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# Illustrated News

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## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 49.—HON. SIR NARCISSE FORTUNAT BELLEAU,  
Kt., Q. C.  
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC

One of the first and most serious duties which devolved upon the Honourable the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, after the Union Act went into force on the 1st July 1867, was to appoint "fit and proper persons" as Lieut.-Governors of the several Provinces. So serious, indeed, was this duty esteemed that, as regarded three Provinces out of the four, provisional appointments were made from among the most prominent of Her Majesty's officers then serving with the army in Canada; military Governors were, in fact, appointed to administer during the reorganization of Civil Government under the new Constitution. The case was quite different as regarded Quebec. Here there was no difficulty in at once making a permanent appointment for the full period allowed by law, for Sir Narcisse, from the public positions he had filled in various capacities and from the general esteem in which he was held by all classes; his freedom from even the suspicion of intrigue or unfair party bias, and his past associations with the Government of the old Province of Canada, all pointed alike to his being the man who, without a rival, might at once be placed in the high position of Governor of his native Province. Accordingly it was only a day or two after the Privy Council had been sworn in that, along with the provisional military Governors of the other three Provinces, Sir Narcisse was gazetted Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec. The appointment gave universal satisfaction, not only in Quebec but throughout the Dominion, for all felt that by his conciliatory manners, his political services, his patriotic sentiments, and his independent means, he was well qualified to discharge with impartiality and becoming dignity the duties and responsibilities, both of a public and social character, of the high office he had been called upon to fill.

Narcisse Fortunat Belleau is the son of the late Gabriel Belleau, whose forefathers emigrated to this country from Bordeaux, France, before the cession of Canada to Great Britain. He was born on the 20th Oct., 1808, and is consequently now in his sixty-third year. Having completed his education at the Seminary of Quebec, he entered on the study of the law, and was called to the Lower Canada Bar in 1832.

By diligent application to his profession he soon acquired an extensive practice; and, by degrees, the reputation, and, we trust, the substance, of a rich man. But his attention to private business did not prevent him from devoting a good deal of time and energy to public affairs. He sat for seven years in the Municipal Council of the City of Quebec, during three of which—1850—53—he was Mayor; and so well did he discharge his Municipal duties that on his retirement he

succeeded in obtaining from Parliament. That charter was such a favourable one, and the road was, and is, such a manifest necessity to the full development of the resources of the Province, that we feel inclined to reproach all concerned for their want of energy, or bad management, in not having made it long ere this *un fait accompli*. However, it is to be hoped that the renewed exertions now being made for its construction will prove successful, and we have every confidence that

Sir Narcisse will throw all the influence of his high position in its favour. The Province of Quebec absolutely needs this road, and the whole Dominion would benefit by its construction.

In 1854, Mr. Belleau was created Queen's Counsel; and in 1857, and the following year, was elected *Batonnier* of the Quebec District Bar. During this period he took an active part in the administration of the affairs of some of the banking institutions of Quebec, and he was also appointed one of the Provincial Commissioners to provide for the representation of Lower Canada at the first Paris Exhibition.

To preserve the numerical equality between the Legislative councillors from Upper and Lower Canada, it was found necessary in 1852, by the Hincks-Morin Government then in power, to summon two members from Lower Canada, and accordingly, on the 23rd Oct. of that year, the Queen's *mandamus* was issued, calling Messrs. N. F. Belleau and Charles Wilson to seats in the Legislative Council of the Province. At that time the nominated council was doomed; the popular mind, in too great haste for political changes, had decreed that the Crown could not create a Legislative Chamber that would command public confidence, and these two were, we believe, the last appointments made under the Royal Writ in the old Province. In the

Legislative Council, as before he entered it, Hon. Mr. Belleau was distinguished by active work rather than ostentatious display. Sympathising with the Coalition of the moderate parties on both sides, which was formed in 1854, he gave them a steady support; and three years later, in Nov. 1857, he became a member of the Ministry with the office of Speaker of the Legislative Council, which he continued to hold, with the exception of the few days interregnum caused by the Brown-Dorion accession to, and dismissal from, power in Aug. 1858, up to the 20th March, 1862, when, by a change in the law, the Council elected its own Speaker, who was no longer a member



HON. SIR N. F. BELLEAU, Kt., Q. C., LT.-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS & BIENVENU.

Council unanimously voted him a complimentary address, begging him to sit for his portrait, which the members desired to hang in the City Hall in token of their appreciation of his services to the city. Among the local public improvements of which he was an active promoter, may be mentioned the Quebec Water Works, which, though they have not perhaps fulfilled all the expectations at first formed of them, have certainly been an incalculable boon to the city. He was also an active supporter of the abortive North Shore railway scheme, and for a short time President of the Board of Directors, provisionally formed under the charter which M. Cauchon

of the Administration. Seven days afterwards Mr. Belleau became Minister of Agriculture in the Cartier-Macdonald Cabinet, and with his colleagues went out of office on the 21st May following, when the J. S. Macdonald-Sicotte Administration came into power.

In 1859 the loyal people of Canada were seized with a strong desire to obtain a visit from Royalty, and they thought the great event of the opening of the Victoria Bridge, across the St. Lawrence, at this city, an occasion sufficiently important to warrant them in inviting the Queen to cross the Atlantic and honour the ceremony with her august presence. Accordingly, in May of that year a most loyal address was voted by both Houses of Parliament, beseeching Her Majesty and such other members of the Royal household as she would be pleased to bring to pay her devoted Canadian subjects a visit in the following year. In due time a most gracious answer came from Downing Street, expressing the Queen's great regret that duties of State compelled Her Majesty to decline; but that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales would visit her British American Provinces as her representative. In the following year (1860) the Prince landed at Halifax, and, having visited the principal places in the Maritime Provinces, arrived at Quebec on the 15th August. On the 21st His Royal Highness held a levee at the Parliament buildings, at which, the Hon. Mr. Belleau having presented a dutiful address from the Legislative Council, the Prince of Wales was pleased, after having made a suitable response, to command that Mr. Belleau should come forward and kneel, when, in true Royal fashion, the Prince touched his shoulder with the sword, saying, "Arise, Sir Narcisse Belleau." A similar honour of Knighthood was afterwards conferred upon the Speaker of the House of Commons. These honours, so sparingly distributed on the memorable occasion of the Prince's visit, were most judiciously bestowed upon the two gentlemen holding the highest dignities in the Legislature of the country.

From 1862 until the death of Sir E. P. Taché, Premier of the Coalition Government, on the 30th July, 1865, Sir Narcisse continued in the quiet and unostentatious discharge of his duties as Legislative Councillor without either desiring or attracting a large share of public attention. But by the lamented death of the gallant and patriotic Premier, the Ministry were placed in an exceedingly embarrassing position as to who amongst them should become the head of the Cabinet; and, finding that the Coalition character of their compact might be jeopardised by the political promotion of either of the leaders in the Legislative Assembly, they resolved to look in the Legislative Council, where Sir E. P. Taché had been an honoured member, to find one who, from nationality and reputation, could best fill his place. The choice fell upon Sir Narcisse Belleau, who was accordingly sworn into office as Premier and Receiver-General. His government, with a few personal changes, continued in office until the great work of Confederation, commenced under the Premiership of his predecessor, had been completed; and until, by the Queen's proclamation, the old state of affairs was abolished for the new on the first day of July, 1867. Sir Narcisse was named in Her Majesty's proclamation as one of the twenty-four Senators to represent the Province of Quebec; but having been immediately afterwards appointed to the office of Lieut.-Governor, he never took his seat in the Senate of the Dominion.

In entering upon the performance of his new and important duties as Governor of his native Province, Sir Narcisse showed the same sound judgment which had formerly characterised all his public acts. He had to surround himself with constitutional advisers; and his first step was to offer the duty of forming a Ministry to the Hon. Mr. Cauchon. That gentleman failing, Sir Narcisse appealed to the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, who, though long out of political life, was perfectly familiar with its duties and responsibilities. Mr. Chauveau succeeded in forming a government, which, so far, has made the gubernatorial duties of Sir Narcisse as easy as possible, for throughout the Government, the people's representatives and the country at large, have been in the most harmonious accord. The session now being held promises to be no exception to those which have preceded it in this respect, so that the first Lt.-Governor of the Province of Quebec is already well assured of an easy reign for his full term of office.

#### THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 16.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.—FISHERIES, &c.

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

COB.

Cob has not as yet been much fished for in the seas to the westward of British Columbia. Salmon and other excellent fish are so plentiful along the shores and in all the straits, bays, inlets, and rivers of the country, and are so much more easily caught, that the aboriginal tribes have neglected deep sea fishing. This neglect may be ascribed not only to the great abundance of fish which offer a rich harvest in the midst of their abodes, but also to the fragile nature of their sailing craft, and the many difficulties and dangers of the seas when once the fishermen of the woods pass beyond the shelter of their inland bays, gulfs and estuaries. Cob is not, however, unknown in British Columbian waters. Although seldom exposed for sale in the market of Victoria, it is found in abundance both at the northern and southern extremities of Vancouver's Island. The Indians fish for them, to some

extent, along the coast. But no regular system of deep sea fishing has as yet been inaugurated either by them or by European colonists. Naturalists are agreed, nevertheless, that this fish, which delights in deep waters, is very abundant at some distance from the shores, and some of them have expressed the opinion that when once the deep sea line is applied by experienced hands, treasures will be derived from vast and rich ocean mines, as yet unworked, that will prove more truly valuable than the furs of Hudson's Bay or the gold of California and Cariboo.

#### FLAT-FISH—HALIBUT.

There are several species of FLAT-FISH. The smaller kinds are found in muddy and shallow waters near the shores—in Puget's Sound, and at the mouths of the Fraser and Columbia rivers, although, indeed, the latter river ought not to be mentioned in this connection, as at the places where it swarms with flat-fish, it does not belong to British Columbia. Of these fish the HALIBUT is the chief. It frequents deep sea sand banks on the west coast of Vancouver's Island. It grows to an enormous size, weighing, not unfrequently, three hundred lbs. It has a monstrous mouth—not too large, perhaps, for so great a fish, and appears to be omnivorous, devouring everything that comes within its reach. The Indians shew great skill in capturing this gigantic flounder. Some four of them embark in a "dug-out," which is nothing else than a canoe made out of a solid log. The lines they take with them are of their own manufacture, and are made from the inner bark of the cypress. They are very strong, neatly twisted, and sixty fathoms in length. They have also two spear-halts about sixty feet long, as well as a dozen shorter spears. These latter spears are barbed at one end, whilst the other end is so constructed as to fit on the longer spear, to which it is fixed in such a manner that the spearman can easily jerk it off. A sealskin bladder, well inflated, is tied lightly to the centre of each of the smaller spears, the line by which it is held being about three fathoms long. Thus equipped, the canoe puts to sea; nor does its crew of swarthy fishermen cease to ply the paddle, till it is far away from shore, and the land is scarcely discernible. They now uncoil the line at the bow, and attach to it, as a sinker, a heavy stone enclosed in a net; they also fasten to it, by means of a hempen cord, a large hook, made of bone and hardwood. This hook is baited with a piece of the Octopus. All being now ready, down goes the sinker: the line rushes over the side of the canoe with a rattling sound, and the dusky fishermen wait, in breathless silence, for a bite! Nor have they long to wait. The tempting bait no sooner descends to the regions of the monster fish, than it is pounced upon by some unwary member of the tribe. The tug, which accompanies the swallowing of the savoury morsel, is not always unattended with danger to the canoe-men. The fish continues bolting his prize until the hook is fairly buried in his fleshy throat. And now, as the prey does not quite agree with him, he shews his dislike to it, and gives some nice employment to his persecutors. The man at the bow, in a kneeling posture, holds the line tightly with both hands, the one next him seizes one of the long spears, and adroitly places on the end of it a shorter one, which had been previously baited and buoyed: the remaining two cautiously ply the paddles. At first the fish will remain at the bottom, as if in bad humour or greatly perplexed. He is soon roused, however, by repeated jerks at the line. He becomes greatly excited, and rises suddenly to the surface, with a view, probably, to ascertain whence the annoyance proceeds. The spearman at once avails himself of this expected opportunity. He casts his spear, skilfully, and pierces the huge flounder, at the same time, plucking the longer spear, or haft, from the shorter and barbed spear, which remains in the fish. Meanwhile, the bladder buoy, floating on the surface, indicates the position and movements of the fish. Not over well pleased with his reception, the duped halibut resolves on a speedy descent to his safer abode near the bottom of the sea. But he fails to accomplish his purpose. He is buoyed up, in spite of all his efforts, by the inflated bladder. Transfixed with spear after spear, he is at length compelled to float. The paddlers and line-men shew wonderful dexterity all the time, in following the rapid windings and twistings of their formidable captive. Their labour is less difficult when they once have him buoyed and prevented from diving. He still makes desperate efforts to escape, by swimming, whilst his captors, by keeping the line tight, oblige him to tow the canoe. At length he shews signs of weariness. But, although his attempts to escape become more feeble and less frequent, and his swimming slower, he will not yet surrender. As often as the canoe comes close up to him, he renews his efforts, flies through the water, sometimes nearly dragging the tiny craft into the depths,—now causing it to spin suddenly round with the velocity of a whipped top. In such circumstances nothing less than the admirable dexterity of the Indian paddlers could prevent shipwreck and the drowning of the whole crew. What exciting sport! Who would not desire to see these untutored denizens of the forest displaying such extraordinary skill and tact in their conflict with a great monster of the deep ten times their strength? In approaching the shore, they cautiously proceed, stern foremost, lest the fish, recovering his exhausted strength, should suddenly make for his deep sea realms, when it would be necessary to pay out line and follow him. When he can struggle no more, the Indians haul the duped and defeated

giant to the beach, where, powerless and spent, he perishes under the knife and club of his captors.

This magnificent fish is supposed to be the *Pleuronectes Nippoglossus* of Linnaeus. Specimens weighing 300 lbs. have been captured by the Indians on the coasts of British Columbia. When these people succeed in bringing a Halibut to land, they cut it in pieces, and at once devour some portions of it after a hasty roasting. The remainder they pack up and reserve for future use. The roe, which is bright red, they consider quite a dainty. This wonderful flat-fish, as they relate, spawns in the middle of February.

#### THE SMALLER FLAT-FISH.

The smaller kinds of FLAT-FISH, or FLOUNDER, are very plentiful in the bays and inlets of the mainland, as well as the inland portions of British Columbia. The species that are most commonly seen may be mentioned here. The two-lined FLAT-FISH (*Pleuronectes bilineatus*, called also *Platessa bilineata*) is about half as high as it is long, and its head is one-fourth of its entire length. The nose projects a little. The eyes are large and separated by a strong prominent ridge, which is partly covered with scales. In each jaw there is a single even row of strong, blunt teeth, which are less developed on the uppermost and coloured side, than on the other. The lower jaw is prominent, and the scales are very conspicuous. This fish is of a light-greyish-brown colour, with lighter marks or blotches.

The next species is the TWO-LINED FLOUNDER (*Pleuronectes digrammus*). Whilst its name is pretty much the same, it differs in proportions from the former, the height of its body being rather less than one-third of its whole length, the head two-ninths, and the caudal two thirteenths. The snout and lower jaw are prominent. The eyes are separated by a very narrow, naked, bony ridge, and the scales are small but conspicuous. On the coloured side it is uniformly brownish.

*Pleuronectes articulatus* is a third species of Flat-fish which does not appear to have any distinctive English name. The height is rather more than one-half the length of its body, including the caudal region. The head is one-fourth, and the caudal one-fifth. It has a very blunt and short nose, a small mouth, and even jaws. It is of a greyish colour, thickly dotted with white and black spots.

Whilst the larger species are taken with hook and line, the Indians generally spear these smaller Flounders. On his spearing excursions, however, Redskin does not paddle his own canoe, but leaves this duty to his squaw. A fleet of canoes may often be seen, and it is no uninteresting spectacle, impelled by the dusky Dames of the tribe, whilst the swarthy lords sit in the bows, "prodding" with their spears for the fish that are hidden in the mud and sand. The Flounders, thus apprised of the enemy's advance, scud along the bottom, stirring up the mud as he proceeds. The Indian keeps his keen eye on the trail, and bringing his canoe to the spot where it ends, throws his spear, transfixes the luckless fish, and, in a moment, transfers it from its imaginary hiding-place to the custody of his vigilant squaw. In this way, great takes are achieved by the dexterous spearman of the woods.

#### H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

Although royal marriages are by no means of unfrequent occurrence in England, the announcement of the betrothal of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne has excited a remarkable amount of interest and sympathy. This is due to two causes—the personal popularity of the Princess Louise, and the unusual and somewhat romantic circumstance of a Princess of the Blood forming a matrimonial alliance with a commoner. We must go a long way back in English history to discover a precedent for the alliance which is now sanctioned between such a subject, however ennobled or renowned, and such a bride. Princesses have again and again broken through the bar of birth, but Princesses have been instinctively obedient to family law, and we do not find an instance of a daughter of a living crowned head marrying a subject since the reign of Edward III., five centuries since. Marriages between Princesses and subjects have occurred since, but at most in five cases, and all under peculiar circumstances.

The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and widow of the King of Bohemia, is understood to have privately married Lord Craven, at whose house in Drury-lane she died a few months after her return from exile with her nephew Charles II., but the circumstances of the marriage are extremely obscure, and the Queen was entirely released from royal control. The Princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII., took the opportunity, much to the indignation of her brother, of marrying Charles Brandon, who was sent to fetch her back from France, on the death of her husband, Louis XII.; but the peculiarity of this case is also obvious. Henry VII. permitted three of the daughters of Edward IV., and sisters of his own Queen, to marry the heads of the families of Howard, Courtenay, and Welles; but Henry VII. never fully recognised the legality of the royal title of his father-in-law.

The latest instance of this kind of marriage is found in the union of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., with Lady Anne Hyde, who was daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. Antecedent to the Stuart period, however, such marriages were by no means unfrequent. Henry VIII. took to himself no less than four wives from among the commoners of his kingdom. Edward, eldest son of Henry VI., married Lady Anne Neville, daughter of the "king-maker," Earl of Warwick. Philippa, the daughter of Edward III., united herself with the Earl of March. The Black Prince, her brother, contracted wedlock with Joan, "the Fair Maid of Kent." King John's daughter, Eleanor, married the Earl of Pembroke, and Maud and Gundred, children of William the Conqueror, were married respectively to the Earl of Chester and the Earl of Surrey. It is a curious fact that in the days when feudalism was strongest the line of demarcation between royalty and the peerage was more easily passed than it has subsequently been



under the growth of more modern ideas of State policy. The marriage of royalty with a subject has been illegal during the last hundred years, except the royal personage intending to contract such a marriage has received for it the special sanction of the Sovereign. This was stringently laid down in what is known as the Royal Marriage Act, which was passed in 1772, at the instance of King George III., who was indignant at the marriage of his brother, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, with the widow of Earl Waldegrave, the illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. His brother, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, in like manner had offended the King by his marriage in 1771 with Lady Anne Luttrell, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and widow of Mr. Christopher Horton, of Cutton Hall, Derbyshire. It is well known that the Duke of Sussex braved his father's displeasure, and in defiance of the enactment alluded to, went through the ceremony of marriage with the late Lady Augusta Murray, second daughter of John, fourth Earl of Dunmore, first at Rome in April, 1793, and again at St. George's, Hanover Square, after the publication of banns on the 5th of December following. His Royal Highness, having been left a widower, married, secondly, Lady Cecilia Letitia Buggin, a daughter of Arthur, second Earl of Arrian, now Duchess of Inverness. In like manner George IV., while Prince of Wales, is said to have contracted a secret marriage with the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert; but in none of the above cases was the Royal sanction given to the union. It is impossible not to admire the courage of Her Majesty in putting aside precedents which were thus enforced by some of her predecessors, without any consideration for the feelings of those immediately affected by them. The Queen has preferred the happiness of her daughter to a pedantic adherence to traditional principles of State policy, which were always at variance with popular feeling, and have now ceased to be supported by any weight of reason.

Princess Louise Caroline Alberta is the fourth daughter of the Queen, and was born at Buckingham Palace on the 18th of May, 1848. She is, of course, as accomplished as assiduous and well-directed culture can render her, and has developed decided artistic tendencies towards drawing, painting, and sculpture. The bust of the Queen in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1870 possessed real merits of execution and verisimilitude; and some interesting specimens of the Princess's work are now exhibited at the collection of pictures and sculpture in Bond Street, destined to aid the funds for the relief of destitute widows and orphans of German soldiers. Mrs. Thorneycroft has had the honour of instructing the Princess in the arts of modelling and sculpture. Her Royal Highness has also decided literary tastes, and is so assiduous a reader as to deserve the name of a student. The Princess has been for some years the closest companion of the Queen, her mother, and is greatly beloved by every member of the royal family, while her sweetness of disposition endears her to every one within the sphere of her influence. A graceful act of appreciative kindness has lately been performed by the Princess, in connection with her position as one of the lady patronesses of the National Society for the Aid of the Sick and Wounded. To each of the surgeons proceeding under the auspices of the society to the hospitals of France and Belgium she presented, in some instances personally, a handsome pocket-case, ornamented with her monogram and escutcheon, containing the instruments required for the practice of military surgery. The interesting personal appearance of Her Royal Highness is well known to the English public generally; to those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the kindly and gracious face, we offer as good a likeness as it has been in our power to obtain.

It will be remembered that on several recent occasions of State ceremony, the Princess Louise has officiated for the Queen, and has always called forth remark for a combination of dignity and kindly graciousness, rightly considered to be the perfection of royal reception.—*The Queen.*

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

It has probably been observed that of late the heir of the House of Argyll has been for some time almost domesticated at Balmoral, but few can have suspected to what results his presence at this royal retreat was leading. The "divinity that doth hedge a king" is commonly regarded so highly, that it is, perhaps, unconsciously believed that the daughters of kingly blood are incapable of more than mere sympathy with subjects. It is, however, sufficiently obvious, considering the exceptional character of the projected marriage between H. R. H. the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, that it is, in the strictest sense of the term, one of affection, and that it has received the deliberate assent of Her Majesty.

It is understood that the Queen has more readily consented to the proposed union since she has not failed to recognise those qualities of the noble lord which have rendered him worthy the hand of a Princess of the blood royal of England. Her Majesty has certainly had the advantage of knowing her future son-in-law from childhood, and the concomitant opportunities of becoming acquainted with his character and career. In the journal of "Our Life in the Highlands" we read a description of the royal visit to Inverary Castle, the ducal residence of the Argylls. "Our reception," writes Her Majesty, "was in the true Highland fashion. The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporran,' scarf, and Highland bonnet."

The Marquis of Lorne, although a subject, is one of the highest in the realm, being heir to a ducal peerage, and, by right of descent, a Scotch chieftain of the first rank. John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland, Marquis of Lorne, M. P. for the county of Argyll, is the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll; he was born in 1845, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was appointed a Captain in the London Scottish Volunteers in 1866, and to the same rank in the Sutherlandshire Rifles in 1869. In connection with these appointments it may be stated that he is a zealous supporter of the volunteer force, is a practised marksman with the rifle, and has shot with success in the University v. House of Lords and Commons matches at Wimbledon. In person he is handsome, although very youthful in appearance; he has an agreeable ease of manner, and an expression of great good nature and kindness, and would generally attract favourable remark even from persons unacquainted with him. Those who are of his intimates are aware that he is also gifted with considerable

abilities, and that, comparatively young as he is, he has given evidence of industry and of capacity for that description of work which is assigned to young men of his status. He has acted since 1868 as Private Secretary to the Duke of Argyll, his father, Secretary of State for India; and at one time, when his Grace was occupied in the preparation of an important legislative measure, Lord Lorne undertook, and carried on with assiduity and success, an amount of business not usually within the sphere nor the ordinary capacity of a private secretary. In Parliament he has distinguished himself by a conscientious independence, which has at least once led him to vote against the Ministry of which his father is an eminent member. That he is influenced by the spirit of adventure which is characteristic of the greater number of manly young Englishmen has been shown by the extent of his travels, notably in the United States of America. The book he published on his return, entitled "A Trip to the Tropics," is a very creditable production. It is really remarkable for the impartiality and clearness of the opinions expressed in it concerning the working of the republican institutions of America, when the extreme youth and aristocratic education of the writer are taken into consideration. Although the Marquis of Lorne has not as yet been prominent as a speaker in the House of Commons, he has been heard in other places, and appeared ready and fluent, without a trace of the awkwardness and hesitation of a comparatively unpractised orator. In the circle in which he moves he has acquired unusual esteem and affection, and promises to inherit, with the high rank, the equally high character of the Duke of Argyll. If personal virtues can maintain old traditions, the head of the Campbells may be regarded in the Western Highlands for some generations to come as almost equal in authority to the Sovereign.

The noble Scottish house of Campbell, of whom the Duke of Argyll—the Mac Callum More, in Gaelic phrase—is regarded as the acknowledged chief, although it stands only third in the Scottish roll of precedence among dukes, is, in one sense, the first and foremost of Scottish titles; for no other house, either of Lowland or of Highland origin, ever counted among its members so great and illustrious a catalogue of ennobled and otherwise distinguished individuals. In this respect the Campbells may claim superiority over the Scots, the Hamiltons, the Murrays, the Grahams, and even the Stuarts. In our own day they hold, or have held, the Dukedom of Argyll, the Scottish Earldom and English Marquisate of Breadalbane, the English Earldom of Cawdor, the Barony of Stratheden, and the Barony of Campbell; the Barony of Clyde, of Indian celebrity, was conferred on one who, if he had not a Campbell for his father, at least on his mother's side belonged to the clan. A Campbell, within the last ten years, has held the Lord Chancellorship of England, a few years before having been Lord Chancellor of Ireland. At this present moment the Campbells enjoy no less than eleven baronetcies, English and Scottish, including those who have assumed the additional name in right of maternal descent. In the lists of the Orders of the Thistle and the Bath, and in the roll of "Knights Bachelor" both past and present, the name of Campbell figures very largely, and not many other names outshine it in the lists of British Generals and Admirals during the last century and a half.

The Marquis of Lorne derives his title from that district of Argyllshire which is commonly known as Lorne, or Lorn. It occupies the north-eastern portion of the county, from Oban and Dunstaffnage at its south-western extremity, to the borders of Perthshire on the east, and is cut in two by the romantic and beautiful Loch Etive, and separated on the west by a variety of narrow channels from the district of Morven. The district in very ancient times was traditionally possessed by the McDougals, a family in those days almost as powerful as the McDonalds, "Lords of the Isles." From the McDougals it came into the royal house of Stuart, or Stewart; and it will be remembered that among the victories gained by Bruce in his eventful career was one over the then Lord of Lorne, in the Pass of Awe. According to Sir Bernard Burke, the broad lands of Lorne passed into the hands of the Campbells of Lochoy, the direct ancestors of the present ducal house of Argyll, about four hundred years ago; and it is remarkable that they were acquired, just as now they are about to be consolidated and more firmly established than ever, not by force of arms, but by a fortunate marriage. Sir Bernard tells us that Sir Colin Campbell, of Lochoy, in recognition of the great additions which he had made to the estates of the House of Campbell and to his achievements in war, acquired the name of "More," or the Great, and from him the head of his descendants, down to the present day, is known among his Gaelic tenantry and clansmen as "Mac Callum More." He received the honour of knighthood in A. D. 1280, from the hands of Alexander the Third of Scotland, and eleven years later was one of the nominees of Robert Bruce in his contest for the Scottish crown. This renowned and gallant chieftain was slain in a contest with his powerful neighbour, the Lord of Lorne, at a place called "The String of Cowal," where an obelisk of large size is erected on his grave. This event occasioned feuds for a series of years between the neighbouring Lairs of Lochoy and Lorne, which were terminated at last by the marriage of Colin, second Lord Campbell, of Lochoy, and first Earl of Argyll, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, with Isabella Stuart, eldest daughter and heiress of John, Laird of Lorne. In consequence of this union he added to the arms of his ancestors the "galley" which still figures in the Campbell shield, and he assumed the additional title of Lord of Lorne.

The Marquisate of Lorne was created in 1701 in favour of Archibald, tenth Earl, and first Duke, of Argyll, in recompense for his services to the new monarch in the troubled times immediately after the Revolution of 1688. It is thought probable, in well-informed circles, that in the course of a few weeks the broad lands of Lorne will be raised into a duchy in favour of the present Marquis, as there are obvious objections to a son-in-law of Her Majesty holding a seat in the Lower House of Parliament. It is certain that the creation of a new dukedom in favour of the bridegroom elect will not even be open to the objection that it will make a permanent addition to the House of Peers, for, in the ordinary course of nature, Lord Lorne must inherit also his father's title; and as we have a Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, a Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and a Duke of Richmond and Lennox, so we shall have also a Duke of Argyll and Lorne. A slightly parallel example of a father and son sitting in the Upper House under two separate creations, which, however, must ultimately be merged into each other, is to be found in the case of the eldest son of the present Duke of Leinster, who, a few months

ago, was raised to the Peerage of the United Kingdom as Baron Kildare. With the exception of her own children and the somewhat anomalous and exceptional case of the Duchess of Inverness, Her Majesty has but once exercised her right of creating a ducal title since her accession to the throne.

A second ducal title—that of the Duke of Greenwich—was conferred in the last century on John, second Duke of Argyll; but it became extinct at the death of the first holder, the same nobleman to whom Pope alludes to in the well-known lines—

"Argyll, the State's whole thunder born to wield,  
And shake alike the senate and the field."

The full list of the present Duke's Scottish and English titles and honours is given in "Lodge's Peerage." Duke and Earl of Argyll, Marquis of Lorne and Lintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount of Lochoy and Glenilla, Baron Campbell and Baron of Lorne, Inverary, Mull, Morven, and Tery, in the Peerage of Scotland; also Baron Sundridge and Hamilton in that of Great Britain; K. T., P. C., Lord Lieutenant of county Argyll, Heritable Master of the Queen's Household in Scotland, Keeper of Dunstaffnage and Carrick Castles, Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, a Trustee of the British Museum, and Secretary of State for India.

The Duchess of Argyll is the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Sutherland. The Marquis of Lorne has four brothers and seven sisters—*The Queen.*

THE NEEPIGON REGION.

No. 6.—VIEWS ON THE NORTH-WEST SHORE OF THE LAKE.

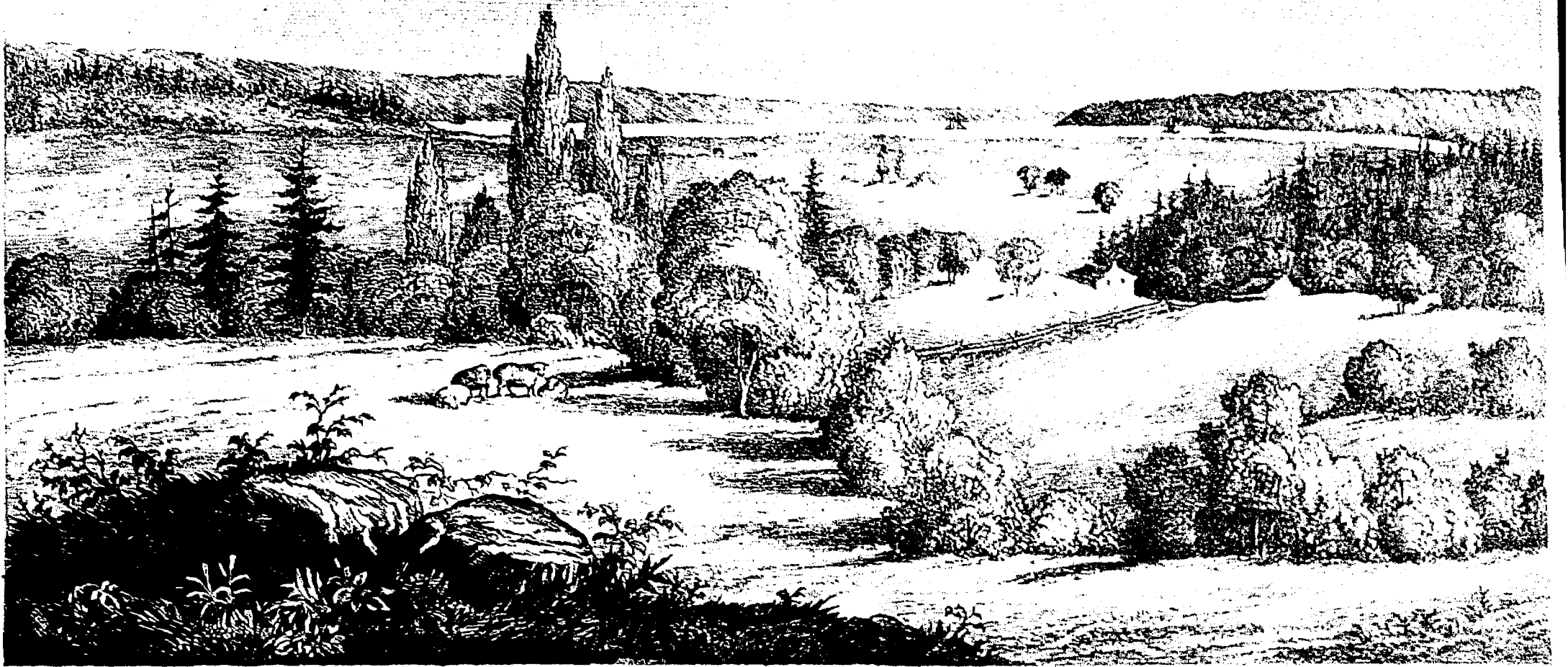
In our last issue we gave a description of Sturgeon Lake and the Black and Little Sturgeon Rivers. Our artist, navigating due north across from the Lake Neepigon rise of the Neepigon River, reached what may be termed the North-West Shore of the Lake, as from the mouth of the Gull River, lat. 50.13, the border of the Lake takes a north-easterly turn until it reaches the mouth of the Waubiosh River about lat 50.32, when it runs nearly due east, some twenty or thirty miles, and receives at the north-east corner the waters of the Umbabich, or Rising Rocks River, which rises in Mud Lake, about fifty miles from Lake Neepigon, and flows south-west into Neepigon, and north-east into Albany River, which it joins near Martin's Falls, some three hundred miles from the James (or Hudson's) Bay. As the Umbabich has only one short portage with a fall of about fifteen feet, and as both the Sturgeon and Neepigon Rivers have many considerable rapids, it may fairly be concluded that the altitude of Lake Neepigon above Lake Superior is very considerable, while it cannot be much lower than that of Mud Lake, whence the water flows in both directions. From the mouth of Umbabich, the coast-line of Neepigon Lake runs south, inclining slightly to the west, the whole shape of the Lake being something like that of a pear flattened at the small end. Rounding the south end and going north by the west side, a narrow neck of land runs into the Lake for some distance just south of the head of the Black Sturgeon River, from which point the coast-line runs about due north to the mouth of the Gull River already mentioned. Some fifteen or twenty miles east-north-east of this is the point we have indicated as being reached in a northerly line from the river. Here the Hudson's Bay Company have a post which forms the subject of the view (No. 11), looking west towards Roche Qui Frappe, a most remarkable head-land which overhangs the water. It is about three hundred feet high and leans over the perpendicular some ten or fifteen feet. The name has doubtless been given to it because of its striking appearance. Close to this rock a line five hundred and forty feet long was lowered without touching bottom. Roche Qui rappe forms the subject of view No. 12, looking towards the Hudson's Bay Post.

GRAND PRÉ, N. S.

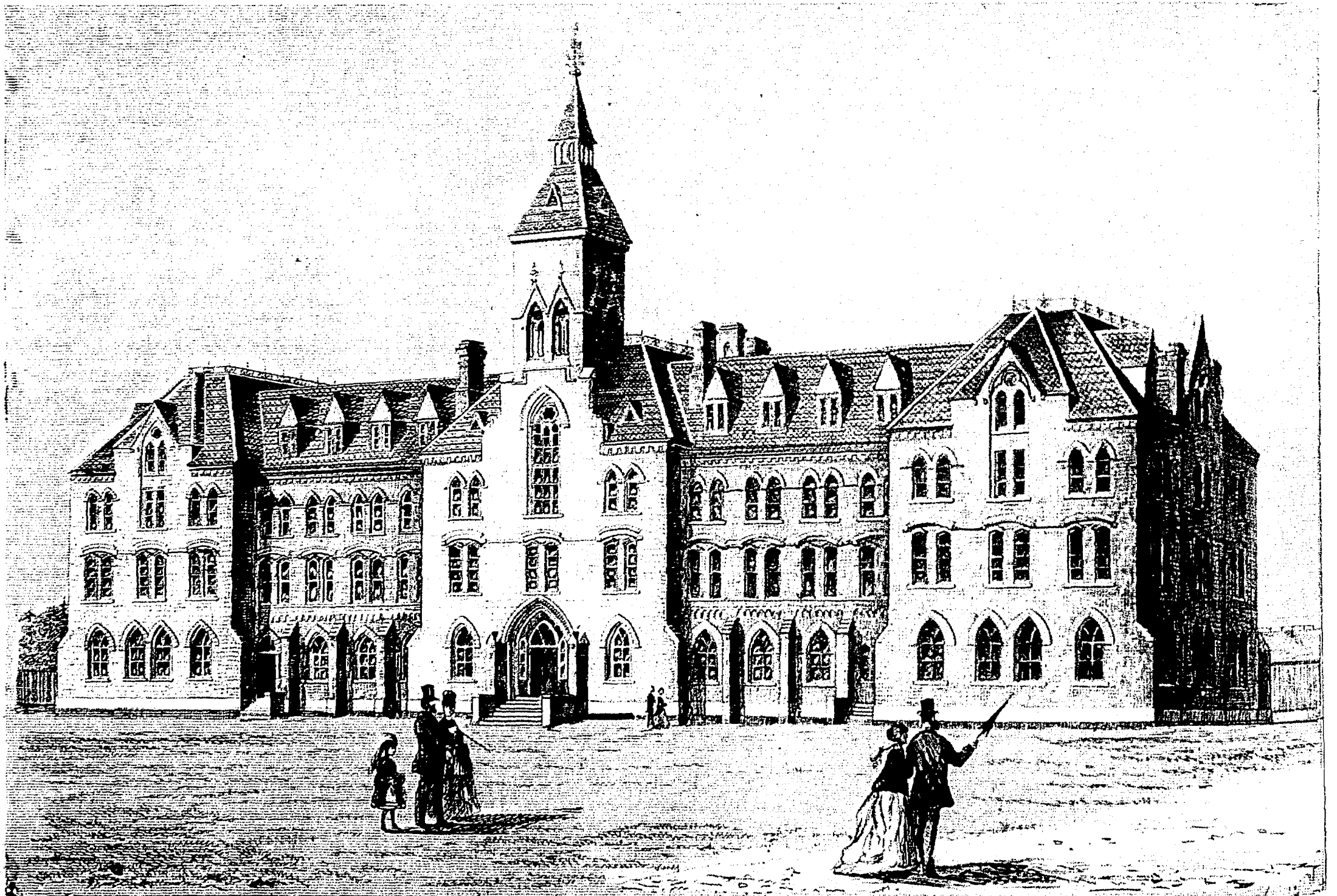
The Grand Pré, or Great Meadow, the fame of which has gone abroad as the scene of the pretty, romantic story of Longfellow's *Evangelin*, is situated on the Basin of Minas, where the "Bore," or great tides swell to an altitude quite terrifying to the stranger, though, as the Hon. Mr. Howe says, in spite of their roaring, the Nova-Scotians have got so well accustomed to them that they heed them not. At the Grand Pré, however, they command attention; in fact the Grand Meadow itself has been entirely recovered from the waters of Minas Basin by means of dykes, kept up at great expense and labour, to protect it from the high tides of the Bay of Fundy. These tides have a mean rise of forty-five feet, but occasionally they reach a vertical altitude of seventy-two feet from low water. The Grand Pré is situated in King's County, N. S., and extends from Wolfville on the west to Horton's Bluff on the east. The meadow is now skirted on its southern edge by the Windsor and Annapolis railway, from which tourists may obtain a good view of the surrounding country. But to be able to appreciate at a single glance the full magnificence of the landscape, it must be seen from the summit of the mountain by the old stage road. Blomidon on the north, with the restless tide of Fundy at its feet; and westward the valley of Cornwallis, the garden of Nova Scotia, stretching as far as the eye can reach, with its cordon of villages, constitute a scene of surpassing beauty, which, once beheld, can never be forgotten. The ships in the distance are anchored at the mouth of the Gaspereaux river, whence the ill-fated Acadians embarked and bade a final adieu to their beloved *Acadie*; Chevrier on the right, Long Island on the left, and the coast-line of the county of Colchester with the water of Minas Basin in the centre complete the picture.

Dr. Anderson in his paper on the "Poetry and Prose of History," which appears in the last issue of the "Transactions of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society," has completely taken the romance out of the plaintive story of the deportation of the Acadians, and established, from official documents, found in the archives of Nova Scotia, that though the *poetry of Evangelin* may remain, the *story* must be relegated to the reign of romance; that, in fact, the measure was a necessary one; a "war measure," necessitated by the circumstances of the time and the conduct of the Acadians—such as, under like conditions, would probably find ready imitation to-day. Those curious upon this point, may refer to the publication mentioned for a correct account of that sad episode in the history of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Swinburne's new poem, founded on one of the mediæval romances, will be ready, it is understood, about Christmas.

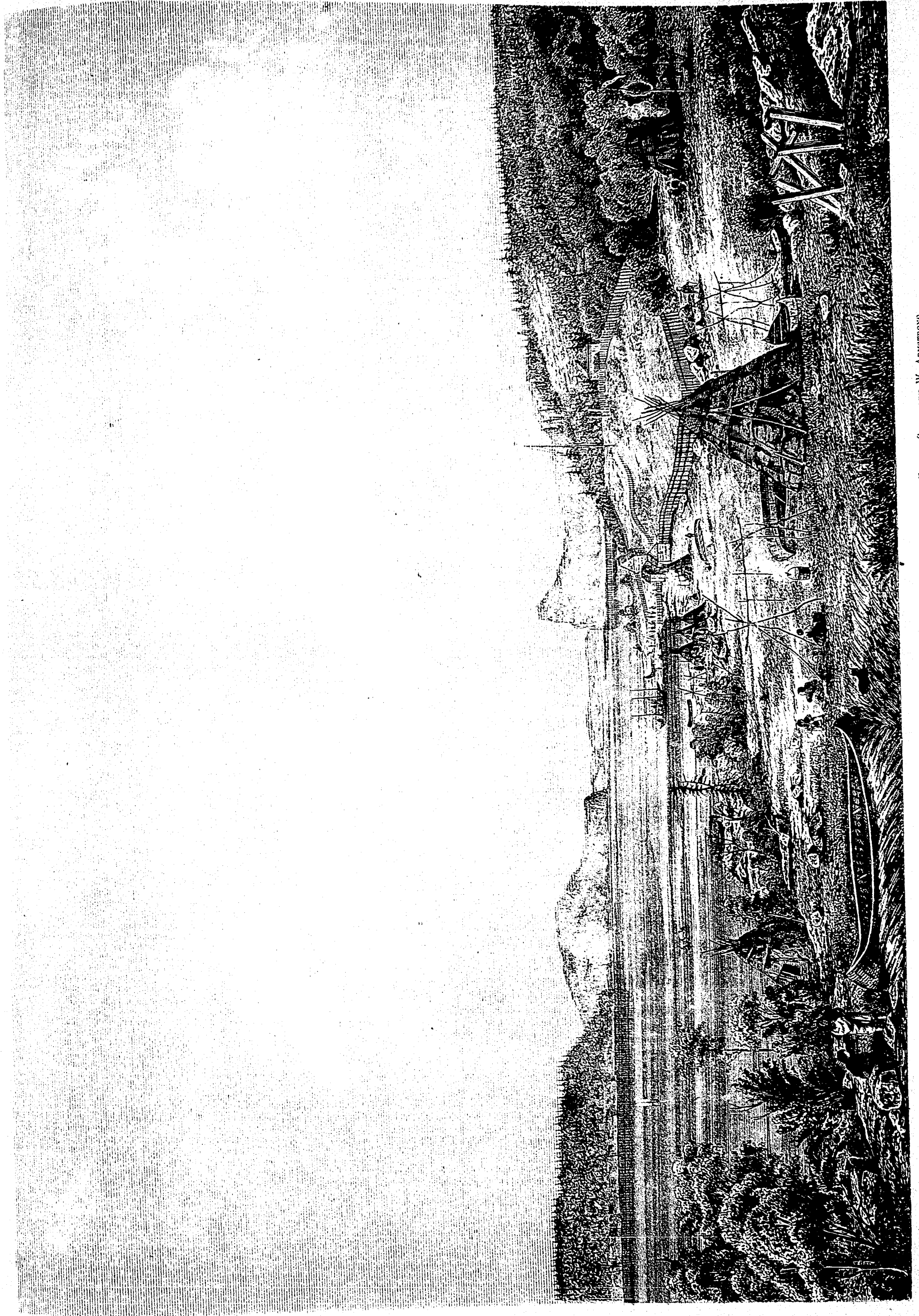


"GRANDPRÉ," NOVA SCOTIA, CELEBRATED IN LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE."



NEW DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM, BELLEVILLE, ONT. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. J. WALLACE.





NEEPIGON, No. 11.—H. B. CO.'S POST ON N. W. SHORE OF LAKE NEEPIGON. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARSTRONG.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
DECEMBER 3, 1870.

SUNDAY, Nov. 27.—*First Sunday in Advent.* Princess Teck born, 1833.  
MONDAY, " 28.—Count de Frontenac died, 1698. Baron Bunsen died, 1860.  
TUESDAY, " 29.—Wolsey died, 1530. Steamer "Monarch" wrecked on Toronto Peninsula, 1856.  
WEDNESDAY, " 30.—*St. Andrew, Ap. M.* Battle of Sinope, 1853.  
THURSDAY, Dec. 1.—Princess of Wales born, 1844.  
FRIDAY, " 2.—Napoleon crowned Emperor, 1804. Battle of Austerlitz, 1805.  
SATURDAY, " 3.—Belzoni died, 1823. Hamilton and Toronto Railway open for traffic, 1855.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

WITH the approach of winter comes the season of social gatherings, charitable society concerts, national reunions, &c., &c., with their variety of speech and song, music and promenade, coffee and confections. Already these assemblages have begun to challenge the public patronage, and with, we hope, more than their wonted success; and already, as usual, some orator in the heat of his cosmopolitan zeal has for the hundredth time proclaimed his individual aspiration that there might be no more of national societies, no more of isolated working in the cause of charity by Englishmen or Irishmen, French Canadians or Scotsmen, but that all should join in one magnificent association of Canadians without distinction of race, nationality, or creed. The idea is seemingly a charming one, apparently very liberal; but in reality excessively absurd. Neither harmonious national existence, nor the enjoyment of true freedom by the citizens, can be assured by the obliteration of the differences between classes or races, but by the equal recognition of the rights appertaining to each, so that all may enjoy equal privileges. Nor does alms-giving—or charity, as it is now usually called—impose upon men the absurd condition that each individual be compelled to share his limited bounty equally among all the unfortunates of the land. The fact is that this wide philanthropy which debar men from supporting a national society because of its exclusiveness, is very apt to be so diffusive as to evaporate utterly before it lightens the misery of a single sufferer. Most people know the story of the beggar who claimed kinship with a *millionaire* on the strength of common descent from Adam, and the very just recognition of the kinship from the *millionaire* he received—"Here, brother, is a penny, and if you get half as much from each one of your relations, you will be a richer man than I am!" It is to be feared that the liberality preached by the advocates for the abolition of national charitable societies would have about the same practical result.

Though we are by no means blind to the possible mischiefs resulting from national societies, such as the fostering of a spirit of exclusiveness or want of generosity towards men of other nations, the encouragement, in fact, of a spirit of clannishness; yet it is to be observed that as a rule the men who are the most active in promoting these circumscribed means of relieving distress are about the most ready to aid in every general charitable movement which an unusual calamity may call for. This is what might fairly be expected. Such men become familiar with the habit of relieving distress, and also with the way of stirring up the public to aid them in the work. They devote themselves to this generally thankless task, some with great zeal for a few years, others more leisurely for half a lifetime, and as soon as they fall back into the ranks their places are occupied by others, so that the charitable work goes on and expands in some degree of proportion to the wants of the class whom each particular Society is formed to succour. But abolish these small Societies, each working within a limited and consequently manageable field, and merge them all into one grand Canadian Society, and what would be the result? Why that voluntary effort would hardly suffice even to give each poor applicant a penny. It would virtually lead to the establishment of the workhouse and the imposition of poor rates.

The very idea of one National Canadian Society, for the purpose of supplanting existing charitable associations of a national character, is utopian. Already Society in Canada is quite as homogeneous as is that of many other of the civilized countries of the world. Even though our "nationality" is as yet inchoate, surely there is as much in common between the inhabitants of Quebec and Ontario as between those of Connemara and the Lothians; and were the process of fusion less advanced than it is, it could only be a heated imagination that would appeal to the agency of such an *Imperium in Imperio*, as the "Grand

Canadian Society" implies. The familiar saw that "Charity begins at home" is not without its wisdom. The individual is the foundation of the family as the family is of the community, and the latter, while embracing a hundred social coteries and classes, and a vast diversity of associations for business, pleasure, or good or evil works, is ruled by the State, in the spirit of equal justice to all its members. Within the circle of the State's authority it is undoubtedly wise to give the freest scope to the better feelings of human nature, whether they manifest themselves by isolated or associated exertion for the good of others. Nor is the fire of Canadian patriotism to be fed by extinguishing the flame which burns before another shrine, whose glory is reflected upon this country. Inheritors of the history and traditions of France, or of the British Isles, as the great majority of the Canadian people are, they will find it no unworthy custom to keep alive the memory of the countries beyond the sea, whence they or their forefathers came. Yet this is, perhaps, the main point to which exception is taken against these societies, viz.:—that they serve to keep our people divided by national distinctions that have no geographical meaning in Canada. "Why?" cries the impatient advocate of the "One Grand Society," "Why should you be Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Irishmen, or Scotsmen, when you should all be Canadians?" The answer is by no means difficult; the man who does his duty faithfully by his neighbour and the State in Canada is free to nurse what traditions he pleases, and the more he can be made to feel that he enjoys such freedom, the better and the more loyal a Canadian will he be; the more earnestly will he work in the cause of progress in the circle of his choice, and the more readily assist others, even if they be but his own "kith and kin" from across the Atlantic, to emulate his success.

The truth is that the social influences of the national societies tend to the diffusion of kindly feelings, and an honourable rivalry in good works among the different nationalities as well as the community at large; for let it be remembered that the membership of these societies does not contain a tithe of a tithe of the people in whose name they speak. They are but stewards of a portion of the common stream of almsgiving flowing towards the poor and destitute from the public at large; they gather in donations from all quarters, and distribute them generally with great discrimination, thereby relieving both the authorities and private individuals of much trouble and annoyance, at the same time that they confer upon the poor and the stranger an incalculable amount of good. Their social gatherings, some of which are held, perhaps, for the harmless, if not praise-worthy purpose of "burning incense" to some zealous official who is not altogether impervious to flattery, or for the mere sake of amusement, invariably attract a mixed audience, in which "international courtesies" are exchanged with lavish profusion, and Canadian patriotism preached with a zest that ought to convince the advocates of "One Grand Society" that they have nothing to complain of in respect of that honourable and ever to be cherished sentiment. They have also one other merit, though it is a negative one; like all voluntary associations formed for a good purpose, they invariably break down as soon as they cease to be useful. For the good they do while they flourish, they should be encouraged; and those whose liberality would be offended by being confined to one, should make an equitable distribution of their largess amongst all.

During the past week the complications to which we alluded in our last issue as impending between Russia and the Western Powers, threatened to bring about a rupture. Prince Gortschakoff apprised the parties to the treaty of Paris, that in view of the alterations affecting the balance of power in Europe which had taken place since 1856, the Emperor no longer considered himself bound by the obligations of the treaty, in so far as they limited his right of Sovereignty in the Black Sea. This despatch was promptly replied to by Earl Granville, who disputed the right of one party to the treaty to set its provisions aside without the consent of the other high contracting parties, and boldly argued that the other Powers could not consent to such a course. Austria and Turkey made similar remonstrances. The Russian rejoinder was mild in tone, but substantially maintained the ground before assumed. As, however, the Powers seem disposed to reconsider some of the provisions of the treaty, it is now confidently expected that a Congress will be held, and the differences amicably settled. The question will probably remain in abeyance for a time until the terms of peace between France and Prussia can be considered at the same Congress,—such at least is the prospect indicated by the following cable despatch:

LONDON, Nov. 22.—It is believed here that Russia, in deference to the opinion of the Great Powers, will withdraw the pretensions advanced by Prince Gortschakoff's note, and express her willingness to refer the question at issue to a conference, which will not be summoned till after the termination of the present war. It is also believed that Italy will ultimately join Austria and England in resisting Russia.

Spain has at last found a King, the second son of the King of Italy, Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, a young man as yet unknown to fame, having accepted the proffered crown at the hands of the Cortes, the Spaniards not caring for a resort to a plebiscitum. Throughout the country where the announcement of the vote in favour of Prince Amadeus was not hailed with acclamation, it was received with indifference. It is anticipated that he will be permitted to ascend the throne without resistance. Spain has had a rather long, but, upon the whole, a very mild attack of the revolutionary fever, and she promises to come out of it with a renovated constitution.

CORRECTION—In the seventh line from the top of the first column on page 326, last number, for "Russian," read "Republican."

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN OLD WAR JOKE REVIVED.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR.—The catastrophe of Sedan has already afforded the irrepressible French wits the occasion of two grim jokes. The ex-Emperor has been dubbed by Louis Veuillot—Napoleon le Sedantaire. The seat which he used at Bellevue Cottage on the memorable 2nd September, is said to be a valuable sedan chair, inasmuch as it will yield many a stiver to the Berlin policeman who appropriated it for exhibition.

This is not the first time that the fortress on the Meuse has furnished the theme for a jest. In the autumn of 1642, when the Duke of Bouillon surrendered its citadel, the French wits thus expressed their approval of his choice between two evils: "Le duc de Bouillon a souffert qu'on lui arrachast ses dents pour sauver sa teste." The grave Dutchman Burlaeus was so tickled at this joke that he tried to explain it in his Latin letters to his equally grave friend Wickevoort. Hear him: "Galli, ut acutissimi sunt, aiunt Bullionæum Ducem dentes sibi eripi passum, ut capiti suo consuleret!"

Considering the charge of cowardice made against the Emperor, it is a wonder this poor play of words has not been already revived.

Yours truly,

J. L.

ST. JOHN'S, P. Q.,  
Nov. 18, 1870.

THE WAR NEWS.

The news of the victory of Gen. d'Aurelles de Paladines produced an excellent effect among the Parisians. The impatience of the mob for a sortie on the enemy had given way and the people became resigned to stand on the defensive, hoping that the army of the Loire would soon come to their relief. Around the City nothing of importance has occurred, except that the Prussians are now endeavouring to establish a second outer line of defence, so that the inner lines may be protected in the rear while operating against the French forces in and around Paris. With this object in view, Prince Frederick Charles, instead of crossing the Loire, marching on Bourges and attacking the army of the Loire in the rear as was intended, is now marching on Paris where all the German forces are being concentrated. The success of Gen. de Paladines has forced this change of plan on the sagacious Von Moltke.

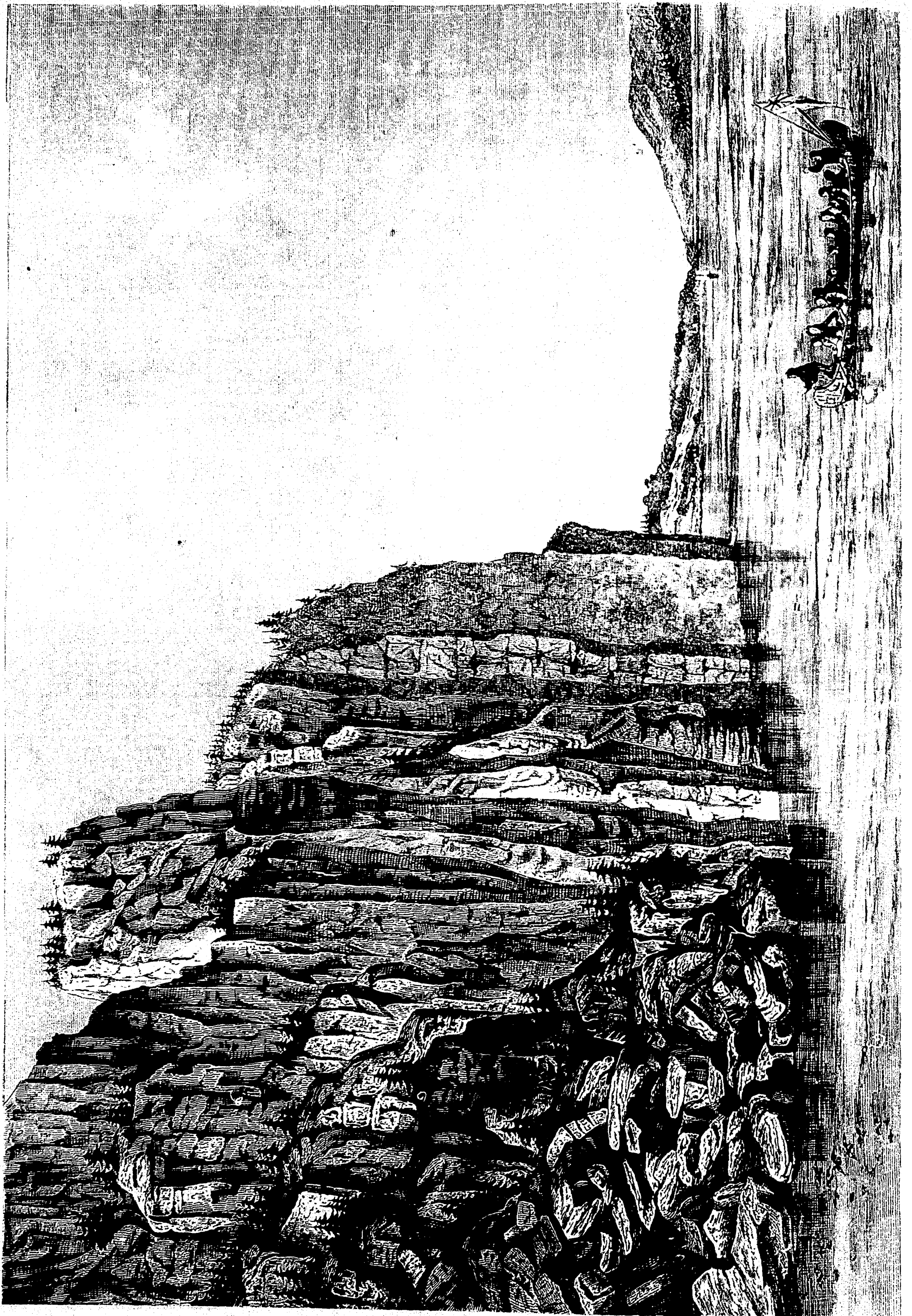
On the 18th a severe battle was reported as going on at Dreux; but it appears to have been a mere skirmish in which the garde mobile were worsted and fled. On the 19th Riccio Garibaldi had a victory over two Regiments of Hussars and a small body of Landwehr at Chatillon. The Prussians withdrew to Château-Vilan, with a loss of 120 men and ten horses. Fighting had also been going on near Nantes on Monday, a five hours' engagement being reported without decisive results. On Tuesday, 21st, a reconnoitring party of 600 Uhlans had an encounter with the French at Yure. The Francs-Tireurs have been successful in several encounters with Uhlans lately near the border. Many of the latter have been killed. More than 1,000 Uhlans have lately been driven into Belgium, where they were at once disarmed. The fighting, since the victory of Paladines, has been confined to skirmishing between outposts and reconnoitring parties designed to retard the progress of the strategical movements now being attempted on both sides. De Paladines' line is now said to extend from Le Mans, through Vendome, Orleans and Bourges to Nevers. His main body rests on this line, while it is supposed that a large section of his force has passed north to Evreux. His line also extends from Orleans to Angerville and in a triangle, whereof Vendome, Orleans, and Angerville form the points. The German line extends from Chateau Neuf through Chartres and Etampes to Fontainebleau. The army of the West under Keratry, and the army of the North under Bourbaki, are moving to effect a junction with that under d'Aurelles de Paladines, and "when these armies," says the speculative correspondent of the *N.Y. World*, "effect a junction, the number of troops will not be less than 265,000, besides their reserves, and 100,000 of the army of the Loire entrenched at Orleans, and holding the line extending north of Chateaudun and Chartres. Part of Frederick Charles' army has established communication with the Duke of Mecklenburg between Etampes and Fontainebleau. The whole force of the former will probably effect a junction on the 23rd. The united strength of his force will then be 120,000. The strategy of d'Aurelles has drawn them considerably south, where he confronts them with an entrenched army of equal numbers, while, with the main body of 265,000 men, he moves on Versailles."

The bombardment of Montmedy and Thionville continues. A small sortie from the former was completely cut off, the whole body being either killed or taken prisoners. Another and larger one was made on the 17th, when the Germans lost five hundred in killed, wounded and prisoners. The *Tribune's* correspondent with Garibaldi, writing from Autun, Nov. 19, denies the truth of the reports about quarrels between the

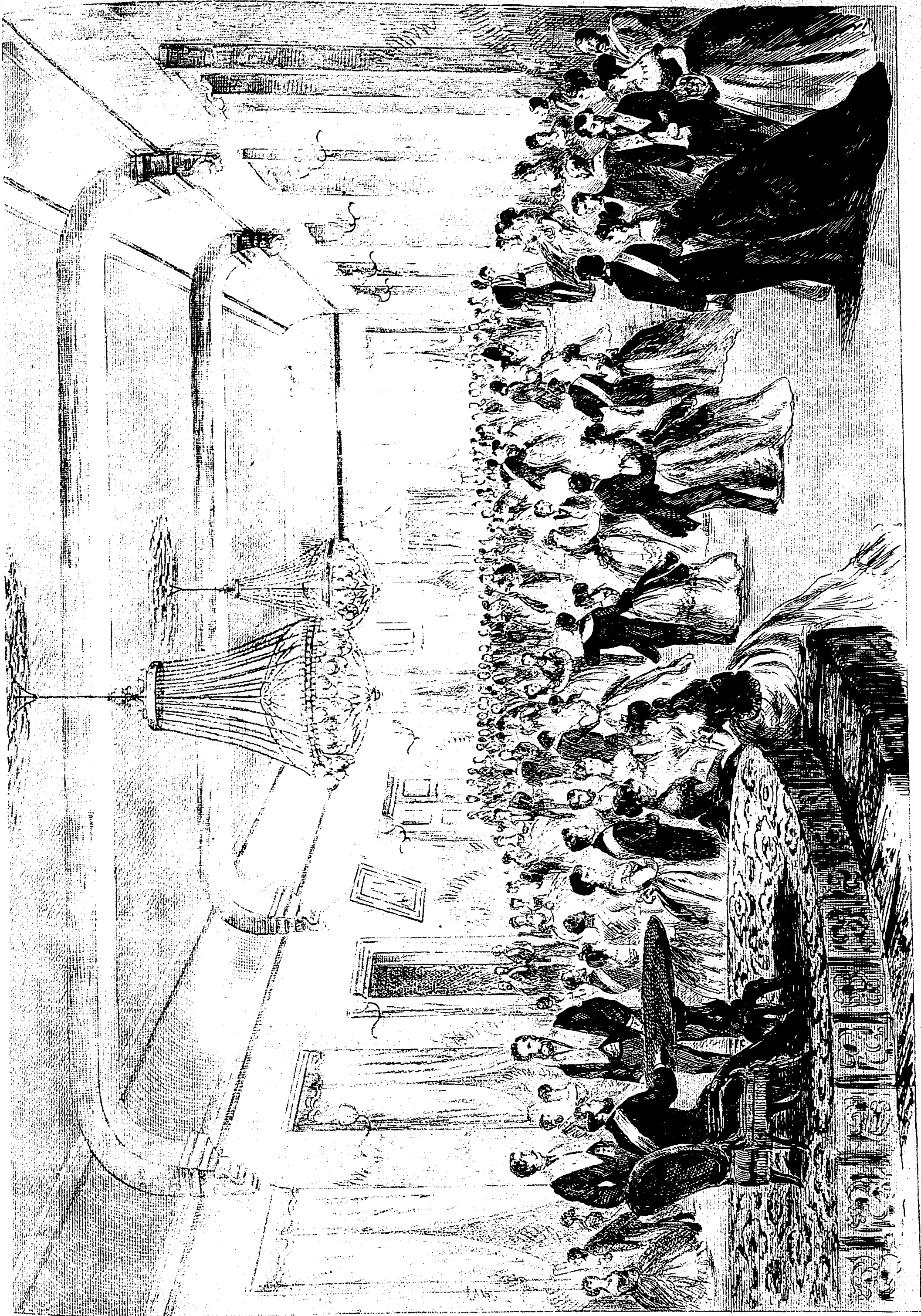








NEEDHAM, No. 17. — ROCKS OF I. F. F. VIEW LOOKING EAST TOWARDS H. B. POST. FROM S. S. KEELBY W. AMERSON.



INAUGURATION OF THE OPIUM... BUREAU... MONT



[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

"Quam multa in sylvis autumnum frigore primo  
Lapsa cadunt folia."

Virgil.

How oft we've wandered in some joyous wood  
When each ray low, in brightest colours clad,  
Danced to the summer breeze, as if 'twere glad  
That winter's voice was hushed, himself subdued!

And we have come again, when autumn's blast  
Through the stripped branches sent a dismal moan,  
And seen each leaflet pitilessly strewn,  
Its little life of joy and beauty past.

'Tis thus, when fond affection leads us back  
To cherished spots in life's great wilderness,  
We miss the forms beloved that used to bless  
When first we wandered o'er the sunny track.

But leaves and friends alike must fade and fall,  
Death's icy breath must once be felt by all.

JOHN READE.

### THE POEMS OF FRED. WM. FABER, D.D.

BY JOHN READE.

(Continued.)

There are a great many sonnets in the collection—all of them deeply thoughtful and most of them religious. They are rich with the fruits of travel and varied learning.

The following one is quite original, and we doubt whether many will be found to appreciate the kind of resignation which it inculcates:

"To be thought ill of, worse than we deserve,  
To have hard speeches said, cold looks displayed,  
By those who should have cheered us when we swerve,—  
Is one of Heaven's best lots, and may be made  
A treasure ere we know it, a love field  
Which to hot hearts may bitter blessings yield."

If we were to stop here the words would be hardly intelligible, but there is wisdom in what follows:

"Either we learn from our past faults to shrink  
When their full guilt is kept before our eye,  
And, thinking of ourselves as others think,  
We so are gainers in humility:  
Or the harsh judgments are a gloomy screen,  
Fencing our altered lives from praise and glare;  
And plants that grow in shade retain their green,  
While unmet sternness kindly chills the air."

It is quite possible, however, that the air may be sometimes too chilly.

The sonnets on "The four religious heathens"—Herodotus, Nicias, Socrates, and Seneca—are very fine. The last one we consider the best. Seneca is supposed, as he hurries by, spurred by great thoughts, to have come, at times, beneath

"The Christlike shadow of the gifted Paul,"

and thus

"Some balmy truths most surely did he borrow  
From the sweet neighbourhood of Christ."

The idea is a nursing of that love which "hopeth all things."

Under the heading, "Thoughts while reading history," there are twenty sonnets. In these there is too much forced laudation of the past at the expense of the present. In his treatment of the middle ages he is no disciple of Hallam. And yet he is no blind slave to his prejudices. He has three sonnets on "Chivalrous Times"—very fine ones, in which he presents us with two pictures, one bright and the other dark. In the first they are—

"Beautiful times from whose calm bosom sprung  
Abbeys and chantries, and a very host  
Of quiet places upon every coast,  
Where Christ was served and blessed Mary sung."

In the second they are—

"Unlovely times, when the sweet summer breeze,  
A merry traveller wending thro' the land,  
Found no fair farms and lovable cottages  
Whose casements he might stir with his soft hand."

And in the third he tells us to

"Think no scorn  
Of those great times whose double aspect seems  
Like the revolving phases of our dreams."

It will readily be seen that the days of the Church's power and glory are in his eyes the best. The humiliation of Henry the Fourth at Canossa, when, (as he says)

"At one solemn hour,  
The passing shadow of eternal power,  
In momentary transit, deeply fell  
On all the pride and pageant of the world,"

is to him "a thing to be much dwelt upon."

With whatever feelings we look upon the Papacy, they must be mingled with wonder. We give the following sonnet, not so much for its poetic merits, as for the interest which is naturally attached to the object at present:

"That such a Power should live and breathe doth seem  
A thought from which men fain would be relieved,  
A grandeur not to be endured, a dream  
Darkening the soul, though it be unbelieved.  
August conception! far above king, law  
Or popular right; how calmly dost thou draw  
Under thine awful shadow mortal pain  
And joy not mortal! Witness of a need  
Deep laid in man, and therefore pierced in vain,  
As though thou wert no form that thou shouldst bleed!  
While such a power there lives in old man's shape,  
Such and so dread, should not his mighty will  
And supernatural presence, godlike, fill  
The air we breathe and leave us no escape?"

In the last line, the dogma which has given to the year 1869-70 so signal a position in the annals of Christendom, is very plainly anticipated.

But we are verging on dangerous ground, ground from which, so temptingly does Mr. Faber sometimes combine his twofold functions, it is no easy matter to keep at safe distance.

In many of the poems there are charming little pictures of scenery with which the author was acquainted. Some of these possess chiefly a local interest, but others are not only like all "things of beauty," "joys forever," but joys everywhere. Such a little *morceau* is the following:

"There is a well, a willow-shaded spot,  
Cool in the noontide gleam,  
With rushes nodding in the little stream,  
And blue forget-me-not

Set in thick tufts along the bushy marge,  
With big bright eyes of gold,  
Where glorious water-plants, like fans, unfold  
Their blossoms strange and large.

That wandering boy, young Hylas, did not find  
Beauties so rich and rare,  
Where swallow-wort and pale bright maiden's hair  
And dog-grass greenly twined.

A sloping bank ran round it like a crown,  
Whereon a purple cloud  
Of dark wild hyacinths, a fairy crowd,  
Had settled softly down.

And dreamy sounds of never-ending bells  
From a city's ancient towers,  
Came down the stream, and went among the flowers,  
And died in little swells.

There did I keep my birth-day feast, with all  
These gentle things around,  
While their soft voices rising from the ground  
Unto my heart did call."

In this way Mr. Faber makes us sharers in all his joys, sorrows and aspirations. He photographs his soul for us by its own gentle light, and seeing the likeness, we cannot help loving the original. In "The Styrian Lake," (we hope the reader will pardon us for returning to it) he lets us into the inmost secrets of his spiritual nature:

"I cannot pray amidst a crowd,  
Nor with organs pealing loud,  
Nor with chains upon my sense  
From ritual magnificence.  
Ever fair forms like tyrants bind  
With spells the currents of my mind.  
Sweet sights and sounds my spirits fill,  
And ritual beauty leads me still  
A passive victim at its will:  
The creature of all outward shows,  
My heart into the pageant throws  
Its ardent self, and dreamily  
Floats out as on a sunny sea.  
When the Church with functions bright  
Wraps calmer spirits in delight,  
I am rather proud of God,  
Than humbly at his footstool bowed;  
And 'mid the beautiful display  
I feel and love but cannot pray.  
I would fain be lone with God,  
Else are all my thoughts abroad."

And

"When the crowd have left the shrine,  
Then the season shall be mine."

How pure and childlike is this confession! The poet overcomes the priest. With this passive enthrallment to beauty of his poet's nature, he sometimes struggles alarmed. Yet he tells us that—

"Priests, like poets, have an eye  
For radiant earth and changeful sky,  
And mightier signs mayhap can trace  
In river, nook and greenwood place."

This is doubly true of himself. He can always turn the most ordinary incidents of every-day life to religious account. Thus, in his verses "To a Lake Party," all of whom should never meet again "on Rothay's white-lipped strand," he says:

"We shall all meet again,  
Not in the wood or plain,  
Nor by the lake's green marge  
But we shall meet once more  
By a far greener shore,  
With our souls set at large."

In another little poem of kindred spirit and occasion, "The Prince," he draws the following beautiful lesson from the disappointment of the young lady who had planned an excursion at the day on which she had set her hopes turning out rainy:

"Angels are round thee and Heaven's above,  
And thy soul is alive within;  
Shall a rainy day and a cloudy sky  
Make a Christian heart to sin?"

What young lady, however vexed, could resist the delicate flattery of this verse:

"Oh! anger and beauty, my lady dear,  
Will never agree to share  
That little white brow that lifts its arch  
Through the parting of thy hair."

Mr. Faber has the keenest sense of the near reality of the things which are unseen. But in this sense there was no terror, no shrinking, but a joy and love that yearned for closer intimacy. His poem on "The Holy Angels" is worthy of a high rank in the anthology of sacred song. We cannot forbear seeking the sympathy of the reader in our enjoyment of these sublime stanzas:

"Angels and Thrones and holy Powers,  
And Ministers of light—  
God's primal sons and mystic bands  
In various orders bright,  
And hidden Splendours wheeling round  
In circles infinite—

Celestial priests and seraph kings  
In links of glory twine:  
And spirits of departed men  
In saintly lustre shine,  
With Angels dear that fold their wings  
Above the awful shrine—

Chariots of living flame that fill  
The mountain's hollow side,  
Breezes that to the battle-field  
Over the forest ride,  
Spirits that from the Bridegroom come  
To wait upon the Bride—

These are among us and around  
In earth and sea and air,  
At fast and feast and holy rite  
And lonely vigil prayer,  
Morning and noon and dead of night,  
Crowding the heavenly stair."

Mr. Faber's spirituality makes for him a constant feast of earth's commonest things. For him

"All over doth this outer earth  
An inner earth unfold,  
And sounds may reach us of its mirth  
Over its pales of gold.

These spirits live, unwedded all  
From the shades and shapes they wore,  
Though still their printless footsteps fall  
By the hearths they loved before."

How sweetly comforting must these lines be now to those who had the happiness of holding companionship with the author. Right gladly would we linger still near the precincts of the temple of holy song, which is his monument, but we are warned that other duties await us, and we must, for a while, at least, say adieu.

Just one look more and we go our way. The following lines were our introduction to Mr. Faber many years ago. They are very dear to us, as well from their sweet beauty and truthfulness, as from their association with a happy time which is now no more:

"The sunny wisdom of the Greeks  
All o'er the earth is strewed;  
On every dark and awful place,  
Rude hill and haunted wood,  
The beautiful bright people left  
A name of omen good.

They would not have an evil word  
Weigh heavy on the breeze,  
They would not darken mountain side,  
Nor stain the shining seas,  
With names of some disastrous past—  
The unwise witnesses.

Here legendary Argo touched  
In this blue-watered bay,  
Here dark Medea in pursuit  
Her poisons cast away,  
Polluting even the odorous shades  
Of pure Therapia.

Look how the interlacing trees  
Their flowing blossoms wreath!  
Is this a spot for poison plants,  
For crime or savage death?  
The Greeks endured not that on it  
Should pass so dire a breath

Wartlike the children of romance—  
From out whose spirit deep  
The touch of gloom hath passed on glen  
And mountain, lake and steep,  
On Devil's Bridge and Raven's Tower,  
And Lovhorn Maiden's Leap:

Who sought in cavern, wood and dell,  
Where'er they could lay bare  
The path of ill and becalmed  
Terrific legends there,  
Leaving a hoarse and ponderous name  
To haunt the very air.

Not so the radiant-hearted Greeks,  
Who hesitated still  
To offend the blessed Presences  
Which earth and ocean fill:  
Whose tongues, sleek here and eloquent,  
Stammered at words of ill.

All places where their presence was  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
By kindly law were clasped within  
The circle of their mirth,  
And in their presence had a new  
And consecrated birth.

O bless them for it, travellers,  
The fair-tongued ancients bless!  
Who thus from land and sea trod out  
All footmarks of distress,  
Illuminating earth with their  
Own inward cheerfulness.

Unto the Axine sea they sent  
A name of better feeling;  
Dark powers into Eumenides,  
(A gentle change) were stealing,  
And poisoned stained Therapia  
Became the Bay of Healing!"

To those who have read thus far we refrain from apologizing for the long quotations which we have made from Mr. Faber's poem. We have sought the *colours* of Cicero rather than of critic. If we were disposed to be critical we should say that Mr. Faber sometimes wears by too great volubility. Though there are no glaring faults of metre or rhyme, there is often evidence of haste, and sometimes the same idea is repeated in the same poem in different words. These slight faults, which might have been remedied had Mr. Faber lived, are, however, atoned for by beauties of thought, expression, and music, which glitter everywhere like the stars on the midnight sky. To these it would be impossible to do justice in one short notice.

\* The Euxine (hospitable) Sea was originally called by the sailors who navigated it the Axine (inhospitable). By a figure of speech called "Euphemism," the Greeks were accustomed to give good names to bad persons or things. In this way they fancied they propitiated the powers of evil. Thus they called the "Furies," "Eumenides"—"kind gentle ladies;" and Therapia (Healing) in the Bosphorus, received this name because its neighbourhood was invested with poisonous plants. On the same principle the Irish peasantry call the Fairies, whose occasional spitefulness they dread, by the conciliatory epithet of "good people," and "genry." But the use of Euphemism, as also of its counterpart "dysphonia," is continuous with history and geography.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

The events which form the subject of the following sketch occurred during a sojourn of three months with a surveying-party in one of the wildest districts of Canada. We were occupied in tracing the course of a hitherto unexplored river, which unfolded to us a succession of scenic effects, such as would have delighted an artist and poet, and which they only could describe.

It would be difficult to convey to the reader who has not bivouacked out in the woods, the luxury of those evenings around the camp-fire.

After a deal of story-telling, we all turned in for the night—that is, we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and fell asleep with our feet towards the fire.

The stories told upon the evening I have in my mind, had all been about wolves, some of which rapacious creatures were said to be then in our neighbourhood. Owing, perhaps, to my imagination having been excited by these tales, I had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed that wolves were pursuing me; I knew they were gaining on me; I could hear their howls growing more and more distinct. There is a point of agony at which all dreams must have an end—I awoke with a terrible start, and found myself bathed in a cold sweat, and a prey to a sense of terror for which I could not account. Instead of the cheerful blaze which I had seen ere I fell asleep, all was now cold and dark. The fire had sunk to a heap of red embers. I could not distinguish one of my sleeping companions. Good Heavens! can I be still slumbering? There, again, is the long low wailing howl which I heard so distinctly in my dream.

I sit up erect, and listen. What is that sound? a rustling among the brushwood—some of the party stirring? No. All are silent as the grave. I am the only one awake in the camp. Once again! Surely I am mistaken. I thought the fire was nearer to me, just in front; and so it is. What, then, can be those two glimmering lights a few yards off? Now they are moving! I awake the nearest sleeper—an American named Silas Wood. The man starts to his feet, rubs his eyes. "What is it?" "Look there, Silas." He looks, and as quick as lightning seizes a burning log, and hurls it with all his force and an unerring aim. The glimmering lights disappear with a rustle of the brushwood—a sharp short bark close at hand, and then in a minute or two, the long low wail in the distance is heard.

Silas then stirred and raked the burning embers, and throwing on an immense heap of dry brush, in a second the Egyptian darkness is dispelled by a bright flame which leaps up six feet into the air, and brings the sleeping figures and the nearest trees into full relief.

"Silas, what does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means, squire," replied the American, speaking with his usual deliberate drawl—"wolves!"

"Wolves!" I re-echoed. "Then these two glimmering lights that I took for glow-worms were—"

"A wolf's eyes, squire; and I guess his friends warn't fur off, awaitin' kinder anxious to hear tell of their scout. Hark! if the darned things ain't a groanin' and lamentin' over their disappointment, as sure as my name's Silas Wood."

Once more the long low growl, inexpressibly sad and fearful, was heard at a greater distance. Now that I know what it implied, it made the blood curdle in my veins.

"I shall never forget a wolf's howl!" I exclaimed; "I heard that accursed sound in my dream as plainly as I hear it now. But are we not in danger?" and I began mechanically to pile up more wood on the blazing fire.

"No fears now, squire," replied the Yankee coolly; "the cowardly critters dar'n't come anigh a fire like that. Besides, I reckon the feller I scard so with that 'ere burning chip has told 'em it's no go by this time. They're as cunning as humans, is them critters. Ay, be off, and a good riddance to ye, ye howling varmin'ts!" he added, as the low wail was once more heard dying away in the distance.

Notwithstanding the assurance that the wolves were retreating, I took great pleasure in seeing the fire blazing up brightly, for I knew that in that consisted our protection. "I suppose we have had a narrow escape?" I said to my companion, who, besides myself, was the only one awake in the camp.

"I reckon I've seen a narrower, then," replied he. "Why that 'ere skulkin' scout dar'n't have give warning to the rest of the pack as long as a single red ember remained. The critters is dreadful afeared of fire."

"Well," I rejoined, "I am not at all sorry I awoke when I did. But as we're the only two awake, suppose you tell me this narrow escape you allude to—that is, if you don't feel sleepy."

"Me, squire? I ain't sleepy, not a morsel. I couldn't sleep a wink, if I tried. I feel too kinder happy like to have cotched that darned snakin' scout sich a lick!" and the Yankee laughed, quite tickled at the recollection. "I guess he had it right slick atween the eyes. I knowed he felt it by the bark he gave. Well, squire, it'll give me considerable satisfaction to narrate to you my adventure with the tarnal critters. I guess, squire, it be a matter of ten year ago that Deacon Nathan had a raisin' away down to Stockville, in Vermont, where I was reared."

"What is a raisin'?" I asked.

"Well, I guess it's a buildin' bee," rejoined the Yankee.

"And, pray, what's a building bee?" I inquired "for I am as wise as I was before."

"You see, squire, when you wants to get anything done up right away in a hurry all to onct like, whether it's flax-beatin', or apple-parin', or corn-huskin', and the neighbours all round come and help work, that's a bee; and a buildin' bee, or a raisin', is when they want to set up the frame of a house or a barn."

"Oh, that's a building bee; now I understand."

"Well, I guess it were pretty big barn that Deacon Nathan was agoin' to raise, and so we had a considerable sight of boys and a regular spree; and when it came to draw towards night, the deacon he says to me: "Silas," says he, "I don't kinder feel easy leavin' this here barn unprotected during the dark watches of the night. The heart of man is desperately wicked, and there's some loafers in the village, and there's no end to boards and shingles lying about; and so, Silas, what'll you take to stop here all night?"

"Deacon," says I, "what'll you give?"

"Well, you see the deacon was everlastin' close where money was concerned; so he puts on a long face, and screwed his lips together, and he says very slow: "Would a dollar, Silas, be about?"

"Deacon," says I, "ain't worth my while to stop for that; but if you like to make it four, I don't mind if I do."

"Silas Wood," says the deacon, "ain't you unreasonable? How can I rob my family to that extent?"

"You see the deacon was a remarkable pious man, and whenever he sold the men sperrits, or shoes, or flannel, or other notions out of his store, for about three times their vally, and stopped it out of their wages, he always talked about his duty to his family. Well, we chaffered and chaffered for a considerable spell, and at last we concluded to strike a bargain for two dollars and a pint of rum. The boys was a pretty well 'most cleared out, when Dave Shunyser comes to me and says: "Silas," says he, "be it true you're agoin' to stop here all night?"

"I reckon I ain't agoin' to do nothin' else," I says.

"Take a fool's advice," says Dave, "and do nothin' of the sort."

"What for?" says I.

"Cause," says he, "there's several refused; and the deacon knowed you to be a kinder desperate chap, or he wouldn't have axed you."

"Why, man alive," says I, "what's the danger to come from?"

"Why," says Dave, "ain't you aheard there's been wolves seen in the neighbourhood. Didn't the deacon tell you as how he lost two sleep only the night afore last? You dar'n't make a fire, cause of the shavings; and the barn ain't boarded up."

"Dave," says I, "don't you think to pull the wool over my eyes that fashion, and then have it to say you cirenvented Silas Wood? I reckon I can read you as easy as a book. You'd like to earn them two dollars yourself. Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Two's company; if you like to stop with me, and help me to drink the deacon's rum, you're welcome; and I don't care if I share the brass into the bargain."

"Says Dave: "I wouldn't stop a night in this here barn as it is not for a five hundred dollar bill. Remember, Silas, I've warned you as a friend," and away he went."

"Well Squire, I wan't goin' to let Dave scare me, 'cause I knowed he was sweet on a gal called Rini Parkins, that I were keepin' company with, and would have been considerable rejoiced to have it to tell how I had tunked; and as I hadn't heard tell of no wolves in them parts, I jest thought he said that by way of banter."

"Well, I made myself comfortable in the barn. It was all boarded up on three sides, and partly on the fourth; only there was a gap left for the door, big enough to let in a waggon-load of hay. It wasn't cold, bein' a fine night in the Indian summer. So I kept a strollin' up an down, takin' a look out now and agin, to see if there was anybody lurkin' about with an eye to the boards and the shingles, but there warn't a soul stirrin' but myself. Every now and agin, I'd mix myself a little grog, till the rum was all gone, and then I began to feel most everlastin' sleepy; so I thought I'd jest lie down awhile on a big pile of shavings there was in one corner of the barn. Well, squire, I dropped off, as you may suppose; and I guess it were along of what Dave Shunyser said, I got to dreamin' about wolves, till at last, blame me if I didn't dream there was one in the barn huntin' about, jest like a dog, sniffin' here and there, till at last he came to the pile of shavings where I was."

"Well, squire, I can't call to mind how I woke exactly, but the first thing I remember I was sittin' right up on the pile of shavings, tryin' to make out as well as I could in the dark if there was anything in the barn or not. It was about a minute before I could see clearly; but at last I heard a slight rustle, and thought I saw somethin' move. Thinks I, that's Dave Shunyser, or some of the boys, come back to frighten me. They shant have it to crow over me. So I sings out: "Is that you, Dave?" There was no answer, but I heard a rustlin' and a patter jest like a dog's paws, and I could see the critter, whatever it was, crawlin' towards the gap in the boards. Then it stopped, and kinder turned its head, and I cotched sight of two twinklin' lights, and, thinks I, it's a stray dog; when the critter give a spring out of the barn, and sot up a howl. Squire, I shouldn't have been scared with one wolf, at this hour was answered from the woods, maybe a quarter of a mile off, by another, which I knowed could only have come from a pack of not less than fifty hungry devils. Well, squire, I was awful scared, and that's a fact; but I guess if I'd a lost my presence of mind, it would ha' been all up with me in about five minutes. I knowed I hadn't a moment to lose, 'cause I heard the howl comin' nearer and nearer; and the yelp yelp of the sentinel-wolf outside calling them to their prey! My first idea was to set fire to the shavings. I out with my flint and steel; but the spunk wouldn't light, and not one of the shavings would catch. The howls kept comin' nigher and nigher. Then I began to think I was gone. There was an axe in the barn, but what could I do agin fifty wolves; and in the dark, where they couldn't see my eyes to daunt them."

"I clenched it, however, and determined to sell my life dearly, when all to onct, jest when I'd given up all hope, I feel something touch agin my head—it was a rope as had been made fast to one of the rafters. I guess, squire, if that 'ere rope had been a foot shorter, I'd not a ben here now tellin' this story! The way I went up that rope, hand over hand, was a caution. And I'd barely swung myself on to the rafter, and begun lashin' myself to the beam with the rope, when—squire, it makes my blood run cold only to tell of it, the barn was alive with woive, yelpin', leupin', and fallin' over each other. I could hear them routin' among the shavings; and in a minute they had all spread over the barn-floor. Then they began to nuzzle in the earth and scratch up the mould with their paws."

"At last one of 'em scented me, and told the others with a yelp. Then of all the yells I ever heard!—squire, I mo-t swooned away; and it I hadn't lashed myself to the rafter, I'd ha' fell right down among 'em. Oh, such a yell I never heard afore, and hope I'll never hear agin! Though I knowed they couldn't get at me, it was dreadful to be there alone in the dead of the night, with a pack of hungry wolves lickin' their slaverin' jaws, and thirstin' for my blood. They ran round and round the barn, and leaped on to each other's backs, and sprang in to the air; but it was no use; and at last I began to get kinder easy, and I looked down on the howlin' varmin'ts, and bantered them. Squire, you'd ha' thought they understood a feller. Every time I hollered and shook my fist at them, they yelled and jumped, louder than ever. For all this, I warn't sorry when it begun to grow a little lighter; and about an hour before dawn they begin to see it was no use; so they give me one long, loud farwell howl afore they

went. But, squire, the most cur'ous part of the story has got to come. Some time afore they went, it had growed so light, I could see 'em quite plain; and an ugly set of devils they was, and no mistake. Well, I noticed one wolf separate himself from the pack, and trying to slink away. He had his tail atween his legs, jest like a dog when he's beaten, and had a cowed look, as if he were ashamed and afeared like. All at onct, he made a spring out of the barn, but the rest of the pack was after him like lightnin'.

"Squire," concluded the Yankee, laying his hand impressively on my sleeve, "you may believe it or not, jest as you please; but beyond some hide and bones, they didn't leave a piece of that 'ere wolf as big as my hand. He was the scout as give the signal to the others, and they devoured him out of hunger and revenge, 'cause they couldn't get me!"

MACHIAVELLI ON THE WAR.

In the new number of the *Contemporary Review* there is a conversation invented by the author of "Friends in Council," Mr. Arthur Helps, on The War and General Culture. The whole conversation is remarkably good. Toward its close Milverton, speaking in praise of Machiavelli, undertakes to produce in a few minutes from that writer a number of passages which have a clear bearing on the present state of the war between the French and the Germans; passages which are "pregnant with wise suggestions for both sides." Accordingly, Milverton fulfils this undertaking by merely reading the headings of some of Machiavelli's chapters—among others these:—

"Whether fortresses, and many other things which princes frequently make, are useful or injurious.

"Riches are not the sinews of war, as according to the common opinion they are supposed to be.

"That the men who are born in the same province, preserve throughout all time nearly the same nature.

"How a prudent general ought to impose every necessity for fighting upon his own soldiers, and to take away necessity for fighting from the soldiers of the enemy. (Which means, according to Milverton, Always have somewhat of the pressure of necessity as an impulse to your troops when you make them fight, and as a reason for your doing so. And, especially, do not give your enemy the advantage which arises from that ultimate form of necessity, despair.)

"Again, the reason why the French have been, and are now considered in warlike contests to be at first more than men, and afterwards less than women. (In the body of this chapter Machiavelli maintains of the French that, "with ordinary skill, the French ardour in war might be kept up to the end in the same measure as at the beginning.")

"Prudent princes and commonwealths ought to be satisfied with victory; for most times when victory does not suffice it is lost.

In the last chapter Machiavelli shows, by examples, how unwise it is for the victors to make too much of their victory; for the vanquished to make too little of their defeat. Thus:—

"Hannibal, after he had routed the Romans at Cannæ, commanded his orators at Carthage to announce the victory and to ask for supplies. It was argued this way and that, in the Carthaginian Senate, as to what should be done. Hanno, an old prudent citizen of Carthage, counselled that this victory should be used wisely; namely, to make peace with the Romans, it being possible for the Carthaginians to have peace now, as he said, with honourable conditions, as they had gained a battle; and that they should not wait to have to make peace after another battle, which might be a defeat. For the object, he argued, of the Carthaginians should be to show the Romans that they were able to deal with them; and having gained a victory, they should have a care not to lose the benefit of it merely for the hope of gaining some greater battle.

On the other hand, Machiavelli takes the siege of Tyre as an instance of the folly of refusing terms of peace offered by the prevailing side—

"Princes cannot commit a greater error when they are attacked (and when the assault is made by assailants who are far more puissant than they are) than to refuse all terms of accommodation, especially when these terms are offered by the enemy; because never will such low terms be offered to them which may not be in some respect advantageous for the party which accepts them, who will thus be sharers of the victory gained over themselves."

Milverton's own comment is that "if Count von Bismarck and M. Jules Favre would for one day only forsake all other business, and shut themselves up to the study of this (third) chapter of Machiavelli, it would be the best thing for the world that could happen."

At a meeting of the council of the University of Edinburgh on the 28th ult., on the subject of the medical education of women, Professor Crum Brown proposed that a representation should be made to the University Court, stating the desirability of so far modifying the present regulations as to afford women the same advantages as the other medical students. Professor Turner moved the previous question, and in the course of a discussion which followed, Professor Christison, referring to a rumour that the movement for the medical education of women in the university was patronized by the highest lady in the realm, stated that a communication had been made to him to the effect that Her Majesty concurred in the adverse views expressed twelve months ago by Dr. Laycock and himself, and that she desired that her sentiments should be made known. On a division, the previous question was carried by 47 to 46 votes.

A novel project is broached in the *North German Correspondent*—a sheet which is supposed to receive its inspiration direct from the Berlin Foreign Office. It is held "in governmental circles," we are told, that the authors of a war, and not merely, as hitherto, their subordinates and tools, should be made responsible for their acts before the world; and it has therefore been suggested that it should be stipulated, as a condition of peace between France and Germany, that "the intellectual originators and instigators of the present war shall not escape with impunity." Among the persons who would be dealt with under this code would be "the entire executive which devised the invasion of Germany; the statesmen who approved of it; the ministers by whom it was recommended; the orators who laboured for, demanded, and welcomed it; the journalists whose constant text was war, and who discounted the triumphs of the coming campaign." The tribunal in the case, it is suggested, might be formed either of citizens of neutral States or of representatives of the two belligerent nations themselves.

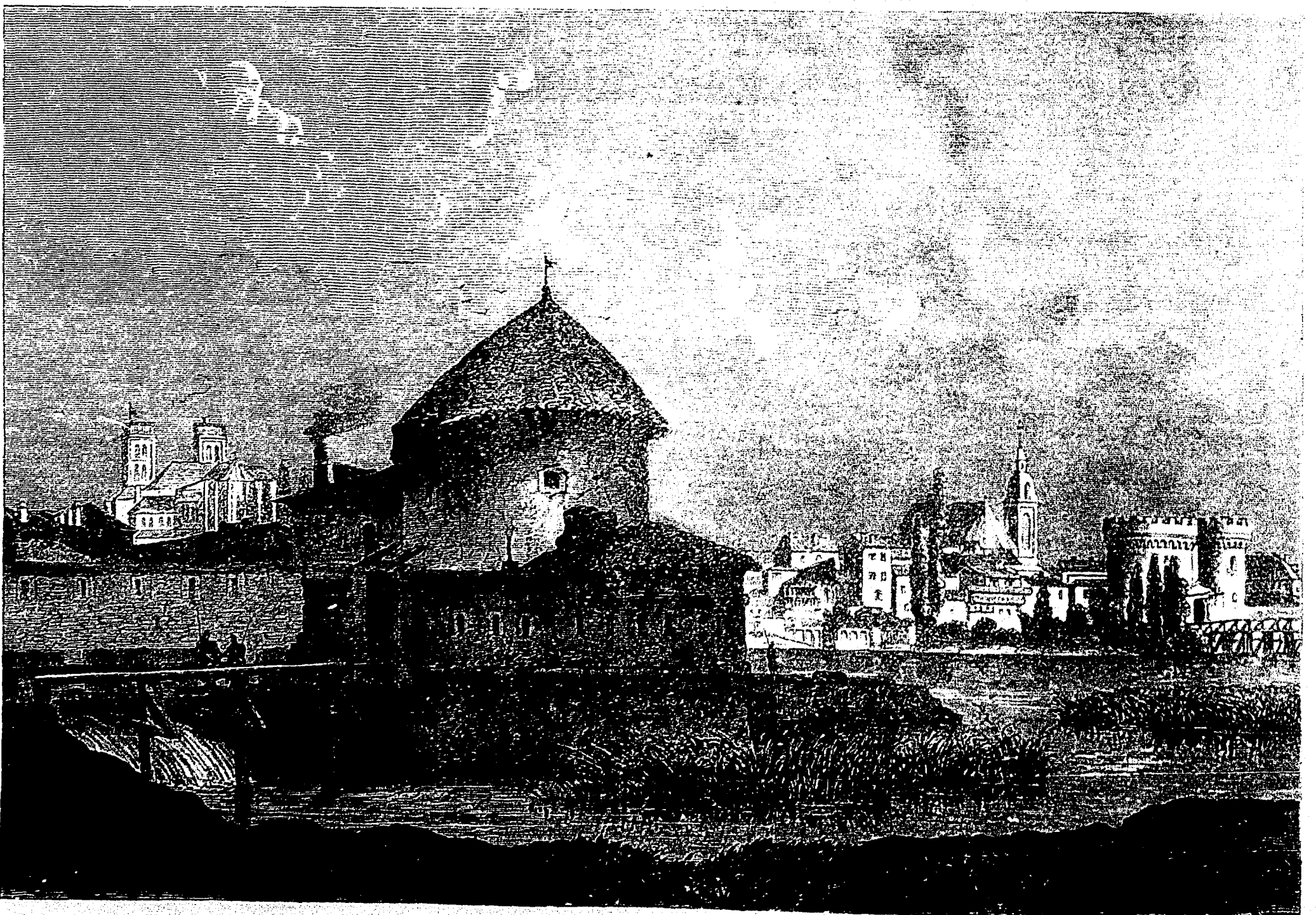




H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE



VIEW OF THE CITY OF VERDUN.





THE WAR.—THE "STEINSTRASSE," STRASBURG, AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.



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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 XXIV.—Continued

"He is unsuspecting and has a generous nature, that much, at least, can be said in his favour. But, Eveleen, Dudley cannot be kept a prisoner."

"Why not? there's nothing aiser, sorra one will ever know anything about it."

"But my conscience, my sense of right—of justice, will not allow me to consent to this."

"The more fool you, Miss Hilda!" Eveleen said with considerable irritation. "Do you know what he said to-day? that he'd go and denounce you to the mather, and Sir Gervase, and Lady Milicent, and all of them."

Hilda winced at this information. The old woman's quick eye saw the change in her countenance.

"Yes! by the blessed saints, he did say that, Miss Hilda. And shure it was trying to stop him from going straight to the Kurnel that I promised to get him a meeting wid yourself. I tried to coax him to lave you with your own people, and go about his business."

"And what did he say to that," Hilda asked very anxiously.

"He said he must see you first, but I'm afared he'll never do it unless he's obleeged, he is so fond of you intirely, the misfortunate man!"

There was a long silence. Hilda leaning back in her chair, sat thoughtfully looking into the fire, the red glare from which fell brightly on her elegant figure, revealing the agitated workings of her beautiful features as she pictured to herself the scene when Dudley would reveal to Colonel Godfrey their marriage, and she must be confronted with him to deny or acknowledge it. How could she bear the triumph of Lady Milicent at such an *expose*? and Sir Gervase himself! how could she bear that he should be made acquainted with the astounding fact that the low-born skipper he had saved from a watery grave was the husband of the woman he loved?

Then, also, came the painful thought of her grand-father's distress at such a humiliating discovery, his sorrow, his regret, and, it might be, anger. Oh it was a severe trial this, a fierce temptation, which the nurse placed in the way of her young mistress. For more than an hour the wretched girl sat silent and motionless, battling with the subtle temptation, and struggling to subdue the evil desires of her own heart.

Silently and very anxiously did the keen eye of Eveleen watch her expressive face, in which she could read the passing thoughts.

"She'll consent, no doubt," she mentally observed, "it would be the height of folly to let him out now, and he so nately caught."

The conflict between good and evil in the soul of Hilda ended at length, and principle triumphed. Conscience made its voice heard above the tumult of emotion, rejecting the idea of keeping Dudley a prisoner, and trampling on the base suggestion.

No! he must be set free, let the consequences be what they might; even with the dread of all which her fancy so vividly pictured before her eyes, Hilda came to this determination. She would herself open his prison door and grant him the interview he desired.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW.

Rising suddenly with a noble resolution to do right, Hilda electrified Eveleen by demanding the key of Dudley's prison.

"It's not going to let him out, ye are," and the old woman rose from her seat in sudden alarm.

"Certainly, I am going to release him."

"Ochone! and he'll go to the mather in spite of all you can say."

"He must do as he likes about that." There was deep sorrow in the tremulous voice, but a look of calm determination about the beautiful mouth.

"Arrah, Miss Hilda, agra, have you lost your senses?"

"No, I am perfectly sane; the unhappy man whose misfortune it is to be my husband, must be set at liberty at all hazards."

"Wait till the morning, then," and the nurse's countenance betrayed the anger and disappointment she keenly felt.

"Why wait till the morning?"

"Bekase, don't you know it's afther twelve o'clock, and the ghosts is all about. Bedad!

meself wouldnt go up stairs now, to be made Queen of Injy."

"I am not afraid. Give me the key, Eveleen." The voice expressed quiet command.

"Well, there it is, if you must have yere own way! and mind my words, you'll repent it yet, Miss Hilda; but you'll never be able to unlock that door wid your weeny hands."

"You will come with me, nurse,"

"Shure I would, only for the ghosts, avourneen."

"Oh never mind the ghosts; they won't disturb us; here, take the key and lead the way."

"Wait till I get a lantern to put this candle in, the wind might blow it out on us, and then what would we do if we were left in the dark up stairs? Bedad, I'd die with the fright meself. Well now, that's too bad! the sorra lantern here at all at all," Eveleen continued, as she turned away in irritation from the old-fashioned cup-board, in which she kept her few belongings. "It's Mike that took it, no doubt, and shure I wouldn't mind if he only had the manners to put it back again. Now, I'll have to go all the way to the kitchen, for it's there he left it, I'll engage."

"Why give yourself so much trouble? a candle will do to light us up stairs. We do not require a lantern."

"Didn't I tell ye the wind would put out the candle in no time? Shure it comes sweep- ing in through them ould broken windows up there."

"Well, if you must get a lantern, shall I accompany you to the kitchen? perhaps you are afraid to go alone?"

"Sorra bit afared!" answered the nurse, promptly; "bekase nara ghost ever vintures into that part of the house; they keep up stairs, intirely; that's the ould ancient part, where the family lived in times gone by."

During Eveleen's absence, Hilda allowed her thoughts to dwell upon the approaching interview and tried to nerve herself for an event so painful. She felt an indescribable reluctance to meet her husband again—the man she had forsaken—whose happiness she had destroyed. What good could come of this meeting, she did not see; it could not heal the wound her desertion had made. All that he could say would never induce her to live with him; her mind was fully made up about that. Feeling such an intense aversion to him, she thought she was justified in living separated, provided she remained unmarried. If by leaving him she had rendered him unhappy, her life too was miserable. Had she not also suffered? She was so lost in this painful reverie that she did not notice the return of Eveleen with the lantern. The nurse stood silently regarding her, knowing intuitively what was passing in her mind, and hoping that in her reluctance to meet Dudley she might depute her to set him at liberty, which act of folly she vowed she never would commit, for the best thing they could do was to leave him where he was, she thought. Starting at length as from a dream, Hilda's eye fell on the old woman, as she stood patiently waiting, the light from the lantern shining on her withered old face, revealing its cunning anxious expression.

"Are you ready now, Eveleen? You have recovered the lantern, I see. Did any of the servants see you?"

"Och no; they're all in bed long ago, bekase it is Sunday night; the mather allows no diversion on Sundays. It used not to be so in my young days; it's many a good dinner we used to have, and all kinds of merrymaking afther mass. But the world is getting mighty good intirely in these days. Even the priest, Father Duffy himself, won't let the boys play at ball or hurling. Bedad, he followed Mike last Sunday with a horse-whip to give him a good bating for playing at football, instead of being at chapel, and Mike, the craythur, hid under my own bed in the corner there."

Hilda, who had listened impatiently to these remarks, now moved towards the door.

"Och, Miss Hilda, is it going in airnest ye are?" asked Eveleen much disappointed. "Och, my grief to think you won't listen to reason. Och, darlint, take till the morning to think about it. Shure you're doing it all in too great a hurry. Ye'll be sorry for it agin."

"No, nurse," said Hilda with solemn sadness; "the path of duty is straight before me. I cannot turn aside, let the consequences be what they may. Come, shew me the apartment where you imprisoned Dudley."

"The Blessed Queen of Heaven defend us from all harm!" exclaimed Eveleen, devoutly crossing herself as she followed her young mistress into the hall and reluctantly ascended the stairs.

The sound of approaching footsteps, distinctly heard in the silence of the night, broke startlingly on the ear of Dudley, and thrilled his heart with sudden hope. "It must be Hilda come herself to set him free!" With eager gaze he watched the door of his prison-chamber as the key was applied to the lock. It opened slowly, and with a suppressed cry of delight he recognized Hilda, who, desiring Eveleen to wait outside, advanced alone into the room. It cost her an effort to do this, to stand face to face with the man she knew she had wronged, the man who was her husband, although she had ignored her duty and boldly

set aside the claim he possessed to her obedience. All this came now forcibly to her mind, still her resolution never to live with him remained unshaken, her repugnance to the man was unconquerable, nothing could subdue that. Glancing furtively at Dudley, as she slowly approached, his look of passionate tenderness, mingled with mournful reproach, affected her deeply, in spite of herself.

"I regret exceedingly what has occurred. I knew nothing of it until within the last hour. I am come to set you free," she said, speaking in a hurried, deprecatory manner.

"I knew it was unknown to you. I knew you would never allow it." His tones were low and trembling. In the presence of Hilda all his old nervous timidity of manner returned, his great love for her, which nothing seemed capable of crushing, deprived him of self-possession. He struggled hard for composure, but in vain.

"Thank you for doing me the justice to think that, I do not deserve it from you."

"I never can think ill of you, in spite of all that is past," he went on to say eagerly.

"Your leaving me, though it seemed cruel at first—and oh it well nigh broke my heart!—still I could not think ill of you. I never ceased to love you through it all, and now, now, when I understand how it was and why you did it, I cannot blame you. It was natural you should prefer your grand relations to the like of me. I am so different from them and from you in every respect. It was only to-day I heard all about it. It was only to-day I learned to look upon it all as I should. I blame myself now in accepting at the first the hand so unwillingly bestowed. I might know no good would come of it. No money can buy love. And the love I felt for you, aye, and still feel! is too great, such as no man ought to feel for any woman, such as is due to God alone," he added reverently.

"I am not worthy of such love," said Hilda humbly. "I am very grateful to you for it. I wish I could return it, but ——" she hesitated.

This unexpected gentleness and kindness on the part of Dudley touched her deeply, and she felt unwilling even by a word to wound his feelings.

"You cannot return it," he broke in sadly; "I know that now. Once I did hope foolishly, madly hope, that my great love would win back some little portion in return, but that hope soon failed. And when I returned to Canada and found you gone, and the money at the bank not drawn since your mother's death, it did not surprise me, although it broke my heart."

His voice was very sad, and his plain features quivered with his deep emotion.

"Hilda!" he said suddenly after a moment's pause, "would you shun me, shrink from me as you do, if I was educated—refined I think they call it—like your relations—like Sir Gervase Montague?"

The introduction of the Baronet's name betrayed the jealousy rankling in the heart of the unhappy husband.

"No," said Hilda frankly, and with pitying kindness in her tones. Dudley's great unselfish devotion to her in spite of the past was making itself felt, was finding its way to her heart, and touching its finest chords of pity and gratitude.

A sudden joy flashed over his agitated face.

"Thank you for that word of comfort. And now I suppose I had better be going. You are no doubt anxious to get rid of me," he added, his voice betraying the emotion this painful thought caused him.

Hilda did certainly wish this trying interview at an end, but she did not say so; she would not wound the feelings of the unfortunate man whose generous forbearance had stirred within her a deep fount of gratitude. Would Sir Gervase Montague himself, with all his elegance and refinement, have acted so unselfish and noble a part as this poor despised unpolished Dudley?

Until now Hilda had really felt no sorrow or regret for the misery she had caused her husband; her sorrow had been altogether selfish sorrow; her aversion to him had prevented her feeling that compassion for him which he really deserved. Now his character was standing out in such a noble light that this repugnance was softened, and she could commiserate his suffering. How intensely did she regret having ever accepted his hand, now not only on her own account, but on his! for now she realized the intensity of his devotion, and the anguish consequent on her desertion which he had endured. But these feelings of sorrow and compassion and regret, of what avail were they now? Love on her part was still wanting, and nothing but that could bridge the gulf that divided them.

Though Dudley spoke of going, he still lingered; it seemed to cost him a death-pang to tear himself away now, when he had at last found her, was again in her beloved presence, near her, speaking to her.

At this moment the door of the apartment was slowly opened, and Eveleen's head thrust in.

"Arrah, Miss Hilda, are you going to stay here all night? The life is frightened out of me wid them ghosts. I hear them thrampoos- ing all about."

"It is only the rats behind the wainscot, Eveleen. Wait a few minutes, I am coming presently."

"What a queer whim it was of the old woman's to shut me up here!" Dudley observed as the nurse's head was reluctantly withdrawn. "I suppose she was afraid I would do what I threatened when I met her in the glen to-day."

"Yes, she dreaded an *expose*; she feared that you would publish our marriage," Hilda added as she remembered her husband did not understand French.

"And did you dread it, Hilda?"

"Yes," she answered frankly.

"And still you set me free! Ah! you little know me. At first, in the madness I felt at hearing you were going to marry the Baronet, I thought of doing it. Jealousy maddened me. I thought better of it afterwards when the old woman told me it was not true. You are not going to marry him, Hilda."

"No. How could I marry him and you living?"

There was, or Dudley fancied there was, regret in her voice as Hilda made this remark.

"And yet you love him?"

There was no answer to this. She could not deny that she did love Sir Gervase, and she would not pain her husband's feelings by answering in the affirmative. Her silence and the expression of her face convinced Dudley his suspicion was well founded. His countenance changed; suddenly again the wild storm of jealousy swept over him, flushing his face one moment with the hot blood of passionate emotion, then leaving it ghastly in its extreme pallor.

"You do love him! you cannot deny it!" he cried wildly. "Oh, Heavens! and I owe my life to that man who has robbed me of your affections! Better that I had perished in the waves than that he had done me such a service!"

"He could not rob you of what you never possessed!" broke haughtily from Hilda.

There was much of the old scorn in her tones. She regretted the cutting words as they escaped, but the sudden change in her voice seemed instantly to calm Dudley.

"You are right! what I never possessed, too true! too true!" he said, mournfully. "Forgive and pity me. That thought maddened me. But it is time to put an end to this. All the talking in the world won't make things different now. To-morrow I shall be far enough away. I will never trouble you again. May you be happy. I wish I was dead, and then," he added, bitterly, "you would be happy indeed. But that time may not be far off. Life to a sailor is uncertain. Some day you will hear of my being again wrecked, and then there will be no Sir Gervase Montague to save my worthless life."

Anxious to terminate this very painful interview, Hilda now moved towards the door. Dudley followed her in silence. Eveleen led the way down stairs, with alacrity, glad to see him depart so quietly. In the hall below, Hilda stopped to bid him farewell, and offered him her hand. He took it eagerly, holding it in a strong passionate grasp for some moments while he regarded her with a look of indescribable fondness and sorrow.

"Forgive me!" faltered Hilda, her eyes filling with tears, "and believe me that I shall always feel deeply grateful for your kind and generous conduct towards me."

"Think of me sometimes! and, oh, remember, if you ever should want a friend—if you ever should be in distress—all I possess is at your service!" The words were spoken in the husky voice of strong emotion. Kissing Hilda's hand passionately, Dudley then turned suddenly away to hide the burst of anguish which would not be subdued. A moment afterwards and he had passed from her loved presence out into the darkness of the night.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A DISCLOSURE.

LADY MILICENT GODFREY did not remain long at Innismoyne after the celebration of Cecil's birth-day. Lord Ashleigh and Lord Percy Dashford left in company with her and Miss Clifford. Sir Gervase Montague alone remained, lingering near Hilda, unwilling to return to Canada now, when it was arranged that she should reside at Innismoyne.

Since the night of Hilda's interview with Dudley, her manner towards the Baronet had grown strangely reserved. She avoided being alone with him—avoided giving him opportunities to pour into her ear the protestations of his love. A change had come over Hilda. The remembrance of the absent Dudley was often present with her now. The unselfish part he had acted had made a favourable impression. The voice of conscience was no longer silenced. It had been sounding in her ear since the Sunday she had heard that sermon on the life of self-sacrifice which religion required, from the lips of the Rev. Mr. Tyndall. Then she had determined to renounce the happiness which the possession of the Baronet's love afforded her—that was the sacrifice required from her—that painful conviction fastened itself upon her mind; but hitherto the rebellious will refused compliance with the demands of conscience. Now, however, the remembrance of Dudley's generous

forbearance urged her to make this sacrifice as some reparation for the great wrong she had done him. Hilda was waking up to her duties as a Christian. Though separated from Dudley—though still feeling an unconquerable reluctance to acknowledge him her husband—she knew she was, nevertheless, his wife, and as such she ought no longer to encourage or accept the love of Sir Gervase Montague. She did not come to this conclusion willingly. It was not until length forced upon her by the overwhelming power of conscience fully aroused by the religious teaching of Mr. Tyndall. She had never before been brought under such holy influences. Seeing her conduct now in a new and clearer light, she acknowledged to herself how inexcusable, how culpable it had been. She, therefore, determined to make her humiliating confession to Sir Gervase, to inform him of her marriage—nothing else she knew would be considered a sufficient reason for his dismissal. And how would he receive this startling communication? In his just indignation at the deception practised him, would he not despise her? How that thought troubled her—the loss of his esteem! If she could retain that—even if his love were given to another—she felt she could more patiently endure their life-long separation.

In accordance, therefore, with this resolve, she wrote to Sir Gervase, acquainting him with her unhappy marriage, and explaining the peculiar circumstances that had induced her to sacrifice her happiness on the altar of filial love. The letter was a sad one, stained with the tears of the unhappy writer. The effect it had on Sir Gervase can be better imagined than described. He was alone strolling along the beach, smoking a cigar, when it was put into his hands by Evelyn. He was thinking anxious thoughts of Hilda—whose altered manner pained him inexpressively—as he listened to the monotonous dash of the waves against the rocks, which melancholy sound was in accordance with his feelings. A glorious sunset was flooding the waters of the Bay with crimson light and touching with brilliant tints the wild features of the coast. But the Baron's eye wandered with indifference over the scene, his mind being painfully occupied. The golden light lit up the picturesque-looking figure of the old nurse as she approached, and with a lowly reverence presented Hilda's letter. Sir Gervase staggered as if he had received a sudden blow when his eye glanced over the first lines. Leaning for support against a cliff he read it through, feeling like one in a dream. What a revelation for one who loved as he did! Those terrible words—"I am married,"—how they burned themselves into his brain. For a time he could not realize it—that Hilda should be a wife lost to him forever, seemed incredible! Again and again he perused that tear-stained letter. Gradually the agonizing truth fixed itself on his mind—the terrible conviction buried itself in his heart. And then the strong man gave way to his anguish, and in the solitude of the rocky beach he wept such tears as men seldom shed—tears that speak unutterable woe. The inconsistency, the caprice of Hilda's conduct was now explained. The conflict in her heart—the despairing anguish of that look which had so startled him the evening of his arrival at Innismoyne—he saw it all plainly now! Was there resentment, anger that he had been deceived, encouraged when there was no hope? No; the passionate attachment he knew she felt for himself palliated all that in his eyes. Poor Hilda! sacrificing herself to save a mother from destitution, what had she not endured! How had her young life been blighted! And now she too was suffering and must still suffer. In his deep love and compassion how he wished that he alone might bear this agony of their separation! For hours the unhappy man paced the lonely beach, hid from observation by the shades of night which had fallen upon the wild scenery around him. To leave Innismoyne immediately he resolved. The wish to see Hilda once more was strong within him, but he felt that for both their sakes it was better he should not. He contented himself, therefore, by writing her an almost incoherent letter, expressing his great grief, and declaring that henceforth without her his life would be desolate—his happiness a wreck.

By the midnight train he left Innismoyne, and proceeding directly to Cork, embarked for Canada, seeking in change of scene some alleviation to the misery his great disappointment caused him.

Hilda too, in the solitude of Innismoyne, was struggling with her grief, schooling her heart to endure patiently her separation from Sir Gervase. In ministering to the wants of the poor in the vicinity of Colonel Godfrey's residence, she sought to banish wild regret. That duty, with the daily one of devoting herself to her grandfather, whose health was failing, occupied her time and blunted in some degree the poignancy of her grief.

Winter had come and gone, the short but disagreeable winter in the British Isles. How unfavorably did it contrast, Hilda thought, with the winter in Canada! The steady though severe cold, the bracing frosty air, the pure glistening snow, the bright sunshine and azure skies of the one, were preferable in her opi-

nion to the frequent rain, the mud, the fog, the gloom of the other.

And now Spring had come, that charming season in the old country when nature, waking up from the wintry sleep of desolation, puts on her robes of vivid green and clothes the earth with verdure.

It was at this period that the health of Colonel Godfrey was seen to decline rapidly, and when the summer sun began to gladden the earth with its light and heat he passed from the home of his ancestors and was laid in the last resting-place of the Godfreys in the crypt of the church among the mountains at Innismoyne. This sad event made it necessary for Hilda once more to change her residence and she prepared to return to Canada. Her uncle's home in Montreal would again become hers, but for the future she would be independent, Colonel Godfrey having left her in his will the fortune that would have been her mother's had she married with his consent.

To be continued.

The Daily News correspondent before Metz reports a good story told at a birth-day party in camp:—"The talk fell once upon the causes of the French defeats, and after various explanations had been started, a sententious premier-lieutenant, who had not previously opened his mouth, struck in with this original illustration, and very sound theory—"The chief rabbi of the Dantzic Jews had taken a new house, and his flock determined to stock his wine butt for him. An evening was set apart for the affair, and one after another the Jews went down into the cellar and emptied each a bottle in the big vat. When the rabbi came next to draw off his dinner wine he found there was nothing in the cask but water. Each and every Jew had said to himself that one bottle of water could never be noticed in so great a quantity of wine, and all acting up to this, the rabbi had not got a drop of wine in his butt. Now it was just the same with the French Army. One soldier said to himself that it would not matter a copper if he sneaked away, in so great a multitude he would not be missed. But the devil of it was that one and all took this line of reasoning, and the result was that nobody was left to look battalions in the face.

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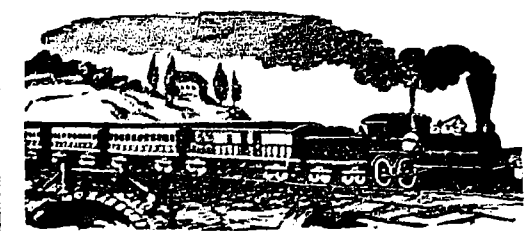
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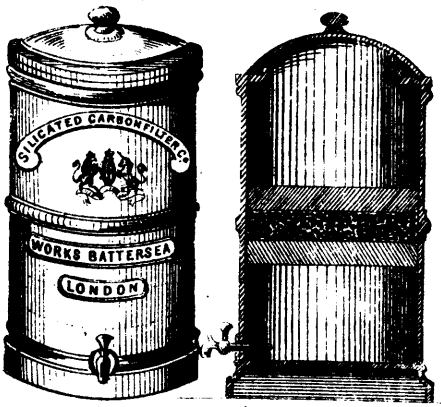
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