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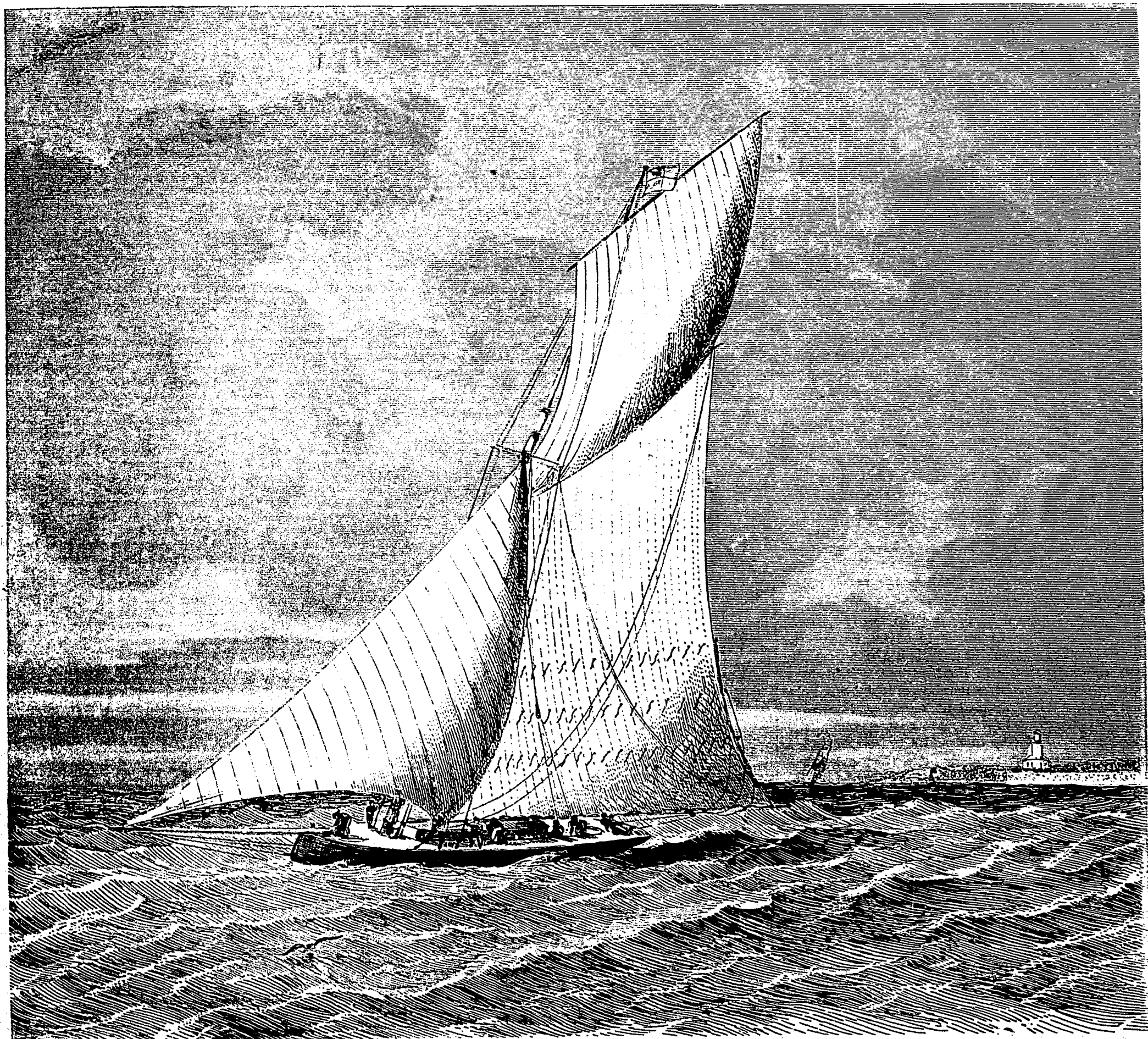
PAUPER CHILDREN.

LAST week we took occasion to remark on the infant mortality of Montreal, and the field which it opened for the ingenuity of the philanthropic to devise means for its amelioration. That many of these children belong to the pauper class is unquestionable, for all the large cities of Canada have an annually increasing number of people

who, without means of their own, and without the energy or other qualifications necessary to provide for themselves, are dependent for subsistence mainly on the bounty of others.

This class is being promised a wholesale increase from the slums of the large English towns. The undertaking is, doubtless, inspired by the highest motives of philan-

thropy, but the people of Canada, having some concern for the reputation and well-being of their country in the future, should consider whether they will be acting wisely in casting their influence unreservedly in favour of the several movements now on foot for emptying English workhouses into the lap of Canada, and sweeping the streets of English towns of their gutter children for the



THE YACHT "GORILLA."—SEE PAGE 130.

adornment of Canadian society. Were there no destitute children in the Canadian cities, no over-crowded orphan asylums appealing daily to the charity of the public; no destitute families struggling hardly for a mean subsistence, to whom the "placing out" of their younger members among well-to-do agriculturists would be a double blessing, then, indeed, there would be but one feeling in respect of the deportation hither of the unfortunate human waifs bestrewing the over-crowded cities of the old world. But while there is so much room for improvement; in fact, so much necessity for authoritative interference, among a steadily increasing class of our own population, in order that the young people may be taught, or compelled, to earn their living by honest industry, it does seem that Canadian philanthropists are not under serious obligation to assist the wealthy people of England to cast off a burthen which is a legitimate tax upon their property, and which, moreover, their property is well able to bear. A long list of "Unions" favourable to this project of juvenile pauper emigration has been published; but our admiration for the philanthropy of the guardians is moderated by the consideration that the annual cost of paupers, thrown wholly on the public for support, ranges from £10 10s. to £18, in different parts of England, while their outfit and passage to Canada is undertaken for less than the minimum cost of one year's maintenance at home! Inspired by so cheap a charity, we can hardly wonder that the scheme finds favour in England, at least among all who believe in the shortest and most effective way of reducing the "rates" without much consideration for the interests of their wards, or serious reflection as to the responsibilities they may be unfairly casting upon others.

A single fact will serve to show that Canada is already in a fair way of producing a class worse even than hereditary paupers. One of the convicts who recently murdered a keeper at the Kingston Penitentiary, made his escape and was again captured, is the son of an inmate of that institution, who died there a few years ago; and his mother is at present serving a term in the same place! The police records throughout the various cities of the Dominion also show that "from sire to son" the foul taint of criminality is handed down with almost unerring regularity; and while the honest classes of society are daily "shooting stars" into the regions of vice and immorality, there are but comparatively few instances on record of the slaves of vice and idleness being restored to habits of virtue and industry. May we not, therefore, conclude that the energies of Canadian philanthropists should be directed to the reformation and advancement of the dregs of home society? And that until this field is exhausted we should let the English projects, having Canada for their objective point, alone? It seems cruel to refuse to throw up our hats in honour of the philanthropic efforts of Miss Rye, Miss Macpherson, and the Rev. Father Nugent; but while we wish these good people the most complete success in their well-meant efforts, we cannot but think that Canadians owe their first duty to their own people as to the matter of charitable aid; and their first consideration for the future of the country's character with respect to the class of emigrants with which these generous benefactors, with the workhouses of England at their back, and the "Union" guardians at their side, would favour us. A few facts will indicate the extent of the field upon which they have commenced operations, and give, at the same time, an idea of what Canadians may reasonably expect as the result of this particular kind of immigration.

Mr. James Greenwood, the well known "amateur casual," who has done so much to make known the actual condition of the London poor, in his "Seven Curses of London," says that "in England and Wales alone, at the present time, the number of children under the age of sixteen, dependent more or less upon the parochial authorities for maintenance, amounts to three hundred and fifty thousand. It is scarcely less startling to learn that annually more than a hundred thousand criminals emerge from the doors of the various prisons, that, for short time or long time, have been their homes, and with no more substantial advice than to take care that they don't make their appearance there again, are turned adrift once more to face the world, unkind as when they last stole from it. This does not include our immense army of juvenile vagrants. . . . It is an accepted fact that daily, winter and summer, within the limits of our vast and wealthy city of London, there wander, destitute of proper guardianship, food, clothing, or employment, a hundred thousand boys and girls in fair training for the treadmill and the oakum shed, and finally for Portland and the Convict's Mark."

This, then, is the hopeful field in which the two benevolent ladies and the rev. gentleman named are working to recruit the population of Canada. It would only be reasonable to add something like another hundred thousand for the vagrant children in the other cities of

England; and thus, dismissing the convicted criminals, there are over half a million of ripe recruits for Canada in England and Wales alone! But these benevolent exertions, if proper to be made in England, should also be extended to Ireland and Scotland, if not to France and Germany, and then who could set a limit to the immensity of the "reform" which Canada might be made to work? Can we suppose that the guardians co-operating with the benevolent deporters of pauper juvenility will do otherwise than send off the subjects most likely to prove expensive and troublesome, if allowed to remain at home? Can we suppose that such children, accustomed to be fed at the public expense, or to shift for themselves by devious and dishonourable ways, will take kindly to the hard and laborious toil necessary to self-support in Canada? Many, very many, it is to be hoped, will; but common sense and experience teach that a large percentage of them will gravitate towards our jails and penitentiaries. Yet, we do not disapprove of the well-intended work for these reasons; on the contrary, let those who are engaged in it pursue it with our best wishes; but Canadians have got duties by their own people; by the children of the unfortunate or the dissolute, who are already in their midst; and who, though reduced to misery and perhaps to crime, are yet more hopeful subjects for the labours of the Reformer in that they are not cursed with the hereditary taint of pauperism or rascality, or both combined, running through several generations. The "Western Home" at Niagara is a good work for the English poor, and may no doubt do much towards lessening the rates on the English taxpayer; but the pauper children of Canada, of which a large number may be found in any one of our cities and towns, are entitled to the first consideration of the Canadian people.

METZ AND CHALONS

The fortress of Metz, in the neighbourhood of which so many bloody engagements have already taken place between the French and the Prussians, is situated in the Department of the Moselle, about 170 miles east of Paris, at the confluence of the river Moselle with a smaller stream, the Seille. At the outbreak of the war it became a great point for the rallying of troops, and the collection of munitions, for which purposes the town is admirably adapted, containing an immense arsenal, and being very strongly fortified. Our illustrations show the encampment of troops on the *glacis* outside Metz, and the fort of St. Hilaire at the great military camp at Châlons.

CAPE TRINITY, SAGUENAY.

Trinity Cape is one of a series of interesting objects in that country so rich in beautiful scenery and picturesque spots—the Saguenay. It is situated at the entrance of Trinity Bay, three miles above St. John's Bay, and receives its name from a group of three peaks that crown its summit. The Cape is said by some authorities, notably by Mr. Latériere, to be as much as 1,900 feet high; Bouchette places it at "at least 700." The summit of the Cape considerably overhangs its base, and appears to the passing traveller as though it might, at any moment, fall down and crush him. Another smaller cap faces Trinity Cape to the south.

THE YACHT RACE—THE "GORILLA."

On our first page will be found an illustration of the yacht "Gorilla," of Cobourg, that was beaten by the Montreal yacht "Ida," at the race held off Cobourg on the 17th ultimo. The match was for a purse of \$1,000. The vessels were started at 7:20 in the morning, the "Ida" leading off, closely followed by the "Gorilla." The "Ida" during the race lost her top mast and sprung her main boom, but instead of decreasing her speed she appeared to gain, and made a most gallant race, winning by 27 minutes. Great excitement prevailed all day; betting during the latter part of the race being two to one in favour of the "Ida" without acceptors. There was a strong wind and a heavy sea. It is rumoured that a few members of the Toronto Rowing Club, feeling dissatisfied at the defeat of the "Gorilla," are about to issue a challenge, offering to match her (provided the owner of her is willing) again against the "Ida," or any other yacht sailing in fresh water, for a considerable sum of money. No definite action has as yet been taken in the matter.

THE BARRON BLOCK.

The stores now in course of erection on the corner of St. James and St. John Streets, for Mr. Barron, will, when completed, form one of the finest buildings in the city. The first story is now complete; it is composed of fluted Corinthian columns, detached from the piers behind. The columns for the three floors above will be nearly similar in effect, but engaged—each column to have richly carved caps, with architrave, frieze, and cornice over all, the cornice between recessed back from face of engaged columns and forming pediments, thereby breaking the otherwise continuous line of cornice. The intermediate piers dividing the bays, to have moulded base, pilasters and enriched caps and trusses, each bay formed by smaller side pilasters, with caps to correspond, moulded panelled archivolts over and carved keys. The whole crowned with a bold massive cornice of handsome design. The glass for ground storey to be the best English plate glass. These noble stores are from the designs and under the superintendence of M. Laurent, architect. The contractors are as follows: for the masonry and cut-stone work, Messrs. Plante & Bourgoin; for brick-work, T. W. Peel; carpenters' and joiners' work, Jos. Robert; plastering, Geo. Pelletier; and for painting, J. Thomas.

THE "MARSEILLAISE" IN PARIS.

Ever since the commencement of the war Paris has had but one attraction for theatre-goers and pleasure-seekers, as well as for those who are seldom to be seen within the walls of the

Opera or the Gaité. But a few months ago the *Marseillaise* was a proscribed song; now it is heard in every street and square of Paris, and has at last penetrated to the theatres, which are nightly filled by enormous crowds eager to bear the rendering of the national hymn by the various popular artists. The two theatres above mentioned attract the largest crowds, and every night the greater part of the programme is sacrificed for the *Marseillaise*, the *Rhin Allemand* (de Musset's reply to Becker's "German Rhine"), and the *Chant du Départ*, the three patriotic songs now most in vogue in France. The scene at the Opera, where Madame Sess and Faure appear, on the night when the *Marseillaise* was first sung, is thus described by an eye-witness:—"Never shall I forget the scene that night. The 'Muet de Portici' (Masonello) was the piece for the night. The inspiring duet, *Amour sacré de la patrie*, had just been vigorously applauded and *encored* when a cry was raised,—the *Marseillaise*! The manager appeared before the curtain and announced that Mme. Sess would sing the *Marseillaise* at the close of the third act. At last, after much impatience on the part of the audience, after the beautiful prayer preceding the combat, the revolt breaks out, the tocsin sounds, the people run to arms. A woman is seen making her way through the crowd. It was Mme. Sess. Dressed in the ancient peplos, over which was thrown a mantle embroidered with bees, a laurel wreath on her head, and the tricolour flag in her hand, she stood there the living representation of the Genius of France. Enthusiastic cries greeted her appearance; the orchestra began the prelude, but before she could begin a voice cried 'Stand up.' Everyone obeyed, from pit to galleries; and then the singer began in her well-known powerful voice, throwing, as it were, her whole soul into the music. The effect was grand, and the whole audience stood electrified. Everyone in the theatre joined in the magnificent chorus, until the building shook again."

At the Gaité Thérèse sings the *Marseillaise*, but in a different way. She is dressed in the costume of the first revolution, and is surrounded by a chorus of *sans-culottes*. Her flag, too, lacks the imperial eagle that is so conspicuous at the Opera. However she has not hitherto made such an impression as Mme. Sess.

The origin of this noble hymn is well-known, but its history is worth repeating. One day in the last week of April, 1792, a dinner-party was given by the Mayor of Strasburg, Monsieur de Dietrich. The Great War, which was to last three-and-twenty years, and to cost the world millions of men and hundreds of millions of money, had been proclaimed a few days before. All hearts in France were beating with hope and anger, and the talk at this eventful banquet was of the war and its prospects. "Where," it was asked, "is a Tyrtæus who will give words to the enthusiasm of the people?" Their Tyrtæus was among them—a young officer of engineers, thirty-two years of age, called Rouget de l'Isle, musician, poet, and soldier. At the close of the evening he went home agitated and unable to sleep. Taking his violin, he improvised the first verse and the air of the national war-song. He worked at it the whole night long, and in the morning he took it, finished, to his friends. It was welcomed with delight. Copies were made and circulated among the military bands of Strasburg, and the ragged and half-starved troops marched to the frontier to the music of this new hymn. It was called the *Chant de l'Armée du Rhin*. Published in a little Strasburg paper, it soon got widely known. But it had no real popularity till it was adopted by the troops, and shouted by them all the way from Marseilles to Paris. The astonished ears of the Parisians heard then, for the first time, from the hoarse throats of their fierce visitors, the terrible words, "Allons! enfants de la patrie." They called it first the "Hymne des Marseillais," and subsequently the "Marseillaise." Its author was put into prison and deprived of his military rank for refusing his adhesion to the changes brought about by the 10th of August. He had supplied the torch to fuel, which, when kindled, came near upon consuming himself as well as the "banded kings" across the frontier. But Robespierre fell, and the poet got out of gaol, singing another hymn, composed in his cell. It is hardly given, however, to any man to touch more than once the deepest heart of a nation, and the later songs of Rouget de l'Isle are now forgotten. He rejoined the army, was wounded at Quiberon in 1795, and obliged to retire from military service. At Paris he lived for six-and-forty years longer, a calm and blameless existence, unmarried, found in poetry, music, and memoirs, with no troubles except to make both ends meet; a calm, unambitious man, who had no desire to obtrude himself. From the successive governments he got but scant recognition, receiving little till Louis Philippe, in 1830, gave him a pension of 3,500 francs, with the cross of the Legion of Honour. And when he died, in 1836, he did not leave enough behind him to defray the expenses of his own funeral. His other works are pretty well forgotten, but the "Marseillaise" remains the one expression, in words and music, of the indignation and fury with which France went to war in 1792; of the wild hopes and wilder dreams of the Great Revolution. The old associations of the song, then, are of dreams and ideas for which men were fain to die. But, in giving it back to the people, the Emperor strips it of its surroundings of barricades and general overthrow.

FRANKFORT—THE JEWS' QUARTER.

A city possessing such historical reminiscences as Frankfort would, one would imagine, have much to show to recall the many interesting events that transpired within its walls. And yet Frankfort, the ancient capital of the Holy Roman Empire, the coronation-place of the emperors of Germany, has but few objects of interest either for the tourist, the sight-seer or the antiquarian.

The history of the city has been an eventful one. It was first occupied as a Roman station, but attracted no attention until the time of Charlemagne, who made it a royal residence, and held a council there in 793. In 838 it was fortified, and was made a free city in 1151. Subsequent emperors made it the seat of their court, and conferred on it several important privileges; the principal of these were contained in the celebrated charter known as the Golden Bull, which was granted by Charles IV. in 1356. The Emperor Charles V., in 1555, conferred upon it the privilege of coining money. The peace of Westphalia confirmed it in the possession of these privileges. Under Napoleon it became the capital, first of a principality, then of a grand duchy, to which it gave its name. After the downfall of the emperor, its independence was restored, and in 1815 the Congress of Vienna constituted it a member of the Germanic confederation, giving it precedence among the four free towns of the empire.

Yet, notwithstanding such an eventful history, the city has but little of interest to show. The principal places worthy of note are the Domkirche, or cathedral, the town hall, known as the Roemer, and the old town, of which the Jews' quarter forms a part. The remainder of the town has been entirely rebuilt. All the monuments of the past, the old houses, the churches, the palace of Charlemagne, the castle of the Teutonic knights, have been swept away, and the city of the present day consists mainly of brand-new buildings, theatres, private mansions and warehouses, of the newest and most florid design, and closely resembling the new Parisian buildings that owe their existence to the innovating ardour of Baron Haussmann.

The cathedral is an ancient edifice, surmounted by a fine tower. It was commenced in 1415, and was carried on for a century, but still remains unfinished. It was in this building that the coronation of the emperor took place. The Roemer, or town hall, takes its name from the Roman or Italian merchants, who, in early times, were accustomed to put up there during their biennial visits to Frankfort. It is an exceedingly old building, and was first purchased by the magistrates in 1405, since which time it has undergone many improvements. In one of the halls of this building, the Wahlzimmer, the electors met and made their arrangements for the election of the emperor. Of late years the Senate of Frankfort held their sessions in this chamber. In another hall, the Kaisersaal, the emperor, after his election, was banquetted and waited on at table by kings and princes. On the balcony of the Roemer the new emperor appeared to the people, and in the open space in front the several coronation ceremonies were performed which are enjoined by the provisions of the Golden Bull. This celebrated document is still preserved in the Wahlzimmer. It is written in Latin on some twenty sheets of parchment, kept together by strips of black and yellow silk, at the end of which hangs the golden seal or bulla, which gave its name to the document. The seal bears on the obverse the legend:—CAROLUS QUARTUS, DIVINA FAVENTE CEMENTA, ROMANORUM IMPERATOR, SEMPER AUGUSTUS, BOHEMIE REX; and on the reverse the representation of a city, on the gate of which appear the words AUREA ROMA.

The Jews' Quarter, the most ancient and the filthiest part of the city, reminds one irresistibly of the Ghetto of Prague, the black-hole in which, from sun-rise to sun-set, the Christianity of the middle-ages walled up the race of Israel. The same blackened walls, the pointed gables, the narrow windows, and the close, stifling atmosphere; the signs are the same, bearing all the different names of the Hebrew calendar. On the one side Abraham salutes Aaron, Sarah screams across the road at Rachel, and in the gutter little Samuel and Saul quarrel over their mud-pies. Everything is indescribably Jewish; the men with their characteristic nasal formation; the women, black-haired and dark-eyed; the olive-skinned children that scamper through the streets, the nature of the goods exposed for sale, the general filth and squalor, all have the pervading smack that characterizes like the Ghetto and the Minorities, Jerusalem of the present day and the Kintlo of the fifteenth century.

Yet in the midst of the universal uncleanness is a sight worth seeing. A low, miserable hovel, more dilapidated and more filthy than its neighbours, is shown as the birthplace of the Rothschilds, the merchant princes of Europe. It is said, with what truth we know not, that these wealthy merchants were only induced after much persuasion to exchange their filthy habitation for a noble mansion on one of the finest squares of the city; and that their mother always expressed a wish to die in the hut where she had given birth to her family. Before long that curious vestige of ancient Frankfort will have ceased to exist. Innovation is already at work, and part of the Jewish quarter has already begun to assume a modern aspect, in keeping with the appearance of this handsome city. Year by year old houses give place to new ones; and before very long the Jews' quarter will have ceased to exist.

MAYENCE.—THE CATHEDRAL AND THE STATUE OF GUTENBERG.

From the time when Drusus pitched his camp on the left bank of the Rhine, opposite the mouth of the Main, Mayence, or Mainz, as the Germans call it, has played a conspicuous part in the history of the German Empire. As the seat of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and a strong, almost impregnable fortress, it holds the first rank among the cities of the German Confederation. Founded by the Romans and occupied by them as a bulwark commanding the Rhine, it was almost entirely destroyed on the decline of the Roman power, but was afterwards restored by Charlemagne, and became the first ecclesiastical city of the German Empire. Since the time of St. Boniface, the first archbishop under Charlemagne, the archbishops of Mayence became in succession prince-electors of the Empire, arch-chancellors of Germany, and arrogated to themselves the exclusive right of crowning the emperor. A number of dioceses, including that of Strasburg, belonged to this archbishopric, then the most powerful west of the Rhine.

The history of the city during the 16th century is full of interest, in connection with the Reformation which brought Luther into frequent collision with its ecclesiastical authorities. In 1527 Mayence was ceded to France by the treaty of Campo-Formio; and was the chief town of the department of Mont-Tonnerre until 1814, when it was given over to Hesse Darmstadt, and became the capital of Rheinhessen. Until 1866 Mayence, as a fortress of the German Confederation, was garrisoned by 8,000 men, partly Prussian and partly Austrian, and commanded for five years alternately by a Prussian and an Austrian governor. Since Sadowa it has been garrisoned exclusively by Prussian troops. The city is surrounded by a bastioned wall—the greater part of which is of comparatively ancient date, and round this again is the moat, which, with the exception of the north side, is completely dried up. On the south side stands the citadel, with two bastions and the fort of the Egelstein. A row of ports and lunettes surround the first wall, a little in advance, and further on are several detached forts, the largest of them, Fort Weissenau, occupying a good position on high ground opposite the mouth of the Main. Opposite Mayence, on the right bank of the river, stands Castel, an important fortification, connected with the city by a bridge of boats.

The general appearance of Mayence is that of an ancient city. The houses are lofty, many of them being of great age; and the streets, as is the rule in most old German towns, are extremely dark and narrow. Notwithstanding, the city contains many beautiful buildings. The Cathedral is a vast edifice of red sandstone, finished in the eleventh century; the

old collegiate church of St. Stephen is one of the most ancient buildings of the city, and stands on the highest site within the walls. Besides these, the Electoral Palace, the Church of St. Peter, the Grand-Ducal Palace, all possess interesting historical associations. But the curiosity of the city, the lion visited by every stranger who comes to Mayence, is the house of one Johann Gensfleisch—better known to us as Gutenberg—the inventor of the art of printing with moveable types. This building is now appropriately occupied as a reading-room, and also contains the rooms of a celebrated literary society. In another part of the city is the house in which Gutenberg was born, and in one of the rooms of which he established his printing-office, the first that ever existed. A magnificent bronze statue of the "Father of Printing," by Thorwaldsen, stands in the square between the theatre and the Cathedral. This monument was erected by subscription, obtained from all parts of Europe. Mayence was also the birthplace of another character distinguished in literature, Dr. Heinrich von Meissen, better known as Heinrich Frauenlob, a title he earned for himself by his chivalrous devotion to women and his numerous poems in honour of the gentler sex.

The population of Mayence is about 45,000.

THE BLACK FOREST.

The Black Forest, so well known for its wild legends, its fairies, and its dwarfs, is a tract of wooded land in the south-western part of Germany, separating the basins of the Rhine and the Neckar. The forest lies partly in Wurtemberg, where it extends nearly as far as Stuttgart, and partly in Baden. It is inhabited chiefly by charcoal-burners, who live together in villages of their own. Besides containing extensive pine forests, this tract of land is rich in mines of silver, copper, lead, zinc and iron. It abounds in mountains, in many places rising 3,700 feet above the level of the sea, forming narrow passes and defiles, many possessing considerable historical interest. First among these stands the Val d'Enfer, in the neighbourhood of Fribourg, through which Moreau, the general of the Republic, effected his celebrated retreat in 1796. The Danube, Neckar, Murg, and other South German streams rise in this region.

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

The Brocken is one of the many lofty hills scattered over Saxony that have acquired the reputation among the simple Saxon peasants of being haunted by evil spirits. And, in fact, the Brocken, from time immemorial, has been the scene of the most singular, not to say awe-inspiring, phenomena. The mountain lies twenty miles west-south-west of Halberstadt, in the range of the Harz Mountains, those gloomy hills so celebrated in German fairy legends. Its summit, from whence the spectre is visible, is 3,740 feet above the level of the sea. The scene from this point is most imposing. On three sides of the cliffs rise numerous rugged crags, on the one side is a tall, black mountain, and for miles around the country is visible as in a magnificent panorama. The nature of the spectre is briefly this, that at certain times, depending upon atmospheric changes, the cliff itself, and the visitor who may chance to be upon it, is reflected in minute detail in the sky opposite, every movement and gesture being exactly reproduced.

THE PULLMAN PALACE CARS.

These elegant carriages for railway travel which have been the theme of so much praise by the press and the travelling public of America, are now being introduced on the Grand Trunk Railway. The first car, the "Montreal," was put upon the track on Monday, and made the trip to Toronto that evening. It was an object of much interest and unbounded admiration to all who had the opportunity of seeing it. For elegance and comfort it seems impossible to surpass it. It is beautifully painted without and within; the construction is not only commodious and in the highest degree convenient, but displays great artistic taste and a liberal disbursement to secure the most beautiful woods and the most elegant furnishings. There are three state-rooms and two drawing-rooms in the car, and one is at a loss which most to admire, the elegant black walnut cabinet work, the splendid mirrors, the warm crimson velvet upholstery, or the snug, convenient tables, lit as they are, so as to take from night travelling all its gloom and sombreness, and instead of a tedious, weary night's work between Toronto and Montreal, to make it an agreeable evening in a very handsomely furnished first-class drawing-room. The "Montreal" is to be followed almost at once by the "Toronto," "Sarnia," and "Portland," and the Company propose to build twenty cars of the same style to run between Sarnia and Portland, twelve of which they hope to have on the road before the end of the year. They will have them on all trains between here and Toronto almost at once. Mr. Rattenbury, under whose superintendence these cars are being got out, has exhibited very great taste, not only in the getting out of the cars, but in the hundred-and-one comforts with which they are fitted up. Each car has a separate conductor in addition to waiters, &c. The Pullman Company is represented at Montreal by Mr. Thomas Clarke, a thorough railway man, under whose superintendence the public may look with confidence for the most gratifying results to the Grand Trunk Company and the travelling community from the introduction of these, the most popular carriages which the inventive genius of the age has produced.

THE MASSACRE IN CHINA.

The New York Tribune's Paris correspondent writes as follows on the 23rd instant, giving details of the recent horrible massacre of French and Russian residents at Tientsin, China: "It appears that the responsibility of the atrocious butchery rests entirely upon the Chinese authorities, and the only apologist for the appalling crime is the United States Consul at that port. The mob were not only incited by the Chinese Government of the province, but frequently urged to commit the atrocities. Their ignorance and superstition were worked upon by the most remarkable means, and official publications taught them to believe that the foreigners who were in Tientsin were there to kidnap women and children with the design of killing them and converting their bodies into drugs. A mob held possession of the French settlement, maltreating all the foreigners who were abroad for two days before any blood was shed, and the Governor not only did not restrain or disperse them, but he even permitted his soldiers to encourage

and aid them. It was not until the riot was three days old that the French Consul was killed in the Governor's palace and the wholesale slaughter began.

"The following are known to have been among the victims:—M. Fontainier, Consul of France, and wife; M. Simon, Secretary to the Consul; M. Thornassein and wife; Pere Cherrier, Catholic priest; M. Protopopoff, Russian officer, and wife. The Bascoff sisters, Louisa, Mary, Victoria, Theresia, Josephina, Vincenta, Orelia, Eugenie, and Catherina; Monsieur and Madame Chalmaison; Dr. Carmichael and wife. The Rev. Mr. Stanley and family, of Cincinnati, Ohio, occupied one of the missions, but, as he chanced to be absent at the time, Mrs. Stanley and Miss Thompson found refuge on board the U. S. ship "Manchu," and thus, doubtless, escaped a terrible fate. Several unknown Englishmen and Americans are missing, and are supposed to have been slaughtered.

"It is asserted that over 200 Chinese proselytes of the priests were also massacred, besides sixty or seventy children who were burned to death in a cellar building where they had sought refuge. To relate the outrages and indignities to which the females were subjected before they were murdered makes the heart sick. Every cruelty and abuse which it was possible for the most savage barbarian to conceive was perpetrated upon these weak, defenceless ladies. A native Christian priest, who attempted to guard them, was seized and torn limb from limb. Nine of the sisters who were then collected in the school-room, were beaten with a stick of bamboo, their clothes torn from their bodies, and then placed on their heads and cut with knives in the most savage manner, and outraged beyond belief. While yet alive, they were ranged side by side, their cheeks gashed, lips and nose cut, eyes scooped from their heads, their breasts cut off, and their abdomens ripped open with large cleavers and their limbs cut and broken. When there was no more to do, fire was applied and the massive building burned.

"It is charged that Changhow, Governor of the Province, was the instigator of the mob, and stood by and witnessed the massacre without attempting to prevent it; and that J. A. T. Meadows, American Consul at Tientzin, was in company with Changhow all the time, and did nothing to prevent the terrible outrage, although he is an officer of the Chinese Government, and had power and influence to prevent it. The Emperor of China has appointed Changhow special minister to Paris, to satisfy the French Emperor in reference to this outrage, and has appointed Meadows as secretary and interpreter to accompany him. The Shanghai News Letter, the only American journal in Shanghai, says that J. A. T. Meadows, American Consul, was the only one who seemed to view the whole affair with unconcern. This fellow, Meadows, is an Englishman, and is Consul for the United States, Holland, and Denmark, without a salary from them, but holds the sinecure position of Superintendent of Changhow's arsenal."

Some people prefer suffering to being bored. This must have been eminently the case with one of our countrymen who, says a French paper, was sauntering the other day about the platform of Henry IV's statue yawning tremendously. He suddenly perceived an Italian organ boy carrying a large monkey, and instantly offered to buy it. The child was unwilling to part with the beast, but being tempted, first by one and then by two gold pieces, he at last consented to sell it, and the Englishman walked off with his purchase. He had not gone many yards when the monkey, annoyed at the change of masters, began to behave in a most diabolical manner, pulling out the Englishman's whiskers, scratching his nose and cheeks, and uttering piercing shrieks of rage. His new owner in vain tried to calm him. At last, losing patience, and streaming with blood, he seized the furious animal and threw it in the Seine. Several people on the bank were setting dogs to swim. A Newfoundland jumped into the river, and brought the drowning monkey to shore. The monkey soon recovered its senses, and bounded towards the trees, which it joyfully climbed. The little Italian succeeded in inducing it to return to him, and then wanted to give back the purchase money, but the Englishman flatly refused to take it, gave up the monkey to the boy, and went away rubbing his hands and declaring that he had been extremely well amused.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.—A clerk in the employ of the East India Company recently penned the following lines to his official superior:—"Honoured sir, I humbly beg you will excuse my not attending office this date, 'cause I got a boil as per margin." In the margin of the letter a sketch of the boil was drawn out, and the writer went on to say, "The breadth of the paper being short, I have planned the boil small; but it is double the size."

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Aug. 23, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	Aug. 17.....	72°	84°	80°
Thursday,	" 18.....	76°	80°	77°
Friday,	" 19.....	74°	87°	83°
Saturday,	" 20.....	73°	79°	73°
Sunday,	" 21.....	68°	77°	70°
Monday,	" 22.....	64°	73°	70°
Tuesday,	" 23.....	68°	79°	70°
		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday,	Aug. 17.....	86°	59°	72°
Thursday,	" 18.....	82°	62°	72°
Friday,	" 19.....	89°	58°	73° 5
Saturday,	" 20.....	81°	69°	75°
Sunday,	" 21.....	80°	52°	66°
Monday,	" 22.....	74°	57°	65° 5
Tuesday,	" 23.....	79°	53°	66°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	Aug. 17.....	29.88	29.84	29.78
Thursday,	" 18.....	29.96	30.02	30.08
Friday,	" 19.....	30.15	30.06	30.00
Saturday,	" 20.....	30.13	30.18	30.25
Sunday,	" 21.....	30.40	30.38	30.40
Monday,	" 22.....	30.40	30.42	30.36
Tuesday,	" 23.....	30.34	30.27	30.20



THE WAR—FRENCH ENCAMPMENT ON THE PULACIS AT METZ.—SEE PAGE 130.



THE WAR—THE FRENCH CAMP AT CHALONS.—SEE PAGE 130.

No. 44.—MR. WM. K. McNAUGHT,
PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LACROSSE
ASSOCIATION.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The Convention of the National Lacrosse Association of Canada held its fourth Annual Session in this city on the 10th inst., for the transaction of business and the election of office-bearers for the ensuing year. The game of Lacrosse has become very popular during the past few years, and is now deservedly recognised as the "National Game" of Canada. Montreal has been the headquarters of the game up to this time, but clubs are being formed all over the country, especially in Ontario, which enterprising Province, ambitious of distinction in all matters whether of pleasure or business, threatens speedily to become the chief seat of the game, alike by the number of its clubs and the excellence of its players. In acknowledgment of this devotion to the game, the Association very gracefully conferred the honour of President upon Mr. William K. McNaught, a noted player of Toronto, whose portrait we give in this number, for the benefit of those who take particular interest in Lacrosse.

The Convention was attended by representatives from thirty-seven clubs, and the following new ones were admitted, viz.:—Helmuth College, London; New Hamburg, New Hamburg; Clippit, Montreal; Preston, Preston; Maple Leaf, Piton; Young Victoria, Montreal; Beaver, Gananoque; Young Ottawa, Montreal; Maple Leaf, Kingston; Quebec, Quebec; Red Stocking, Trenton.

The Montreal Gazette, in describing the Convention, says:—"Some sixty delegates were present, besides several others, in most instances members of the city clubs. The members of the Convention were all fine stalwart-looking young men, with muscles well knit, and countenances bearing the impress of good health and hardiness. Scattered around the room were several members of Indian clubs, for the most part plainly dressed, with two notable exceptions, however, Captain Bill of the Seneca tribe, and Beaver of the Six Nations. The former was decked out in truly savage style, his face was painted a reddish hue, with dots of black scattered about it; a pair of moustaches adorned his upper lip and cheeks, which would have done credit to



MR. WM. K. McNAUGHT.
PRESIDENT NATIONAL LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.

one of the old Phœnician founders of our national game; a wampum belt, worked with gay feathers, encircled his waist, and a cross belt of the same material hung across his shoulder. His legs were encased in buckskin leggings, and encircled at the knee with strings of bears' claws; and, crowning all, a white flannel tuque, worked with cabalistic signs, and with a bunch of feathers protruding from its top, covered his head. Beaver was somewhat more civilized in his costume, which consisted of black velvet breeches, a jacket or shirt, gaily worked with beads and feathers, and stockings also of a brilliant hue, and for a head-piece, a round cap, decorated with beads and feathers."

M. Mulby, the President, occupied the chair at the morning session, and after the transaction of business the Convention adjourned until the evening. Two matches were played in the afternoon, one between Ontario and Quebec, in which the former came off victorious, and one between the Whites and the Indians, wherein the latter were the winners. The following were the "teams:"

Ontario.—T. Mitchell, R. Mitchell, J. Hughes, J. Tyner, T. Brown, E. Pearson, Wm. McNaught, A. McPherson, D. E. Bowie, J. Solway, T. Hannan and D. Waugh.

Quebec.—Becket, Hoobin, Flannery, McKeough, Nichols, Robinson, Massey, Maltby, Nish, Stevenson, J. R. Middlemiss, and Miller.

In the match with the Indians the White players were F. and R. Mitchell, Toronto club; Tyner, Prescott; McNaught, Ontario; McPherson, Lancaster; Hughes, Toronto; Hoobin, Shamrock; McKeough, Shamrock; Robinson, Dominion; Becket, Maltby and Massey, Montreal.

In the evening the Convention resumed,—when all other business being disposed of, the following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. McNaught, Toronto; 1st Vice-President, Mr. Tyner, of Prescott; Second do, Mr. Hinton, Montreal; Third do, Mr. T. Mitchell, Toronto; Fourth do, Captain Beaver; Secretary, Mr. Hughes, Toronto; Treasurer, Mr. J. Stephenson, Montreal.

Council—Messrs. Rodger, Crescent; Davidson, Crescent; J. McPherson, Lan-



MME. SASS.—Opera.



THÉRÉSA.—Gaité.

caster; Brown, Toronto; Lucas, Hamilton; Wood, Bowmanville; J. Anderson, Montreal; Morrison, Caughnawaga; Nish, Caledonians; Henderson, Toronto; Pearson, Toronto; Powell, Lancaster; Middlemiss, Montreal; Massey, do; R. Mitchell, Toronto.

It was decided that the next annual meeting should be held at Ottawa. Votes of thanks were then passed to the Secretary, President, and other retiring officers, after which three cheers were given for the Queen, and a verse of God Save the Queen sung, and the convention adjourned.

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

SUNDAY, August 28.—*Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. St. Augustin of Hippo.*
MONDAY, " 29.—*St. John Baptist beheaded. " Royal George" went down, 1782. Close of the Spanish Insurrection, 1840.*
TUESDAY, " 30.—*Louis XI. of France died, 1483. Convention of Cintra, 1808.*
WEDNESDAY, " 31.—*John Bunyan died, 1688.*
THURSDAY, Sept. 1.—*St. Giles, Ab. & C. Cartier discovered the Saguenay, 1535. Louis XIV. of France died, 1715.*
FRIDAY, " 2.—*Great fire of London, 1666. Howard, the philanthropist, born, 1726. Le Sieur Marquis de Beauharnois, Governor of Canada, 1726.*
SATURDAY, " 3.—*Oliver Cromwell died, 1658.*

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

A new contribution has been made to the literature of the "secret treaty." It may not, perhaps, attract much attention at the present time, when men's minds are so engrossed with the extraordinary events of the war; but as a scrap which is destined to go down to history and to influence the judgment of future generations, we think it worthy of special mention. Our readers may remember that on the first publication of the so-called "secret treaty" by the *London Times*, and before we had the opportunity of hearing the French version of its existence, we ventured to argue, from intrinsic evidence, that the treaty in question was not a proposal made by France to Prussia, but a Prussian suggestion whispered in the ear of France. It surprised us that any one should have found a difficulty in believing this, for the reason, among others, that already Prussia had gained all the advantages, territorial and material, which were ostensibly proposed to her by France in 1866, whereas France had gained nothing. Another reason led us to the conclusion that Prussia was the aggressor; and that was its utterly dishonest conduct towards Denmark when England, under the cowardly administration of Lord John Russell, refused to join France in maintaining justice in Europe. Prussia's entering into alliance with Italy against Austria, at the same time that it was bound by solemn treaty to the latter power, is enough to show its bad faith; and would, we believe, in a more chivalrous age, have enlisted the arms of England against it without further cause. But at present, "short date" mercantile transactions rule the world, or at least sway the English mind to such a degree that we are somewhat astonished that Gladstone has even promised to maintain the neutrality of Belgium. That the pressure of a not altogether mercenary public opinion has secured this concession from the present government of England, is only another proof that there is something above the influence of the "Manchester School" which pervades England in moments of supreme trial, even if in ordinary times it seems to be lost sight of in the general devotion to *£. s. d.*

The new revelations to which we have referred are contained in a letter from General Tuerr to Count Von Bismarck. The General is a Hungarian of distinguished note, who took an active part in the revolutionary movements in 1848-49, both in Italy and Germany, and who also served the King of Italy with distinction in the subsequent wars for "unification." He entered the allied service during the Crimean war, and having been made prisoner by the Austrians as a deserter, was sentenced to be shot. His sentence was, however, averted by English and French influence, and the milder policy towards its subjects, which Austria learned on the bloody field of Sadowa, led to his reconciliation, as it did to that of others, with the reign of the House of Hapsburg. It may be said that the accident of his marriage to the Princess Adeline Wyse Bonaparte, a cousin of Napoleon III., would make him an interested witness; but nevertheless his statements receive so much confirmation from contemporary history that they carry with them the appearance of being irrefutable.

General Tuerr writes to Count Von Bismarck from Vienna, August 6, and gives his letter to the journals for publication, on the ground that as Count Von Bismarck had made the Benedetti project of treaty public, he

thought it the truest warfare to recall these recollections of their conversation by the same means. The General says:—

"On the 10th of June, 1866, I had the honour of speaking to your Excellency in your study; in the evening, on the 11th of June, I passed with you an hour under the large tree in your garden. Your Excellency was very anxious about the issue of the war which was just on the point of beginning, and you said to me, 'If only the Emperor Napoleon wished it the war would be easy enough for us; the Emperor might easily take Belgium and even Luxemburg and regulate the frontier of France. I have proposed all this to the Emperor Napoleon, but he would not consent to it. If you get to Paris I beg of you to tell all this to his Highness Prince Napoleon.'

"Your Excellency thus spoke to me on the days of the 10th and 11th of June, 1866. When, after the war, returning from a mission in the East, I saw you again in February, 1867, I expressed the opinion that Germany could only be united if Prussia decided to follow the example of Charles Albert, who, in 1848, unfolded, not the banner of Savoy, but that of Italy, and who gave liberal institutions to his country, while Prussia unfurled everywhere only the Prussian banner, and gives a constitution to the Bund, which is less liberal than any other constitution in Germany.

"Your Excellency replied that this was all true, and the Prussianizing tendencies which distinguished the Government of King William were indeed to be regretted, but that it was not in the power of your Excellency to make good what the King and the great Prussian party had done.

"Talking of Austria I said that Power might, after all, make such concession to Hungary as might satisfy the country. Your Excellency replied that this was very doubtful indeed, and added: 'Austria works always for Prussia. Look at the Treaties of Gastein and Nikolsburg. Austria left her allies in the lurch, and gave me an opportunity to conclude an alliance with them. You may be sure that if the Austrian concessions should not satisfy Hungary I will do everything to help your country that it may regain its full independence—indeed I shall ever favour an extension of Hungary towards the East.'

The rest of his letter is of exactly the same tenour, showing that Bismarck's policy was to aggrandise Prussia at all hazards, and to that end he was quite willing to sacrifice Belgium to France, if the latter would but consent to the spoliation of Austria for Prussia's benefit. The story is certainly not a very edifying one, but in these days, when peoples have so much to say respecting the manner of their government, it is well to know how kings and diplomats plot and scheme for their own interests. Present indications are that the European powers begin to distrust the lamblike professions of the Prussian Cabinet, and that both Russia and England may have occasion to interfere in the pending quarrel, unless the French profit sufficiently by recent military movements to enable them to repel the invaders single-handed.

Another proof of the peculiar character of Prussian honour may be found in the fact that with the progress of the Prussian arms there came the demand for the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, though the king had distinctly declared at the beginning of the war that he did not desire, nor would he seek, territorial gains. Events have not yet been sufficiently developed to warrant the assertion that Prussia has positively resolved upon this demand; but the king's letter to the Pope, coupled with the well developed anxiety of the courts of London, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, indicates pretty certainly that, with the progress of the Prussian arms, fresh notions of conquest were entertained. That these will be realised is exceedingly doubtful, for, apart from the prospective hostility of powers at present neutral, there is a strong probability that the Prussian armies have been led into a dangerous position; and that instead of attacking Paris, they will have to fight for their own existence. They are, at the time we write, in about the same position as described by us last week, and the many engagements that have since taken place—bloody and destructive battles as they have been—have not prevented the French from retreating, in great part, the blunder they made at the commencement of the war of allowing their forces to be separated. With the union of the armies of McMahon and Bazaine, which now seems to be assured, the Prussians unquestionably occupy a very critical position; and as unquestionably, recent revelations concerning Prussian diplomacy will do little towards sustaining that outside sympathy which Prussia has heretofore somewhat undeservedly received.

MONTREAL WATER SUPPLY.

We have learned that an investigation of considerable public importance is now going on by several members of the Montreal Microscopic Club as to the nature of the organic impurities found in the water as delivered to the public.

In reference to hygiene some discoveries have already been made of a serious character. Worms, and the ova of worms, are by this means distributed to the public. We have requested Dr. Baker Edwards, who has called our attention to this subject, to give us a general report thereon, which will be illustrated by our special artist from microscopic observation.

Public attention has just been called in New York to the development of fish in household cisterns from ova carried down from the Croton Water Works. The propagation of

Cestoid Entozoa by this means is, however, of more serious importance, and in the interest of the public we shall give a due consideration to the evil and to its remedy.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE FENIAN RAID OF 1870. By reporters present at the scenes. Montreal: Witness Printing House.

This little pamphlet of some eighty pages gives a full and connected account of the Fenian raid in the latter part of May last, with the proceedings on the Missisquoi and Huntingdon borders. It contains portraits of Gen. Lindsay, Col. Smith, Chamberlin, and McEachern, and Capt. Westover, besides illustrations of the several scenes of action. Doubtless this pamphlet will be duly appreciated as a record of events in which Canadians have a special interest.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The manager of the Theatre Royal deserves great credit for his enterprise in catering to the amusement of the theatre-going public of Montreal. His efforts should meet with every encouragement. Week after week produces some new star on the Montreal boards, and hitherto, it must be said, the management of the theatre has not met with the success it deserves. Mr. Vining Bowers has, for the past week, appeared in his favourite comic characters, making his last appearance to-night. He will be succeeded on Monday night by Miss Kate Reynolds, in "Fernande," an adaptation of Victorien Sardou's great play, that attracted such large crowds in Paris during the past season.

THE WAR NEWS.

The operations of the past week have very materially changed the aspects of the war. The Prussians, although they had carried off numerous victories, paid heavily for their success, and by the time they had reached the critical point their forces were so terribly crippled as to render any further important success on their part extremely problematical. The battle of the 14th, before Metz, appears to have been the turning point of the contest. Bazaine had commenced to retreat across the Moselle, intending to follow the ordinary high road towards Verdun, thence to proceed to Châlons, and effect a junction with McMahon's army, and the troops under Trochu at the latter place. When half of his army was across the river, he was surprised and attacked by a large force of the enemy, who, after four hours' hard fighting, was repulsed with great loss. It would appear, however, that the Prussians out-generalled the French, and got around in great force to the side of the river by which Bazaine meant to retire, and checked his retreat. The German official reports claim a victory on the ground that the French were prevented from continuing their retreat. French reports, on the other hand, say that the army of Bazaine continued its march, and may be considered as certain to effect a junction with McMahon's and Trochu's corps. The fighting was continued on Monday and Tuesday. On the latter day Marshal Bazaine was again attacked near Pont-a-Mousson by the 5th Prussian division, under Prince Frederick Charles. After fighting for six hours, sustaining the attack of four French corps, among them the Imperial Guard, the Prussians were reinforced by a Hanoverian corps, with the 22nd and 25th divisions. The French, finding that a prolongation of the contest against such odds would be impossible, retired upon Metz, with a loss of 200 prisoners, two eagles, and seven guns. Gen. Sheridan was present at the King's head-quarters. The losses on both sides were very heavy; two Prussian generals were killed and two wounded. Later on in the afternoon another engagement took place between Gondrecourt and Thionville, in which the Prussians, under Prince Frederick Charles and Gen. Steinmetz, were driven back, the French afterwards occupying their position. On the morning of the 17th, Wednesday, several combats took place in the neighbourhood of Gravelotte, a town situated a short distance west of Metz, in which the French held their ground, but suffered heavy losses. Another engagement took place later on in the day at Mars la Tour, west of Gravelotte. The victory was claimed on both sides. The following is Marshal Bazaine's official despatch:—

VERDUN, Aug. 17, 8 o'clock p. m.—This (Wednesday) morning, the army of Prince Frederick Charles commenced a sharp attack on the right of our position. The cavalry division of General Fortun and the second corps under General Frossard made a firm resistance. The divisions of another corps, which were at Rezonville to the right and left of Rezonville, came up successively and went into the action, which lasted till night-fall. The enemy deployed considerable forces and made repeated endeavours to resume the offensive, which were vigorously repulsed. A Prussian corps *d'armée* endeavoured to turn our left. We have everywhere held our positions, and inflicted heavy losses on the enemy. Our loss is serious. General Bottville was wounded. In the heat of the action a regiment of Uhlans charged on the staff of Marshal Bazaine, and 20 of the Marshal's escort were placed *hors de combat*. The Captain commanding the escort was killed. At 8 o'clock the enemy was driven back along his entire line. It is estimated that 120,000 Prussians were engaged.

The telegrams from Berlin state that the French army was separated by the Prussian victory at Mars la Tour. The main body was forced back on Metz and brought to a stand by the first and second German army corps, under Prince Frederick Charles and General Steinmetz. On Thursday, the 18th, another engagement took place at Rezonville, in the same neighbourhood, of which the issue is thus announced by the King in a despatch to Berlin:

"We have defeated the French under Bazaine after a battle which lasted ten hours. There were forty thousand killed and wounded. The garrison were taken prisoners. I commanded. The defeat of the French was complete."

Another despatch from Pont à Mousson, *via* Berlin, says of the same engagement,—“the Prussians won a brilliant victory near Gravelotte. The French were expelled from every position they held, thrown back upon Metz and confined to a narrow territory around that fortification. They are completely cut off from Paris. The twelfth Prussian army corps holds the railways from Metz to Thionville. The Prussian losses have been heavy.”

On the following day, in the Corps Legislatif, Count Palikao made the following statement:—"The Prussians assert that they were victorious on the 18th, I affirm the contrary. I have communicated a despatch to several of the Deputies showing that the Prussian army corps united and attacked Marshal Bazaine, and they were repulsed and driven into the quarries of Junmont. My reserve about this despatch will be understood. I need not mention the small advantage near Bar le Duc. We are now actively completing the fortifications of Paris. In a few days all will be assured."

A despatch from London says, however, that the defeat of the French was most complete, and their army was frightfully demoralized. Again, the New York World's special says: the battle at Rezonville was without decisive result, victory was claimed by the Prussians, and the French fell back in good order, without pursuit, to Metz, their ammunition having given out. The losses of the Prussians greatly exceed the French, the former losing 40,000 on Thursday alone, Steinmetz's whole corps being literally cut to pieces, and his magnificent cavalry no longer existing.

The position of the armies on Sunday last, the 21st, was as follows: the Crown Prince was at Vitry le Français, 19 miles S. S. E. of Châlons; Prince Frederick Charles lay at St. Mihiel, eight leagues south of Verdun; the King, with Bismarck, was at Pont-à-Mousson; Gen. Werder, with 30,000 men and a train of heavy siege artillery, surrounded Strasbourg, and the army of Wurtemberg lay before Pfalzbourg. Gen. Bazaine was between Metz and Verdun, and McMahon had effected a junction with Trochu at Châlons. A Paris despatch says that the armies of King William and Steinmetz are reported to be too severely crippled to assume the offensive, and it is given out on high authority that Bazaine was reinforced from Châlons on Sunday for the purpose of giving battle to the enemy near Metz. He is confident of victory, when he will march on the army of the Crown Prince and rescue Paris. On Tuesday he forced his way through the Prussian troops at Anteuil and Longueville, and reached Montmédy. The Paris Press of the 23d, in an extra, makes the following statement:—"We are now at liberty to make public the fact that McMahon has joined Bazaine with great numbers of troops. Bazaine has not abandoned his strong position near Metz. McMahon moved north, and France is saved by way of Rheims, Mezieres, and Montmédy. McMahon has reached a position where he can enter upon the decisive struggle." It is also reported that the Crown Prince of Prussia has withdrawn from his advance on Paris, and gone to support the Prussian armies west of Metz, the position of the latter being threatened with a formidable attack by Bazaine, who is said to have been reinforced by McMahon.

A still later despatch states that Generals McMahon and Bazaine are ready to assume the offensive, and that the Crown Prince, who, when last heard from, was at St. Diziers, has commenced to fall back.

All kinds of rumours have been spread regarding the Emperor. It has been stated at different times that he had fled from France; that he died while undergoing an operation; that he contemplated abdication, and that the Empress was urging him to abdicate in favour of his son. His movements since the 14th are thus given by the Press, and it is now known that he is stationed at Rheims. Since he left Metz on the 14th, he and his suite have traversed all the villages where combats have taken place since the battles around Metz began. He was at Longueville on the 14th, and at Gravelotte on the 15th. In the latter neighbourhood the Prussians were hidden at several points, and the Emperor had barely passed through when sharp fighting commenced. Several French regiments had to be detailed to protect him on his way. Next day he passed through Conflans, breakfasted at Etain, and slept at Verdun. Only a few moments after he left Etain, a Prussian Etat-Major breakfasted at the same place. On his way from Verdun to Châlons, the Emperor passed in plain view of the enemy's pickets. To-day he is at Rheims.

VISIT OF THE ILLINOIS PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Press Association of Illinois, comprising among its members the editors of nearly all the weekly journals published in the State, made their annual excursion this year to Canada and New England. At Toronto they were received as the guests of the Corporation, and after having been shown the "lions" of the western capital, were entertained by the Hon. George Brown. The new Pullman car was placed at their disposal for the trip to Montreal, where they arrived on Wednesday morning. The Witness of that day gives the following programme for their entertainment in this city and account of their arrival:—

Last evening an informal meeting of the City Council was held in the City Hall, His Worship the Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of arranging for the reception and entertainment of the members of the Illinois Press Association, who arrived from Toronto this morning by the 9:30 train. After an hour's discussion as to the best and most fitting way of entertaining the visitors,—the men whose thoughts and opinions influence the daily life and political and commercial action of the farmers and dealers of Illinois, the following

PROGRAMME WAS RESOLVED UPON:

A Committee, consisting of the Mayor, Acting Mayor B-tourney, Aldermen David, Bernard, and Wilson; Councilors G. W. Stephens, Nelson, and McShane was appointed on arrangements.

The excursionists on their arrival about 9 o'clock, to be received at the St. Lawrence Hall by the Mayor and Corporation.

The visitors to have the day to look about, and in the evening the Mayor and Corporation will accompany the excursionists to the Viger Gardens, which will be lighted up, and the band of the Rifle Brigade will play a selection of music.

On Thursday morning at 10 o'clock carriages are to be provided by the Corporation, and the members are to drive with the visitors to view the most attractive places of the city, and at 1:30 the party are to be entertained to lunch at the Mayor's residence.

After which they drive round the Mountain to the Cemeteries, &c.

ARRIVAL OF THE ASSOCIATION.

This forenoon, at 10 o'clock, the members of the Illinois Press Association, about sixty gentlemen, accompanied by about forty ladies, being the wives and relatives of members, arrived from Toronto at the Bonaventure Depot. They were conveyed thence in carriages to the St. Lawrence Hall, where

they were received by His Worship the Mayor and members of the Corporation. The Mayor, after being introduced to Mr. E. H. Greigs, of the Rutford Register, President of the Association, delivered a brief address of welcome.

He, on behalf of the members of the Corporation and the citizens of Montreal, welcomed the members to the city which they had honoured with a visit, and he trusted that they would enjoy themselves and that their visit would be as pleasing to them as it was acceptable to the citizens. He then informed them of the programme of arrangements.

Mr. Greigs, on behalf of the Association, in reply, thanked the Mayor for the kind reception which they had extended them. He said they had left their homes in Illinois, scattered over all parts of the great State, to visit in an unostentatious manner the different cities and objects of interest in this Dominion. Wherever they have been they had met with a most cordial reception and lavish kindness quite unexpected, and which made them forget that they were in a foreign country. He concluded by hoping that their anticipations of the visit would be realized to them.

The Mayor then introduced the individual members of the Corporation to the President, and shortly afterwards they retired. The excursionists will meet again at 4 p. m., and will, accompanied by the Mayor, &c., visit the Victoria Bridge.

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

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued)

H.

HALOS OR CORONÆ.—Coloured circles of varying diameter are occasionally seen surrounding the sun and moon when the sky is invested with light clouds. They are more frequently observed around the moon, but this is simply owing to the sun's light being generally too dazzling to admit of colours being distinguished near his disc. They are caused by the inflection of light by the globules of visible vapour, minute crystals of ice and snow; or that property of rays to bend and divide as they pass near the borders, ridges and angles of surfaces.

When the halos are well defined, and closely encircle the luminous body, it is because the atmosphere is saturated with humidity, large globules being formed. And hence there is truth in the popular remark, that a dense halo portends rain.

HARMATTAN.—This is a name given to a singular wind, which blows periodically from the interior parts of Africa, towards the Atlantic ocean. It prevails in December, January, and February, and is generally accompanied by a fog or haze, that conceals the sun for whole days together. Extreme dryness is the characteristic of this wind; no dew falls during its continuance, which is sometimes for a fortnight or more. The whole vegetable creation is withered, and the grass becomes at once like hay. The natives take the opportunity which this wind gives them, of clearing the land, by setting fire to trees and plants in this their exhausted state. The dryness is so extreme, that household furniture is damaged, and the wainscot of the rooms flies to pieces. The human body is also affected by it, so as to cause the skin to peel off; but in other respects it is deemed salutary to the constitution, by stopping the progress of infection, and curing almost all cutaneous diseases.

HUGENOTS.—This word is of uncertain origin. Dr. Johnson derives it from *Eignots, confederates*. It was used as a nickname by the French Catholics against their countrymen, the members of the Reformed Churches. Another derivation is from the German word *eidgenossen, allies*, a name given to the Germans who entered into alliance with the Swiss Cantons to maintain their religious liberties against Savoy.

I.

INSECTUM.—From *insecuin, to trace, to watch*; because this animal is said to watch the movements of the crocodile, to break the eggs. Pliny thus describes it:—"when it sees him asleep with his mouth wide open, it whippeth into his throat, and shooteth himself down as quick as an arrow, and then gnaweth his bowels, catch a hole through his body and so killeth him."

J.

JAMES GOODFELLOW.—During the cessations in the English invasions of France, the peasantry, stung beyond endurance by the outrages and cruelty of their lords, rose in a general sanguinary outbreak—the first of a kind which has been but too common in the country. It was called the *Jacquerie*, from Jacques Bonhomme, or James Goodfellow.—a term applied to the French peasant as John Bull is to the English.

JANISSARIES.—Were the Grand Signor's footguards, raised by Amurath I. A. D. 1361; and annihilated by the Sultan, 14th June, 1826. The word means new soldiers.

THE JESUITS, or members of the Society of Jesus, are a religious order in the R. C. Church, which at different periods has possessed very considerable influence and power. It was founded by one Ignatius, of Loyola, in Spain, who, in the year 1528, assembled ten of his companions at Rome, and made a proposal to form a new order; when, after many deliberations, it was agreed to add to the three ordinary vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, a fourth, which was, to go into all countries, whither the Pope should send them, in order to make converts to the Church of Rome.

JOHN BULL.—Dr. John Bull was the first Gresham Professor of Music, and organist and composer to Queen Elizabeth. John, like a true Englishman, travelled for improvement; and having heard of a famous musician at St. Omers, he placed himself under him as a novice; sometime after, his master showed him a song which he had composed in *forty parts!* telling him at the same time, he defied the whole world to produce a person capable of adding another part to his composition. Bull desired to be left alone, and to be indulged for a short time with pen and ink; in less than 3 hours he added *forty parts* more to the song, upon which the Frenchman was so much surprised, that he swore in great ecstasy he must be either the *Devil* or *John Bull*; which has ever since been proverbial all over England and wherever the Anglo Saxon race is found.

L.

LANDAU.—A kind of carriage; so called because first made in the town of Landau in Germany.

LANDLORD.—A sad misnomer is presented by the word *Land-*

lord, as applied to the keeper of an inn. Formerly, wayfaring guests were for the most part entertained by the proprietors of the land, the lords of the manor through which they journeyed, and in those times the application of the name landlord to the entertainer was well enough. But now-a-days, many a poor nuberger-keeper receives the name, who is lord of himself and no lord beside, and who does not expect, indeed, ever to be lord of more land than those few feet over which all men have a mortgage.

LORD.—This word is abbreviated from two words, or rather two syllables; it was originally *Illa Ford*, which, by dropping the aspirate, became *La Ford*; and afterwards, by contraction, *Lord*. It is derived from *hlaf*, a loaf of bread; and *ford*, to give or afford, because great men fed the poor, or were givers of bread. The nickname of "My Lord," given by vulgar persons to hunch (hump) backed persons, is from the Greek word *l ridos*, crooked.

According to the July statement, just published, there were \$7,380,333 of Dominion notes then in circulation; and of this amount \$47,000 were in fractional notes.

The Ottawa Times says:—We understand that the Government are about to send parties to Lake Nipegon for the purpose of ascertaining the best route for a railway through the country adjacent to the lake. One exploration will be made westward, and another south between Lakes Nipegon and Superior.

THE TYNE CREW.—The members of the Tyne crew arrived in Quebec by the steamship *Iliberni* on Sunday last. At Quebec they were met by a deputation from this city consisting of Messrs. S. H. Wallis, J. Hervey, J. H. McNider and E. J. Lindsay. They left Quebec on Monday night by the steamer *Montreal*, and arrived in the city on Tuesday morning. The crew have taken quarters at LaBine, where they intend to remain for training purposes until the race comes off. The names of the crew are J. Renforth, J. Taylor, J. Martin, T. Winship, and J. A. Adams. The latter has come as an extra hand in case of accident.

The fires in the neighbourhood of Ottawa were still raging about the middle of the week, though they had ceased to spread, and the fear of further injury had consequently abated. About two hundred and fifty families on both sides of the river have suffered more or less loss, many of them having been rendered utterly destitute. On Friday of last week great fears were entertained for the safety of the village of Hull, and even for the Capital itself. But the Rideau Canal was cut, and a portion of the country around Ottawa flooded, and other precautionary measures were taken, which, aided by a lull in the wind, happily checked the progress of the flames. It is reported that twelve people have lost their lives by the fire, and many have been seriously injured by exposure. The citizens and City Council of Ottawa came promptly to the relief of the sufferers. The Dominion Government lent the houseless the use of military tents, and the Ottawa Corporation appropriated a thousand dollars for the purchase of food for the destitute. It is expected the local governments of Ontario and Quebec will give assistance, and a most liberal private subscription has been started at Ottawa. The recent rains, it is hoped, have completely extinguished the fires.

There is a French librarian near Berkeley square, London, who has taken the trouble, for the sake of his female subscribers, to mark in his catalogue with an asterisk all those novels which a mamma may allow her daughter to read.

The Lancet says:—It is a curious fact that of the passengers in the train which met with the terrible accident at Newark, all, or very nearly all, who were asleep at the time escaped uninjured—nature's anesthetic insuring them, not only against fractures and contusions, but even against the bad effects of shaking and concussion.

Two years ago, M. Prevost Paradol, the French Minister who committed suicide at Washington, in an article in the *Debats*, made the following remarkable prophecy:

"France will pay, with her children's blood, if she succeed, with her greatness, perhaps her very existence, if she fail, for the series of faults committed since that fatal day when she stood by and suffered the dismemberment of Denmark to take place, in the vain hope of turning it to account. France and Prussia are like two steam locomotives hurrying against each other at full speed on the same line of rails. After many curves and windings, the two trains must inevitably meet—laden, alas! with how many loving and living hearts, with untold wealth, and with the fate of two great empires."

CHESS.

In the following short and sharp contest, a contributor gives the Queen to a novice; there is not much skill displayed on either side, but it has a most unusual and amusing termination.

Before playing over, the White Queen should be removed from the board.

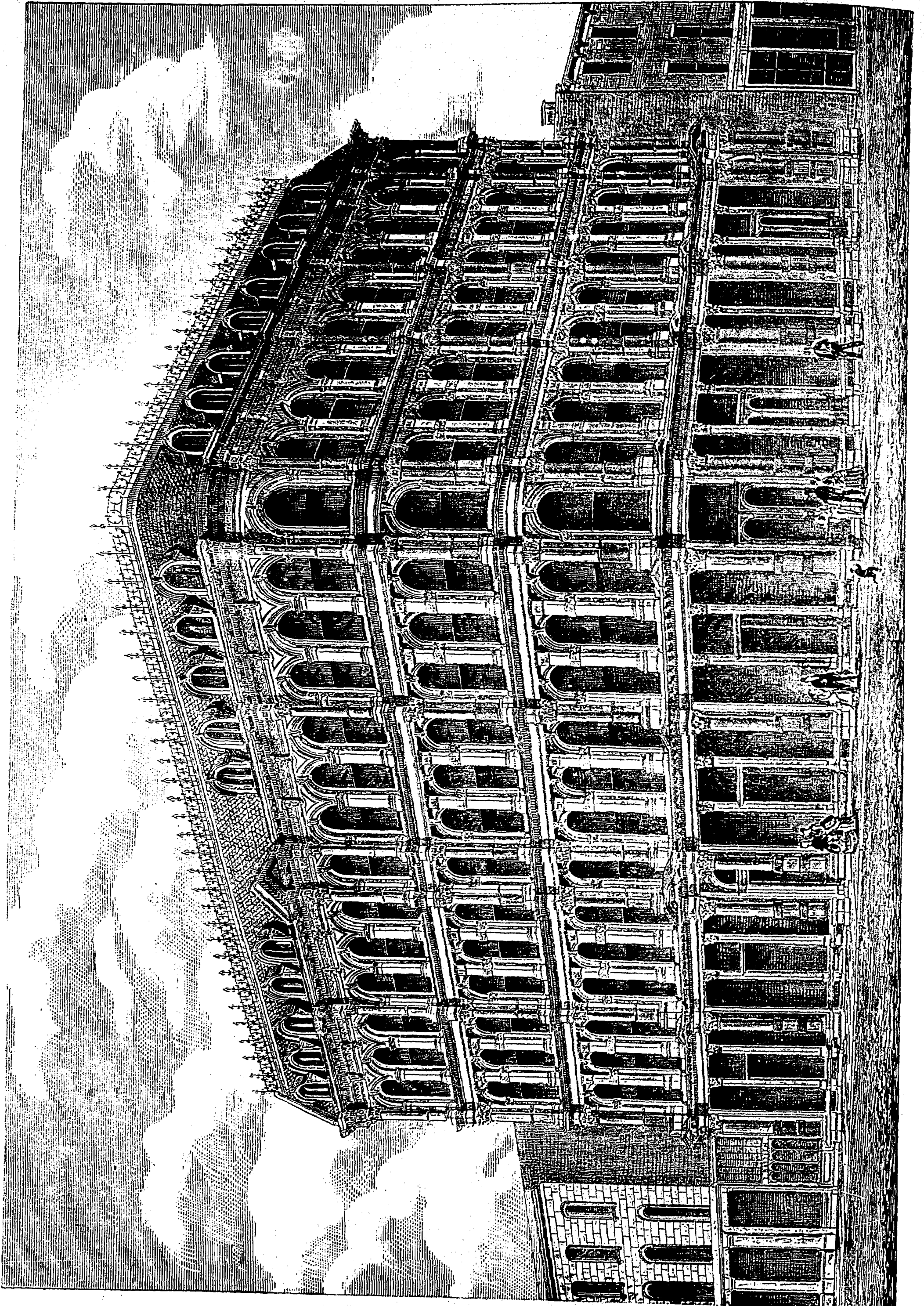
<p>White.</p> <p>1 P. to K. 4th</p> <p>2 B. to B. 4th</p> <p>3 K. Kt. to B. 3rd</p> <p>4 Q. Kt. to R. 3rd</p> <p>5 P. to Q. 3rd</p> <p>6 Castles</p> <p>7 B. to K. Kt. 5th</p> <p>8 Q. Kt. to Kt. 3th</p> <p>9 Kt. takes Q. B. P. mate!</p>	<p>Black.</p> <p>P. to K. 4th</p> <p>B. to B. 4th</p> <p>Q. Kt. to B. 3rd</p> <p>Q. to K. B. 3rd</p> <p>K. Kt. to Kt. 2nd</p> <p>K. Kt. to Kt. 3rd</p> <p>Q. to Q. 3rd</p> <p>Q. to K. B. sq.</p>
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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 15.

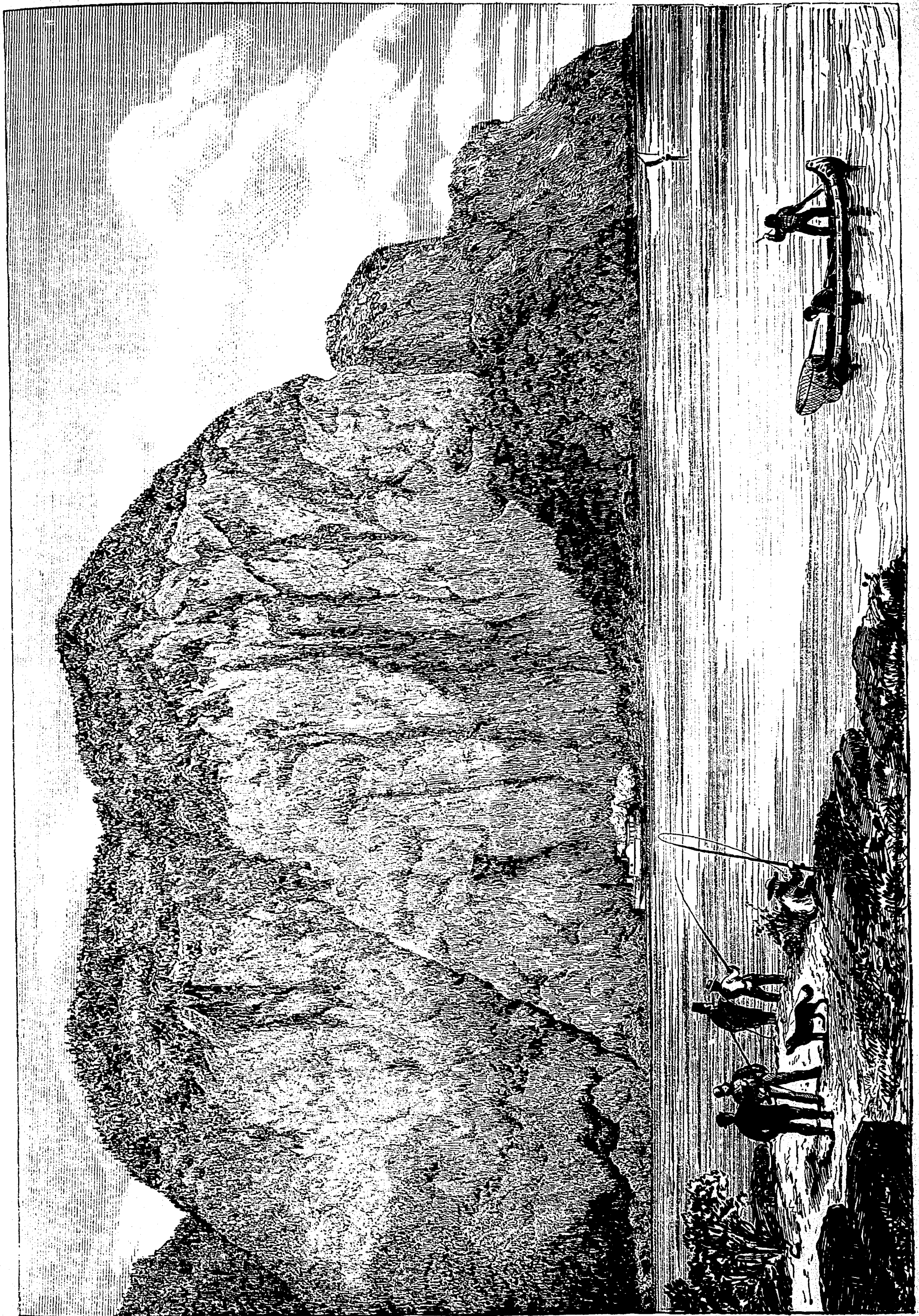
<p>White.</p> <p>1 Q. to Q. R. sq.</p> <p>2 Q. to K. R. 8th ch</p> <p>3 B mates.</p>	<p>Black.</p> <p>B. takes Kt. (best)</p> <p>K. takes P.</p>
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VARIATION,

<p>1 ———</p> <p>2 Q. to K. R. sq. ch</p> <p>3 Q. takes B. mate</p>	<p>K. moves</p> <p>B. in</p>
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BARON'S BLOCK, MONTREAL, (NOW BUILDING) - 241 PARK 140.



CAPE TRINITY, SAQUEBAY. From a photograph by Notman. — See page 130.

HIDDEN COMFORTERS.

Those idle hands upon her lap lay not, they rather hung
Like dead hands which from living grasp have carelessly been flung:
You saw that life still dwelt within by the deep heaving breast,
Save there, the woe! form displayed no motion—yet no rest.

The eyes were dry—their power was lost in tears to find relief;
While the tongue's very muteness spoke the eloquence of grief:
But if the quivering lips had breathed the prayer of that sad heart,
They would have asked for leave to mourn forgotten and apart.

For there are times when soothing words seem mocking human woe,
And half-resentful thoughts reply: "How can these glad hearts know?"
And thus with her: she saw her own, but saw no other's cross,
Nor guessed that she might find that gain which now she counts a loss.

Far less deemed she, when Hunger came and harshly bade her rise,
That 'neath his dreaded frown there lay an angel in disguise:
Or that stern Want, who sharply cried: "Up, to your toil again!"
By Heaven was sent to lift the load from her half-frenzied brain.

Yet these stern messengers have done what gentler ne'er had wrought,
For the poor mourner's daily toil demands its need of thought;
Each simple task the hands complete, acts as a homely wile,
First teaching the dim eyes to weep, and then the lips to smile.

O ye who think that Labour owns no power to soothe and bless,
Learn that a tenfold yeoman lurks mid grief in idleness:
Learn that "Our Father" often sends mercy in sternest guise,
And homely forms hide angel-guests from our earth-blinded eyes.

RUTH BECK.

MY GODMOTHER'S STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

My godmother was always fussy when expecting a friend. Her old-fashioned hospitality would not delegate to servants finishing-touches and minute arrangements bearing upon the pleasure or convenience of guests whom she delighted to honour; but even I, who knew her ways, had never seen her so restlessly bent upon any one's comfort as that of Miss Moore she was expecting that fine July afternoon, when she told me the story I am going to tell. I don't know that I was a particularly worldly girl; but certainly the fact of Miss Moore being a music-teacher in a Bath school seemed to me a little out of keeping with such elaborate preparations; and when she arrived, her appearance impressed me as little as her position. Very slight and faded, quiet, and rather cold, her presence, I feared, would be nothing but a weight and a chill during the remainder of my visit, and when she retired for the two hours' rest before dinner which my godmother looked upon as essential after any railway journey, long or short, I could not forbear asking her, with some degree of petulance, what in the world there could be in or about Miss Moore to create the interest she had shown. It was then, and in reply to my questions, that she told me the following story.

When I lost my poor dear husband nearly one-and-twenty years ago, I chose for my widowed home a pretty little cottage in the neighbourhood of Eldersley. The country was beautiful, and the cottage secluded—two recommendations to me at that time. I did not want society, and was not likely to be troubled with it there, for the large proprietors around would hardly discover whether my small abode was tenanted or not. The only one of them who called upon me was Mr. Moore of Acton Hall, with his only daughter. He had known my husband in early days, and seemed anxious to pay all friendly attention to his widow. I had often heard my husband speak of Charles Moore as a warm-hearted and generous, but weak-minded fellow. I hardly know that he ever said so in so many words, but the impression I received was that he had rather liked than respected him. Tall and graceful, there was yet something strikingly irresolute about every movement. The forehead was white as ivory, but it sloped backwards, and the full hazel eye met yours but for a moment, and then glanced restlessly away. But he was pleasant, kind, and much easier to get on with at first than his daughter, who was then a girl of about twenty. I took it for granted that she must be like her mother, who had died many years before, for she was singularly unlike her father—tall and slight in figure as he was, but with a very contrasting air of decision in all she said or did. Her father seemed wrapped up in her, and I liked the tenderness of her manner to him, though it was protecting rather than filial, like the manner of an elder sister. More than once she broke in upon an unfinished sentence of his, deciding some question which he was discussing, or giving a positive opinion where he was merely suggesting and qualifying. Before they left, they made me promise that I would soon spend a long day with them at Acton; and when their carriage rolled away, I found myself thinking more about them than I had for some time thought about anything but my own sorrows.

When the appointed day for my visit came, Miss Moore drove over for me by herself. I was a little sorry, expecting to find conversation flag, and wishing for Mr. Moore and his placid generalities to fill up the time; but long before we got to the end of our drive, all sense of restraint was gone. Miss Moore seemed to enjoy the excitement of driving her pretty spirited ponies, and the bright sunshine and rapid motion revived my spirits too. I liked her frank protecting manner; I liked to watch the energy that pervaded her whole frame, the firm little hand that gathered in the reins, the steadfast eye, the ring of the clear voice. Though a coward in a carriage generally, I felt safe with her. As we neared the house, I saw that part of it was unfinished. "Yes," said she, "that's dear papa's present hobby—the new hall; necessitated by the last hobby—the new drawing-room. The old hall was once too large for the rest of the house, and he has since contrived to make the rest of the house too large for the hall. I'm sorry for it, for papa is not a rich man, and I often fear he is hampering himself seriously." Rather startled by this unexpected frankness, I made no reply, and we drove on in silence till we reached the temporary entrance, where we were met by Mr. Moore and a fashionable-looking young man, whom he introduced to me as Captain Cameron. I could not help remarking the change in Miss Moore's manner. Evidently Captain Cameron's visit was to her an event of no ordinary interest. When she had taken off her bonnet for luncheon, she hardly looked like the same person. It was not only the improvement in appearance, for the bonnet hid the small well-set head and rich hair, but the difference in voice and manner. All abruptness and self-possession were gone, and her colour came and went like a timid child's. His admiration was as evident as her embarrassment, but I felt the pleasure of my day was a good deal spoiled; for even when, after luncheon, the young officer rode away to Eldersley, where he was quartered, Miss Moore continued silent and absent, and left me to be entertained by her father, who took me to see the improvements he was making, and those he had made in former years.

It seemed that before his time Acton had been a rambling old house, without much pretence to architectural beauty; but he had raised the roof, thrown out a wing, and was now constructing a noble hall. It struck me as we walked through the grounds that he was making the house too stately in proportion to their extent, which was not considerable, nor had they much old timber to boast of. Evidently, a great many of the best trees had been recently cut down. The chief charm of the place was the noble river, which swept rapidly round the bank on which the house stood. The gardens and green-houses were not in first-rate order, and Mr. Moore rallied his daughter a good deal about the ill success of her administration, for it seemed she had been replacing a head-gardener by some young protégé of her own. "This naughty papa," she said, turning to me, "laughs at my economies, but I know that great greedy hall of his wants them all." Mr. Moore looked pained. "The hall was essential, Margaret. We had no billiard-room; the elevation was mean; the length of building disproportioned." Playfully she put her little hand on his mouth. "Yes, yes; but this is the very last of our building-schemes. I suppose it will be finished some day or other; then we'll shut up the house, go to Switzerland, and get rich." Her father sighed as he put his arm round her waist, and turned the subject.

From this day I may, I think, date my friendship for Miss Moore. I was won by her frankness and her energy; and she took to me, as girls often will to women much older than themselves, and all the more because she knew I was lonely, and at that time poor. Her pretty ponies very frequently were kept pawing the gravel at my cottage-gate, while she ran in to insist upon carrying me off for a drive, or failing, would remain for a chat. Very frequently, too, I spent whole days at Acton, where Mr. Moore had always a courteous welcome for me; indeed, both he and Margaret soon seemed to look upon me as a confidential friend, though, by the way, Mr. Moore could never be called confiding. He had a singular way of always keeping back what he thought—what he meant to do. But he was sufficiently at his ease with me to be silent or to talk according to his own inclination. As for his daughter, she had few reserves from any one she loved; so I soon discovered the skeleton in this seemingly pleasant home. Mr. Moore was living beyond his income, though to what extent she was unable to ascertain; but from his growing depression and reserve, she feared that he was becoming seriously involved. If she questioned, she roused an irritability of manner he had never shown to her before, and this would be succeeded by a dejection that she dreaded far more. But Margaret had another counterbalancing anxiety, though she never named it to me. Captain Cameron was a frequent visitor; what brought him so often? Was his undisguised admiration of her society to be taken as signs of real feeling, or was he merely trifling with her? His manner perplexed me, and it was plain to see, tortured Margaret. Sometimes he would ride over two or three times a week, and seem to worship the very ground she trod; then, again, days would pass without a call from him, and when he came at last, he would seem cold and constrained. As for her, it was piteous to see her on those days of vain watching and waiting. But she would struggle bravely, and I was careful not to betray that I observed her changing colour, or the icy coldness of her poor little trembling hands. Her father never failed to welcome Captain Cameron warmly, and to brighten up during his visits, whatever his previous mood. It was evident that his consent would be most readily given. But would it be asked? I kept considering and wondering about this, thinking sometimes that it inevitably would, and then, again, doubting whether the young officer might not intend merely to secure a pleasant year or two, and then, when his regiment was ordered off, to trench himself behind those playful professions of extreme poverty which he was so fond of making.

Meanwhile, the new hall got finished, and Mr. Moore, probably, as we said to each other, from having no longer the excitement of watching its progress, grew more and more absent and gloomy. Margaret used to talk now very constantly about him and his affairs. Several small things occurred about this time to increase her alarm. The family lawyer, a formal, impenetrable sort of man, for whom she had one of her vehement antipathies, was constantly driving over to Acton, and spending hours with Mr. Moore, invariably leaving him more dejected than he found him. On one of these dark days, it so happened that the poor girl, whose allowance, it seemed, had not been regularly paid her for a year or two, was induced, by a pressing letter from her milliner, to enter her father's study, and ask for money to pay the enclosed bill. It was but a small one, but it threw Mr. Moore into a state of distressing excitement. "Girl, do you want to ruin me?" he had said. "Curses on women and their vanity! why must you run up such bills as this just now?" And then, as she stood there petrified, for it seemed to her as though her father's mind were shaken, he looked at the trifling sum-total, seemed shocked at his own violence, tried to laugh it off, kissed her, told her the milliner should be paid the next day, and sent her back to me in tears. But that very evening Captain Cameron came over; and when Margaret returned from a stroll with him by the river's side, her eyes were bright and her step firm, as though the scene of the morning had never been. Some word or look of his had blown that cloud quite away! But it will be easily imagined that when, on the following morning, Mr. Moore announced to us he was going to town for a week, I for one could not help feeling a sensation of relief. He, too, seemed more cheerful than usual, and kindly insisted that I should remain and keep his Maggie company. This was in the month of July, as I remember well, for the very day before Moore's expected return, I was summoned to the death-bed of my husband's father, and did not get home till September.

The first morning after my arrival, I heard the rapid trot of the pretty ponies, and Margaret, running in, flung her arms round me in her warm-hearted way. "You must come back with me, dear Mrs. Malcolm; you must indeed. Papa wishes it; he must not be crossed." And then, suddenly bursting into an agony of tears: "I do not know what is the matter with papa; I fear—I fear" lowering her voice to a whisper I guessed rather than heard, "I think sometimes that papa is going mad."

Of course I could not refuse to accompany her to Acton, and when I got there, we found Mr. Moore so hospitable and seemingly cheerful, that Margaret's fears appeared to me quite unreasonable, though I was shocked at the look of illness on her father's face, and could not refrain from telling her that it was for his bodily health I should be inclined to tremble.

"Yes," she said, "he does look very ill. I think it is this new habit of his, this early bathing in the river."

"Bathing! so late in the year?" For it was the second week in September, and the weather had a touch of frost about it. Margaret went on:

"Very soon after papa's return from town, he began to talk of bathing, as having been recommended to him by a London doctor. I wanted to go to the sea, but that he would not hear of. For the last month, he has bathed in the river every morning. He is a first-rate swimmer, and thought it would do him good to battle with the current, which, you know, is very rapid just below the house. But I do not think it agrees with him. When he returns, his manner is strange and restless, and in the evenings, when wishing me good night, he kisses me in such a wild way, and looks into my face so wistfully. Last night, as he held me long in his arms, I felt large tears drop on my hair, and heard him say: 'She at least shall be happy. Come what may she shall be happy.' I wanted to speak, and tell him I knew there was some great trouble hanging over us, but that if he would only trust me, both might be happier, and that we would bear it bravely together. But I was so frightened, I could not say one word. Hush! he is coming; let us look cheerful."

"Mrs. Malcolm, I challenge you to a stroll before dinner," said Mr. Moore. "And my Maggie, too; I can't spare her this afternoon."

We put on our bonnets, and went at once. His manner to his daughter was unspeakably tender, but it impressed me painfully; I scarcely knew why. It was strange and solemn, and sometimes, I thought, incoherent. I began to understand her fears. Coming home, the sunset fell yellow and golden upon the deep, swift river, and recalled to my mind his practice of early bathing.

"To-morrow morning will be decidedly frosty, Mr. Moore," said I; "surely you will not be so imprudent as to bathe before the sun gets a little power. At six o'clock, it can hardly be light!"

"Six o'clock! Why, Biddy told me to-day that papa left his room a little after five, when it was quite dark, before any one but himself was up," interrupted Margaret.

"Confound Biddy!" burst out Mr. Moore; "prying old fool! What does she do up at this hour? I will not have her set the house on fire, going about with her candle; pretending to brush, forsooth! It's your fault, Margaret; you've spoiled that old Irishwoman, till she has become insufferable. Tell her, once for all, that I will not have her get up before the others. I will not have it—I will not."

"But, Mr. Moore," I persisted, anxious to divert him from the subject, Biddy being an especial favourite of mine, and not a little alarmed at such disproportionate vehemence about so mere a trifle—"but ought you to bathe? Is it good for you?"

"Perhaps not," said he; "perhaps I am carrying it a little too far. I had a touch of cramp this very morning. A mere touch, my Maggie; you need not look scared. The girl loves her poor father; would mourn for him, after all, I do believe." And he looked at her with a strange yearning expression of love and woe, which seemed to frighten her, though she tried to laugh it off, saying she could not love a naughty papa who did not take care of his health, but bathed at unheard-of hours, and scolded good faithful Biddy. He tried to laugh, too, but it was a sorrowful laugh.

The remainder of our walk was silent. Clouds gathered, yellow leaves fluttered thickly over our heads, and each knew that the other was sad. Margaret played the whole evening through, as, indeed, she often did. Her father held a book up before his face; but he did not turn the pages, and once, when I happened to change my seat, I caught that same loving, despairing look fixed upon his daughter, as she sat there at the instrument, her little hands sometimes flying over the keys, but oftener lingering over some sweet, sad strain with a passionate pathos I never heard equalled. I remarked that she kept playing Scotch airs, Captain Cameron's favourite ones, as if she cared for no others. Once her father asked her for one of Beethoven's adagios, of which he was very fond. She said she would look for it immediately; but she went on as if spell-bound, improvising wild, wailing variations, and then returning to dwell again on the simple melodies so dearly associated, till bedtime came.

"My Maggie," said Mr. Moore, "my own child, you do not care for your poor father, and will not play one tune for him!"

"O papa, how thoughtless I have been. Let me play it now."

"No, darling, it is too late. No; it is best as it is—best as it is. Give all the young heart to happiness, my own Maggie! God in heaven bless you, my child!" And he strained her to his heart with a convulsive energy which seemed to shock her, and confirmed my worst suspicions.

That night, as I sat up rather late in my own room, there came a low tap at my door, and Biddy, the Irish housemaid entered, to my surprise, with an air of profoundest mystery.

"I ask your pardon, ma'am; and is the young mistress going to be wid ye agin this night?"

"No, Biddy. Miss Moore seemed tired, and wished me good-night at the door of her own room."

"Sure, thin, ma'am, I'll be after spakin' a word wid yourself but yourself. Sure and he's taken all the plate out of James's keepin', till the poor boy has not a spoon to spare, and daren't ask for another for his life; and jist this evening, when I was fixin' his dressing-room, and movin' some lump of a big parcel that he brought with him from London, if he didn't come in and rate at me till I was like to drop with the fear; he that used to be the dacentest gentleman, says he'd have none of my pryin' ways; and what had I to do to be lookin' into that

"What is the matter, Biddy?" said I, not without a vague dread, the faithful Irishwoman was so weird-looking with her brown "ribbed sen-sand" face, and her keen, wistful eyes set close together like those of a monkey.

"Faix, thin, ma'am, and it's myself does not know, barrin' that the master—and he as civil a gentleman as ever was—is gone clean out of his wits altogether!" And Biddy raised her hands above her head, swaying herself to and fro in her agitation.

"Why do you think so? What has happened? What do you mean?" I enquired.

"Sure, ma'am, and it's easy to see it by lookin' on his face, let alone his ways. They've been talking long enough in the hall, but I never let on that I tuk any notice to any soul alive but yourself. Sure and he's taken all the plate out of James's keepin', till the poor boy has not a spoon to spare, and daren't ask for another for his life; and jist this evening, when I was fixin' his dressing-room, and movin' some lump of a big parcel that he brought with him from London, if he didn't come in and rate at me till I was like to drop with the fear; he that used to be the dacentest gentleman, says he'd have none of my pryin' ways; and what had I to do to be lookin' into that

parcel; and no servant of his should leave their rooms till six o'clock, or he'd turn them off at an hour's notice; and that it was after settin' the house on fire I would be. Sure and he shook like an aspin, the cratur; and he's wasted, wasted till he's no bigger than a good-sized turf. And what's to become of the swate young mistress with the trouble? O wurra, wurra!" And the warm-hearted creature threw her apron over her face and sobbed again. I comforted her as well as I could but thought anxiously over her and my own impressions and did not fall asleep till a late hour.

The next morning was bright and beautiful; but the pools in the gravel-walk shewed that there had been heavy rain in the night. Now the sun was shining gaily, and the robin's brave little song came in with the perfume of the clematis as I opened the window. How foolish seemed Biddy's croakings and my own apprehensions of the night before!

When I went down, Margaret was sitting at the breakfast-table alone.

"Papa is later than usual this morning," she said. "I fancy he has lain down for a little nap after his early dip. We will begin breakfast; he does not like to have his movements noticed."

Accordingly we began; and then the post-bag was brought in. It so happened that both Margaret and I had two or three letters that morning; and they occupied our attention long, so that when the French clock on the mantel-piece struck ten, we were startled to find how the time had passed.

Margaret sprang up. "I must go and look after papa."

A few minutes more, and then she returned pale as death.

"He is not in his room. I never knew him so late for breakfast before."

"The morning is so fine, he has been tempted to take a long walk," said I; but my own heart was beating fast.

"I shall go and meet him," she said.

"Dear girl, you are hardly able to stand. And then, in what direction has Mr. Moore gone? May he not have had an early cup of tea, and have taken a ride to Eldersley?"

She rang the bell. "James, did you see my father this morning?"

The man looked anxious. "No, ma'am; my master has gone out of late before any of us were up. I generally hear the hall-door shut when he comes back; I did not hear it this morning."

While he was speaking, I caught sight of Biddy's face at the door—a very baneful shade of doom and horror, and understood from her rapid glance and gesture that she wished to speak to me alone.

"Margaret, my love," I said, "we will go together and meet Mr. Moore. Nay, dear, not so—your shawl, your bonnet; he would be annoyed if he met us thus." And I led her to her room.

Biddy was waiting for me in mine. "It's all over," she said; "the master is drowned. Sure and I said there was heartbreak at hand. There's all his clothes in a heap on the river-bank. One of the boys on the farm came along that way and saw him, and told the gardener, and myself met him like a madman running to see!"

"O Biddy, we must try and break it gently to Miss Moore—the shock will kill her. O perhaps, perhaps there is some mistake; I must go to her."

Just then, Margaret came in, pale as marble, and her teeth chattering.

"I cannot wait," she said; "come with me at once—come."

"Where shall we go, my darling?"

"To the river," she gasped.

"O blessed Mother of God, she knows it then!" sobbed poor Biddy.

With one sharp cry, Margaret leaped out of my arms and fell on the floor. I hoped that she had fainted, but hers was one of those strong natures to which such transient relief is seldom allowed. In a few moments she whispered as she lay and shivered there:

"The cramp, the cramp!"

I was thankful for those words; for, remembering Mr. Moore's manner of the night before, a darker fear had crossed my own mind. A few minutes more and the poor girl had staggered to her feet.

"Where is he? I must see him."

I told her all I knew. She insisted upon going to the river. How we reached it, I never knew. I said it had rained hard in the night, and the river, that morning, was very full—oh, very full, very black, very rapid! Once seized with cramp, the slight, delicate man would be rolled along with the current, swept round that curve, borne within the reach of the tide, a few miles lower down, and carried out to sea. There were many now gathering round; they were pushing off a boat; they were talking of dragging the river. Margaret wanted to remain there, but I had her carried home. She could not stand, and her eyes were closed, but she was conscious; I knew that by her moaning.

The body was not found; with the river so swollen, it was hardly likely to be so. But day after day there was the search, the shuddering hope that it might not be vain, or rather the terror either way. Captain Cameron rode over daily to inquire for Margaret. For more than a week, I never left her room, never, therefore, saw him; but when I did so, the agony of anxiety with which he wrung my hand while asking for her, gave me a firmer conviction of the reality of his attachment than all his previous assiduities had done. When ten days were passed and gone, the lawyer came over, a few distant relatives came to the meeting, and the will was read. The estate was found to be mortgaged to its full value. The plate had almost all disappeared. There was a small sum in the bank, just enough to pay the servants their wages. All tradesmen, it would appear, had had their accounts settled soon after Mr. Moore's return from London. During that last visit there, he had, it appeared, effected a policy of life assurance by which, at his death, £20,000 was secured to his daughter. Of her mother's fortune, which had been large, only two or three hundred remained. It was decided that the property should be sold as soon as possible. Margaret had several invitations to other and gayer friends, but he preferred coming to my little cottage. She asked me whether she might live with me, and I gladly agreed to the generous arrangements she proposed, feeling sure that it would soon be superseded by one happier for herself. Biddy would have broken her heart at leaving her young mistress, so we took her into our joint-service as housemaid.

It was many weeks before Margaret rallied at all from the fearful shock. Her strong nature was strong to suffer. I sometimes thought that she troubled herself needlessly. That

last night, when she left her father's favourite air unplayed, when she had almost shrunk from the intensity of his affection, haunted her unceasingly. She seemed to feel that it would be sinful to recover from so great a sorrow; and conscious how much dearer to her than the tenderest of fathers another had become, she tried to atone for this by banishing that other from her thoughts. For three or four months, I could not prevail upon her to see Captain Cameron, though he called constantly and looked so honestly unhappy that my heart ached for him. I could not for a moment doubt that he loved Margaret; and it seemed to me so natural that any one should love her, that I never even connected this fact with that of her fortune, till I heard some common-place remark of the kind from a gossiping neighbour. But, after all, it did of course make a great difference to the young officer, who, though a man of very good family, was poor, and had expensive habits. He was a fine, open-hearted, handsome fellow, less intellectual than my Margaret, but winning in looks and manner, and a great favourite in the regiment. One day I made an effort, and ventured to speak of him to her; reminded her how much her poor father had liked him, how plainly I could read from the very first what was his heart's wish for his darling child.

Margaret made no answer, but she came and sat long at my feet, hiding her face in my hands. When she raised it, her dear eyes shone in the fire-light with something of their old brightness. When next Captain Cameron called, she did not run away. He was much moved when he saw her first in her deep mourning, so pale, so thin. The tears rolled down his face, and she was the calmer of the two. From that hour, I felt comforted about her. I knew that hope and happiness would revive, slowly, perhaps—for every feeling struck deep roots in her nature—but surely, for she was young and beloved. I could not resist hinting at my cheerful anticipations to Biddy, in whose discretion I had unbounded trust. But she received the hint with an ungracious grunt, which surprised me; for though I knew her to be an inveterate spinster—having heard her over and over again give thanks and glory that she "never, since she was as high as her hand, was one as cared to look after the boys"—I did think her affection for Miss Moore would have led her to rejoice in anything that promised her a return of happiness; and I told her so.

"Is it the dear young mistress's happiness," said she, "that Biddy Daly would be after thinking lightly of? Troth, thin, and I'd work my hands to the bone to bring back the smile into her eyes, and small thanks to me for that same. But, ma'am, dear, it's over soon—over soon intirely; and I've had many a drama about it; and I'm as good as sure it is not that way luck will come. And what should hinder the young mistress to live all her days as she is now, she that has the handsome fortin, and need want for nothing? Musha, thin, if I were her, I would not look at niver a one of them." And Biddy went on with her work with redoubled energy, as though sweeping away with the dust suitors and all such follies. However, in spite of her, the winter evenings in my little cottage began now to pass cheerily away. Margaret would again sit and play for hours—always, however, closing with that melody of Beethoven's her father had asked for that last night. She did not very often speak of him, but I knew that he was constantly present to her thoughts; and that even Captain Cameron's hold upon her affections gained additional strength from his having been so decided a favourite of poor Mr. Moore's. Of course, I knew how matters would end.

Time went on. Winter passed into spring, and the lovers met almost daily; so it was no surprise to me one fine evening in May, after the two had been walking together, to see Margaret come into my room radiant but tearful; and as she threw her arms around my neck, I did not need to ask any further explanation than that she gave me by the broken words, "My father loved him."

To be continued.

Pyro-photography.—The following is from the last number of the *Technologist*:—

"A new and important progress has been achieved, namely, the application of the enamel photography to all specialities of glass painting, or the so-called pyro-photography. We are now able to produce an exact and enduring copy of any picture on a sheet of glass—a transparent photographic glass picture. The process is as follows:—A mixture of honey, glycerine, and gum-like substances, in certain proportions, is dissolved in water and poured in a thin layer upon the glass on which the picture is to be produced. This layer becomes hard when dried at a moderate heat, but remains nevertheless hygroscopic. When, however, a bi-chromate is added to it, the property of this mixture is modified in such a manner, that exactly in the ratio in which it is exposed to the light, it loses its property of becoming gummy, and instead of this, assumes a horn-like appearance. But all the shaded parts again grow gummy, exactly in the degree to which the shadow prevents the light from acting. It is evident that in order to produce a copy on the glass, it is only necessary to cover with a glass diapositive or an engraving on paper made transparent with oil, the transparent layer modified by a chromate, and to expose the sensitive plate for from five to fifty minutes to the action of the sun. If such a plate has been subjected to the sun, not a trace of a picture can be perceived, but as soon as a black or brown flux, which must be of a flour-like fineness, is dusted over the surface, a true copy of the original will make its appearance, and will stand out with great purity and vigour. It is then only necessary to wash out the finished picture in water, and to expose the plate to a white heat in a glass furnace in order to obtain an image that can only be destroyed with the glass itself."

THE PRUSSIAN GENERALS.

HELMUTH-CHARLES-BERNARD, BARON VON MOLTKE.

Helmuth-Charles-Bernard, Baron von Moltke, chief of staff of Prussian forces, and the man upon whom devolves the conduct of the war in behalf of Prussia, was born at Gnewitz, in Mecklenburg, on the 26th day of October, 1800, and is therefore, at the present time, about seventy years old. While yet young he entered the service of Denmark, having already received a theoretic knowledge of military science, and being recognized as a man of more than ordinary ability in the profession which he has chosen. At that time serious complications had already arisen between the crown of Denmark and the Duchies, the chief point upon which there was dispute being royal succession. It was thought that the male line in the reigning family would soon become extinct, and a prospect of the independence of the Duchies thus afforded. The

project of annexing Schleswig to the German Confederation was even openly advocated in the Provincial Assembly, and young Von Moltke so sympathized with the German side of the dispute that, in 1822, he entered the service of Prussia. Here for ten years he remained in subordinate positions, displaying in each such marked superiority that in 1832 he was promoted to a place in the staff. Three years afterwards he visited the East, and was presented to the Sultan, Mahmoud II., who was then introducing into Turkey more radical measures of reform than had been effected by any of his predecessors, intending, if possible, to make the Ottoman Empire one of the first powers of the world. The Sultan, knowing that Von Moltke had already achieved a reputation in his country for his careful study and exact knowledge of the art of war, requested him to initiate him into the strategic theories of Europe, and for several years Von Moltke was engaged in directing military reforms in Turkey—the results of which were afterwards shown in the Crimean war—and assisted in the Syrian campaign of 1839. For seven years after this he saw much of European life, wandered about the world, perfecting himself in his vocation. In 1846 he returned to Prussia, and was appointed aide-de-camp of Prince Henri, living at Rome, and who died in the following year. After having been engaged in several departments and in important missions, he became, in 1856, the aide-de-camp of Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and two years afterwards was appointed chief of staff of the army, and yet holds that position. In 1859 he prepared the plan of an expedition, the carrying out of which was prevented by the prompt conclusion of the treaty of peace between the Emperors of France and Austria, at Villafranca, on the 11th day of July, 1859, shortly after the battle of Solferino. For some years previous to 1864 the chief feature of the foreign policy of Prussia had been the incessant pursuit of a plan for the annexation of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg. The crown jurists of the government prepared a statement, according to which the King of Denmark, and not the Prince of Augustenburg (a matter about which there had been much dispute), had been, up to October 30, 1864 (the date of the treaty of Vienna), the lawful sovereign of the Duchies, and by which it would appear that his right had been ceded by that treaty to the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. Prussia therefore rejected all the endeavours made by the Prince of Augustenburg for the purpose of obtaining recognition by Prussia as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, as well as the attempts made by the Federal Diet to establish its competency to settle the question of the succession. A small party among the higher nobility of the Duchies were in favour of permanent union with Prussia, although the large majority of the people asked the recognition of Prince Frederick of Augustenburg as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, both the Prince and the people being, however, in favour of making concessions to Prussia. In the war resulting, Von Moltke played a great part against Denmark, in whose service he had once been, and, as chief of staff, was joined with Prince Frederick Charles, who was called to the command of the allied troops. In this position he displayed great ability; and so remarkable were his powers that he was called to organize the war which, in the following year, took place between Prussia and Austria. The plans laid down by him were carried out—so far as circumstances would admit—to the letter. Engaged in the service of Prussia, he devoted all his energies to its advancement, and to him, not less than to Bismarck, was due the success of the war. Everybody must remember the excitement in regard to the news from Europe which was felt during the latter days of June and the early part of July, 1866. The enthusiasm which the cable despatches now tell us is manifested in Prussia and France—the one country shouting the praises of the arrogant William, whom, with that fervor of patriotism which comes in great crises and disappears with them, they called "der alte Herr"—was as great then as now, and when King William, accompanied by Bismarck and Von Moltke, left Berlin for the seat of war, he was greeted with such cheers and demonstrations as hardly have their parallels now. There were marching and countermarching, all to the tune which Von Moltke, hardly recognized then as a leader save in the private councils of Prussia, had made. At last came the news of the battle of Sadowa. The Austrians had been beaten, and Prussia had become the great power of Germany. Gen. Von Moltke was on the field near the person of the King during the fight, and under his direction the army advanced towards Vienna. On the 22nd day of July, Gen. Moltke arranged a truce of five days, during which an armistice was concluded, accompanied by arrangements which assured the triumph of Prussia. Then he received from King William the decoration of the Order of the Black Eagle, an honour not less dear to a Prussian than the Cross of the Legion of Honour to a Frenchman. Since that time, and until the breaking out of the present war between France and Prussia, Gen. Von Moltke has been engaged in the study of his vocation, and enjoying the deserved rewards of eminent ability. He is known not alone as a soldier, but as an author, having written "Der Russisch-Türkische Feldzug" (The Russo-Turkish Campaign), Berlin, 1835; "Biete Ueber Zustände und Begebenheiten in der Türkei" (Letters on the Condition of Turkey), 1841; and in 1859 he directed the official publication of the "Campaign in Italy." It is said that in his manner he is exceedingly quiet and reserved; that in fact he is "silent in seven languages."

GEN. VON ROON.

Albert Theodore Emile von Roon, the Prussian general, statesman, and military writer and minister, born 30th of April, 1803, was educated at the military school, and entered the army as an officer in 1821. After having, from 1824 to 1827, pursued the higher courses of the general military school, he was employed as a teacher in that of the cadets at Berlin, and devoting himself to the investigation of military and geographical sciences, distinguished himself therein. After having made in 1832 a campaign of observation in Belgium, on the occasion of the siege of Antwerp, he was attached to the topographical bureau, then to the staff, where he was made captain; made major in 1842, chief of staff in 1848, lieutenant-colonel in 1849, major-general in 1856. He held successively various commands since 1848, and accomplished many important missions. He was charged, on two occasions, with the mobilization of the army, especially in 1859, when Prussia was preparing to interfere in the war of Italian independence, which was suddenly suspended by the treaty of Villafranca. To him was confined the direction of the military education of Prince Frederick Charles, whom he accompanied to the University of Bonn. Called on the 16th of April, 1861, to the Ministry of the Marine, Gen. von Roon took besides, on the



GEN. VON MOLTKE.
PRUSSIAN COMMANDER IN CHIEF.



GEN. VON ROON.
PRUSSIAN MINISTER OF WAR.

5th of December, in the same year, the portfolio of war. At the head of this double service, he showed, in the years which followed, much energy and perseverance in seconding the projects conceived by King William for the reorganization of the army. He partly realized these projects, in spite of the opposition of the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, against which he contended in concert with M. de Bismarck. His name from that time is prominent in the history of the extensive modifications of Germany, accomplished to the profit of Prussia by the force of her arms or the adroitness of her diplomacy,

CHARLES EBERHARD HERWARTH VON BITTENFELD,

General of Infantry and Commander of the Eighth Army Corps, born September 4, 1796, entered the Prussian army at the age of 15, fought at the battle of Leipsic, and took part in the invasion of France by the Allies in 1814, where he served with distinction in several engagements, and at the siege of Paris. During the second campaign in Schleswig-Holstein, in 1864, he achieved one of the most brilliant victories over the Danish army, and virtually brought the war to a close by tak-

ing possession of one of the most important positions of the enemy, the Island of Alsens. He participated with great credit in the battle of Sadown. He commands the right wing of the Prussian army, and though nothing has been said of his movements, it is probable that his command was the first to penetrate as far as Metz.

GENERAL VOGEL VON FALKENSTEIN.

General Von Falkenstein, one of the oldest and most trusted of his Prussian Majesty's generals, was born in 1797. He entered the army in 1814, and distinguished himself in several of the engagements of the allied armies with the French under the first Napoleon. As the close of the war Von Falkenstein, who considered the profession of arms his natural vocation, retired from the army in disgust. At this time he devoted himself to the study of painting, an art in which he did not make himself so great a name as he has since acquired in military affairs. In 1848 he re-entered the army, and served in Denmark under Von Wrangel, who has since been completely eclipsed by his pupil. In the campaign of 1866 he was sent to Hanover, and succeeded in reducing that kingdom, which

was subsequently annexed to the North German Confederation. During that campaign he came very near being defeated in the engagement at Langensalza; but was more successful at Frankfort, which opened its gates to him after a series of skirmishes with the federated troops. Like Manteuffel, Von Falkenstein bears the reputation of extreme harshness to a fallen enemy, and among the citizens of Frankfort his name has become a byword for extortion. During his stay in that city he exacted from the unwilling citizens a tribute of thirteen million francs, besides 13,000 horses and 60,000 pairs of boots. With his own soldiers, notwithstanding his stern humour, he is a great favourite. He succeeded in establishing himself in their good graces by carefully studying the comfort of his men. Woe betide the enemy's country occupied by Vogel Von Falkenstein and his troops. Six fine cigars and a bottle of wine for each officer, and six cigars and a pint and three-quarters of wine for each soldier, is the daily quota exacted from the luckless inhabitants; and if this be not forthcoming, the result is terrible.

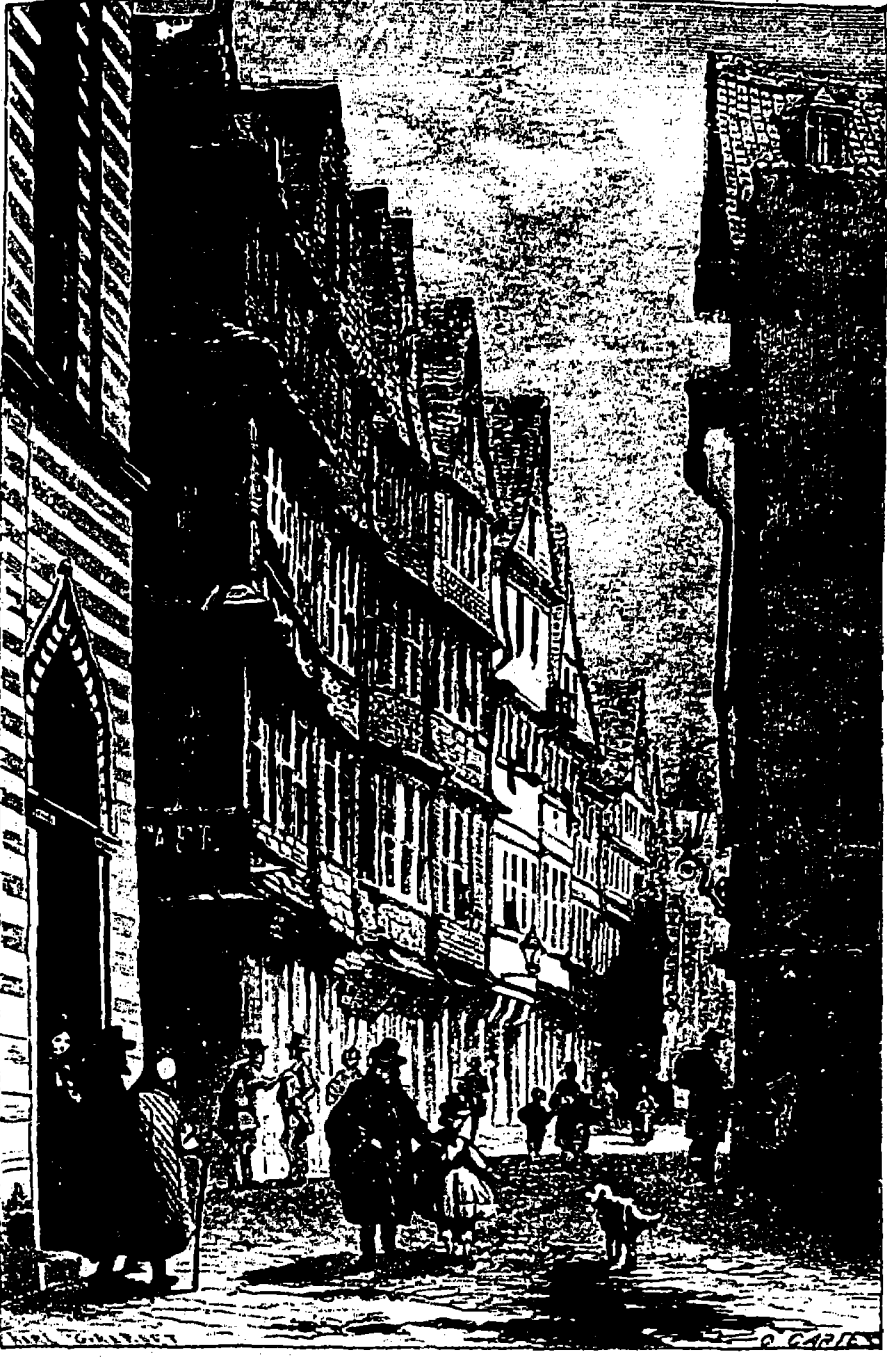
As a general, Von Falkenstein bears a high reputation. He is at present in command of the troops in Hanover.



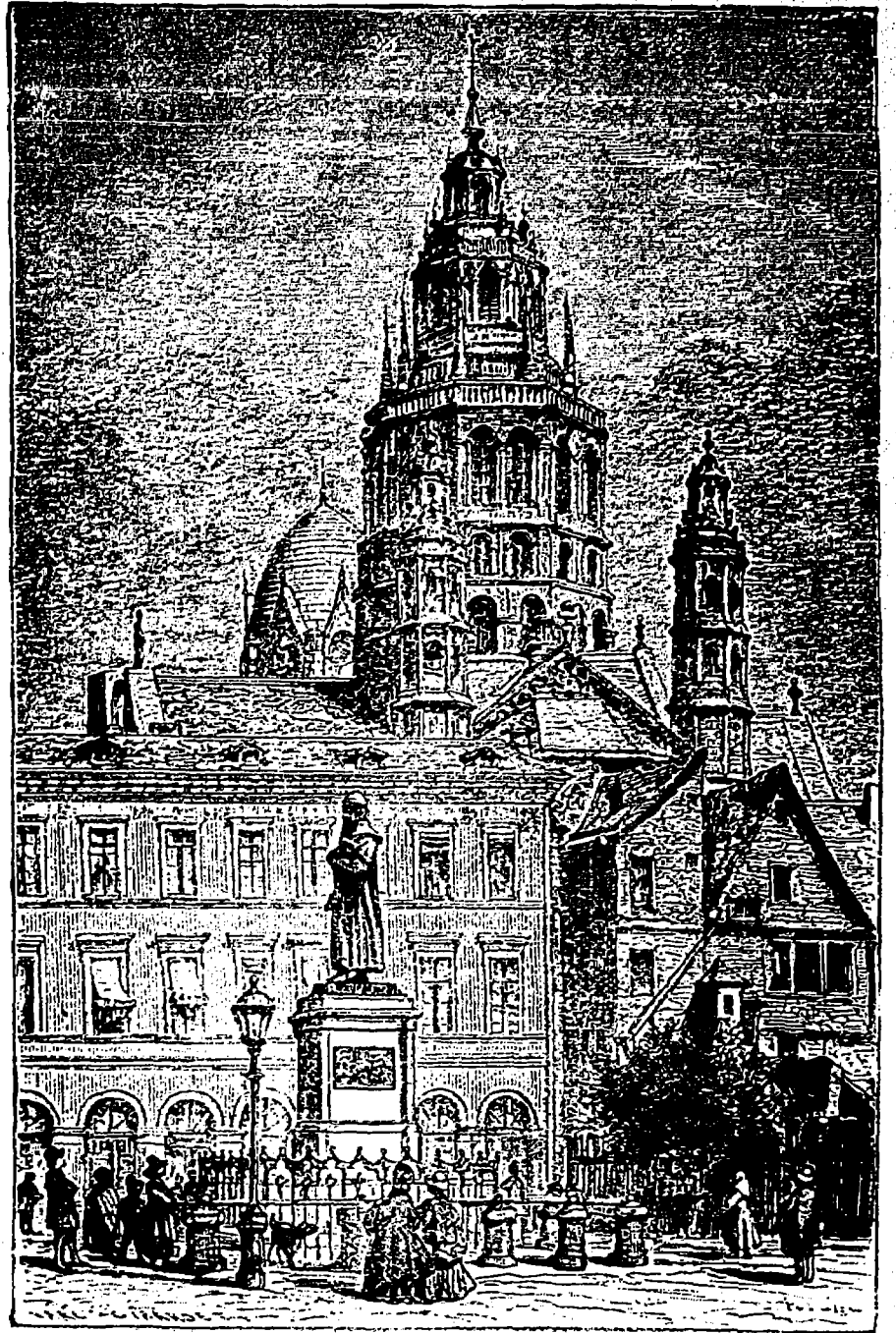
GEN. VOGEL VON FALKENSTEIN.



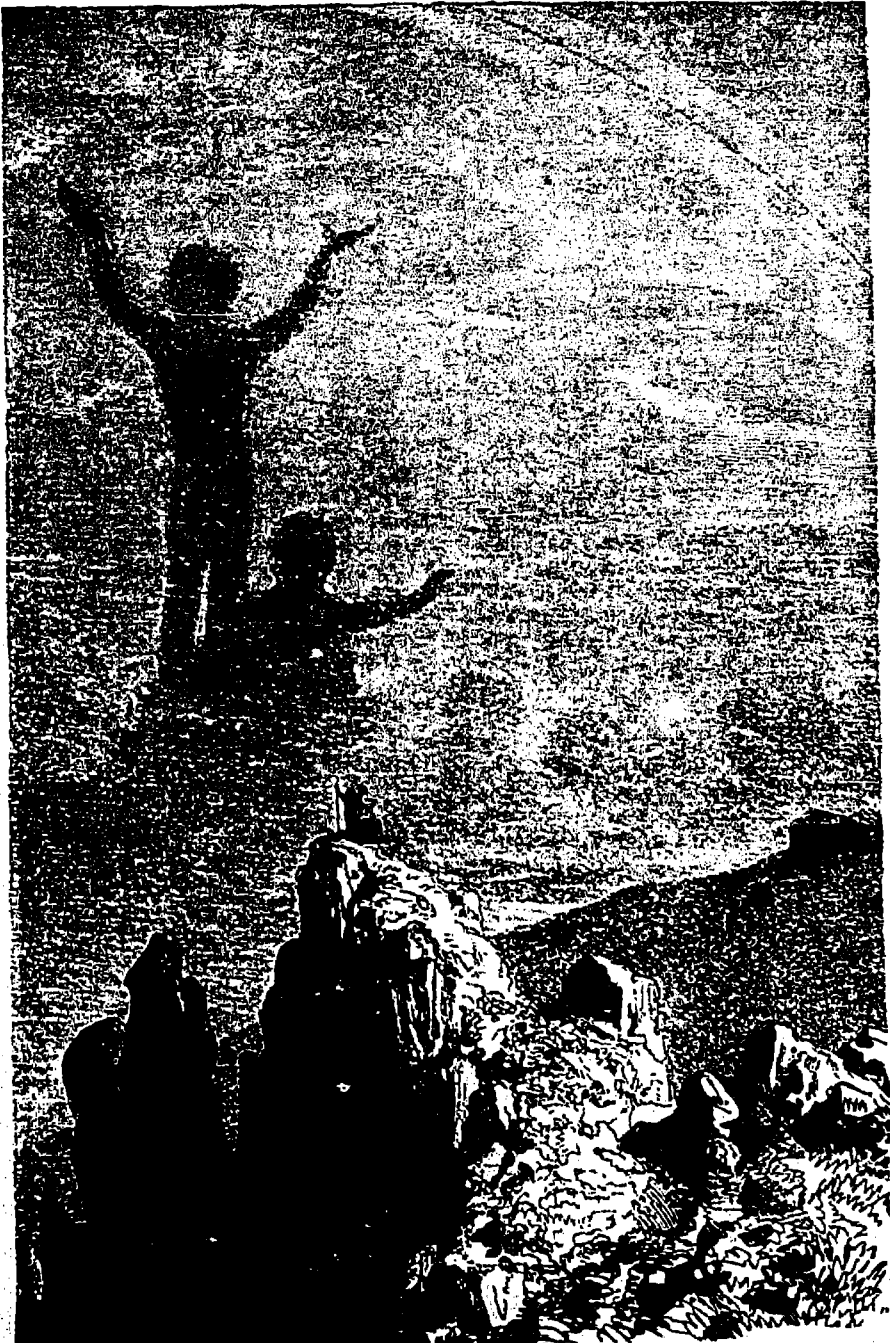
GEN. HERWARTH VON BITTENFELD.



THE JEWS' STREET, FRANKFORT.



THE CATHEDRAL AND STATUE OF GUTENBERG, MAYENCE.



THE SPECTRE OF THE BRUCKEN.



THE VAL D'ENFER, BLACK FOREST.

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THE PEACE-KILLER; OR, THE MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

BY S. J. WATSON.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CATASTROPHE—THE LAST MEETING OF TWO ENEMIES.

The outrage inflicted by the Rat on the Iroquois deputies, and which he managed to have attributed to the Marquis de Denonville, worked in the minds of that people like a secret and deadly leaven. And, added to this cause of resentment, there was the remembrance of the unwarrantable seizure, and transportation to France, of the chiefs who preceded, on a mission of peace, the envoys waylaid by Kondiarak; and whose deportation we noticed in the earlier portion of our narrative. True it was, that these chiefs, immediately after their arrival in France, had been liberated by order of King Louis, and sent back to Canada. Still, the Iroquois never forgave the insult to their chiefs, and, through their chiefs, to their nation; and the recollection of it rankled in their bosoms with a virulence that refused to be assuaged or mollified.

But, during the winter of 1688 and the spring of 1689, a treacherous calm brooded over the Province; and the war-spirit of the implacable Iroquois seemed to have been buried with their hatchets. The breathing-spell of peace came to the harassed colonists like the welcome sleep after the fiery fever. Yet, there were those who feared even while they rejoiced; and keen eyes, accustomed to read the dark diplomacy of the forest, fancied that they saw, in the wilderness south of the St. Lawrence, the weaving of a web, destined, on a sudden, to involve in its crimson folds the lives and the fortunes of the colonists.

The Marquis had been informed by men whom stern experience had taught to understand the Indian nature, that the Iroquois were preparing to descend on the province in a storm of massacre and desolation. But he neglected to give ear to these warnings. There was no outward sign that the Indians were about to move; and he refused to sound the alarm on the unsupported suspicion of distant danger. The calm, however, looked ominous; and the tranquility of the Iroquois was a thing inexplicable. The Governor applied to the Jesuit missionaries for information as to the unwonted peacefulness of the Iroquois. The fathers, deceived by the skillful secrecy with which the Indians enveloped their proceedings, gave it as their belief that those who suspected them of evil designs, had been misinformed as to facts, or had given to unpleasant rumours an importance and a construction they did not deserve. And thus lulled in an infatuated security, the colony lay with its bosom bared to the knife of its bitterest enemies.

On the night of the 5th of August, amid a storm of hail and rain, fourteen hundred warriors of the Iroquois confederacy crossed Lake St. Louis. They landed, without having been seen or heard, at Lachine, the upper limit of the island of Montreal. Favouring by the elements and by the darkness, they moved rapidly and noiselessly to the points which had been marked out beforehand; and ere the sun rose next morning they had surrounded, in platoons, every dwelling within a circle of several leagues.

At a signal from their chief the Iroquois commenced their work of death. Breaking in through doors and windows, the savages dragged the sleepers from their beds and massacred them indiscriminately, old and young, men, women and children. Where the tomahawk could not cleave an entrance, the torch was applied; and the inmates, rushing out of their burning homes, were butchered on their own thresholds. The fury of the Iroquois was demoniac. Not content with the hideous license of an unsparing and unrestricted slaughter, they piled mental torture upon physical suffering, and forced parents to fling their own offspring into the flames. Up to within a short league of the city of Montreal, the country was littered with fire, and reeked with blood. Everything that could yield to the tomahawk or to the flames was swooped within the red radius of destruction. Two hundred human beings were burned alive; numbers were put to death after having been subjected to every torture which diabolical ingenuity could devise; and many were reserved for the torment of the stake and fagot in the land of the Iroquois.

While the work of death was at its height, the surge of massacre dashed up in vain against a stone-built dwelling which was situated near the banks of the St. Lawrence.

At length a warrior who stood head and shoulders above a band that he led, arrived in front of the dwelling. His quick eye saw at a glance that the fire kept up by the inmates upon their savage assailants, was so rapid and

so well delivered, that it was telling visibly on the numbers and courage of the Indians. Retiring out of the line of the bullets, the newly arrived warrior stepped under the eaves of the building, and, clambering upon the shoulders of a companion, applied a lighted pine-torch to the roof. In a few minutes the flames spread everywhere, and soon the upper part of the building fell inward with a crash like thunder. The new mode of attack immediately proved its success, for the musketry fire from within began to slacken; and the agonizing shrieks of the inmates proclaimed to the exulting savages outside that Death, in its most appalling form, was laying hold of those whom they could not reach with their tomahawks.

By degrees, the cries within the doomed dwelling grew fainter and fainter; and the last shriek had just died away when, of a sudden, the door opened, and a young man, almost suffocated with smoke, and bearing a female form in his arms, staggered out into the darkness, and into the midst of enemies.

The warrior who had set fire to the building raised his tomahawk but did not strike. The next moment, half-a-dozen other Indians dragged the female from the young man's arms, while he himself, as he wore the dress of a superior officer, was at once pinioned from behind, and his life saved in order that he should be reserved for the torture.

A savage, more stalwart than his fellows, had obtained possession of the female, and his right hand was already grasping her dishevelled locks, while his right hand was drawing his scalping knife, when the keen eye of the warrior who had fired the mansion caught the gleam of a white necklace. He sprang forward on the instant, and, seizing the arm of the savage as his knife was descending, looked in the face of the struggling victim, and uttered the word "Isanta." In a faint and quavering voice she replied, "I was her sister," and then swooned away.

"Stand back, this girl belongs to me," said the warrior to the savage, who still held his intended victim by the hair.

"She is mine," responded the savage.

"I am Kondiarak," said the warrior. "Release the girl."

The savage did not dare to disobey; and, losing his hold of the girl, who was no other than Julie de Châtelet, slunk back among his companions.

Lifting the girl in his arms as if she had been a feather, Kondiarak, turning to some of the Indians, who, although impatient for the work of slaughter elsewhere, could not help for the moment looking on with wonder, said, "Bring hither the companion of this girl."

He was brought forward; Kondiarak recognized him as de Belmont.

"Come with me," said the Huron chief; and carrying the girl in his arms, he walked rapidly in the direction of the river.

As soon as he reached the bank, Kondiarak, stooping down, picked up a smouldering fire torch, which, having fanned into flame, he waved three times over his head. In a few moments a canoe, which had been stationed some distance from the shore, shot rapidly to the spot where the Huron chief was standing; and its occupant bounded quickly upon the strand.

"Brother of the Hurons," said Kondiarak—for it was none other than our old acquaintance, Tambour, who had sole charge of the canoe—"we have two friends here, whom I have saved. Let us help them to escape."

Tambour, with a rapid glance at the male companion of Kondiarak, rushed up and seized him warmly by the hand. But it was no time for words; and, motioning de Belmont to follow, Tambour assisted Kondiarak to place Julie on board the canoe. In less than five minutes after having embarked her two passengers, the little vessel, propelled by the vigorous arms of the Huron chief and Tambour, was fairly out of sight of the shore.

Having rested a few minutes to resuscitate the girl, and to deliberate on the course it was best to pursue, Kondiarak and his companion were about to strike the water with their paddles, and push up the river on their homeward voyage, when the trained ear of the chief caught the faint noise of distant splashing. Handing his paddle to Tambour, the Huron went to the stern of the canoe, and listened attentively in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Lowering his voice to a whisper he said to Tambour, "hand me a pistol."

The command was obeyed, and the Huron, waiting until the canoe, which was coming from the shore almost upon a line with his stern, had approached within about a dozen yards, discharged his pistol straight in the direction of the skiff.

The blaze lit up its occupants, and the quick eye of the Huron recognized them by the aid of the momentary flash.

"It is a canoe of the Abenakis," he cried. "I see the Serpent. Now, for revenge."

The Huron listened, and perceived by the sound of the paddles that the Abenakis canoe was heading down the river. He at once directed Tambour to let their canoe swing round, in order to pursue.

By this time Julie de Châtelet had returned to consciousness, and enquired in a faint voice where she was, and where they were conveying her.

De Belmont, although his heart misgave him, assured her that she was among friends, and was on her way to a place of safety.

Kondiarak directed de Belmont to cause the girl to lie down in the bottom of the canoe, and cover her with a couple of buffalo robes. The young man obeyed.

"And now, young warrior, you will remain in the bow and keep your eyes fastened on the Abenakis canoe, while my brother and I are at the paddles," said the Huron. "If we get alongside, he and I will leap aboard, kill the Serpent and afterwards take our chance; you will remain in the canoe, with the girl, and, no matter what happens to us two, you can bring her to a place of safety."

"I will stay with you to the last," said de Belmont. "I detest the Serpent as much as you do. The coward! He was in the stone house with us to-night, and two hours before it was fired, he skulked away by a door in the rear, loaded with plunder. He is worse than an Iroquois!"

"You know him at last," drily observed Kondiarak. In the meantime the canoe of the Huron, urged by the vigorous arms of him and Tambour, went flying through the water; and, from time to time, de Belmont, from his post in the bow, reported that the skiff of the Abenakis was still in sight.

After about an hour's hard work at the paddles, the Huron who, at first, had trusted to the lightness of his canoe to overhaul the more heavily laden craft of his enemy, came to the conclusion merely to keep the Abenakis in sight until daybreak; for he saw it was useless to try to come up with them.

At length the East began to show the signs of dawn; and, by degrees, the stern, and afterwards the entire length of the enemies' canoe became visible, better than a quarter of a mile ahead. It carried five of the Abenakis.

At a signal from the Huron, de Belmont left his post of observation at the bow, and took Tambour's paddle, with which he managed to keep stroke with the unyielding and unwearied Huron.

Tambour went forward to the bow, raised his rifle, and, just as the Abenakis canoe rose on a swell, fired. A yell followed the report, and when the fresh morning breeze blew the smoke aside, there was one paddle less on board the canoe of the enemy.

Kondiarak, with a proud smile on his expressive countenance, looked towards Tambour and said "Brother of the Hurons, you have done well."

Tambour loaded the gun, and then relieved the Huron of his paddle. The chief went forward to the bows, and, leaning his rifle on the gunwale, aimed straight for the Indian who worked the hindmost paddle. A loud shriek of agony arose, and the next moment, the stricken Abenakis fell headlong into his grave beneath the waters.

Having loaded the rifle, the Huron advanced and took the paddle from de Belmont; and the chief and Tambour, redoubling their energies, were gratified to find that they were gaining upon their enemies.

The Serpent, finding that he was losing distance, suddenly turned his canoe and headed for the South shore, with the intention, if he gained it, of escaping into the woods. But the Huron, who penetrated the design the instant its author attempted to put it in execution, put forth a tremendous effort, and got between his enemy and the shore. The Serpent, cut off from this means of escape, formed a desperate resolve. Bringing the head of his canoe on a line with the flow of the current, he made straight for the Lachine Rapids, intending to gain the City of Montreal, whither he knew his enemy would not care to follow him.

The Huron instantly comprehended the motives of the Serpent's resolve, and directed Tambour to sit down in the bow, and de Belmont to take a seat in the middle of the canoe; and bade Julie not to make a single movement as she valued her life. Taking the paddle in his own hands, Kondiarak headed his skiff for the rapids. It was a terrible venture, but the spectres of his kindred, slain in cold blood, and in treachery, by the hand of the Serpent,—and the memory, too, of Isanta urged him on with an impulse which set death, fear and prudence alike at defiance. And Tambour also partook of the Huron's hatred of the murderer of Isanta; and hesitated at no peril which presented the faintest prospect of revenge.

Under the eagle eye and iron hand of Kondiarak, the skiff sped through the thundering and precipitous waters with the buoyant velocity of a bird.

At the foot of the rapids, the Huron closed with the canoe of his enemy, and bounded aboard, tomahawk in hand. The Serpent sent his tomahawk at the Huron's head. The weapon missed; then uttering a yell of disappointed rage, the Abenakis chief, taking his knife between his teeth, leaped overboard, to swim to the shore, not over a quarter of a mile distant. Kondiarak, burying his tomahawk in the head of the Indian next him, also placed his knife between his teeth, and plunged into the river after the Serpent. The latter, looking behind, saw that Tambour and de Belmont had boarded his canoe, and overpowered the three remaining Abenakis. By this time, the Huron was close to him; and

the Serpent, finding escape impossible, turned to bay.

"Dog and coward, I have you at last," roared the Huron as he closed with his mortal enemy. They both went down, locked in each other's grasp, and each brandishing his knife in his right hand.

Tambour and de Belmont rowed to the place where the chiefs disappeared, and which they could discern by the rising of the death bubbles. Anxiety was on their faces, for they supposed that both had perished. But it was not wholly so. One chief rose to the surface, and in his right hand was a knife which he waved triumphantly. It was Kondiarak. The only trace he bore of the fearful combat was a slight scratch on his left shoulder.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the victorious chief, as he took his seat in the canoe. "I told my enemy, when I struck him with my tomahawk, after running the gauntlet—that is the second mark I have branded on the Serpent; the next time, Death and I will make the mark together. And I spoke the truth; I have made good my promise. Now I am satisfied."

Two hours after the combat, Kondiarak and Tambour were on their way to Michilimackinac; and Lieutenant de Belmont, and his betrothed, Julie de Châtelet, were safe in the mansion of M. de Callières in the city of Montreal.

Fifteen years had passed away, and the Iroquois Confederacy had been humbled under the vigorous governorship of M. de Frontenac.

It was late on the evening of the 5th of August, the anniversary of the 'Year of the Massacre,' as the terrible catastrophe at Lachine had been named in the Colonial Annals, when two men, attired after the manner of the Hurons, entered the mansion of Col. de Belmont in Montreal.

The Colonel, and his wife, Julie de Belmont, recognized them in a few moments, and welcomed them with the warmest tokens of friendship. The two men, who were still in the vigour of life, were Kondiarak and Tambour.

"We have come," said the Huron chieftain, "to see your little daughter, who is called Isanta."

"I wish her the goodness and the beauty of her namesake," said Tambour with deep earnestness, "but nothing more."

Julie de Belmont retired for a few moments, and led with her, by the hand, a beautiful dark-eyed little girl, on whose cheeks four summers had left their smiles and roses.

Tambour took a white necklace from his bosom, and handed it to his companion, Julie, as she saw it, uttered a cry of delight, and exclaimed—

"That was my sister Isanta's, and once saved my life!"

"It saved you at Lachine," said the Huron Chief; "and it was all the reward I accepted for rescuing you and your husband. It has remained with my white brother ever since. But now we have come to give it to your daughter, who is called after my sister."

With these words the Chief placed the necklace on the child, and taking her in his arms kissed her; and Tambour did the same.

The next moment the men disappeared through the door. De Belmont, in the utmost astonishment, followed after them, in order to bring them back, and make them partake of his hospitality. But they would not be persuaded. Hurrying to the river, they sprang into a canoe; and, in a few moments more, Kondiarak, The Rat—the Machiavel of the Wilderness—and Tambour, his companion, passed for ever from the sight, but not from the memory of the colonists.

FINIS.

CHURCH ASCENDANT.—Some twenty years ago a beautiful little church in the west was ready for consecration. On the day appointed, the venerable Bishop Chase, with several clergy, was present. Just before going into the church, the bishop had written the deed of consecration; and in so doing had soiled his hands with ink. He did not observe this until after he was in the chancel, and during the progress of the service; and when his eyes rested upon his blackened fingers he was apparently much annoyed. He called some of the clergy to his side, and exhibited the soiled hand, and said he must wash it. But he was very heavy and unwieldy, and he could not get out and in the chancel without great difficulty, and therefore declined going out in the vestry room, where there was a bowl. "Bring the bowl and towel to me," he said. One clergyman ventured to suggest to him *sub voce*, that a towel might do as well, and would be less noticed by the congregation. The bishop looked at him over his spectacles, and said: "Sir, I never wash with a towel." At last the senior warden of the parish was obliged to go out and bring in a bowl of water. And by a singular coincidence, just as the officiating clergyman was giving out the twenty-first Psalm:

"I'll wash my hands in innocence, And around thy altar go;"—the bishop dipped his hands in the bowl and

washed them. Some of the people of the parish to this day think that this was part of the ceremony of consecration.

The first chapter in a Western novel has the following: "All of a sudden the fair girl continued to sit on the sand, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell with how much of joy and sorrow, and pine lumber and emigrants, and hopes and salt fish?"

I asked a fellow tourist his opinion of the Rhine. "Wal, sir," said he, "it's not so grand as our North River. We hain't got them old castles, to be sure, but our water's twice as broad, and our rocks are twice as big, and mostly perpendicular." I remarked that the Rhine ruins were extremely picturesque, and certainly enhanced the beauty of the river. "Wal," said he, "I shouldn't wonder if our builders could put us up a few, if we offered them the contract. But our people don't deal much in ruins, that's a fact; and when you come to think of it, you can't say there is much use in 'em."

An eminent lawyer, of Irish descent, was engaged some time since to defend an Irishman, who had been charged with theft. Assuming the prerogative of his position, the counsel, in a private interview with his client, said to him: "Now Patrick, as I am to defend you, I want you to tell me frankly, whether you are guilty or not. Did you steal the goods?" "Faith, then," said Pat, "I 'spose I must tell you; in truth, I did steal them." "Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to come here and disgrace your country by stealing," said the honest counsel. "In truth, Mr. B— maybe I ought; but then, if I didn't steal, you wouldn't have the honour and credit of gettin' me off, d'ye see?"

The following gem from the writings of Dickens was beautiful before, but the world's bereavement makes it sadly appropriate now:—"There is nothing—no nothing—beautiful and good that dies that is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and, and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or buried in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth to those who loved it here. Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their own source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves?"

"As for the coolers coming here," said Mrs. Partington, as she wiped her brow with the old handkerchief, bearing the pictorial representation of the battle of Lake Erie; "I should say let 'em come; for goodness knows it is hot enough, with every rag of one's clothes so saturated with moisture, that one almost wishes to be a great white bear and sit on the top of the North Pole, if it would be proper, and ice so dear! The more of 'em the better, I should say, with the mockery at ninety, and going up at that, goodness help us! O, if heaven would only freeze the ponds over in summer what a luxury it would be, with ice for pic-nics, and no thanks to the monopolizers, who are taking advantage of folks' extremities, and are pinching 'em to make 'em pay, so that a ten cent ice-cream isn't enough to fill a hollow tooth with, if anybody should want to, and iced lemonade is not to be thought of without paying for it, and the lord only knows where it will end, unless the coolers come." She stopped, exhausted in idea and breath, wiping her face with her handkerchief, while Ike sat beside the full milk pan with a boat in it, the sails of which he was filling by fanning it with Mrs. P.'s great black Sunday fan, with the red flowers on it, that she had just laid away in the drawer up-stairs.

WASTED TIME.

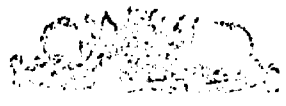
Few things in the life of distinguished men are so impressive, or so full of valuable suggestions, as their frequent lament over lost opportunities for mental and moral culture.

In his autobiography, Sir Walter Scott says:—"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such a youth remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

Edmund Burke grew wise in this respect when he was not too late to retrieve most of his errors and losses, for, before his youth was entirely passed, he wrote to a friend: "What would I not give to have my spirits a little more stirred! I am giddy; this is the bane of my life; it hurries me from studies to trifles, and I am afraid it will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly. I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarcely the bottom of any."

Washington Irving, when giving counsel to young friends, exclaimed in great bitterness of heart: "How many an hour's study have I had to subject myself to, to atone, in a slight degree, for the hours which I suffered society to cheat me out of!"

And Josiah Quincy, in his diary, laments more than once his "neglect of that mental and moral cultivation," which he regards as the noblest of human pursuits. On one occasion he says: "I resolve, therefore, in future to be more circumspect—to hoard my moments with more thrifty spirits—to listen less to the suggestions of indolence, and to quicken that spirit of intellectual improvement to which I devote my life."



THEATRE ROYAL.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 27TH, 1870. BENEFIT of the popular Comedian, MR. VINING BOWERS, who will appear in 3-DIFFERENT CHARACTERS—3 JOHN DECK, TOODLES and TIMOTHY BROWS.

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ATTENTION!

TO Inventors, Patentees, Manufacturers, Merchants, and Authors. All Inventors should secure patents to protect their property in their inventions. All Canadian Patentees should have their Patents extended to the United States, under the small fee before the time allowed expires. All Manufacturers should secure their own interests by obtaining Copy Rights for Industrial Designs. All Merchants should protect their goods by obtaining Trade Marks. All Authors should protect their brain work by Copy Rights. The "Patentee's Manual," lately published by us, will supply full information on the above points; also contains at length, the New Patent Law now in force throughout the Dominion of Canada, together with a synopsis of the Patent Laws of each country in the world, giving duration and costs of Patent. This book will also be found useful in Law Libraries, and sent to any address prepaid on receipt of price, 8/6. CHARLES LEGG & CO., Solicitors of Patents and Engineers, 146 St. James Street, Montreal.

THE TENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

NOW PREPARING, and will be published in December. "The Canadian Parliamentary Companion," for 1871.

EDITED BY HENRY J. MORGAN. Orders from the trade and for advertisements should be sent in not later than November. Ottawa, 2nd August 1870.

1870. The first lot of Tasteless Pale Newfoundland COD LIVER OIL, of the make of 1870, can now be had at the MEDICAL HALL, opposite the Post Office, and Branch, Phillips' Square. Only sold in BOTTLES. 8/6

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office until SATURDAY, the 27th instant, at NOON, for furnishing all the MATERIALS, TOOLS, and LABOUR required in building and completing 5 Lock-keepers' Houses on the Chambly Canal. Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office, and at the Canal Office at Chambly, on and after FRIDAY, the 19th instant.

The names of two responsible persons who are willing to become surety for the performance of the work, must be appended to each tender. The tenders to be endorsed "Tenders for Lock Houses."

The department do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. (By order.) [Signed] J. G. SIPPELL, Supt. Eng. 5/6

CANAL OFFICE. Montreal, 16th Aug., 1870.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. (No. 1,144.)

NOTICE is hereby given that PHILOMENE ALLARD, of Laehing, said District, has instituted, on the TENTH APRIL last, an action for separation of property, against HERMENEGLIDE VIAU, now absent from this Province. MOUSSEAU & DAVID, Attys. for said P. Allard. Montreal, 4th July, 1870. 4c

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. In re PIERRE LORTIE, An Insolvent.

ON SATURDAY, the SEVENTEENTH day of SEPTEMBER next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the said act. PIERRE LORTIE, By MOUSSEAU & DAVID, His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 15th July, 1870. 4c

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ANALYSIS. The following is the result of the analysis made by Dr. Alex. T. Macchattie, Fellow of the Chemical Society of London, England, and a well-known Chemist:— Total Saline Matter in one Imperial Gallon (viz. 70 000 grains) 126,341 grains. The above Saline Matter is composed of the following ingredients:— Sulphate of Lime 63,525 grains Sulphate of Magnesia 41,234 " Carbonate of Lime 7,762 " Carbonate of Magnesia 0,831 " Chloride of Sodium, including a small amount of Chloride of Potassium 4,435 " Silica and Phosphates 0,554 " Total 126,341 grains Sulphur 0.92 grains—equal to Sulphuretted Hydrogen 0.977 grains. The amount of Sulphuretted Hydrogen in a gallon of the water is about 21 cubic inches when measured as a gas.

"THE EUROPEAN MAIL." MR. MORGAN, the General Agent, is now on his way through Ontario for the purpose of canvassing for Subscribers. The European Mail is published in London, Eng., every Thursday morning in time for the Allan Steamer, and the Canadian Edition is published exclusively for North America, and contains a well-digested summary of European and General News. Besides the usual Market Quotations, Shipping Reports, &c., it contains a large amount of reading matter of special interest to the Canadian public. Price, \$4.50 per annum, (postage free.) Address: J. V. MORGAN, GENERAL AGENT, Drawer 200, Montreal. 3/6

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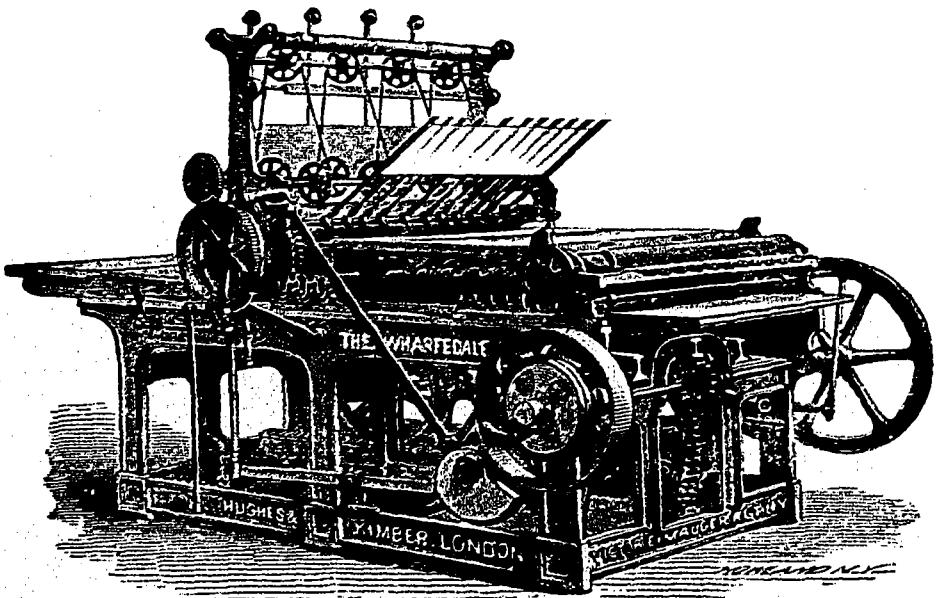
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