL LOWER LAKE AND STOKE MOUNTAIN, E. T.

We publish in this number another addition to the views of Eastern Township scenery which have already appeared in our pages. The county of Sherbrooke, in which is situated the township of Dudswell, is particularly rich in beautiful scenery, though of a tamer kind than is to be met with in many of the neighbouring counties. The general characteristic of the Sherbrooke scenery is low, flat ground, here and there gently undulating, and rising, in parts, into sloping hills, generally cultivated, and wearing a rich, pleasing aspect. In the vicinity of Orford, however, the country becomes uneven and broken, and presents ridges of highlands. Towards the head of the Connecticut river there are also numerous ridges of highlands, but with these exceptions the face of the country is generally level. The country is particularly rich in rivers and lakes, among which the St. Francis, the Connecticut, and the Orford lakes offer many beautiful bits of scenery, unsurpassed, perhaps, in any part of the Dominion. In fact the whole of the Eastern Townships are renowned for their unrivalled scenery, and it is to be regretted that this beautiful tract, the garden of Canada, is not more frequently visited by tourists and lovers of the picturesque.

GOLD RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA.

One generally associates the wild and desolate with mining scenery, and that correctly in the majority of instances, but Gold River gold district, in County Lunenburg, on the south-west coast of Nova Scotia, is charmingly picturesque in summer, and at no season without some features of interest. The gold-bearing character of its rocks was recognised by an officer of the Royal Fusiliers as far back as 1840, but no researches were made until 1861, when the first piece of quartz then broken proved the correctness of the military geologist's unheeded theory. The alluvial washing at the Ovens district, about twenty miles further westward, prevented any excitement arising from this discovery, and the few areas leased were only partially worked by men whose means were limited. Several lodes were tested with satisfactory results, and the alluvium also found to contain an appreciable quantity of the precious metal. Some rich specimens of rock were, some time ago, forwarded to the Geological Museum at Montreal. The most extensive as well as most systematic explorations were commenced last year by a French Canadian Company, and superintended by Monsieur A. Michel, an expert in gold mining, known to the public by his services in South America, and in connection with the Geological Survey of Canada. The district is favourably noticed by Dr. Dawson in his "Acadian Geology," and by Dr. How in his "Mineralogy of Nova Scotia," and there is no reason to doubt that Gold River will eventually become as attractive to the miner, as it now is to the angler and the artist.

KING WILLIAM AND BISMARCK.

(From Murat Halstead's letter to the Cincinnati Commercial.)

The real master of those imposing legions, whatever may be said of rank or title, is the big man Bismarck, whose good English I heard the other day at St. Avold, and whose restless, daring, and piercing eye especially told his character, and was the indication of his force of intellect and will.

By the way, I believe there was not much said in the brief letter from St. Avold about the personal appearance of the King and Bismarck. The King's headquarters were in the Post Office, fronting a small square paved with stone, and overlooked by a weather-beaten church tower. Walking through the square, we happened to see the King at the window, looking out as if he wanted to see what might be worth observing. His Majesty reminds me of Gen. Burnside. His razor gives his portly chin that delicate polish, that perfect cleanliness and soft brilliancy that the steel imparted to our General's facial foundation. Then he is bald like Burnside, and wears moustache and whiskers in the same style. He lacks, however, the upper part of that dome of bald head that gave our General's photographs such a fine finish. Then the King is erect and tall, like Burnside, and gracious too.

Bismarck may be taller than the King, as I believe he has the reputation of being, but he is so burly, and is surrounded by such tall men, that he has not the appearance of the great height that I expected. When I saw him he was in uniform, wearing a dragoon's sabre. In the midst of the splendid uniforms surrounding him Bismarck's was not notable. His cap was white with, I think, a red band; and he moved about, casting his eyes here and there, and jerking his sheathed sabre with sharp energy, like a man whose nerves were strung until they were tingling by the excitement of immense and pressing affairs. An officer who spoke English had been conversing with us, and when we left him to walk away, Bismarck called him and asked him what we were about. Being told who we were, he strode direct to us. When he was manifestly coming to us, I was at a loss to conjecture what fell purpose he might have formed, but no doubt having nothing better at the moment to do, he chose to be polite to two American journalists.

He is said to be fully aware of, and to enjoy especially, his great reputation in England and America, and as he speaks English quite well, it is a pleasure to him to give himself the exercise. His appearance gives some warrant for the rumours that his health is bad. His complexion indicates an unreliable sanitary condition, but the excitement of the war will no doubt carry him through.

Did I mention in another letter (I believe that I did), the curiosity with which the King looked, from his easy chair at the window, upon his Chancellor, with his left hand on the handle of his sabre, conversing with a couple of strangers whose toilets had been very imperfectly made. The old fellow had on his Burnside look.

We saw the King again at Faulquemont, taking as a point of observation, a bridge for the turnpike over the railroad. It was nearly sundown. The waggon trains were filling adjoining fields, and the smoke of the bivouac fires of half a dozen regiments of infantry and some batteries and cavalry, was settling in a blue haze on the little valleys south and west. The road on which the King was coming could be seen for two or three miles, white as a chalk mark, gradually descending toward us, and made very conspicuous by the usual rows of tall poplars. The teamsters still on the road, and filling it as far as we could see, turned aside, giving room for the King's escort and carriages. The cavalcade came on full tilt; the guards in steel jackets and flowing plumes and drawn sabres staving by, every man erect, and staring straight ahead, the horses trotting together as if they were a monstrous machine worked by steam power. As the first carriage whirled by there was a slight cheer, but not for the King. Some said it was for Moltke. Perhaps it was, but all that I could make out plainly was a very long and slender pair of boots, miraculously polished. The King came along presently, bowing easily in return for the greeting he received; and after him was another tempest of cavalry, and a whirl of the waggons containing the luggage of His Majesty, and then the teamsters cracked their whips and tore into the road, swearing as teamsters always do, and got up a diabolical confusion, in the midst of which officers galloped and whirled their horses, yelling like mad, in the vain effort to out-curse the teamsters.

VON MOLTKE ON THE FRENCH ARMY.—An interesting letter appears in the *Salut Public* of Lyons, relative to the instruction which Prussian and French officers are respectively obliged to possess. The writer says :—"McMahon is supposd to have adopted tactics which are not new—namely, to act above all with his artillery, said to be formidable, and to spare his men as much as possible. Napoleon I., of whom General de Moltke is only the pupil, never proceeded otherwise. He it was who first imagined the great concentrations of troops by rapid marches. M. de Moltke, his fervent admirer, has always manifested the greatest contempt for our strategy. I remember having heard quoted some of his very words addressed to a French officer on a mission to Berlin—'Do not talk to me of your military education in Africa. If you have never been there, so much the better; when you become general you will be glad of it. The war you have been carrying on for forty years against the Arabs is a guerillerie of an inferior order. Never any skilful marches, no feints, no countermarches, rarely any surprises. With that school you will do nothing more than form other schools like it. The first great war will demonstrate your inefficiency, and were I not in presence of a man of your merit, sir, I should not hesitate to laugh at your ignorance of the trade to which you devote yourselves. Amongst you—do not deny it—a pioneer is almost a ridiculous person, and in general the working man is one of mean intelligence. Here, on the contrary, the most conscientious studies are in the order of the day, and the lowest captain knows as much as your staff officers who are so brilliant in the ball-room. Have you even a superficial smattering of the elements of the military art on leaving your special schools? I am tempted to doubt it. Come now,' continued General de Moltke, taking the other by the hand, 'I wager that you do not know what is the most valuable piece of furniture for the chamber of an officer in garrison. Come with me.' So saying, the old Prussian led his interlocutor into a small bed-chamber suited to a sub-lieutenant; a small bed without curtains, three straw chairs, shelves of books from the floor to the roof, and in the middle of the room a black wooden board on an easel; the ground strewed with morsels of chalk. 'It is with this that we beat our adversaries every morning,' murmured the old tactician, who was destined to give afterwards so severe a lesson to General Frossard, the professor of the Prince Imperial. 'And for drawing, here is all we want,' and M. de Moltke exhibited some geographical maps. What a singular conversation, when one thinks that it took place in March, 1870, for I copy it literally from a letter dated the 21st of that month. What may we not have to say about the lessons to be derived from it? We shall profit by them at a later period."

ON EDIBLE EARTH.

To the list of the earth-eating people the Javanese must be reckoned; a fact brought to our knowledge by Alexander von Humboldt. From the specimens of which I have had the opportunity of seeing, it is to be inferred that earths of very different external appearance, and of different character, are eaten. One deposit of such edible earth, possessing an intensely red colour, exists in the neighbourhood of Sura Baja, between strata referable to the time of the latest tertiary.

This earth is formed into thin cakes, having a diameter of from 1 to 1½ inches; it is then dried over an open fire, and in this condition is brought into the market. It is perfectly smooth to the touch, and is composed of materials in the finest state of subdivision. By a chemical analysis, to which I subjected it, after removing the thin stratum of soot, which settled upon it during the process of drying over the fire, I convinced myself that it does not contain the slightest trace of an organic substance. The analysis gives the following result :—

Silica	50·63
Alumina	21·32
Iron oxide	10·47
Water	12·97
Lime	2·40
Magnesia	0·33
Potash	1·02
Soda	0·23
	99·37

Of the water, 6·36 per cent was driven off below red heat. The remaining 6·61 per cent disappeared only when the test portion was heated to bright redness. From the analysis it is apparent that the earth consists of a clay rich in iron; in which is still retained small quantities, yet undecomposed, of the minerals from which it derived its origin. In this way the trifling percentage of potassa and soda may be accounted for. Taking away the accessory alkalies, and so much of the silica as they demand, there remains behind a clay containing silica and iron.

Humboldt suggested that the probable explanation of the earth-eating habit might be found in the desire to fill the stomach, and thus, in a measure, to allay the pangs of hunger. This view of the subject may be satisfactory when applied to those rude people who devour it in great quantity; but it will not apply to the case of the Javanese, who make this use of but trifling quantities. With these, it is much more probable that the physical properties of the earth alone are sufficient to furnish the cause we are seeking.

Upon rubbing it, not the slightest grittiness is perceptible, and on being moistened with water it forms a smooth and unctuous mass. The enjoyment derived from eating it seems to reside in the similarity of the sensations it produces, with those derived from the eating of fatty substances. In many parts of Wurtemberg the quarrymen have the habit of eating the smooth, unctuous clay which collects in the fissures of the rocks. The term "Mondschmalz," which they apply to it, would seem to refer to the enjoyment they experience in the process of eating.—*Prof. C. W. C. Fuchs.*

"Lothair" is an old hero of Mr. Disraeli's. In Heath's "Book of Beauty" for 1835, among some other equally worthless contributions, is a sentimental story, "by the author of Vivian Grey," which derives its name of "The Carrier Pigeon," from the mode of communication adopted by the enamoured Lothair and his fair correspondent, who is not a Corisande, but an Imogene.

CHESS.

The following little game (lately contested in Quebec) presents a novel variation of the French opening :

White—Mr. E. T. B.	*Black*—Mr. J. W.
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to K. 3rd
2. P. to Q. 4th	P. to Q. 4th
3. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd	B. to Q. Kt. 5th
4. Q. to K. B. 3rd	Q. to K. B. 3rd
5. P. to K. 5th	Q. takes Q.
6. Kt. takes Q.	Kt. to K. 2nd
7. K. B. to Q. 3rd	P. to K. R. 3rd
8. B. to Q. 2nd	P. to Q. R. 3rd
9. P. to Q. R. 3rd	B. takes Kt.
10. B. takes B.	B. to Q. 2nd
11. Castles (K. R.)	B. to Q. Kt. 4th
12. B. takes B.	P. takes B.
13. P. to Q. R. 4th (*a*)	P. takes P.
14. B. to Q. Kt. 4th	Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
15. B. to Q. B. 5th	Castles (K. R.)
16. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd	P. takes P.
17. B. takes Kt.	R. takes R.
18. R. takes R.	P. to Kt. 7th
19. R. to Kt. sq.	R. to Q. R. sq. (*b*)
20. B. to K. R. 4th	R. to R. 8th
21. Kt. to Q. 2nd	Kt. takes Q. P.
22. K. to B. sq.	Kt. to Q. Kt. 4th (*c*) wins.

a Hastily played,—under the misconception that he could presently regain the pawn, with a superior position.

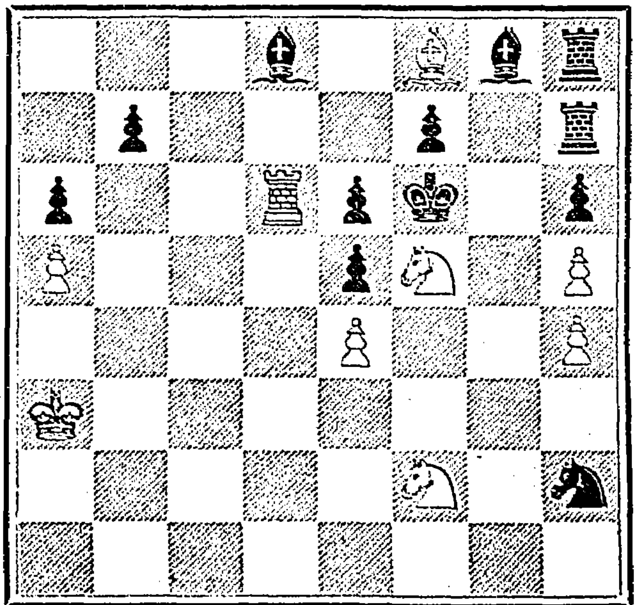
b Surrendering a piece: but the attack is irresistible, and redeems the "partie" from the tameness of the beginning.

c Threatening next move to attack the Rook: 22. Kt. takes Q. B. P., however, a very tempting move for Black, would have lost: for White might then have played 23. B. to K. 7th, and could afterwards bring his King to the rescue.

PROBLEM No. 18.

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

DIED.

At Terrebonne on the 19th inst., HENRY, eldest son of HENRY MASSON, Esq., at the age of 7 years.

GENERAL UHRICH.

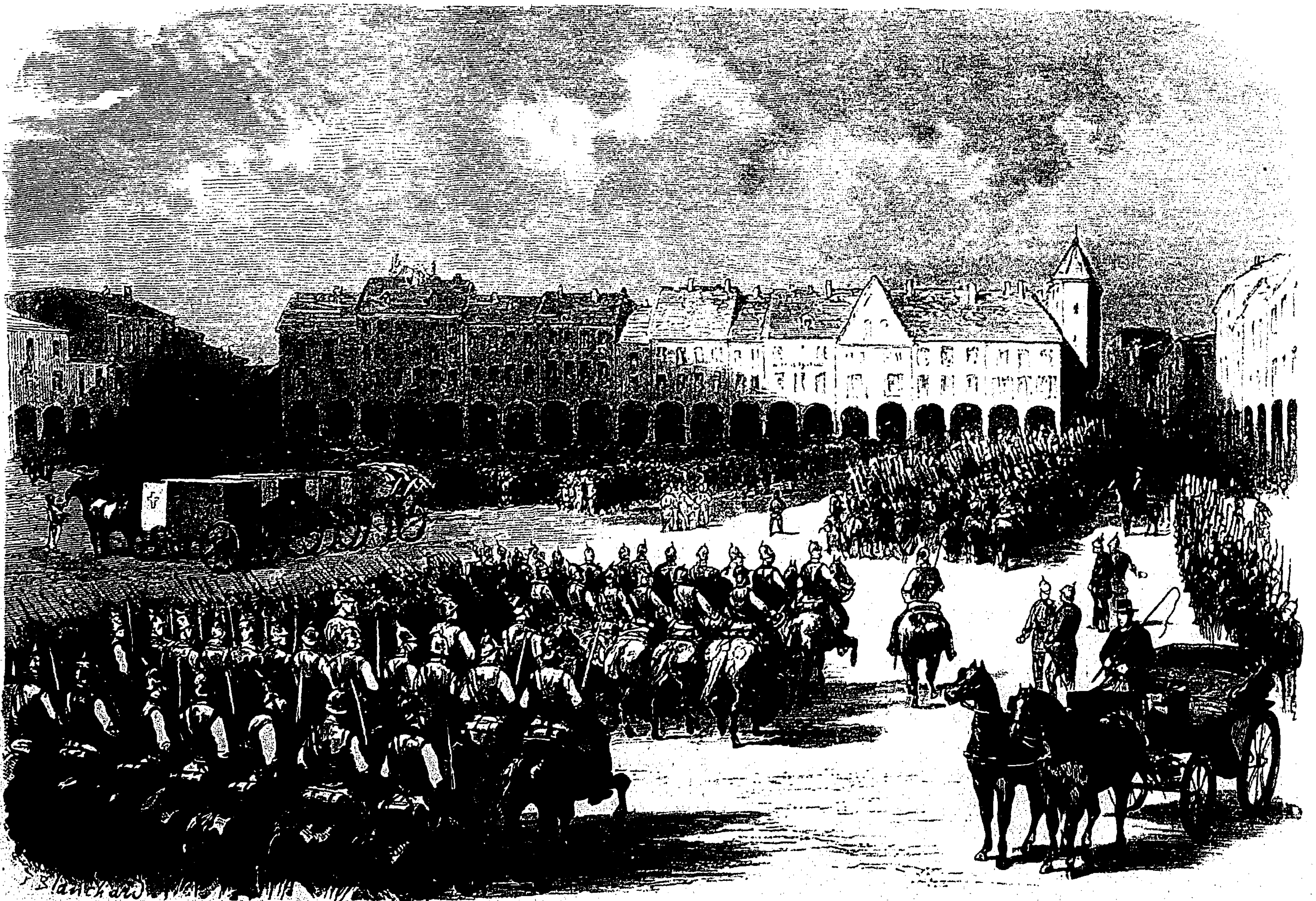
COMMANDANT OF STRASBURG.

General Uhrich, who has distinguished himself by his heroic resistance at Strasburg, and his determined refusal to surrender the city to the Prussians, was born at Phalsbourg, a fortified town of the Vosges, on the 15th of February, 1802. After having followed the usual studies at the military school of St. Cyr, he commenced his military career in 1820, in the capacity of sub-lieutenant in the 3rd regiment of light infantry. He accompanied his regiment to Spain in 1823, and was present at the siege of Pampeluna. In the following year he obtained his lieutenancy, and in 1831 his captaincy. In the latter year he was sent to Africa, where he served for ten years, at the close of which he became *chef de bataillon* in the 3rd regiment of the line. Within the next seven years he became successively lieut.-colonel of the 79th, and colonel of the regiment which he had joined twenty-eight years before as sub-lieutenant. In 1852 he was made brigadier-general. In 1854, when the Crimean war broke out, Uhrich was already in command of the sub-division of the Lower Rhine, with head-quarters at Strasburg. He was ordered off to the seat of war, and obtained the command of a mixed brigade of the Imperial guard, then in course of formation for service in the East. During the course of the war, and especially during the prolonged siege of Sebastopol, Gen. Uhrich several times distinguished himself by his bravery, and the gallant manner in which he handled his troops when exposed to a galling fire. As a reward for his gallantry in action and his many services, he was named general of division in August, 1855, and in the list of promotions issued after the close of the war his name appeared with the title of Commander of the Legion of Honour. On his return to France in '57, he received the command of a division of infantry, with which, two years afterwards, he served in the 5th corps in the Italian war. In 1862 he was named Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1867, when he had attained the age of 65, he was transferred to the reserve corps, on account of his advanced age, and was shortly afterwards placed in command of the military division of Strasburg, a post that he has unflinchingly held, since the breaking out of the present war, against all the attempts of the enemy.

The leading trait in General Uhrich's character is unquestionably firmness. He appears to be possessed of an inflexible will, which shows itself in his unyielding perseverance, amounting almost to a dogged stubbornness. His defence of Strasburg has eminently proved this part of his character. Notwithstanding all the temptations that beset him to yield the city, and thus save numberless lives, property and priceless works of art, he preferred holding out, braving all the horrors of a siege, and probably of a successful assault. His conduct throughout has won for him the gratitude of France and the admiration of the world. In addition to his firmness of purpose he is characterised by great courage and almost foolhardy boldness. The man appears not to know what danger is, and the fear of death certainly never found place in his heart. In all the battles of the Crimea in which he took part, he invariably attracted the attention of his superiors, and frequently brought down their remonstrances for exposing his person. With such a man at the head of the garrison of Strasburg it is not to be wondered at that the city has held out so long.

To every call for the surrender of the fortress, Gen. Uhrich has responded by a prompt and firm refusal, and, despite the straits to which his command has been reduced, he has made many sorties by which severe damage has been inflicted on the besieging force. The latest despatches at hand at the time of writing, however, indicate that the Prussians would soon be in a position to storm the city; but the correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphs that the intended seven days' preparations for that event would occupy at the least about four weeks.

GENERAL UHRICH,
COMMANDANT OF STRASBURG.



THE MARKET PLACE, PONT-À-MOUSSON, DURING THE OCCUPATION BY THE PRUSSIANS.

THE LATE SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, BART., M. D., D.C.L., &c.

This eminent man was of humble origin, his father having been a baker in the Town of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, near Edinburgh, Scotland. He was born there in the year 1811, and began the active duties of life, at a very early age, in carrying bread to the doors of his father's customers. From his earliest youth he was an ardent, constant, and most successful student. An elder brother having commenced the baking business in Edinburgh, James went thither to assist him. Here, though his labour was somewhat harder, being then engaged in the practical work of the baker's calling, still he pursued his studies at every leisure moment; and his brother, who had formed high hopes of his future, sent him to college. To this act of fraternal friendship he doubtless owed much of his success in after-life; and when attending classes at the Edinburgh University his diligence was such as to attract the special attention of Professor Pillans, who encouraged and assisted him in the prosecution of his studies. After securing his degree of M. D., he had, like most other young and aspiring men, to encounter several disappointments and many difficulties. However, he soon secured the position of assistant to Professor Thompson, and in 1840 was appointed Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh. From that time his career was one of uninterrupted success. His professional practice became most extensive among the best families of the city; and it is said that his incessant labours were sometimes carried so far as to disqualify him for sleep, even when he had the opportunity of indulging it. This is said to have driven him to the study of anæsthetics, out of which came the discovery of chloroform. This theory is, however, too fanciful to be believed, because the man who is too much fatigued to sleep is, *a priori*, disqualified from the successful prosecution of the most delicate chemical experiments. It is far more rational to believe that Sir James, from his specialty in the profession having brought him into constant familiarity with the extreme sufferings of the most delicate portion of humanity, was prompted to discover means for alleviating the pain of the subject, whether the operation to be undergone was in the order of nature or by the art of surgery. At all events, in the year 1847, he startled the Faculty of Edinburgh by the introduction of chloroform as an anæsthetic; and from that date, in addition to other laborious professional occupations, he devoted much attention to demonstrating, by the results of an immense experience, the safety of anæsthetic midwifery, as well as the vast amelioration of human suffering to be secured by the application of the powerful agent, of which he was discoverer, in important surgical operations. Chloroform, under unskilful hands, or because of peculiarities of some constitutions to which it has been applied, has, since its introduction, slaughtered its hundreds; and has of late years fallen somewhat into disrepute; but it cannot be gainsaid but that its services in alleviating human suffering have been sufficiently great to rank its inventor among the greatest benefactors of his kind.

THE LATE SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, BART.

In 1849 Dr. Simpson was elected President of the Royal College of Physicians; in 1842, President of the Medico-Chirurgical Society; and in 1853, Foreign Associate of the French Academy of Medicine. In 1856 he was awarded by the French Academy of Sciences, the "Montyon Prize" of 2,000 francs, for the benefits which he had conferred on humanity by the introduction of anæsthesia by chloroform into the practice of Surgery and Midwifery; and about the same time he received the Knighthood of the Royal Order of St. Olaf from King Oscar of Sweden. Sir James Simpson's professional writings are numerous, and are known throughout the world, having been translated into nearly every European language. In January, 1866, he was created a baronet, in recognition of the *service he had rendered* by the discovery of chloroform; and, the same year, he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University. In 1867 he was President of the Social

DUDSWELL LOWER LAKE AND STOCK MOUNTAIN, E. T. From a sketch by P. W. B.

Science Congress, which held its annual session at Belfast, in that year. From that time Sir James did not appear much in public, though still engaged in professional duties, as his health would permit. He was a man of great benevolence and geniality of character; and while freely giving his time to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, was not unmindful of the social courtesies due to the great who assiduously courted his society. He died on the 6th May last, after an illness of several months' duration, and was buried in the cemetery of Warriston, which is situated in the vicinity of Edinburgh, on the north side of the city. Since his death, meetings have been held in Edinburgh and London, for the purpose of devising measures to secure the erection of a national monument to his memory.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1870.

Sunday,	Oct. 2.	—*Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.* Prince Arthur arrived in Toronto, 1869.
Monday,	" 3.	—Battle of Wurtemburg, 1813.
Tuesday,	" 4.	—John Rennie died, 1821. Topmost Stone of Toronto University laid, 1858.
Wednesday,	" 5.	—Horace Walpole born, 1717. Battle of the Thames, 1813.
Thursday,	" 6.	—*St. Faith, V. & M.* Great Fire at Miramichi, N. B., 1825.
Friday,	" 7.	—Archbishop Laud born, 1573. Cape Breton ceded to France, 1748.
Saturday,	" 8.	—Admiral Phipp defeated at Quebec, 1690. Battle of Torres Vedras, 1810.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870.

Among the events consequent upon the Franco-Prussian war, not the least important is the movement in Italy by which the Pope has been virtually shorn of his temporal sovereignty. The oldest State in Europe disappears before the march of "unification," and probably before another week is out the *plebiscitum* will have pronounced Rome the Capital of United Italy. The event was long foreseen, at least as in the future probable, even by those who held with Mgr. Dupanloup, that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was an essential to his spiritual independence. Hence, it takes nobody by surprise, though it is nevertheless one of the most extraordinary events of modern history. As yet there is but little information made public respecting the real sentiments of the Vatican as to the *coup* of which the Pope has per force been made the victim. We may, however, judge that he will surrender nothing—that he will recognise nothing but the personal courtesies which the Italians have so readily accorded, and that he will still claim the sovereignty over the States of the Church, notwithstanding their occupation by the Italians, the popular vote, and the acts of administrative authority performed within them in the name of the Italian Kingdom. This attitude of "passive resistance" will not be surprising when it is remembered that *un fait accompli* has no logic for the Pope, as to the matter of right; he may indeed submit to necessity, but we have not seen him surrendering his title to anything that he held in trust for the Church over which he presides. His sovereignty was fiduciary rather than personal. He reigned in Rome in virtue of his pontificate, and he cannot be expected to voluntarily forego any rights which attached to the tiara when it was placed upon his head.

But Victor Emanuel has no bloodthirsty enemy to contend against in the person of the Pope. On the contrary, he expressly forbade his troops to offer armed resistance to the advance of the Italians; and though his orders were to some extent disregarded, yet it appears that not a dozen lives were lost on both sides during the Sardinian conquest of the Eternal City. What a contrast this presents to the incidents in the bloody struggle between France and Prussia! The King of Italy is not without his excuse in marching upon Rome. Had he not done so the Revolution would have not only taken Rome but Florence also, and driven him from the throne. Napoleon and the King outmanœuvred the revolution in 1859; and for a time gained a respite at the sacrifice of several petty principalities, but Napoleon is to-day a prisoner of war; the revolution is abroad in France, and it threatens Italy until we even doubt whether the removal of the Capital to Rome will very long stay its progress. Should Italy continue as at present to be divided into three parties—Reactionists, Constitutionalists, and Republicans—then, humanly speaking, the success of the Republicans is assured. But if the partizans of the ancient and exploded *régimes* would but side with the middle party who support the King, their united strength would be more than a match for that of the revolutionists. It is only in such a combination that we can see any reasonable prospect of "Italian unity," bringing with it the blessings which it promised, and this prospect, it must be confessed, is not a very bright one. With France restrained from civil war only by the presence of the Prussians, it behoves Italy to move with extreme circumspection. The King was a capital instrument with which to assail the Pope; but the Pope gone, as to his temporal rule, who is going to shield the King from the revolution?

The Emperor of Russia is reported to have been the first to congratulate Victor Emanuel on his possession of Rome. No wonder. The court of St. Petersburg owes the Vatican no good will. Russian mis-government in Poland has been more than once denounced by the Pope; and perhaps the least that the Emperor could have done was to have shewn his satisfaction at the appearance of misfortune to the authority which had dared to arraign his tyranny in the face of the civilised world. In singular contrast to this is the action of England which has placed a British man-of-war in Italian waters at the service of his Holiness, offering him safe conduct and a secure asylum in the lovely little island of Malta. Italian unity cannot possibly be contemplated by English public opinion otherwise than with extreme satisfaction; but that satisfaction does not prevent the nation from exercising its ancient hospitality; nor would it derogate in the least from the favour with which the English people regard Italian unity that the Pope should accept asylum in British territory. It is, however, quite improbable that he will do so, though the scheme is said to be favoured by an influential section of his counsellors, who may probably see in the retreat to Malta a complete release from the distracting cares of State and a consequent increase of Spiritual energy. It is certain, at all events, that the offer made by Mr. Odo Russell some twenty years ago, has been again renewed by the same gentleman, on behalf of Britain, and if it is not accepted it will only be because His Holiness and his Court are assured the most complete freedom in the City of Rome. Victor Emanuel could not contemplate with pleasure the flight of the Pope, for it would expose him to the worst consequences from one or other of the parties by whom he is opposed. It may be expected, therefore, that Italy will make strenuous exertions to induce the Pope to remain; that she will guarantee the most ample liberty of action, and would even support his court in a state of magnificence which his own modest revenues never heretofore permitted. On the other hand, it is stated that the Catholic powers have already offered the Pope ample means to sustain his court, and as the Italians leave him the whole of the Leonine city, comprising the two districts of Rome on the west, or right bank, of the Tiber, and containing the Castle of St. Angelo, the Vatican and St. Peter's, and seem disposed to protect him in the free exercise of his spiritual functions, the destruction of his temporal rule can hardly be regarded in the light of a calamity personal to himself.

On the invitation of the Board of Trade of Montreal there is to be a meeting in this city of delegates from the several Boards of Trade throughout the Dominion, on Wednesday next, the 5th instant, for the purpose of discussing the advisability of forming a Dominion Board of Trade. We have already discussed the project, and have about as little faith in the complete success of its formation as we should have in the utility of its labours if it were formed. In so far as it would tend to break down sectional prejudices, it would doubtless be useful; but in the way of influencing legislation, we think the interests of the people at large would not be forwarded by the class supremacy which the success of such a combination would imply. The scheme, however, is one that commends itself to popular favour, in so far as it tends to draw into pleasant association the mercantile communities of the many business centres throughout the Dominion, and thereby helps to strengthen the bonds of union and good feeling between different sections of the country.

Sir John A. Macdonald, K. C. B., returned to Ottawa on Thursday of last week. He was met at the station by a large concourse of people, who lustily cheered the gallant Premier on his stepping upon the platform. Mayor Rochester presented a congratulatory address, to which Sir John made a suitable reply. An address was also presented on behalf of the St. Andrew's Society. Sir John appeared to be in excellent health, and there is much satisfaction expressed by all parties at his thorough restoration after such a severe sickness, and his return to the active duties of public life.

His Excellency Sir John Young has been elevated to the Peerage of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland under the title of Baron Lisgard. The Governor-General has made but one impression upon the people of Canada since he came amongst them, that of unqualified admiration, and his new honours will be regarded as a well-deserved tribute to his distinguished abilities

The citizens of Montreal intend inviting Col. Wolseley to a public dinner, and presenting him with an address in appreciation of his distinguished services to the country as leader of the Red River expedition.

On Tuesday last, at noon, at the St. Lawrence Hall, Lieut.-General Lindsay was presented with an address by His Worship the Mayor, on behalf of the citizens of Montreal. The General replied in fitting terms, and amidst the cheers of the assembled company announced that his speech at Eccles Hill, in which he had spoken so favourably of the volunteers, had received the hearty approval of the War Office. The General leaves many warmly attached friends in this city, and a reputation in the country of which any soldier might well be proud.

Mr. Adam Brown has sent in his resignation as President of the Wellington, Grey, and Bruce Railway. We hope, however, that he may reconsider his decision. Mr. Brown's services are too important to be parted with in the present position of the enterprise.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Christianity and Greek Philosophy; or, The Relation between Spontaneous and Reflective Thought in Greece, and the Positive Teaching of Christ and His Apostles.—By B. F. Cocker, D D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. New York, Harper and Bros; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

It appears to be a practice extremely prevalent among writers of a certain class, more especially among those of the pædagogic profession, to employ, when treating of abstruse subjects, the most out-of-the-way and high-sounding phraseology. Some of these authors delight in long Anglified Greek and Latin terms, which they glibly roll out in a manner that is no doubt highly satisfactory to themselves, but which adds considerably to the confusion and dismay of the reader. If brevity be the soul of wit, surely simplicity is the beauty of learning; and one of the greatest mistakes into which an author can fall is to sacrifice elegance to euphuism, and clearness of diction to a ponderous phraseology. Where an abtruse subject is to be explained, the less amount of technical language employed the better. Everything should be clear and plain; anything approaching affectation of style should be avoided, and the author's object, the explanation of difficulties, should never be sacrificed to the desire for writing fine phrases. And where the author gives way to this passion for euphustic sentences, the result can only be disastrous both for himself and his readers. The latter, whose whole attention should be given to the matter of the work, and who should be able to follow closely and clearly his author's arguments and deductions, has his attention divided by the peculiarity of the phraseology, through which he flounders in a hopeless manner; and by the time he has reached the end of the book his recollections of what he has read will be none of the clearest or most satisfactory. We must confess we fail to see either the wisdom or the beauty of this laboured phraseology, and can only set it down as the result of a very small, though most incomprehensible piece of vanity.

Into this mistake Dr. Cocker has fallen. He has produced a book full of information and that bears unmistakable evidence of being the work of an accomplished scholar, but which is marred by the perpetual recurrence of technical terms, and highflown language. While he endeavours to point out and explain the connection that exists between the philosophies of the ancient world and the system of Christianity—an endeavour in which he has met with no mean success—the author stands before us as an interpreter of the various philosophical systems; and in this character it is his duty, not to mystify his reader by his stilted language, but to remove all obstacles to the proper understanding of his arguments, to be clear, and above all to use language within the comprehension of those whom he addresses. In this particular Dr. Cocker fails. In the note to his preface he says:—"It has been the aim of the writer, as far as the nature of the subject would permit, to adapt this work to general readers." We question very much, with all due deference to the Doctor's perspicacity, whether one in ten of the class known as "general readers" would be able to understand much of the author's information. This is the more to be regretted as considerable ingenuity is shown in the treatment of the subject, and much useful knowledge may be acquired from a careful perusal of these pages.

It is an established axiom that every work produced is written to suit a certain demand, and intended for a certain class of readers. But it is equally true that the class with whom a work will find favour, is not always that one for which the author originally intended it. There can be little doubt but that this will be the case with "Christianity and Greek Philosophy." It was written, or, as the author says, "adapted for general readers," but it appears extremely doubtful whether even those dyspeptic devourers of miscellaneous literature, known as general readers, will be tempted either by the title or the appearance of the work to dip very deep into its pages. The only class among whom the book can obtain any very wide circulation will be the students of divinity and philosophy. To these it will be valuable, not only as being an elucidation of a theory possessing no ordinary amount of interest, but also as containing a very valuable *résumé* of the distinguishing characteristics of the different schools of Greek philosophy. In the second series of this work, which is now in the press, and will shortly appear under the title of "Christianity and Modern Thought," Dr. Cocker treats of the relations existing between the system of Christianity and the various schools of modern philosophy.

THE WAR NEWS.

The whole interest of the war now centres in three places—Paris, Strasburg, and Metz. The condition of the capital appears desperate, but every effort is being made by the besieged for a heroic resistance. The number of troops actually in the city is 438,000, including 180,000 volunteers from the Provinces; and the Government has issued orders for the troops in all parts of the country to converge on the capital. In all the departments the greatest activity prevails for the national defence. The provinces and the communes of France are all raising men and money. Three communes alone have subscribed $500,000, and thirteen others have subscribed a sum of $2,200,000; Calais has voted three million francs, the department of Calvados the same amount, that of Lyons one million francs and 200,000 men, and that of Lille a similar sum of money and a contingent of troops. The Municipal Council of Marseilles have voted a loan of ten million francs. In all parts of the country the people are rising in arms and concentrating upon the great cities. Since the battle of Sedan 250,000 volunteers have been enrolled. A force of 80,000 men, comprising the army of the north-west, is assembled at Rouen; the army of the north-east, at Lille, consists of 75,000; the army of the Loire, at Tours, is said to number 150,000 men; the army of Lyons 150,000, and the army of the south, at Marseilles, 200,000. Corps of Spanish guerillas are also forming at Toulon. In the capital every preparation has been made for a long siege. The manufacture of arms goes on continually, and the national guard are exercised daily. It is said that the city is provisioned for four months, and if it can hold out until the winter the Prussians will certainly have a hard time of it. A system of balloon service has been organised for the double purpose of keeping a watch upon the movements of the enemy and keeping up communications with the provinces. A rumour has spread that the Red Republicans are at work in the city, and that there have been serious riots in the streets. It would appear that the report is unfounded, as a despatch has been received contradicting the whole story. On the other hand, a despatch from Tours, the present seat of the Government, states that "the disturbances in Paris, particularly at night, were fomented partly by robbers and murderers, and partly, it is believed, by hostile emissaries."

The investment of the capital was accomplished on the 19th. Advices from the city, received by balloon, state that the Prussian army formed a complete cordon at a distance of two to three thousand yards from the outlying forts. 200,000 German troops are established to the south and east, and it is said that the Prussians are withdrawing their forces from other points to concentrate them around Paris. Several engagements have already taken place in the vicinity. The Prussians, it is said, were defeated in two slight engagements, one at Meudon, west of Paris, and one on the line of the Orleans railway. On Monday week, the 19th, a French corps, consisting of three divisions, under the command of Gen. Vinoy, was attacked between Villeneuve and Montrouge by the 2nd Bavarian corps. Notwithstanding that the French were supported by a strong redoubt, they were defeated and driven from their intrenchment. The Bavarians took seven cannon and 1,000 prisoners. On the same day Gen. Ducrot, who occupied the heights between Villeneuve and Meudon, attacked a large body of Prussians at Fontenoy, and drove them from their position. On Sunday last an engagement was fought on the line of the Orleans railway, beyond Epinay-sur-Orge, fifteen miles south west of Paris, which resulted in the complete defeat of the Prussians.

A column of 10,000 Prussians, advancing from Spinoy, about two miles on the plateau of Longjumeau, attacked a French force numerically inferior, but occupying a formidable position. The attack began about six o'clock in the morning. The French force, mainly Garde Mobile, with a battalion of the line, had sixteen mitrailleuses in position. The French behaved with singular steadiness; they awaited the German attack in silence, without firing a shot; retreated under cover of the woods, and drew the Germans on until they were drawn obliquely into the range of the masked battery, which then opened on them suddenly and with tremendous effect. The Prussian column was cut in two, and the French charging upon their flank drove the fragments in hurried retreat down a steep and rapid descent beyond the tower of Montechay towards Barbets and the lines. There the Germans attempted to make a stand and re-form, but the French artillery, which had been quickly brought up by the cross roads of country, here opened on them again with more effect than before. The retreat was converted into a rout. The German troops fled in all directions, throwing away their arms, and the French captured all their artillery, and a battery of steel cannon, with two regimental standards, and captured between six or seven hundred men, who surrendered in a body, and were despatched next day to Chartres. Among the prisoners were two Colonels of the Prussian line, and a number of Saxon officers. The French troops engaged belong to the army of the Loire. An engagement also took place last week at Chateaudun, fifteen miles from Tours, between a force of German cavalry and the Garde Mobile, in which the cavalry were beaten off.

On the 22nd, the division of Gen. Mauday attacked the heights at Villejuif, on the south of Paris, which were occupied by the Prussians. The battle began at 3 a. m., and after sustaining the Prussian fire for some hours the French captured the redoubts of Moulins, Sague, Villejuif, and Hautes Bruyeres. The same day a considerable force of French made a reconnaissance and drove the enemy from the village of Drancy. The same day Gen. Bellemare, commander at St. Denis, attacked the village of Pierrefitte, about a mile north of St Denis, which the Prussians had occupied in considerable force. The enemy was driven out of the village and the French troops returned to St. Denis unmolested. On the 26th Prince Albrecht's cavalry encountered the French troops gathered for the defence of Orleans, and after a brisk fight of three hours the French retreated on Tours.

The siege of Strasburg is being vigorously pushed. The Prussians have taken several of the outworks, and their fire has silenced the heavy batteries of the city. Notwithstanding that the greatest distress exists, and that there is a general scarcity of provisions, the garrison still persist in holding out, the more so as the Prussian general insists upon an unconditional surrender. It has now been decided to storm the city, but the assault has been delayed to construct a good passage across the main ditch, in front of the main walls. The town will be attacked at four different points simultaneously. Lots have already been drawn to decide which regiments will compose the body of attack. These honours are claimed by the whole army. Assiduous searches have been made for mines, two were found and emptied after Lunettes 52 and 53 were captured. A despatch, dated Darmstadt, Sept. 27th, says: A telegram from Ludwigshafen announces that Strasburg surrendered on Monday at 5 p.m.

There is but little news from Metz. On the 23rd Marshal Bazaine made a feint on the side of Mercy la Haut, and attempted to escape to Thionville. There was a heavy cannonade for some hours, and after a sharp fight the French were driven back to the town with serious loss. It is announced that Bazaine has repudiated the Republic, and demands orders of the Emperor or Empress to surrender. After a furious bombardment, lasting several days, Toul was captured by storm by the Prussians on Friday of last week.

The blockade of the Baltic ports has been raised, and the French fleet has withdrawn to the *neighbourhood* of Calais.

There appear to be but small chances for peace. Jules Favre has had an interview with Bismarck, but the Prussian demands are such as no French Government could accept in the present state of affairs.

THE TYNE CREW.

The following letter, addressed to the Editor of the Montreal *Gazette*, deserves to be put on record, in connection with an event which, doubtless, will be long remembered in Canada;

Sir,—On the eve of departing from Canada, the Tyne Crew and the friends who accompanied them from England, desire to return their sincere thanks for the hospitality which has been extended to them since their arrival in this country. Where so many have joined in endeavours to make our stay pleasant, it might, under ordinary circumstances, appear invidious to particularise individuals who have especially laboured that we might be comfortable, but we cannot refrain from doing so on the present occasion. Firstly, we desire to return our thanks to Mr. McNaughton, Mr. James Harvey, Mr. H. Wallis, Mr. Lindsay, and the other members of the Lachine Boating Club. To the labours of the three first named, and particularly to Mr. Wallis, is due the arrangement of the match just decided, and the patient forbearance which they have manifested from the inauguration to the conclusion of the matters appertaining to this contest have made a lasting impression upon us. Secondly, our thanks are due to Mr. Brydges, Mr Hickson, and the officials of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, for facilities granted us in travelling. We beg also to express our gratitude to the inhabitants of Montreal and Lachine for the kind hospitality we have received since our arrival here. To Mr. and Mrs. John Hanna, of the Lake View Hotel, Lachine, our thanks are specially due for further services rendered during the training of the crew at their house, and for many good offices. We tender our grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Henry Hogan, of St. Lawrence Hall, to Mr Isaac Ebbitt, Mr. Ross, optician, Mr. John Bolam, of Toronto, and the other gentlemen who placed their time and influence at our service. Not a member of the party of eight who journeyed from Newcastle to the banks of the St. Lawrence, but will carry back with them the most pleasant reminiscences of an excursion which has enabled him to form an acquaintance—if but a slight one—with a country destined, beyond a doubt, to play an important part in the future history of the world.

We cannot conclude without paying a tribute of admiration to the stoutness and rare courage of our opponents in the late match, the Paris crew of St. John, N.B. We are proud in having contended with men of their resolution, ability, and intelligence, and beg to acknowledge the straightforward conduct which has characterised them since we made their acquaintance.

The good steamer "Nestorian" is now ready to sail, and with many regrets we bid farewell to Canada. A large proportion of our number is engaged in business pursuits at home, which forbid a further stay upon this side of the Atlantic. We bid a respectful adieu to those who have so kindly treated us, and remain, dear sir,

JAMES RENFORTH,
On behalf of the Tyne Champion Crew and friends.

S.S. "Nestorian," off Quebec,
Sept. 24th, 1870.

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

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(*Continued.*)

P

Palace.—On a hill near which Rome was founded, cows grazed; the cows, according to the ancient custom of their race, lowed—whether more loudly than usual, it is hard to say. From hearing this natural sound, the early Romans came to call the hill the place of "lowings," or, to translate their language in a suitable way, the hill *balatant;* balatant, by degrees, was corrupted into *palatine*, the hill became a portion of the site of the city, and on it Augustus Cæsar, the first emperor, had a royal residence, called from its position the domus Palatina (Palatine house) or the Palatium (palace); and, finally, the influence of Rome made the word palace the common appellation of a kingly dwelling over a great part of the world.

Panic.—The word *Panic* (fear) is represented as having originated in a curious way. Bacchus, the famous god of wine, made a military expedition to India, if we may credit the old Greek poets, at the time when he was playing the part of a hero on earth, previously to his deifiation His lieutenant-general in the enterprise was a personage named Pan, who once extricated his leader from a very great strait, by a stroke of simple but effective ingenuity, which has immortalised, or at least perpetuated, its author's name. The army of Bacchus being encompassed in a valley by an army far superior in numbers, Pan advised the chief to order his men in the night to give a general shout, which was done, and so surprised the opposite army, that they immediately fled from their camp; whence it came to pass, that all sudden fears impressed upon men's spirits without any just reason existing for alarm, were called by the Greeks and Romans, *panic terrors*. It was on this expedition that Bacchus indulged so deeply in wine, and played so many fantastic tricks under its influence, as to procure his subsequent elevation to the "bad eminence" of wine-god, and to give rise to all the train of words—such as Bacchanalian—that unite his name with the subject of drinking, in almost all languages.

Paper.—Paper is a word deriving its origin from a plant called Papyrus, of Egypt, and from which a kind of paper was made in ancient times. The papyrus was a reed several yards in height, and had several coats or skins above one another, like an onion, which were separated with a needle. One of these coats or layers was placed on a table longwise, and another placed above it across. They were then moistened with the muddy water of the Nile, which acted like a species of glue, and were afterwards put under a press and dried in the sun. These sheets, thus prepared, were put together, sometimes to the number of twenty in one leaf or roll, or in proportion to the required thickness of the paper. By smoothing it with a shell, or the tooth of a wild boar, or some other instrument, it became fit for use.

Paper Money.—The Count de Tendilla, while besieged by the Moors in the fortress of Alambra, was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay his soldiers, who began to murmur, as they had not the means of purchasing the necessaries of life from the people of the town. "In this dilemma," says the historian, "what does this most sagacious commander? He takes a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give his soldiery in earnest of their pay." "How," you will say, "are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper?" "Even so, and well paid to, as I will presently make manifest, for the *good* Count issued a proclamation, ordering the inhabitants to take these morsels of paper for the full amount, promising to redeem them at a future time with gold and silver. Thus, by subtle and almost *miraculous alchemy* did this cavalier turn worthless paper into gold and silver, and make his late impoverished army abound in money." The historian adds: "The Count de Tendilla redeemed his promise like a true knight;" and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of the worthy Agapida, is the first instance on record of paper money, which has since spread throughout the civilized world. This happened in 1484; and thus we see that paper money was the adjunct of the invention of printing, the discovery of the western world, and the Protestant Reformation.

Paraphernalia.—It is most often applied by us, and with unconscious correctness, to female attire, trinkets, and a great many other things of the sort, in a bundle. Now, it is derived from *para* beyond, and *pherne*, dowery, and means the goods which a woman brings to her husband, *beyond*, or *besides her dowery*.

Pharisees.—They were also called Separatists; founded by Hillel, a Doctor of Law, B. C. 150. They believed in the immortality of the soul, the resurrection, and futurity; that the souls of the wicked went directly to Hell, and that their bodies never rose again, and they believed that all things were subject (save God's fear) to Fate

Plantagenet—So called from the family device; a sprig of broom, (*planta genista, plante à genêt.*)

Pledging.—The stabbing of Edward, who, from this circumstance was called the Martyr, gave rise to pledging. While the Danes bore sway in England, if a native drank, they would sometimes stab him with a dagger or a knife; and because of this, persons would not drink in company, unless some one present would be their surety, or pledge that they should not be hurt while they took their drink. When, therefore, a person was about to drink, he asked some one near to be his pledge, or if he would pledge him, on which he answered that he would, and held up his knife or sword to defend him while he drank.

Penny-boys.—Penny-boys were a class of men and boys who attended the market for the purpose of driving to the slaughter-house the animals purchased by the butcher, receiving one penny per head as remuneration. They had another name—which would have infinitely more mystified your readers—"Ankle-beaters," from their driving the animals with long "wattles," and beating them on the legs to avoid spoiling or bruising the flesh.

Penny Post.—It was devised in 1683 by Mr. David Murray, an upholder of Paternoster Row. It soon became an object of attention to the Government, but so low were the profits that one Dockwra, who had succeeded Murray, had a pension of only £200 a year given him in lieu of it. This occurred in 1716.

Pennant.—Van Tromp, the great Dutch Admiral, when he came into action at the Downs with Admiral Blake, had a broom at his mast-head significant of his bravado, that he would "sweep the seas." "Ah," said Blake, "run up my hunting whip; if *he* sweeps the seas, *I'll* flog him out of the channel." Up went the whip. It streamed out its thongs, and was the first of British pennants which have ever since held their own on the masts of our men-of-war.

S

In a book published by Mr. John Timbs, F. S. A., called "Things not Generally Known" occurs the following:

Shamming Abraham.—When Bethlem Hospital was first built in Moorfields, there was a ward of it named "Abram's;" and hence the poor idiots confined therein were called "Abram's men." They wore the dress of the hospital; and on the 1st of April such as were incapacitated had a holiday, and visited their friends, or begged about the streets. This induced vagrants to imitate the Bethlem dress, and pretend idiotcy, till the governors of the hospital ordered that if any person should "sham an Abram," he should be whipped, and set in the stocks, whence came the saying, "He is shamming Abram." In Dekker's "English Villanies" these impostors are described. An Abram was a name for a ragged fellow; and an "Abram man" often personated a poor lunatic called "Tom of Bedlam," which Shakspeare describes in "King Lear," act ii., scene 3, as "Bedlam Beggars." Among sailors, "an Abram" is being unwell; and to "sham Abram" is to feign illness. When Abraham Newland was cashier of the Bank of England arose the song:—

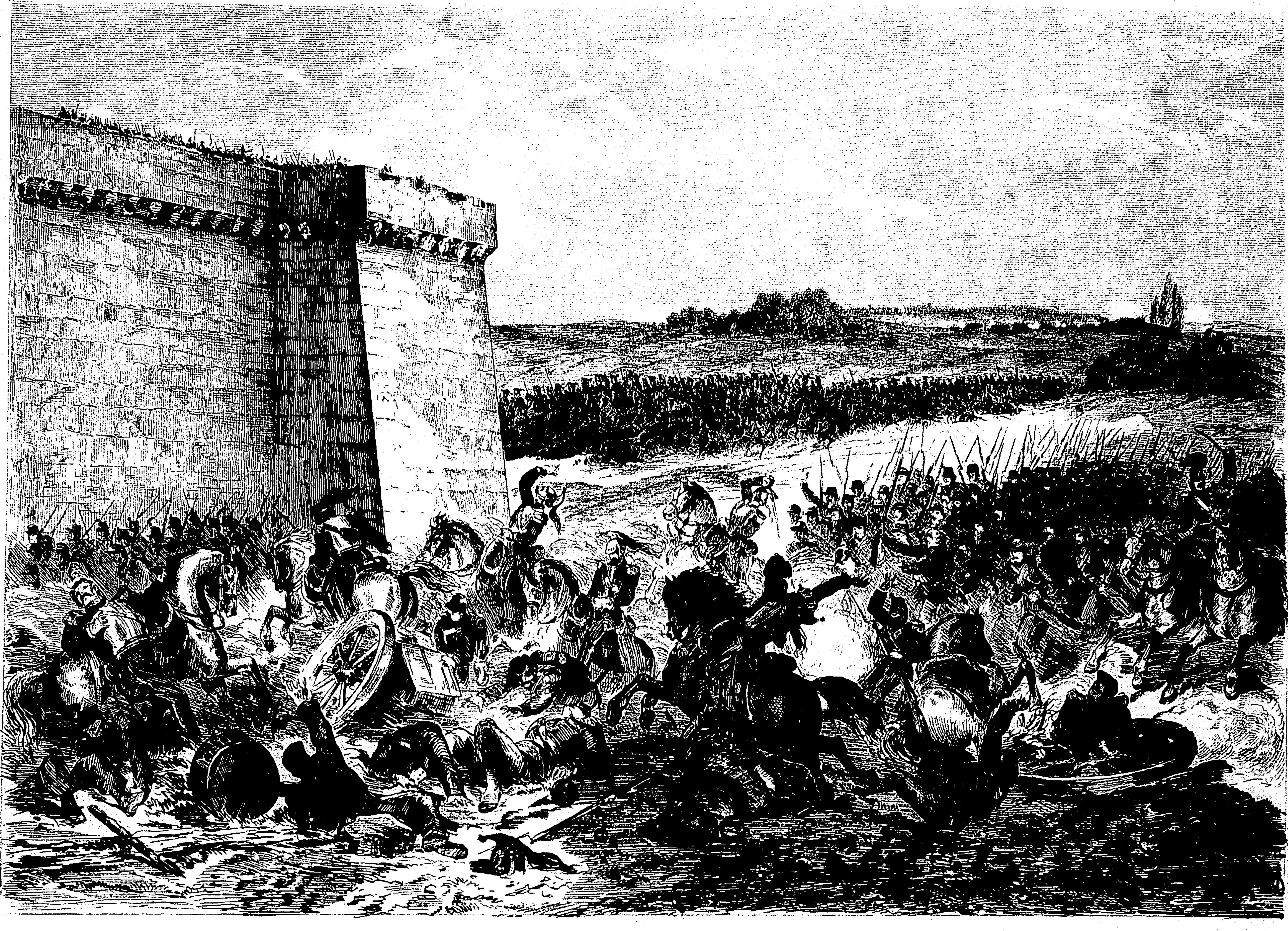
I have heard people say
That sham Abram you may,
But you must not sham Abraham Newland,

meaning thereby that you must not imitate or forge a bank note—a crime then punished with death.

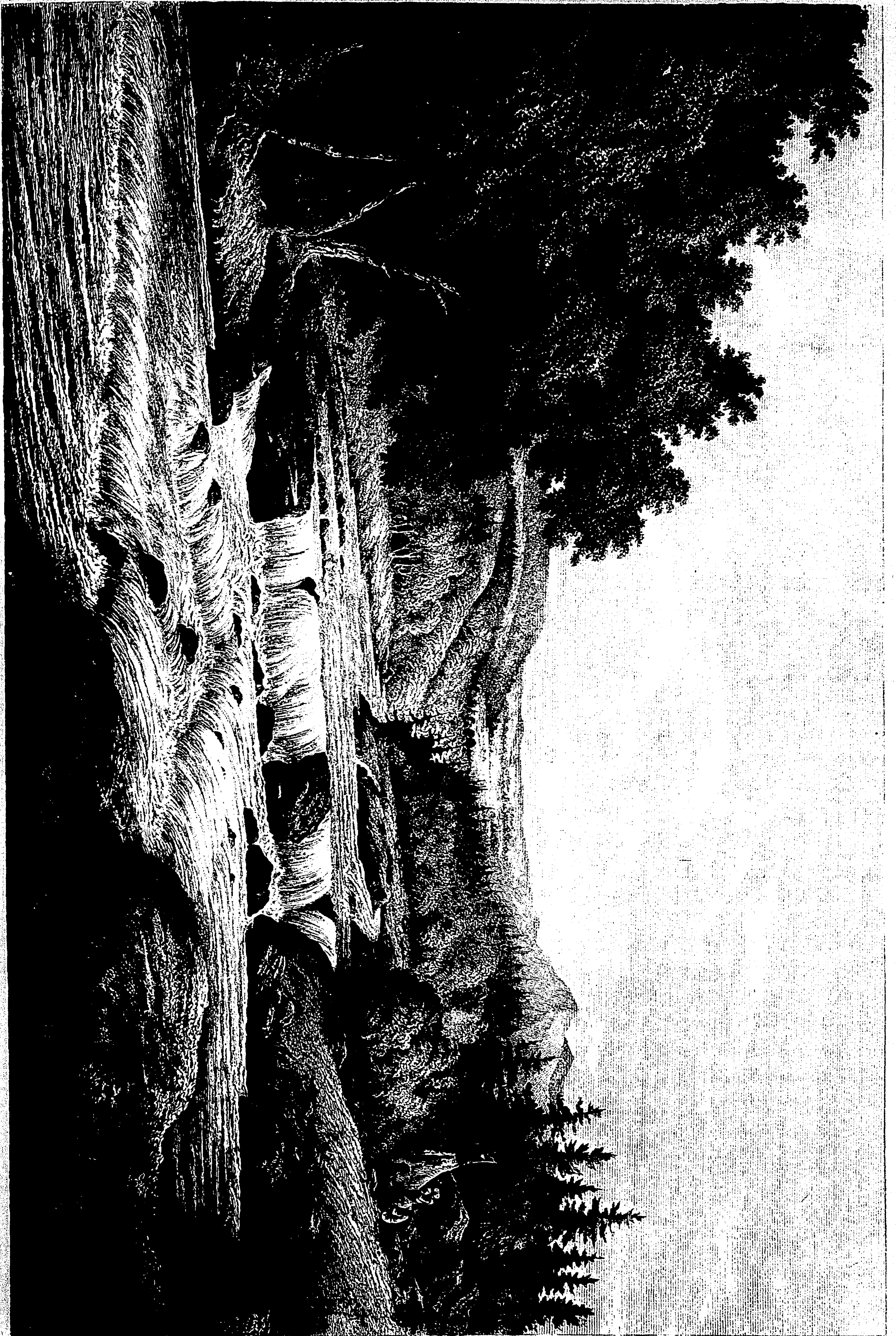
Salic Law.—From the Salians, among whom it originated; it excluded women from mounting the throne, &c.

Sarcasm.—The word *Sarcasm* has a fearful derivation. It comes from the Greek *sarkadso, to pick the flesh off;* and, in truth, sarcasm may be justly said to pick the flesh, not off the body, but the *mind*—if such an expression is allowable.

To be continued.



RETREAT OF THE FRENCH INTO SEDAN.



GOLD RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

BLIGHTED LIVES.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

He said: Since fate has willed it so
I must bear all until the last;
Yes, even till death shall lay me low,
I must endure my part!
It may be, other joys will make
Vague semblance of the joy I knew,
That in the wide world I shall take
My part, and play it through.
But no fresh greenery can gleam
On ruined bough and blasted bole,
And never shall the sweet lost dream
Revisit my sad soul!

(He spoke: And the changeful seasons went
And the changeful seasons came,
Bringing the calmness of great content,
And a wife with money and name.)

She said: I am so faint and weak
In spirit, that I may not go
Much further through this dark and bleak
Desolateness of woe!
I shall sink, presently, and be
Forgotten of the world's cold eye;
Pray tell him of my grave, that he
May mourn me where I lie!
And tell him that his last caress
Was thought of with my dying breath:
Ah, speak not of forgetfulness—
You know that mine means death!

(She spoke: And the seasons came and went,
With changes dreary or fair,
And now, in the calmness of great content,
She is wife to a millionaire.)

WHO PAINTED THE GREAT MURILLO DE LA MERCED?

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

CHAPTER II.—*Continued*

"He is the prince of ciceroni," Conway explained to me; "he is the only southern Italian I ever knew that can hold his tongue—that cuts his story short when you have had enough of it, tells you only what you want to know, and knows it when you want him to tell it."

Pioneered by this accomplished individual, in the diminishing light of a southern evening, we started on our quest for the nameless princess. We were more reserved towards our cicerone Pinto than we had been to the waiter, directing him only to lead us to the Lavinaio nel Quartiere Mercato. Crossing the Piazza Castello and the Marinella, we plunged into a maze of ill-lighted narrow streets, walled in by lofty houses, loftier churches, and monastic buildings; the former of which, as we advanced further, became meaner in character, with signs of indigence,—within, seen through open windows and doors—without, marked by such accessories as dirty, half-naked children, and by more squalid-looking men and women. It was evidently one of the "slums" of Naples into which we had got; when, opposite a passage between the houses ascending to higher ground beyond, Pinto, who was preceding us, stopped and pointing at this entrance, to our profound mortification, exclaimed,—

"Eccola! zare ees it."

Brought up suddenly thus, Charters and I turned to each other in blank surprise. As we caught one another's looks, our disappointment seemed to strike us both from such a ludicrous point of view that, deep as my feelings really were, excited as I had become—perhaps owing to this excitement casually diverted, I know not—but I joined him in an explosion of laughter which vexed my soul, but only became the more obstreperous for the vexation. The idea of the exquisitely-refined and lovely being I had painted—a graceful, dignified princess, too—existing among the squalor of such a scene—it was too absurd! What could Stapfer mean by sending me to such a spot? it must be a lapse of memory—a mistake in mine! Whatever it was, I indicated to my companions the abandonment of all hope to find the object of my search in that locality, by returning at once, without remark or inquiry, the way we had come.

Arrived at our hotel, accompanied by Signor Pinto, I presently had occasion to appreciate the judgment with which Charters had selected him from all other ciceroni. He sat quite silent, though it was soon seen how observant, while we spoke hastily and despondingly of our disappointment. By the time we paused he seemed to have perfectly made out our purpose and difficulty.

"Ah ha! signori," he said, "you look-a fore some-a von-a? You no-a find-a he'em, you tell-a me—I find-a he'em, eef he be in Na'pli."

"Of course you will!" shouted Charters, enthusiastically; "you're just the fellow! I say tell him about the Princess—he knows lots of people that can help him Only, dash it! you must make it worth his while—say a trifle for his time, and something handsome if he succeeds: you don't mind stumping up, eh? Is that your view of things. too, Signor Pinto?"

"Ya-es, ya-es, sare; per-hap-a I mose go-a many people, an' I mose stump-a too."

I assented with all my heart to the plan thus suddenly started; indeed no other even glimmered out of the deep obscurity of the subject. The terms for his assistance were soon arranged, infinitely to Signor Pinto's satisfaction. In return—and he undertook this with a confidence which astonished Charters and myself—he was to discover the Princess who sat to Stapfer ten years ago, and obtain her history—actually her parentage, birth, title, education, fortune, and all relating to her while she remained on Neapolitan territory; moreover, if she were still within its bounds, he was to carry me where I might see her, and assure myself that it was the veritable person to whom this information applied.

"I'll tell you what," Conway said when Pinto had left, "I'm blest if he isn't in the police! I never thought of it before. Every two out of three in Naples are spies upon the odd man—that's it!"

Pitting action against irksomeness of suspense, under Charters's guidance, I employed the next day in an excursion to Baiæ. On our return, late at night, we found Pinto at our hotel. There was a look of conscious success about him that at once raised in us the highest hopes, though, to both my simple and Charters's boisterous demands, he steadily refused information.

"Eef you have only a lee-tle *bozzetto*, you call-a a skitz-a, eet sall do mosh-a help-a?"

"A sketch, eh? Will to-morrow morning do?—we are dead tired to-night."

"O ya-es, ya-es, ya-es! eet sall do ver well-a. I come-a to your-a brick-a-fast-a."

Our hopes sprang higher yet, when, next morning, we obobserved Pinto's eyes glisten and his thin lips curl into an assured smile, as he keenly regarded the sketch I had just made. Still he refused to utter a word for our satisfaction; yet there was something very significant in the way he addressed us on leaving.

"Perhap-a, signori, you go volk-a wis-a me in ze mornin' zu-morrow? Eef-a you-a stay here-a, I sall come-a in ze mornin'."

Conway smacked his hands together with a report like a pistol. "My mother was a frau, and my father a mynheer, if we arn't within a day and a half of a discovery now, eh?" he said.

I could not help agreeing with him, or else Pinto was deluding us with false hopes by false looks; as that, however, could in no way be worth his while, we determined to believe in next day.

That next day I sprang up, hopelessly wide awake, hours before my usual time, and I was usually an early riser. Thoughts, the combination of fear and expectation, seemed to sting rather than soothe me. I gave it up, after the first endeavour to swallow at breakfast. As little could I sit still, or bear companionship—even that of Charters. I felt as if I should choke within walls, and retired with my cigar to the balcony, where, for what appeared a double morning, I paced restlessly to and fro, to the intense amusement, I believe, of several heaps of idlers, who, from carefully-selected positions, speculated upon my actions to the confirmation of their previous general impressions, that "gl' Inglesi sono quasi tutti pazzi."

At last! A *cittadina* stops. Ha! it is Pinto. A moment after he is with us, and invites us to accompany him.

I suppose it is very foolish, but I can't help it. All my life long it has been the same with me: at any sudden excitement, or at its culmination, however prepared, my heart, after giving one wild bound, seems to stand still, and a deadly faintness ensues. All this occurred now. But Charters, prompt in all things, mastered the situation in a moment, by thrusting a liqueur-bottle, to its shoulders, into my mouth with one hand, and with the other dabbling me with iced water—which ran down inside my neckcloth—till I was gasping from two causes at once. I observed, while recovering, that he prudently put the maraschino-flask in his pocket.

Pinto did not follow us into the carriage, but took a seat upon the perch beside the driver, manifestly to elude the torrent of questions I, or certainly Conway, would have poured upon him. We drove at a fast pace for quite half an hour, when stopping at Mergellina, at the foot of Posilipo, Pinto descended, requested us to do so, and proposed,—

"You please-a volk-a a lee-tle-a vay wees me, a-a-ha, signori."

Resolutely shaking his head in silent reply to Charters's rapid interrogatories, he preceded us up a narrow lane, bordered on each side at intervals by wretched tumble-down patched-up houses—each, however, with a luxuriant garden. I refrain from describing my sensations while, as I believed, approaching the solution of the great mystery of my life, except, that wild astonishment at the possibility of finding it in such a neighbourhood rose high above all others. My heart beat so thickly that I had to pause twice during the ascent and avail myself of Conway's support, as well as of the prudential little item out of his pocket. We had gained a considerable elevation. The lane almost lost the character of one, and had become more like a half-marked path. The huts were more scattered, smaller, and meaner in appearance than those we had passed, and all the people whom we saw were of the *marinari* or *lazzaroni* class. Still, looking around on each side, and further, further on, nowhere was an indication of any such place as might enshrine my peerless lady visible. At the foot of a sharp pitch that arose in our front, above which on one side we could see the tiles of a hut, I was pausing again, breathless and in bewildered perplexity, and to cool my forehead in a tiny tunnel of water that here came singing down beside the bare track to which our path had dwindled; Pinto had not stopped, but, having climbed the hill, was pausing in an attitude of unmistakable, self-complacent, dignified triumph upon the summit, leaning one hand upon a broken wall, with the other gracefully posed upon his breast, his head erect and slightly averted—as if he were standing to have his picture painted.

"What can he mean?" both Charters and I exclaimed at once, rushing up to his side.

"Eccola!" he shouted, very coolly taking a pinch of snuff, facing round towards the hut, waving an arm in the air, and letting it fall in a straight line, pointing in the same direction—"Ecco la principessa!"

Leaning against a stony ridge, over which the little rill tumbled in a tiny cataract and rushed away in a hollow it had worn at the side of the path, there was before us, at a dozen yards from the track where we standing, a low cabin, with no upper storey, made of wood and clay, and with a few squared but irregular stones built in at the corners and in courses along the base of the walls; these last having projecting offsets thrust out from them at the sides, evidently to enlarge the room within as circumstances made further space necessary; the whole covered with broken tiles. A low wall, like a bank, of earth and stones, seemingly held together by the ivy that grew luxuriantly on both its sides, enclosed one margin of a grassy plot in front; the other being bounded by the rocky cliff against which the structure rested, and which was evidently part of an old quarry, whose excavation had left the level ground whereon the cabin stood. Approaching we had heard the merry laughter and shrill cries of children romping; and, contrasting those reckless noises, the voice of another child singing with lovely tones a melody like a cradle-song—slow and long drawn out, and sweet and soothing as the wash of a calm sea on its sands. But when we reached the side of Pinto, all had become hushed. The children—two sturdy little fellows of four and six, a small girl of three, another of eight or nine, singing to sleep a drowsy *bambino* lying on the moss of the bank at her side—awed at the sudden appearance of strangers, stopped, spell-struck, in the midst of their play, and gazed at us with wide-open eyes. Beyond, beside the door, in the shade of a rude trellised porch tendrilled with a vine, sat a female, her face turned from us, with busy fingers occupied in weaving a net. Her head and bosom were covered with the ordinary *fazzoletto*, and she wore only the short skirt of the women of Naples, which, as she sat, revealed the bare legs and naked feet. Strange!—neither the cessation of the children's noisy play, Pinto's loud exclamation, nor our presence, seemed to have aroused her attention; for still she continued to push and jerk her shuttle, and keep her head averted, low over her work. While I stood looking and speechless—a good deal of indignation mixing with my astonishment—Signor Pinto maintained such an air of conceited complacency and self-laudation, opposed to my utter disappointment, that I felt much more inclination to kick him than to ask for an explanation. But as I advanced to resolve the faint shade of doubt that must necessarily have remained if the woman's face were unseen, the youngest child, perhaps alarmed at my approach, sprang to her and clutched her dress. The mother turned her head and gazed at me. One look into those wonderful, wistful eyes—yes, it is the Princess! Utterly forgetting in my agitation all things but that she was before me, I asked:

"Do you remember me?"

The wistful eyes caught the fact of my speaking, but turned from my face to that of her eldest child, who had come to her side. It was the young girl who, in her Neapolitan dialect, answered:

"*Mammà non ci sente, e non parla.*"

Why should I not tell? I made a sign to Charters, and rushed away up the hill, till alone and unseen; then I wept, as men with loving hearts weep, when hope seems rudely parted from their lives for ever.

In the evening of that day I received from Pinto a neatly-written document, quite official in character. I append Charter's translation:—

(SERAFINA PAGANO)

"Born at the Piano Sorento, 1805. Deaf and dumb. Left Sorento, 1820. Lived subsequently in Naples, Florence, and Rome. Became a moel for statuaries and painters, by whom she was known as 'La Principessa.' Married, 1823, Bartolomeo Starace, *marinaro*, in Naples. Domiciled in Naples since 1823. Of good character."

On the day but one after, by arrangement through Pinto, she came to our hotel, accompanied by her husband, a thick-set, bandy-legged, but exceedingly good-natured-looking fellow, and her eldest girl. The child was our medium of communication. How, by motion of hands and fingers and lips, and by gestures, she translated, almost as rapidly as uttered, our words into meanings; and how, in a similar manner, they were replied to by her mother and understood by her—was something so marvellous that I abstain from any attempt to describe what could only be credited by seeing.

"Yes, she remembered me now. She did not know the name nor the rank of the lady I had seen her with. She had been engaged at Florence by a 'milord,' through Signor Andreoli the statuary, to travel with him and 'miladi;' 'miladi' was the veiled personage I had seen. She was not always veiled—only in the studio. She did not know the reason, and had never thought about it. 'Milord' was *un galantuomo*, and fabulously rich. They had crossed the sea; but she did not know it was to England; had never before now heard of a place called London. I was the only artist to whom, during her engagement, she had sat. The dead head? It had not struck her as anything extraordinary; she knew nothing about it but that it was there. She remembered seeing from the window a funeral that left the house soon after her arrival; it had impressed her deeply by its difference in character from a funeral in her own country. Signor Andreoli was dead—he was dying when she left Florence. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which she had been treated, nor the generosity with which she had been remunerated. 'Miladi' herself had accompanied her back, not to Florence, but to Naples. It was her own wish to return to Naples, as they had made her rich enough to marry Bartolomeo. She had never seen them since."

That was all. Obliged to make use, so far, of Charters, I resolved to do more, and I confided to him the whole affair. This discovery of my beautiful model in "La Principessa" knocked its greatest element of romance out of my story; but it left what remained only the more difficult to analyse into motives and objects. What did it all mean? How we guessed and guessed! How we exasperated ourselves with wild surmisings! knowing perfectly well all the time how utterly useless it all was.

"I tell you what, my fine fellow," said Conway to me, at the same time thrusting all his fingers up through his hair, "it won't do to have any more of this. Instead of being driven frantic, it will be a thousand times better to distract ourselves. I vote for San Carlo this evening; to-morrow we'll have Pinto here. Get upon quite another horse, and send this ten-year old mystery back to Old Nick, who must have been its breeder."

I could do no better than follow Conway's lead. So we went to San Carlo, and next day set to work—as Englishmen usually do—seriously to enjoy ourselves. In a fortnight we went back to Rome. A week later I returned to England, nearly oblivious of my pet mystery, anticipating no further revelations, or—if expectation lurked anywhere out of sight in my mind—certainly not dreaming that I should come upon them where and how I did, nor that they would prove such odd things as they ultimately turned out to be.

CHAPTER III.

THAT arch of Time's bridge where you, reader, and I last parted was 1833; this, where we meet again, is numbered 1850. My waistcoats now, measured round from the bottom button, are twice as capacious as at the top. It is seventeen years since I was freed from one enchantment, and fifteen years since I fell victim to another. My wife's name is Helen—Nelly in affection, when she is amiable and I in a mode to appreciate it. My eldest boy is at Rugby; and I hope he will prove himself worthy of all I have spent and am about to spend on him. I mention these things, and, in addition, introduce the fact that there are six others, differing in gender, between him and baby—all pushing themselves up to that stand-point in life from whence, doubtless, they will assert similar claims—to show that there can be little of my early romance left in me: so little, in fact, that I believe I never once thought about that old pet adventure of mine from the time when, one evening, sitting beside my young wife, who was preparing for bed our little Charley—the Rugby boy now—and showing me how beautifully the cherub, supported under his armpits by her tender hands, could walk from her knee right up to her neck—I told her the whole story, my foolish feelings and all, upon the great principle that married folk should have no secrets—no, not in their hearts—from each other—till a little while ago, when the tide of concealment, which had remained at flood for twenty-seven years, ebbed suddenly away, and left my mystery stranded high and dry—

its shabby tall exposed to open comparison with its awful head and its front of dreadful fascination.

The London season was just over, when I went with my wife on a visit to her father, the incumbent of a country parish far down in one of our south-western counties. He had lately been presented to his living, on the death of its previous occupier, by an old college friend, the Viscount Bricbrakmont, to whom, when not much older than his pupil, he had been tutor. His lordship's seat was the show-place of the neighbourhood from its magnificent gallery of old masters, his collection of prints, and objects of *vertu*. It had, besides, the further recommendation to the two old friends of being within a couple of miles of the Rectory. The Viscount, on the early death of his children, followed immediately by that of their mother, had found for his great sorrow distraction in making these collections. His having no near relations, and his being the possessor of enormous wealth, seemed justifications of an almost fabulous expenditure to gratify by acquisition these æsthetic tastes—the only ones out of which he had derived consolation, and which, under his bereavement, in the absence of all other object of interest, had become in him, so to speak, intense passions.

As soon as the Rector came to his new living, the friends—both aged men now—resumed, to the manifest gratification of each, the habits of companionship which had been interrupted only by divergence of their paths in life when they left college for the great world. The leisure of each was spent with the other. The Rector, when he had time, went to "The Place;" the Viscount, when he had nothing to do, came to the Rectory. It thus happened that, the day after our arrival, at luncheon, we had the honour of being presented to his lordship. And it also happened that his lordship, who talked incessantly—in that charming anecdotal way which, I am afraid, we must reckon now among the lost arts—had so much burdening his mind, unsaid, about pictures, artists, and connoisseurs, that he accepted with avidity an invitation to return to dinner, "that he might," as he assured his hostess, "in addition to the usual *agréments* of her table, enjoy the delightful conversation of her guest."

At and after dinner his lordship's flow of anecdote was unebbing. He had great pride in his success as a collector. Many of his best stories were of the way in which he himself, or some other enthusiast, had hit the scent of some *chef-d'œuvre*, had followed it up, and eventually run it down. He introduced one such by asking me if I had known the late Baron Mordecai.

"I have seen him often," I replied, "but had no acquaintance with him."

"Ah, I who knew him, regret, for your sake, your not having known him. He was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met—a Napoleon in his way. All the qualities out of which greatness is made he possessed—acuteness, energy, decision, unflinching perseverance. His knowledge of the old masters surpassed that of any other living man. We owe to him the recovery of many lost pictures, some of the finest that have ever been painted—as, for instance, the great Murillo in my collection; I obtained it of him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I'll tell you all about it. It was formerly in the *sacristia* of the Convento de la Merced at Seville, but disappeared in 1811, during the French occupation under Soult. It was supposed to have been carried with the other art-treasures of Spain to France. But remark!—it never turned up at Paris; and the walls of the Louvre were innocent of being receivers of, at least, that particular piece of sto—; well, spoil. To those who knew the work it was always a subject of profound regret that such a master-piece of Murillo should be, as so many other great creations of genius were, lost to the world, through the barbarous rapacity of Bonaparte and his generals. No man could entertain deeper feelings upon the subject than Baron Mordecai. When I first knew him, early in 1823, his indignation was as vehement and his grief as acute as if the spoliation and the loss, instead of happening so many years before, had but just occurred, and affected himself personally. But these feelings probably originated in the circumstance, as he told me, of his having come, while in Spain, from whence he was but just returned, upon traces of three or four pictures, and deluding himself for a considerable time with ecstatic hopes that among them was this identical lost 'Murillo de la Merced.' These traces began in his obtaining a unique, but, unfortunately, mutilated etching of the missing picture, and the being assured that in the set of paintings he had mentioned, and which was in the possession of certain parties at Cordova, would be found the original. It was like the man to rush off at once to Cordova, but he arrived there only to encounter a blank disappointment. Of pictures he could hear nothing; and the persons to whom he was directed had gone away, no one knew where, years before. Such was exactly the position for Baron Mordecai's fine qualities to come out to the front. Any one else but he would have abandoned the pursuit; but having reason, as he supposed, to rely upon the information he had received, he became only more determined. Himself obliged to return to England, before leaving Spain he set agencies at work to discover the lost track, which extended operations even to Russia and America.

"A few months subsequently, when his late acquisitions arrived from abroad, he showed me the etching of the lost gem. I had all along felt a real sympathy with him and his object; but now, when I saw this, so to call it, promissory note of the priceless hidden treasure, I confess my interest in its discovery sharpened into an eagerness quite as keen as his own. For three long years, though several times our hopes were greatly excited by intelligence from his agents abroad, or by his own exertions in following up some fancied clue, of which he always wrote me the details, we arrived at nothing but disappointment.

"At length, however, in the summer of '26, a letter came from Gibraltar, informing the Baron that there had been found at Ossuna some paintings, certainly brought there a long time before from Cordova, which, in many particulars, corresponded to those he was in search of. They were at once secured by his agent, who had, moreover, succeeded in getting them down to the frontier, and smuggling them across the lines of San Roche into Gibraltar, whence, at the first opportunity, they would be despatched to London.

"These were not the times of regular steam communication by which we could, as now, calculate almost to an hour when our suspense would be relieved. I daresay you would all laugh at us if I were to describe the worse than fidgety state of excitement we were in; and how, day by day, it grew more exasperating; and how—when at last the vessel arrived and unloaded, and the case of pictures, cleared at the custom-house, was put into a cart, with the Baron's own servant as guard—we ordered our carriage to move close behind it, that we might never lose sight of the precious box; and how, when we got it home, although the Baron's assistants—any number of times more expert—were standing there all ready, yet we must take mallets and chisels, and ourselves prize off the lid, and drag forth to the light the expected long-lost treasure. Well, you are kind enough not to laugh; but I, one of the actors in that scene, cannot help doing so now, although at the time I felt almost as much as the Baron, who actually cried with rage and disappointment when we took from the case the last of the four pictures it contained—all of a quality, 'such as,' the Baron said, throwing his mallet at them, 'I could fill Grosvenor Square with for two guineas apiece.' Thus ended our hopes, and with them all further efforts on our parts, to find the great 'Murillo de la Merced;'—but there is a finish to the story!

To be continued.

AN OLD REGATTA.

There is probably no invention of modern days that has proved more useful to the inhabitants of watering places on the coast of this country than what is called a "regatta." The smallest, the most obscure, the dirtiest little village by the seaside, acquires a certain amount of importance directly it has established a regatta. Nor does it cost much trouble to get up a regatta—a few flags, a boatrace, and a duck hunt are quite sufficient. Crowds of visitors flock to the ambitious hamlet from London and all parts of the country; every lodging is occupied. The clergyman and the doctor of the place, as they strut before the assembled throng with their families all dressed in gorgeous attire, find themselves suddenly elevated to a pinnacle of glory. Anxious inquiries are made by strangers as to who they are; and the agitated whisper that is heard on all sides of "That's the clergyman," or "That's the doctor," is most gratifying, and probably gives an additional spur to their exertions on behalf of those whom they call "their poorer brethren," meaning the few red-faced boatmen who, having agreed beforehand among themselves to divide the stakes and settled who shall be the winner, prepare with striking solemnity for the great event of the day, the boatrace. Yet the first regatta that was held in this country, nearly a hundred years ago, was a very grand affair, according to the "Annual Register" of 1775, which gives "some account of the new entertainment called a regatta, introduced from Venice into England in the course of the year 1775." This regatta took place on the river on the 23rd of June in that year, and great preparations, we are told, were made in the morning "for the celebration of this long-expected show." Great numbers of pleasure barges were moored in the river, with flags, and half a guinea was asked for a seat in a common barge. Early in the afternoon the whole river from London Bridge to the Ship Tavern, Millbank, was crowded with pleasure boats, above 1,200 flags were flying before four o'clock, and such was the public impatience that scores of barges were filled at that time. Scaffolds were erected on the banks and in vessels, and even on the top of Westminster Hall there was an erection of that kind. Westminster Bridge was covered with spectators. Plans of the regatta were sold from a shilling to a penny each, "in which *Regatta* was the rhyme for Ranelagh, and Royal Family echoed to Liberty.'

The tops of the houses were covered and the sashes of many windows taken out. Before six o'clock it was a perfect fair on both sides of the water, and, as on similar occasions in the present day, "bad liquor with short measure was plentifully retailed." Near Westminster Bridge was a river ballast-barge "filled, it is stated, with the finest ballast in the world—above 100 elegant ladies." The avenues to the bridge were covered with gaming tables, and the passage to the water side were guarded by constables, who took money for admission (not wholly unlike constables in modern days) from half-a-crown to one penny. Soon after six, drums, fifes, horns, trumpets, &c., formed several little concerts under the several arches of the bridge. Then there was firing of cannon from a platform before the Duke of Richmond's, who, as well as his Grace of Montague and the Earl of Pembroke, had splendid companies on the occasion, and at half-past seven the Lord Mayor's barge moved, and, falling down the stream, made a circle towards the bridge, on which twenty-one cannon were fired as a salute, and just before it reached the bridge the wager-boats started on the signal of the firing of a single piece of cannon. They were absent about fifty minutes, and then the whole procession moved "in picturesque irregularity" towards Ranelagh; and here there seems to have been rather a hitch in the proceedings. The river company joined the assembly which came by land in the "Temple of Neptune," a temporary octagon kind of a building, adorned with striped linen and flags. Unfortunately it happened that this building was not even swept out or finished when the company arrived, which "prevented the cotillon dancing till after supper." While, however, the company were at supper in the Rotunda these matters were put right. But in the Rotunda was another hitch—the illumination of the orchestra had been overlooked, and this part of the business seems to have been a failure. It is, nevertheless, satisfactory to learn that after a good supper the company found the Temple of Neptune properly cleaned, and danced minuets, cotillons, &c., "without any regard to precedence." Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, with about 2,000 others, were present at the entertainment, and the first regatta in England seems on the whole to have been a decided success.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

HOTEL LITERATURE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I stopped at the Benton House. It used to be a good hotel, but that proves nothing—I used to be a good boy, for that matter. Both of us have lost character of late years. The Benton is not a good hotel. The Benton lacks a very great deal of being a good hotel. Perdition is full of better hotels than the Benton.

It was late at night when I got there, and I told the clerk I would like plenty of lights, because I wanted to read an hour or two. When I reached No. 15 with the porter (we came along a dim hall that was clad in ancient carpeting, faded, worn out in many places, and patched with old scraps of oil cloth—a hall that sank under one's feet, and creaked dismally to every footstep,) he struck a light—two inches of sallow, sorrowful, consumptive tallow candle, that burned blue, and sputtered, and got discouraged and went out. The porter lit it again, and I asked if that was all the light the clerk sent. He said, "O no, I've got another one here," and he produced another couple of inches of tallow candle. I said, "Light them both—I'll have to have one to see the other by." He did it, but the result was drearier than darkness itself. He was a cheery, accommodating rascal. He said he would go "somewheres" and steal a lamp. I abetted and encouraged him in his criminal design. I heard the landlord get after him in the hall ten minutes afterwards.

"Where are you going with that lamp?"

"Fifteen wants it, sir."

"Fifteen! why he's got a double lot of candles—does the man want to illuminate the house?—does he want to get up a torch-light procession?—what *is* he up to, any how?"

"He don't like them candles—says he wants a lamp."

"Why, what in the nation does—why I never heard of such a thing. What on earth can he want with the lamp?"

"Well, he only wants to read—that's what he says."

"Wants to read, does he?—ain't satisfied with a thousand candles, but has to have a lamp,—I do wonder what the devil that fellow wants that lamp for? Take him another candle, and then if ——"

"*But he wants a lamp—says he'll burn the d——d old house* down if he don't get a lamp." (A remark which I never made.)

"I'd like to see him at once. Well, you take it along—but I swear it beats *my* time, though—and see if you can't find out what in the very nation he *wants* with that lamp."

And he went off growling to himself and still wondering and wondering over the unaccountable conduct of No. 15. The lamp was a good one, but it revealed some disagreeable things—a bed in the suburbs of a desert of a room—a bed that had hills and valleys in it, and you'd have to accommodate your body to the impression left in it by the man that slept there last, before you could lie comfortably; a carpet that had seen better days; a melancholy washstand in a remote corner, and a dejected pitcher on it sorrowing over a broken nose; a looking-glass split across the centre, which chopped your head off at the chin, and made you look like some dreadful unfinished monster or other; the paper peeling in shreds from the wall.

I sighed and said, "This is charming; and now don't you think you could get me something to read?"

The porter said, "O, certainly; the old man's got dead loads of books;" and he was gone before I could tell him what sort of literature I would rather have. And yet his countenance expressed the utmost confidence in his ability to execute the commission with credit to himself. The old man made a descent on him.

"What are you going to do with that pile of books?"

"Fifteen wants 'em, sir."

"Fifteen, is it? He'll want a warming-pan next—he'll want a nurse! Take him everything there is in the house—take him the bar-keeper—take him the baggage waggon—take him a chamber-maid! Confound me, I never saw anything like it. What did he say he wants with those books?"

"Wants to read 'em, like enough; it ain't likely he wants to eat 'em, I don't reckon."

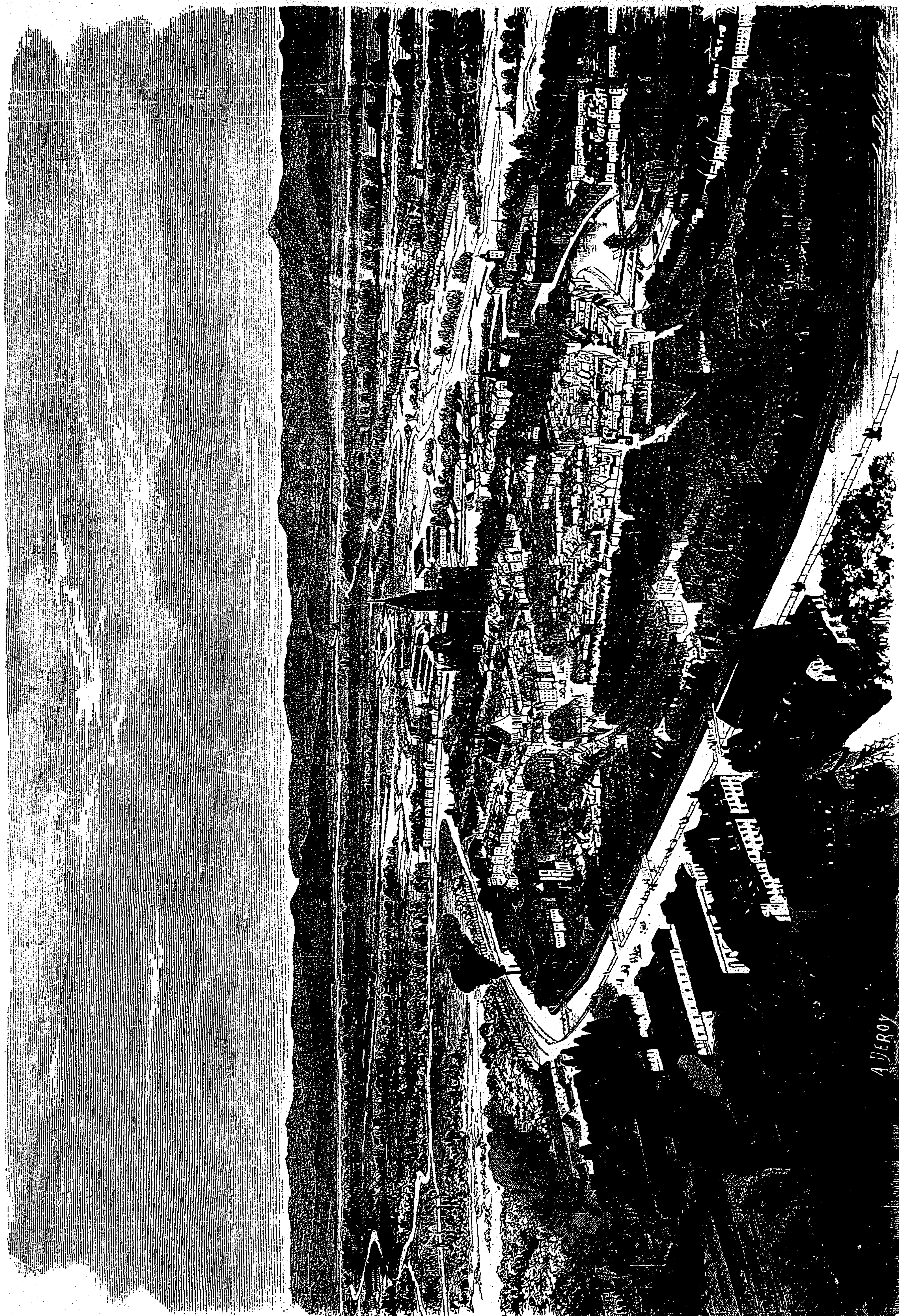
"Wants to read 'em—wants to read 'em this time of night, the infernal lunatic. Well, he can't have them."

"But he says he's mor'ly bound to have 'em; he says he'll just go a-rairin and a-chargin' through this house, and raise more——well, there's no tellin' what he won't do if he don't get 'em; because he's drunk and crazy and desperate, and nothing'll soothe him down but these cussed books." [I had not made any threats, and was not in the condition ascribed to me by the porter.]

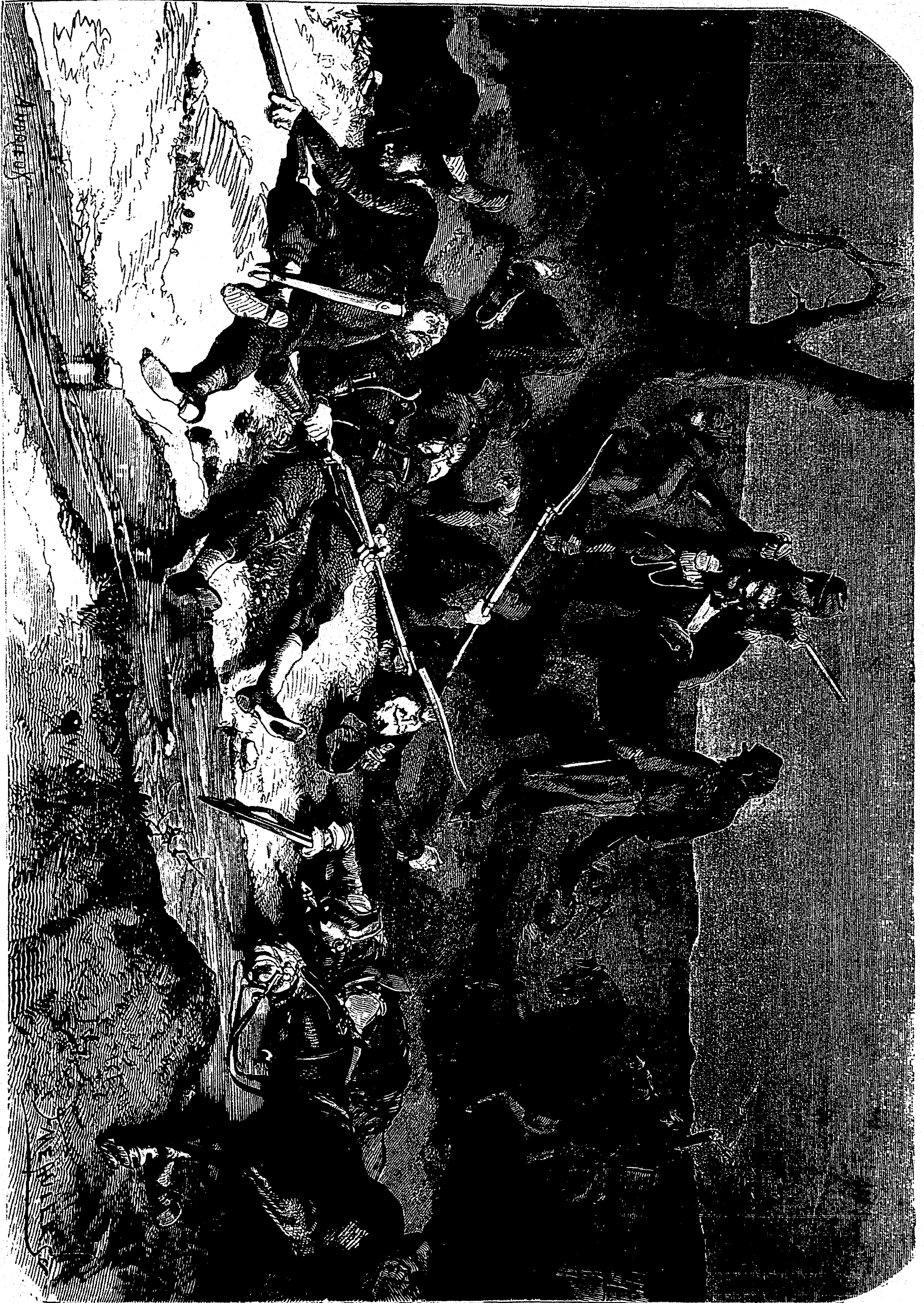
"Well, go on, but I will be around when he goes to rairing and charging, and the first rair he makes, I'll make him rair out of the window." And then the old gentleman went off, growling as before.

The genius of that porter was something wonderful. He put an armful of books on the bed and said "Good night" as confidently as if he knew perfectly well that those books were exactly my style of reading matter. And well he might. His selection covered the whole range of legitimate literature. It comprised "The Great Consummation, by the Rev. Dr. Cummings—theology; Revised Statutes of the State of Missouri"—law; "The Complete Horse-Doctor"—medicine; "The Toilers of the Sea," by Victor Hugo—romance; "The Works of William Shakespeare"—poetry. I shall never cease to admire the tact and the intelligence of that gifted porter.

THE EXPEDITION TO THE WHITE NILE.—Sir Roderick Murchison has received a long letter from Sir Samuel Baker, dated June 15, at Towfikeeya, on the banks of the White Nile, in lat. 9.26 N. He has there established a station in the Shillock country, in which he will pass the rainy season, and has erected magazines of galvanized iron to protect his provisions and materials. His flotilla of 53 vessels is moored along the wharf; the troops and Europeans were comfortably housed and in good health. Sir Samuel has been satisfactorily joined by all branches of the expedition, *via* Khartoum, Mr. Higginbottom, his chief engineer, having conveyed the vessels and stores across the Nubian Desert on the backs of more than 1,800 camels. But the delay caused by the abstraction of all the conveyances during the opening of the Suez Canal, and the absence of all preparation at Khartoum, which Sir Samuel had directed to be ready, caused the loss of the favourable season for the voyage up the White Nile. Since Sir Samuel was there in 1865, the course of the White Nile has become obstructed by a great dam, composed of masses of marsh vegetation floated downwards, beneath which passes the water of the river. The slave dealers having been thus prevented from following this usual route to their old haunts, had discovered a passage to Gondokoro by way of the Bahr Giraffe, which has proved to be not a tributary, but an arm, of the main river. Up this arm Baker attempted to proceed, and, after surmounting many difficulties, reached lat. 7.47.46 N, but found his progress arrested by masses of tangled marsh vegetation, through which a canal had to be cut for his vessels to pass, and finally, some miles beyond, he was forced to return by the shallowness of the water, the arm being passable only in the rainy season. His camp on the banks of the main river being established, Sir Samuel will employ his 1,500 men to sow and reap corn for the advance to Gondokoro in November next. At the station he has stopped a boat laden with 150 slaves, who, he says, were packed as close as sardines in a cask. Including another lot which he had liberated, he had already freed 305 of these miserable creatures, mostly women, young girls, and boys, and he writes with satisfaction that one of the first labours of his English blacksmiths was to cut through the chains which bound these unfortunates together, all of whom, on obtaining their freedom, were duly registered.



VIEW OF STRASBURG.



THE BATTLE FIELD AT SEDAN.

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HILDA;

OR.

THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

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

[*Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.*]

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

"It is hardly credible that Grant is her third husband. Her second husband was an old man who left her a large fortune; was it not so?" asked Hilda.

"Yes, and that fortune will be Frank's at her death. Don't you think he will be a good *parti*, Hilda, worth captivating when he is older."

"And you mean to try and win him and his fortune, I suppose, but I would advise you never to marry for money, Therèse," and Hilda sighed, while a painful reminiscence clouded her young face.

A short silence now ensued; at length it was broken by Therèse.

"Will you not decide upon making your *début* in society to-night, Hilda," she asked persuasively.

"I think I shall. I feel some curiosity to see this English baronet. I knew an officer in the — regiment in Kingston, whose name was Montague, and I think he and Sir Gervase are the same person."

"Very probable. Sir Gervase is in that regiment."

"How did the acquaintance with him commence, Therèse?" inquired Hilda.

"Claribel met him at one of Pauline's select parties. The next day he made a morning call, and ma sent him an invitation to this dinner-party."

"And where did you see him, Therèse?"

"Last week at the review at Logan's Farm. He was well mounted and caracoled so gracefully I couldn't keep my eyes off him. You know I was allowed to go to the review, although Claribel opposed it. It was my birthday, and pa did not like to refuse."

"And how old are you now, Therèse?"

"Just sixteen, and I think ma might let me 'come out,' but she will not on Claribel's account."

"You think she is afraid you would eclipse Claribel," observed Hilda, with an arch smile.

"Yes, Claribel is not as pretty as I am," said the young beauty, proudly throwing back her auburn curls from her Hebe-like face.

"What a vain girl you are! Who has been giving you this information?"

"My glass! Haven't I eyes? Girls are not children now-a-days."

"It would be well if girls of your age were more child-like," said Hilda gravely. "You want to be a woman too soon, Therèse. You are yet too young to mix in the world. Aunt Berkeley is quite right to keep you in the nursery till you have more sense. It is well for you that your way is hedged about that you are kept in safety within the precincts of a happy home, from that world which you long so much to enter!" And Hilda sighed as she thought of her own miserable girlhood. What a contrast between the early years of these two cousins!

"If you are to appear at dinner to-day, Hilda, what are you going to wear," asked Therèse, abruptly changing the conversation. "It won't do to wear mourning. You had better let me help you to select something becoming. I am anxious to see how you will look in colours. You have worn that black dress so long that the gloom associated with you is oppressive."

"I have a silver poplin, how would that suit?"

"You have a rich mauve silk that will do better; that, with your handsome jet ornaments, will look superb. And you must allow me to arrange your hair in the present most approved fashion, frizzed all over, with a chignon of immense dimensions."

"No, thank you, Therèse. I prefer arranging my hair in a more becoming and natural style."

"But wearing the hair as I advise gives a stylish appearance," persisted Therèse, "and it is so fashionable!"

"I shall never follow any absurdity in dress although it is the fashion."

"Then you may as well live out of the world as out of the fashion, Hilda; but I suppose you will do as you please. However, you will look elegant in any style of dress; that is some comfort, and I do want you to look captivating to-night. Now I must go into the conservatory and get a white rose that, with some geranium leaves, will look tasteful and contrast charmingly with your raven hair."

"You are very kind to give yourself so much trouble, Therèse," said Hilda gratefully.

"Did I not say I wanted you to look irresistible and captivate Sir Gervase Montague," remarked her young cousin as she left the room.

As Mrs. Grant Berkeley will be one of the principal characters in this story we think it necessary to relate some incidents of her early life before introducing her with the other guests at Mr. Berkeley's dinner-party.

CHAPTER X.

PAULINE FALKNER.

It was Sunday night in Montreal—a night in the depth of winter, bitterly cold but fine and starlit, the myriads of gems in the ebon vault sparkling with intense brilliancy through the frosty air. In the stillness of the Sabbath night, sounding distinctly through the clear atmosphere, rung out the bells of the different churches, summoning with solemn peal the thousands of human beings within the populous city to worship in the temples of the Most High. Few, comparatively speaking, answered to the solemn call, and on the ear of the many fell unheeded the varied chimes calling them away for a time from the too engrossing cares and vanities of life.

In a richly-furnished room in a handsome residence in St. Antoine street, sat a fashionably-dressed young lady, indolently reclining on a low rocking-chair before a coal-fire burning brightly in a handsome grate. An open bible lay on a rosewood-stand beside her, but she was not reading now; she was looking dreamily on the burning mass of coals within the burnished grate, as if watching the bright jets of flame which burst forth from time to time, glaring with such fitful brilliancy. Suddenly the door-bell rang violently. The young girl, roused from her revery, listened eagerly to the unexpected sound. A moment afterwards a light step was heard bounding up the stairs; the door opened, and a very handsome girl entered.

"What! not yet ready, Edith? Are you not going to St. George's to-night?" she asked in surprise.

"No; the weather is so cold I feel unwilling to go out. I was at church this morning, and feel no inclination to go again; there is nothing to tempt me out such a freezing night."

"Then you do not know that a stranger from Toronto will preach at St. George's to-night, the Rev. Mr. Castonell, an eloquent preacher and a handsome young man. I would not miss hearing him for the world! I am such an admirer of pulpit oratory. Really, Edith, you must come; I cannot go alone, and I depended on your driving me to church this cold night."

"Then your aunt is not going. I thought she went to church in all kinds of weather."

"So she does, but to-night she went to hear a converted Jew hold forth in some Wesleyan Chapel. I would not go to hear the old Hebrew. I have no sympathy with the Jewish race. It is, I suppose, because I hear so much about their conversion. Aunt Gordon is positively crazed on that point. I shouldn't wonder if she would marry this old Jew and leave him all her money."

"That would be unfortunate for you, Pauline," said Edith, smiling.

"So it would! but let us not borrow trouble. 'Sufficient to the day is the evil!' That's my maxim!"

"And a very sensible one it is. But about my going to St. George's Church to-night, I am afraid it is too late to think of it now, Pauline."

"Certainly not! We can drive there in a few minutes, and if we are late so much the better; our entrance then will not pass unnoticed. You really must not stay moping at home, I wonder you would think of it. It is so much pleasanter spending the evening in a crowded church, seeing and being seen. I never miss the night service. It is almost the same as going to the Opera—the fashionably-dressed throng, the brilliant light, the delightful music, make it quite a place of enjoyment."

"It is well your aunt does not hear you speak of church and its solemn service in that irreverent way, Pauline," said Edith reprovingly. "She would be quite shocked, and not without reason."

"Oh, I know I am very wicked! And yet are there not many who look upon the evening service in a fashionable church in no holier light than I do?"

"I am afraid your observation is too true, but listen! positively the bell has stopped ringing!"

"No! there! it begins again. It will ring for five minutes; you can be ready in that time, and do not forget your purse. Mr. Castonell is to preach in aid of some charitable institution, and remember something handsome will be expected from Miss Harrington, the heiress."

"I suppose I must give for you as well as myself," said Edith, smiling as she left the room, requesting Pauline to ring and order the sleigh to the door immediately.

In a short time she returned, wrapped in costly furs to protect her from the intense cold. A moment afterwards and the two friends were seated in Mr. Harrington's luxurious sleigh, borne by the spirited horses rapidly towards St. George's Church. Although the bell had ceased ringing for some minutes when the sleigh drew up before the entrance, there was yet a stream of well-dressed people pouring into the sacred building with as much *empressement* to hear the eloquent preacher as if they were going to a place of amusement. The service had commenced as Edith Harrington and Pauline Falkner, with some other fashionable worshippers, swept up the principal aisle. It was the familiar voice of Dr. ——— which Edith heard as she entered the church, but as she reached her pew she perceived a white-robed figure in the chancel, whom she supposed was Mr. Castonell.

A man of interesting appearance he certainly was. A figure tall and dignified, features finely cut, the complexion pale, the eyes dark, glowing with intellectual light. When he ascended the pulpit every eye was turned admiringly towards him, every ear listened with pleasure to the full, rich tones of his voice. His discourse was eloquent—its subject the worth of an immortal soul. He spoke of life, its vanities, its fleeting joys, its carking cares. He denounced the worship of riches—the Baal of the present day—spoke of the soul-destroying influence of worldly pursuits, the selfishness of prosperity, its hardening power making men and women indifferent to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. Many a worldly-minded man in that large congregation was moved by these words of truth, so fearlessly spoken, and under the softening influence of the hour the collection taken up for the purpose advocated by the gifted preacher was unusually large. Miss Harrington and her friend listened with delight to the eloquent discourse, and as they drove home they spoke in raptures of the handsome stranger. Edith was deeply impressed by the beautiful sermon, the more worldly-minded Pauline laughed at these impressions.

"It is Mr. Castonell's splendid eyes which give his words so much weight, depend upon it, Edith," she said. "If he were not so handsome you would have listened to him unmoved."

"But what he did say was so true," urged Edith. "Just to think how I have squandered money—spent so much on selfish gratifications!"

"My conscience is easy on that head. Unfortunately I had no money to squander," said Pauline, laughing.

"I wonder if Mr. Castonell is as good as he looks!" said Miss Harrington.

"I shouldn't wonder if he was a hypocrite," observed Pauline. "I always suspect a handsome saint. I think a clerical Adonis is just as vain and conceited as any other man. It is not because he wears a black coat and white cravat that he should be different from others."

"Oh, Pauline! after such a sermon can you doubt Mr. Castonell's goodness?"

"Well, I must confess I do feel inclined to think well of him. Did he not look angelic when in concluding the sermon he lifted his magnificent eyes to Heaven, raising one white hand so gracefully. I wonder if that attitude is studied. I fancy it cost him some hours' practice before the glass."

"Really, Pauline, you are incorrigible. There is no danger of your falling in love with him, and so much the better; you would not do for a clergyman's wife."

"And wherefore, *ma chère amie*," asked Miss Falkner, with some annoyance in her tones.

"Because you are not at all religious. You even ridicule those who are."

"Those who pretend to be what they are not! Such as Aunt Gordon for instance."

"Pauline! how can you speak so of one who has been a mother to you?" asked Edith reprovingly.

"Well, I am grateful to her for that, but I cannot be blind to her faults. You know how crabbed and uncharitable she is, frowning on all the innocent amusements of youth as if gossip and scandal were not really worse than balls and dancing!"

"Do you know what stay Mr. Castonell is going to make in Montreal," asked Edith, after a short silence.

"He intends to remain some days. He is staying at Mrs. Frazer's, who is a relative of his, and, by the way, she intends to give a religious party to-morrow night. Aunt Gordon, who is her particular friend, is going."

"Could you manage to procure an invitation for yourself and me," was Edith's eager question.

"Aunt could do so, if she were so obliging, and when she knows that you are particularly anxious to meet Mr. Castonell," added Pauline smiling archly, "I have no doubt she will.

They had now reached Miss Gordon's house, and the young friends separated. Miss Harrington, as she drove home the rest of the way alone, allowing her thoughts to dwell uninterruptedly on Mr. Castonell.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HEIRESS.

An invitation to Mrs. Frazer's party was easily obtained for Miss Gordon's niece and Edith Harrington. Both girls were particularly anxious to look well on this particular night, for both were desirous to captivate the handsome stranger, in whom each felt a deeper interest than she cared to acknowledge.

Edith Harrington was an heiress, but no beauty—very seldom are rare personal attractions combined with golden charms. The beautiful and the gifted are rarely among the favoured children of fortune. Very often in the crowded thoroughfares, borne along by spirited horses, may be seen reclining in an elegant chariot some dumpy figure elaborately got up, the vulgar face looking out from an exquisite Parisian bonnet, while on the sidewalk an elegant looking woman walks wearily along plainly dressed and unnoticed.

Edith, though not handsome, was lady-like, and her pale plain face had a very sweet expression. Pauline Falkner was really beautiful—a brilliant brunette, fascinating and elegant-looking even in the simplest costume. The contrast between these two girls, as they entered Mrs. Frazer's drawing-room, was striking—the heiress richly attired, glittering in jewels—Pauline plainly dressed, yet dazzling by her brilliant beauty. The eyes of Mr. Castonell were soon attracted by the beautiful face, and he requested an introduction to Miss Falkner. From the quiet corner where Edith sat unnoticed—at least unnoticed by the cynosure of the evening, the handsome clergyman—she watched with jealous eyes the flirtation which now ensued, for the clerical Adonis could flirt, and Pauline brought all her powers of fascination to bear upon his heart, determined to secure the prize. She succeeded admirably, for she was an experienced coquette, possessing a witchery of manner which was irresistible. Poor Edith was in despair. She had not yet won even a passing glance from Mr. Castonell. He prided himself on being a connoisseur in beauty, and such a plain face had no attractions for his critical eye. The evening wore on pleasantly for most of the guests, but wearily for the heiress.

At a late hour the party broke up. Pauline declined her young friend's offer to drive her home. She preferred walking and a moonlight tête-a-tête with her new admirer. Mr. Castonell's stay in Montreal was prolonged. At the house of Mrs. Frazer he frequently met Miss Falkner. His attentions to her were very marked, and Pauline flattered herself she had won his affections, when suddenly all these bright hopes were blighted—these charming illusions dispelled.

One day when Pauline was driving with Miss Harrington through the crowded thoroughfare of Notre Dame street they met Mr. Castonell. The very elegant equipage attracted his attention, and he inquired of Mrs. Frazer—with whom he was walking—to whom it belonged. The answer, Miss Harrington, an heiress worth several hundred thousand dollars, fell rather startling on his ear, giving rise instantly to a new train of thought.

"Then that plain-looking girl seated beside Miss Falkner in that handsome sleigh was an heiress; what a pity he had not known this before! A rich wife would be very desirable for a poor clergyman. If he only could win her!" And when he thought of his own very attractive appearance the thought did not seem impossible. But then he must give up his pleasant flirtation with Pauline. He really did admire her intensely, and she, poor girl, loved him, he was afraid. If she only were the heiress, how very delightful it would be to get her for a wife, but she was penniless, as poor as himself, and he could not afford to marry for love.

Mr. Castonell, notwithstanding his eloquent preaching, his grave deportment and spiritual imaginings, was worldly-minded,—the idols of earth though often loftily denounced from the pulpit, were enshrined in his own heart, the sanctimonious deportment was only assumed.

That evening at Miss Gordon's house Edith Harrington again met Mr. Castonell. He soon procured an introduction and devoted himself to the task of winning the heiress. Pauline Falkner looked on apparently unmoved. She had sufficient tact to hide her anger and mortification, and quite enough knowledge of human nature to understand the cause of this desertion. From that moment she felt that Edith's gold had won the heart of Mr. Castonell, raising up a glittering barrier between herself and him. This was no small disappointment, calmly as it was borne, for a passion as violent as it was sudden had been awakened in the girl's heart by this gifted and fascinating man.

To win the affections of the heiress was not a difficult matter, but to gain her father's consent to the marriage was not so easy. The old gentleman was quite indignant at the poor clergyman's presumption in aspiring to the hand of his daughter. He had sufficient insight into character to see that it was Edith's fortune, not herself, that had captivated the hypocritical worldling. He did not withhold his consent to her marriage, but he gave Mr. Castonell to understand that he should receive no dower with his wife—the small sum of one thousand pounds was all she possessed in her own right—the large fortune she expected from him would be withheld; not one dollar of it should go to enrich a son-in-law who was not of his choosing.

The marriage took place, Mr. Castonell fully persuaded that Mr. Harrington's anger would wear itself out and that he should eventually possess the fortune he coveted. But year after year passed without the looked-for recon-

ciliation taking place, and Mr. Castonell's hopes grew dimmer and yet more dim. Immediately after his daughter's marriage Mr. Harrington left Canada for England, intending to travel in Europe after he had visited the British Isles. From that period he and Mrs. Castonell never met, all intercourse even by letter ceased, and he carefully concealed the place of his residence.

Quickly following Edith Harrington's marriage was the bridal of Pauline Falkner and Mr. Mordaunt,—a junior partner in a mercantile house in Montreal. This young man had long been an admirer of Pauline, but his attentions hitherto had been coldly received. Now, in very recklessness, in the first bitterness of her disappointment at Castonell's preference of Edith, she accepted his hand, hoping that new ties and new scenes—he had promised to take her to England—would banish wild regret. A few years passed away. The Mordaunts were still in England, Pauline's unwillingness to return to Canada making her husband request permission from the house with which he was connected to allow him to remain and transact their business in Liverpool. The extravagant habits of his wife and her reckless indifference to expenditure involved Mordaunt in difficulties. He expostulated with her in vain, excitement was necessary for her happiness, and amusement she must have. Why did he marry her if he could not gratify all her wishes. The young merchant who fondly loved his beautiful wife weakly yielded to her frequent demands for money, and the consequence was ruin; total and irremediable. He forged an acceptance on the firm in Montreal to a considerable amount to meet his expenses—the fraud was discovered before he could make his escape, and he was committed for trial. After some weeks' imprisonment uncheered by the presence of his wife and child, for the heartless woman deserted him on the day of his arrest—he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Pauline now entered upon a histrionic career, and as she possessed considerable talents she managed to support herself and child. It was, however, a mode of life which required too much exertion, and Pauline was naturally indolent. She therefore gladly accepted an offer of marriage which Mr. Harrington—whom she met in England—made her. He believed the story she told him of her husband's death. The evil passion of revenge prompted Pauline to become the old man's wife, for by this marriage she would prevent Mr. Castonell from inheriting any part of that fortune which had caused him to forsake her for Edith, as Mr. Harrington had been persuaded to make a will in her favour. Soon after their marriage they returned secretly to Canada and took up their residence in a retired place on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Harrington wished to conceal his residence still from Edith and her husband, he did not wish to be importuned by their overtures towards a reconciliation, now especially when he had willed away the fortune his daughter ought to have possessed. Pauline, too, had her own reasons for preferring concealment. It would not suit her to have Mr. Harrington learn that Mordaunt was yet in existence, though he believed him dead. Therefore, Pauline bore her seclusion patiently for the sake of the fortune she one day hoped to possess, cheered by the companionship of her little son, Frank Mordaunt, and by the hope of soon being delivered from her wedded bondage, for Mr. Harrington's health was fast declining.

To be continued.

One Brown, who has just taken charge of a California paper, is said to have the reputation "of being able to kill a healthy paper quicker than any man on the Pacific coast."

Perkins will get tight occasionally, much to the astonishment of all his friends. "For years," says he, "it was unaccountable to me, for I never did drink but a mouthful or two; and the cause never did strike me until I measured my mouth and found that it held a pint."

Victor Hugo, the great French novelist, has been much laughed at for his bombastic proclamation to the King of Prussia, ordering him to leave the soil of France. Had he possessed any of the laconicism of the ancient Spartans, he would simply have sent the King his card, thus:—"Victor! You go!"

Orleanist Princes, the Duc d'Aumale, the Prince d'Joinville, and the Duc d'Chartres, are believed to have slept in Paris at the Hotel Bristol on Monday night. Upon Tuesday morning they were counselled by their friends not to show in public, or to permit the excitable mob of Paris to learn that they were on French soil. They were assured that they would be hooted and mobbed if the fact of their presence was noised abroad, and that whatever might be their chances hereafter, for the present the Parisians would not only be indifferent, but demonstratively hostile, if they recognized them. So they turned their backs on France, and returned on Wednesday to England with downcast looks and heavy hearts. They would do well to muse in their exile upon the wisdom of the old Italian proverb: "The world and all in it comes round to him who knows how to wait."

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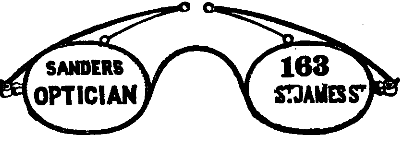

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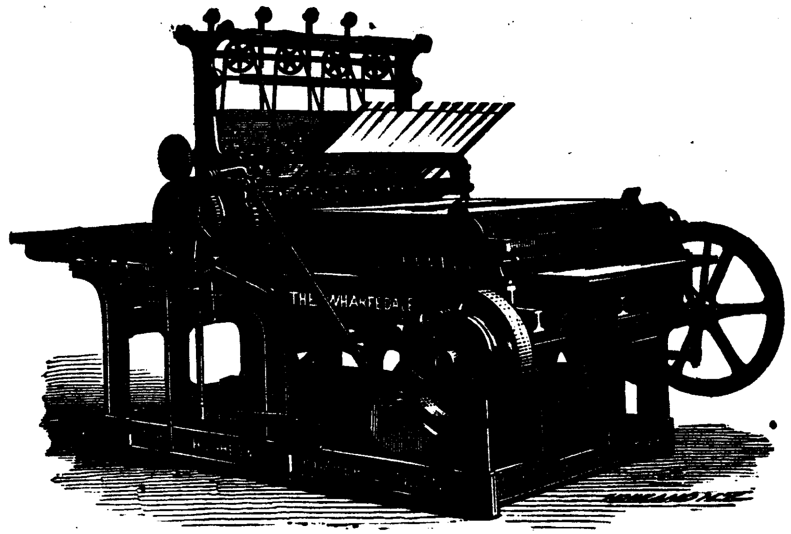

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AND TANCREDE SAUVAGEAU, *Assignee.*
ON TUESDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH of OCTOBER next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge, under the above Act.
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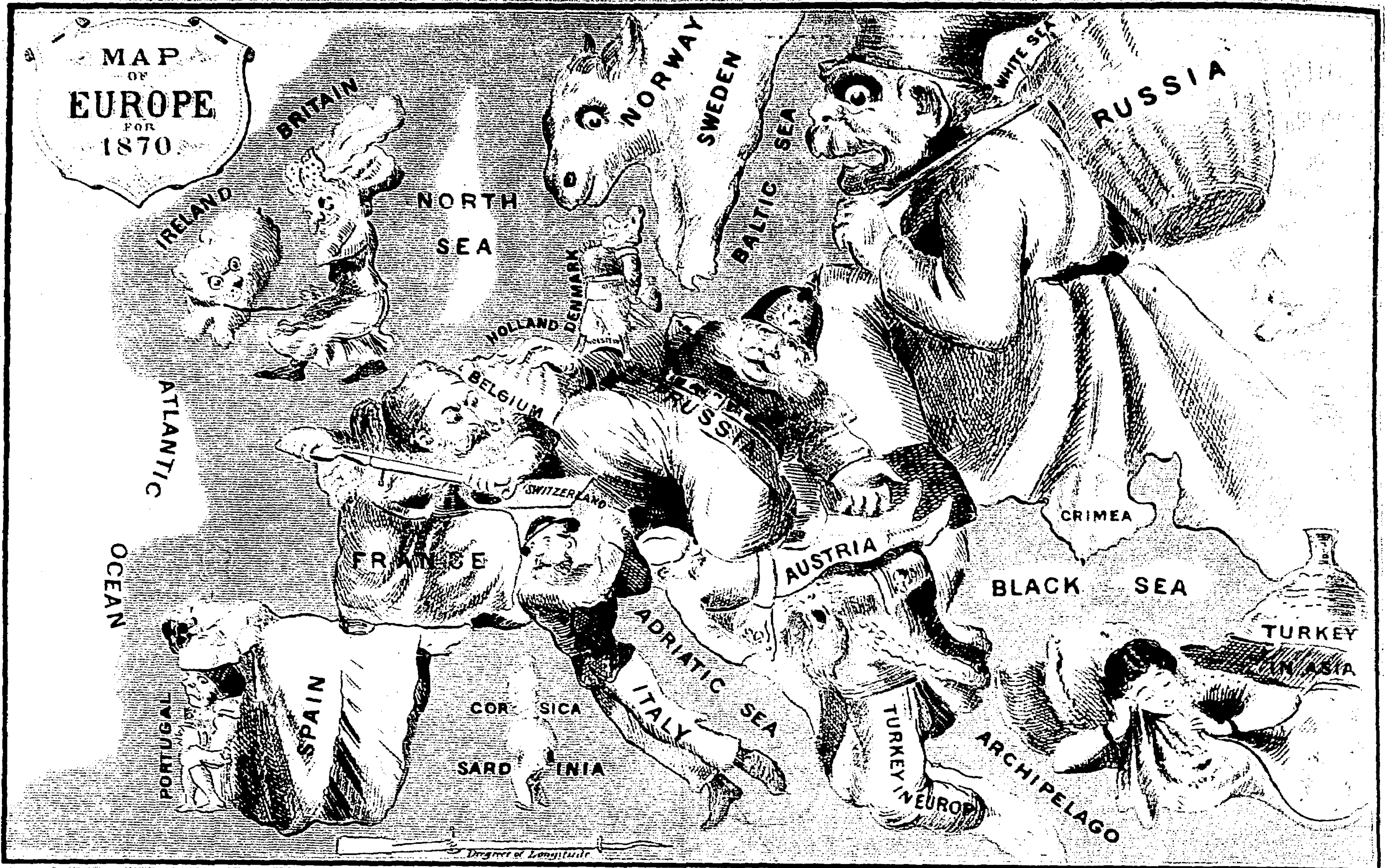

Britannia "studies the position" and is keenly watched by Ireland. Spain, smoking, leans on Portugal. France fighting the invader, Prussia, which stretches one hand towards Holland the other towards Austria. Italy says to Bismark, "Take off your foot." Corsica and Sardinia, a little Joker, laughs over everything. Denmark lost his legs in Holstein, hoping to retake them again. European Turkey yawns and awakens. Asiatic Turkey sucks her Hookah. Norway and Sweden bound *à la panthère*; and Russia resembles a rag-picker, waiting his chance to fill his basket.

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