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THE WEST-COASTED NEWS

VOL. II.—No. 24.]

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OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 50.—HON. W. P. HOWLAND, C. B.
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.

The work of confederating the British American Provinces was one of compromise among the statesmen, the political parties and the people concerned. Nobody, perhaps, got exactly what he wanted; no Province secured the full realization of its own views; no political party was able to put its hand upon the scheme, as first framed at Quebec in 1864, or as subsequently re-modelled in London in 1866-67, and say, "this is exactly what we wanted." Concessions were made to Conservative opinion and to Reform opinion; to Protestant feeling and to Catholic feeling; to the necessities of the several Provinces according to geographical or other reasons; and in a great degree to the divergent views on constitutional government held by the representative men who took part in the negotiations. When, therefore, one who was a leading party to the inception of the scheme claimed that those who had so far matured it as to fit it for the consideration and judgment of the Canadian Legislature, claimed that its framers had deserved well of their country for the political and personal sacrifices they had made in the cause of general harmony, he claimed no more than was due to him and his colleagues, and no more than was, at the time, freely accorded by their supporters. Mr. Howland, whose portrait we give on this page, was not a member of the Coalition Government as formed in June 1864, and, consequently, was not present either at the Charlottetown Convention which assembled on the 1st September of that year, or at the famous Quebec Conference that met, on the 10th of the following month, at which, during eighteen days' deliberation, the "Seventy-two resolutions" were agreed to. He was, however, an active and most influential supporter of the Reform wing of the Coalition; and on the elevation of the Hon. Mr. Mowat to the Bench in Nov. 1864, succeeded that gentleman as Postmaster-General, and a member of the Executive Council. From that time, and up to about a year after the Union Act went into force, he continued to be a member of the Govern-

ment; he was also one of the delegates on behalf of Upper Canada at the London Conference in 1866-67, and has, thus, every claim to be ranked among the "fathers" of British American Union, to the accomplishment of which, by his personal and political influence, he contributed a great deal, not merely in its early stages, but what was of perhaps very much more consequence, to its

rank, having been for some time President of the Toronto Board of Trade. As a warm supporter of the Reform party as led by Mr. Brown after the disruption in its rank in 1852, Mr. Howland was regarded by the Reformers as an eligible candidate for public life; but it was not until the general election of 1857 that he consented to enter the lists as a candidate for Parliamentary

honours. In that year he was elected to represent the West Riding of the county of York (the metropolitan county of Upper Canada), and continued to sit for the same constituency until his elevation to the Lieut.-Governorship of Ontario, when he was succeeded in the representation of the Riding by Mr. Amos Wright, the sitting member. In Parliament, though a steady supporter of the Reform party, Mr. Howland was by no means demonstrative in enforcing his views, and was doubtless valued as a party man chiefly because of his respectability and personal influence. When the Reform party came into power in May 1862, under the leadership of Hon. Messrs. J. S. Macdonald and Sicotte, Mr. Howland was offered, and accepted, the office of Minister of Finance, which he held for a year, and was then succeeded by Hon. Mr. Holton in the Macdonald-Dorion Cabinet at that time formed, in which Mr. Howland was assigned the office of Receiver-General. He held this position until the defeat of the Government in March 1864, and did not return to office until November of the same year, when the then Postmaster-General, the Hon. Mr. Mowat, having been appointed Vice-Chancellor of Upper Canada, Mr. Howland was



HON. W. P. HOWLAND, C. B. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.

going harmoniously into working order, after the Imperial Parliament had given sanction to its legal existence.

William Pearce Howland was born at Kinderhook, on the Hudson river, New York State, and came to Canada with his family when quite a youth, more than thirty years ago. He engaged in commercial pursuits, and by his industry and business talents, in time became one of the leading wholesale merchants of Toronto, with large interests in the produce, milling, and other branches of trade. Among his commercial friends he held a high

rank, having been for some time President of the Toronto Board of Trade. As a warm supporter of the Reform party as led by Mr. Brown after the disruption in its rank in 1852, Mr. Howland was regarded by the Reformers as an eligible candidate for public life; but it was not until the general election of 1857 that he consented to enter the lists as a candidate for Parliamentary honours. In that year he was elected to represent the West Riding of the county of York (the metropolitan county of Upper Canada), and continued to sit for the same constituency until his elevation to the Lieut.-Governorship of Ontario, when he was succeeded in the representation of the Riding by Mr. Amos Wright, the sitting member. In Parliament, though a steady supporter of the Reform party, Mr. Howland was by no means demonstrative in enforcing his views, and was doubtless valued as a party man chiefly because of his respectability and personal influence. When the Reform party came into power in May 1862, under the leadership of Hon. Messrs. J. S. Macdonald and Sicotte, Mr. Howland was offered, and accepted, the office of Minister of Finance, which he held for a year, and was then succeeded by Hon. Mr. Holton in the Macdonald-Dorion Cabinet at that time formed, in which Mr. Howland was assigned the office of Receiver-General. He held this position until the defeat of the Government in March 1864, and did not return to office until November of the same year, when the then Postmaster-General, the Hon. Mr. Mowat, having been appointed Vice-Chancellor of Upper Canada, Mr. Howland was chosen by Mr. Brown to take Mr. Mowat's place in the Cabinet, which he continued to hold until the retirement of Hon. Mr. Galt in Aug. 1866, when he succeeded the latter as Finance Minister. This office he held till the Union, when, on the formation of the first Dominion Government on the 1st July, 1867, he was appointed a member of the Privy Council, and Minister of Inland Revenue. In July of the following year, 1868, he was appointed Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Ontario, which position had been, since the Union up to that time, held by Major-General Stisted, under an *ad interim*

appointment similar to that which had been conferred on the first Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

In the discharge of his public duties while a Minister of the Crown, Mr. Howland accompanied Mr. Galt on the mission to Washington in 1865 concerning the then proposed renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty. This mission is memorable for its political rather than its commercial results, for while with respect to the latter it merely taught Canada that she must rely upon herself, with respect to the former it almost led to the breaking up of the Coalition and the not improbable consequence of the indefinite postponement of Confederation. That these grave political results were merely threatened, instead of having become actualities, was mainly due to the Hon. Mr. Howland, who, considering the gravity of the situation, and endorsing, also, the Cabinet policy on the Reciprocity question, refused to follow his leader out of the Government, but accepted instead a commission to fill up the vacancy created by Mr. Brown's resignation, with an Upper Canada Reformer, thereby preserving the balance of parties as established in 1864. Mr. Howland was one of the three delegates representing Upper Canada at the London Conference at which the Union Act was framed; and for his services there, as well as generally for the prominent part he had taken in promoting Confederation, he was one of the two Upper Canada Ministers decorated with the order of the Companionship of the Bath, on the 1st of July, 1867.

There was another "conference" which Mr. Howland attended in 1867, and one of much political significance—the great Reform Convention held at Toronto in June, for the purpose of reuniting the Reform party and abolishing the alliance with the Conservatives. Messrs. Howland and McDougall were both present, and vigorously contended against the restoration of party lines on the old basis; and their course there and subsequently at political gatherings throughout the country no doubt did much towards determining the result of the general election held during the summer of that year.

Mr. Howland's health, which had not been very robust for several years, became so enfeebled that he desired to retire from the double drudgery of Parliamentary and Ministerial life; and he was tendered and accepted the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. When he went to Toronto he of course found a Cabinet ready formed which has since continued in office, and has just met the Local Assembly for the fourth and last time before the next election. The Governor of the largest and most wealthy Province in the Dominion may be congratulated on the absence so far of any political difficulties in the way of his administration. It has been "smooth sailing" with an annually swelling surplus, the erection of several important public buildings, and the execution of other works of a character calculated to foster the advancement of Ontario, and indicative of a period of very general prosperity. Governor Howland is doubtless happy in being able to congratulate the people's representatives on the general state of the Province, which is such as to mark his gubernatorial term as one associated with substantial progress.

"AN URGENT NEED."

In our issue of the 5th of February last, under the above heading, we took occasion to press upon public attention the necessity for the establishment of a Dominion Court of Appeal, as provided for (by permission) in the 101st section of the British North America Act; and we argued that the Acts of the Local Legislatures, if not already so, should be made amenable to the jurisdiction of some law court, in order that in cases of doubt their validity might be tested. The particular incident then referred to, the passing of a bill by the Legislature of Quebec to compel certain beneficiaries of an incorporated Benevolent Society to accept a composition of their legally-acquired claims, appeared to us so manifestly unjust that we believed the courts should be endowed with power to prevent the Act from taking effect. It is to be remembered, however, that the time has not yet expired for the signification of His Excellency's sanction of the Acts of the last session of the Quebec Legislature, so that in all probability an adverse report upon this particular bill from the Minister of Justice, and its consequent disallowance, may be fairly expected. The Union Act allows one year for the disallowance by the Governor-General of any Act passed by the Local Legislatures; and two years for the disallowance by Her Majesty the Queen of the Acts of the Canadian Parliament. This conservative provision of our Constitution is, we believe, common to that of all the Colonies, and in our case is eminently necessary for the protection of Imperial interests as regards Canada, and of Dominion interests as regards the Provinces. In other words, the Imperial Government has imposed upon itself the duty of keeping the Dominion Parliament within the

limits of its authority, and upon the Dominion Government the obligation of keeping the Local Legislatures within the prescribed bounds. It is this absolute definition of the limits of legislative power which is designed, and effectively so, we think, to prevent that "conflict of authority" which many have so often feared would be the result of the complicated legislative machinery created by the British North America Act.

In the case mentioned, the Quebec Legislature had some ground for believing in the validity of its jurisdiction, as the Union Act confers upon it the incorporation of companies for Provincial objects as well as the general control of charitable institutions within the Province. But it appears that the parties upon whom the Act imposed the composition refused to abide by it, and sued the society for the full amount of the money due under the original conditions, and the case came up a few days ago in the Queen's Bench for review, when Mr. Justice Torrance pronounced against the validity of the Act, and gave judgment for the plaintiffs, on the ground that the Local Legislatures had no power to legislate respecting "bankruptcy and insolvency," over which legislative jurisdiction was expressly reserved, by the British North America Act, to the Parliament of Canada; and that the preamble of the local act in question clearly established the insolvency of the society. No one, we think, who has read the deliverance of Judge Torrance as reported in the morning papers, will question its soundness: we formerly characterised the position of the society as a case that "comes so very near, if it is not entirely, an act of insolvency, that there is reason to doubt whether the Local Legislature has power to deal with it." The court has now set that doubt at rest by pronouncing against the Act; and, as already said, it will, in all probability, be disallowed within the prescribed time. The case, though disposed of thus, is still suggestive of the immediate necessity for the establishment of a Dominion Court of Appeal, to which all actions-at-law turning upon the validity of local legislation might be relegated. By this means the Local Legislatures would be saved the humiliation of seeing their Acts set aside by Courts over the organization—and in civil matters, over the procedure—of which they possess legislative control. No doubt an Act establishing a Court of Appeal will be passed at the next sitting of Parliament.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND NEW BUILDINGS.

The new building of the LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND, which has just been erected mainly by the enterprise of the Head Association in Edinburgh, but co-operated with, and seconded by, the Branch Board of Directors here, is one of the handsomest edifices of the kind in the Dominion. Our frontispiece Engraving shows the external design, the merit of which belongs to the accomplished and well-known architects of this city, Messrs. Hopkins & Wily. With life assurance as a system it is not our province, much less our intention, here to deal; sufficient that it has long ere now grown to be a power in our midst. Its efficacy is everywhere felt. Throughout the length and breadth of Canada—in the home of orphanage and the dwelling of widowed bereavement—its assuaging and salutary mission is alike attested and acknowledged. Equally visible are its effects upon our civil progress and material prosperity. Wherever companies of tried stability in Europe have opened branch offices among us, there success has invariably been theirs, and proportionate profit and local benefit, ours. Buildings and building improvements on a scale known only to the old world, mark their presence and vitality; eminent example of this is the institution to which we to-day devote our space.

Established in Edinburgh in 1838, under auspices at once distinguished and solid, the LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND has carried alike its business and its influences wherever Insurance has a foot-hold, but especially throughout the United Kingdom and the Dominion of Canada. In this country it is but truth to say that it has attained a position the very first-class, and is, *par excellence*, a standard company. Its Agencies permeate every settlement and section from Halifax to extremest Western Canada; while, at the same time, business is transacted on a basis of caution sufficient to obviate loss to any; ensure thorough success to the Association; and establish confidence in all; thus much on general merits we opine is enough.

The site of the Head Office for Canada—that with which we have now directly to deal—is prominent and conspicuous, and at once consonant with the Institution's cosmopolitan character, and the general surroundings and architectural beauty of the building itself. Situated at the corner of St. James Street and Place D'Armes Hill, opposite the City Bank, it is easy of access to the stranger; and, together with the former and Montreal Banks, adds liberally to the substantial improvements lately so observable in that neighbourhood. The view of the building as it first strikes the eye, is commanding, and, irrespective of its dimensions, such as to arrest attention by its mere chaste outline and elegance of proportion. The style of the architecture is Astylar-Italian. The building has a frontage on St. James Street of 38 feet 6 inches, and 48 feet on the Hill. From the street level to the top of the main cornice the height is 67 feet. The structure consists of a basement, ground, first, second, third, and attic stories of the respective heights of 9 ft., 17 ft., 14 ft., 12 ft., and 9 ft. There is also a sub-basement containing fuel and furnace rooms, &c., each complete and convenient in itself.

The basement is built of cut Montreal lime-stone, and rises to an average of 5 feet above the street. The superstructure—the two fronts shown in our engraving—is of Ohio sand-stone; the rear is brick.

The principal entrance to the Company's offices is at the

junction of the two streets, and is circular in form. The front on Place D'Armes Hill has four windows on each story; that on St. James Street, three. The door and window-openings of the three lower stories have semi-circular headings springing from plain pilasters surmounted with capitals adapted from the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders. The whole have richly sculptured key-stones, those of the second story being charged with an heraldic thistle and grasping a wreath of boldly sculptured thistle-leaves pendant over the arch; the same ornament on a larger scale is over the principal entrance, except that the key-stone is charged with the arms and surmounted by the crown of Scotland. Between the door and window-openings on every story are panelled pilasters harmonizing with those already described, sustaining appropriate entablatures, the frieze of the topmost bearing, in highly relieved gilded characters, the style of the Company and date of Incorporation (1838). The whole composition is crowned by a rich block cornice, from which springs the slated Mansard roof with its dormer windows. On the ground and part of second first floors are the business offices of the Company, consisting of a general office 25 ft. by 33; secretary's office 11 ft. 6 in. by 17 ft., and fire-proof vault, lavatory, &c. The entrance floor of encaustic tiles, fine mahogany desks and counters, and general elaborate ornamentation of this section are conspicuous, and lend at once richness and grace to the whole. Steam apparatus of newest improvement heats the offices. The Board-room is on the first floor, and 23 feet by 15 ft., with a medical officer's and waiting-room attached. The remainder of this floor is occupied by the Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada, who have spacious offices, vaults, &c. The next story is occupied as offices, and the two upper floors are intended as a residence for the Company's Secretary.

Of the fitting up and internal finishings of the several offices it may be sufficient to remark that they are substantial, harmonize well throughout, and are in complete keeping with the handsome exterior of the building; the architects, as already mentioned, were Messrs. Hopkins & Wily, under whose superintendence the entire works were carried out.

A word as to the working or general managing régime may not be misplaced ere we close. The staff of assistants, clerks, &c., it is needless to say is complete and efficient. With a Board of Directors, the whole is under the management of a General Secretary, sent out from the Head Office, and whose duties are at once arduous and important. His is the province to control and regulate not only the internal movements of the office here, but also that of the local Agencies scattered throughout the country; seeing to it that each agent performs his work judiciously, and to the advantage of the parent office. Mr. P. Wardlaw, the gentleman upon whom this duty for Canada devolves, has been the Company's Secretary in Montreal for several years past, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that the business and popularity of the Association increases yearly under his care, judging by the Annual Statements published by the Board of Direction.

LABELLE FALLS.

Few of our smaller Canadian streams offer so many attractions to the artist and the lover of the beauties of nature as the North River, which waters the counties of Two Mountains and Terrebonne. Rising in the high lands to the north-west of Abercrombie, this singular stream pursues a winding irregular course, now turning to the right, and now to the left, until it empties itself by two channels into the Ottawa. The whole course of the river is some hundred miles in length; yet its source cannot be more than half that distance from the spot where it mingles its waters with those of the Ottawa. Its bed is rocky and uneven; in some places gradually shelving, and in others consisting of a series of rocky ledges forming very beautiful falls. In one part, in the neighbourhood of the thriving village of St. Jerome, the river has a fall of 305 feet in a distance of three miles. This fall is caused by a number of long rapids, with a cataract here and there. The principal of these are the Sanderson and Labelle Falls, of which an illustration is given on another page, and the Scott Falls in the village of St. Jerome.

The Sanderson and Labelle Falls are formed by a long slope in the bed of the river, some three-quarters of a mile in length, terminated by a broad ledge of rock, over which the water pours with inconceivable impetuosity. The whole of the bed of the river, in this part, is covered by huge boulders, over which the water seethes and boils in its course, until it tumbles over the ledge, in one broad sweep, upon a ridge of boulders, where it breaks into hundreds of small spouts and falls, and then resumes its placid course. The height of these falls is 152 feet, with a breadth of 80 feet.

As yet the immense water-power afforded by the North River has not been fully utilised, though several mills have been erected along its banks, both in the village of St. Jerome and at several other points along the river. The village is worthy of some notice, being one of the most thriving of the Lower Canadian villages. It has been in existence for some years, but has, we believe, only been incorporated within the past few months. It lies on the left bank of the North River, in the county of Terrebonne, at a distance of some thirty-six miles from Montreal, in a north-westerly direction. Built in the centre of a small wood, which encircles it like a belt, it offers a most pleasing aspect, and the visitor, on entering it, is surprised to find large well-built houses, broad macadamised streets, lined with beech and elm trees, and all the indications of a thriving, progressing town. Already a cloth-manufactory has been established there, besides two flour-mills, two saw-mills, two carding-mills, and several very creditable stores. The water-power at this spot is estimated at about 120,000 horse-power.

LOUISBURG, CAPE BRETON.

Louisburg, formerly the capital of the island of Cape Breton, is well-known as an ancient stronghold of the French, ranking next to Quebec in point of defences. It was taken by Sir Wm. Pepperell and the New England troops in 1745, restored by treaty soon after, and finally reduced and dismantled by Wolfe in 1749. It was favourably situated on the noble harbour of the same name, and admirably adapted as a naval and fishing station grew into immense importance, sending annually a fleet of 400 vessels to the Newfoundland banks and shore fishery.

The "Island Battery" was situated on Battery Island, at the entrance of the harbour, which commanded the approach by water, and was itself covered by the "Grand Battery," the ruins of which are near the foreground of the sketch. The

"Crown Battery" stood on the point at the right, and the "Lighthouse Battery" on the left close to the Lighthouse. The city rose on the peninsula shown on the right of the illustration.

Its demolition is complete. It is traceable only by the green mounds which overlie its crumbled ramparts, and some bombproof casemates, used as sheepfolds by the scattered peasantry.

The harbour still retains its fame for safety and ease of ingress and egress, and is beginning to command attention as the natural terminus of the lines of ocean steamships when the Dominion railways shall have attained their Eastern limit on the "Long Wharf of America." It is the nearest port to Europe on this continent (south of Labrador), being almost 300 miles nearer than Halifax, the present terminus of the Intercolonial Railway. It is easy of access in all weathers, and at all seasons is capable of floating the largest vessels and accommodating the British navy, as near as possible in the direct route of ships to both Montreal and New York, and is within twenty miles of extensive coal-fields. It is much used as a harbour of refuge by coasting vessels, and is occasionally visited by war ships and merchantmen that through stress of weather seek safety in its secure anchorage.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN FAVRE AND BISMARCK AT FERRIÈRES.

The château of Ferrières, the princely mansion of the Rothschilds near Paris, was the scene of a strange interview on the 15th September last. Jules Favre, the head of the French Provisional Government, finding that Paris was being hard pressed, and trusting to being able to make terms with the invaders, requested and obtained an interview with the chancellor of the German Confederation, with a view to arranging terms for the conclusion of a peace. After leaving Paris the French Minister, accompanied by two secretaries, took the direction of Ferrières, where he was obliged to put up with such accommodation as was offered by a poor peasant's cottage until the German chancellor should be ready to receive him. The interview took place at nine o'clock in the evening, in the room occupied by Bismarck as a study, and lasted very nearly until midnight. Bismarck insisted upon the old terms, the cession of Alsace and the department of the Moselle, together with Metz and Chateau Salins as guarantees against any aggression on the part of France. Favre refused the terms, stating that even were he to accept them they would never be ratified by his colleagues in Paris. The negotiations were thus dropped only to be resumed, with the same futile result, on the morrow.

A BY STREET IN SEDAN AFTER THE CAPITULATION.

Although Sedan was spared most of the horrors which overtook the majority of the towns that have fallen into the hands of the Prussians, yet it was exposed to a far greater evil than the mere destruction of property. Even after the capitulation a great dearth of provisions existed for several days, and fears were entertained that numbers of the poorer inhabitants would starve. The presence of such a large number of troops in a town of no very great size, speedily reduced the store of provisions, and when the Germans entered the city they found the poorer people devouring the flesh of the dead cavalry-horses that strewed the streets, in order to sustain life. Bread was hardly to be got, while of hay and oats there was absolutely none. Straw cost fifteen francs the bundle, and other necessities were proportionately high. The only thing of which there appeared to be plenty was arms. Arms of all sorts, chassepots, pistols, swords, and bayonets strewed the streets on every side, and as the ambulance and artillery passed along, hundreds of perfectly whole weapons were bent and crushed beneath the heavy wheels. The town appeared to have suffered comparatively little from the few hours' bombardment to which it had been subjected. A few houses were damaged by shell, and here and there the dead body of some woman or child stretched in the street told a pitiful tale of the horrors of war.

The illustration gives a view of one of the by-streets in the neighbourhood of the walls. The passage is almost entirely barred by heaps of swords, cuirasses and knapsacks, watched over by a vigilant Prussian, in long cloak and Pickelhaube, stationed there to prevent looting and speculative individuals from carrying away the spoil, to be sold as old metal. In front is a grief-stricken family, homeless and perhaps starving, for their empty baskets tell a sad tale—an agonized mother sorrowing over the babe that lies dead at her feet; an old grandmother, mourning silently over the unaccustomed scene, and half-a-dozen children, divided between terror and astonishment at the doings of the last few days.

A SCENE AT LAMONCELLE.

DISTRIBUTION OF SHEEP AMONG BAVARIAN SOLDIERS.

The little village of Lamoncelle, near Donchéry, where the Bavarians engaged the French Cuirassiers in the memorable battle before Sedan, was the scene on the morning after the surrender of one of those comic incidents which crop up even amid the horrors and hardships of war. The incident has been chosen as the subject of a very spirited illustration which we produce on another page. A flock of sheep had been seized by the German intendant, and had been driven up to the headquarters, to be distributed among the various messes. When the partition had taken place, the question rose how to carry the beasts to the camp: It never once entered the thick skulls of the Bavarian troops to drive the animals before them in the usual patriarchal manner, so each man seizes his sheep, tosses it over his shoulder, and marches off to the camp. The sheep, however, naturally object to this mode of treatment; a struggle ensues in which the beasts have on the whole the best of it, until at last, after several vigorous "Donnerwetters," the plan is given up as impracticable, and the troopers, at the suggestion of an amused witness of the scene, try the simpler and more efficacious method of letting the animals go as they came, on their own legs.

The half of the Prussian shell which struck the gilt cross on the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, and the fragment of the cross itself, which was detached by this shell, were found on the spire by Robert Heck, the artist, who went up for the purpose of sketching from that stand-point the surrounding country. They were placed on exhibition, together with a piece of the white flag of surrender, and were bought by a gentleman of Stuttgart for 500 florins, which sum goes into the German Invalid Fund.

SCIENTIFIC.

SCIENTIFIC ZEAL—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.—*Nature* for Oct. 13th says:—"We have great pleasure in announcing that the American Government have voted £6,000 for the expedition which will be sent to Spain and Sicily to observe the coming eclipse. It will be in the recollection of our readers that our own Government have refused to give either a single ship or a single shilling in aid of our own observations; as we said before, comment is useless.

TEST FOR STRYCHNIA.—One of the great desiderata of the analytical chemist has at last been supplied. Among its foreign notices the *American Chemist* has the following:—Sonnenschein announces that oxide of cerium is an excellent reagent and test for strychnia. When the last-named substance is well moistened with concentrated sulphuric acid, and there is added to it a mixture of proto-sesquioxide of cerium, a very fine blue coloration ensues, which gradually verges to cherry red, and then remains unchanged, even for several days. The author states that, by this test, even so small a quantity of strychnia as 0.000001 grm. can be detected. Other alkaloids yield, with the same test, quite different reactions, as, for instance—brucine, orange, becoming at last yellow; morphine, olive-brown, finally brown; narcotine, first brownish, cherry-red, remaining at last cherry-red; quinine, pale yellow; cinchonine remains colourless.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.—Has the chemist's skill attained to such results as to enable him to manufacture the delicious and important food substance known to us as butter? This is an interesting question. Through recent foreign advices we learn that M. Méyé, a Parisian chemist, is actually making good palatable butter out of a variety of animal fats, by a process which is patented in nearly all the countries of Europe. His claim is that by subjecting sweet lard or other animal fat to great pressure, by which the stearine is extracted, an oily material is obtained, the composition of which is identical with butter. After obtaining this "oily material," he subjects it to a variety of chemical processes, which result in securing the flavour and physical characteristics of prime butter. The patent specifications and claims are presented with much detail; and the reader who is interested in butter necromancy is carried along through all the steps by which unsophisticated grease becomes sophisticated fat, and ultimately butter, of a character which would pass unchallenged through the hands of a first-class butter inspector. This is certainly very important scientific intelligence, if true; but we are not yet ready to break up or burn up our churns, and send our cows to the butcher. We prefer to wait for further advices. Butter is a delicate animal compound, which, in our view, cannot be fabricated or imitated successfully by any chemical process whatever. Doubtless a substance can be produced which may serve as a fair substitute for butter among certain classes in Europe; but the fastidious taste of large consumers, both in that country and this, can never be satisfied with butter coming from any other sources than the sweet grasses of the hills and meadows, or from the cereal grains, transmuted or changed by the subtle chemistry of the animal organism.—*Jour. Chemistry.*

SELF-MADE MEN OF OLDEN TIMES.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

Robin Hood was one of the self-made men of England, who followed the profession of an outlaw during the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion. Richard often tried to capture Hood, and thereby stop his Robin. He desired to reform him by cutting off his head, for in those weak, effeminate days that is the way they used to serve robbers. Now they give them great grants of land, and elect them Presidents of big corporations. Hood refused to be cured of his outlawry. He said Richard might Cœur de Lion, but he couldn't cure him. Richard sometimes professed to wink at his robberies, so as to beguile him into his clutches, but Hood said, with a wink, that he couldn't hoodwink him. His headquarters were in Sherwood Forest, but his hindquarters, like Gen. Pope's, were in the saddle.

He is said to have been a man of good birth, but losing heavily in speculations in Western lands, and squandering what there was left in a praiseworthy, though fruitless, endeavor to "keeno," he took to the woods to make his first appearance in the play of the "Robbers."

It may be related to his credit that just previous to taking this step he was urged to run for Congress in his district on the Reform ticket, but refused.

"No," said this noble man, sternly, "if I am to be a thief, I will be one open and above board."

The politicians who were urging him pressed the matter no further when they heard such sentiments. They saw he wouldn't do.

Robin pursued a system in his robberies for which he may have been over-praised. He only robbed the rich; the poor, who hadn't anything, he didn't rob. He has been known to rob a rich man and then turn around and give it to a poor man—give it to him over the head for not having anything.

He was particularly gallant to women, always promising to return any little sums circumstances compelled them to lend him. His *carte de visite* (he sold them himself at a handsome profit) was in great demand among the ladies of that period. Ballads relating to his adventures were sold at every corner and sung at all the variety shows.

His death was peculiar. Being attacked by illness, it occurred to him that he had better be bled. Having devoted many years to bleeding others, he thought it would do him good to get bled himself. He went to a convent for that purpose, as the doctors had all moved out of his neighborhood on account of its being unhealthy, and the nuns thinking to give him a rest (he was eighty-six years old) from his laborious life of robbing the rich and "giving" to the poor, let him bleed to death. His last words were "Hood a thought it?"

Robin Hood had numerous descendants. The numerous brother-Hoods whose name is legion, were distantly connected. There was little Red Riding Hood, another of the Hood family. Mistaking a wolf for her grand-mother, on account of some resemblance in ears, eyes, teeth, &c., she was devoured over Robin Hood's barn, producing great excitement in her neighbor-Hood at that time.

Robin has been quite a favorite name since this day. There are Auld Robin Gray, Robin Peter-to-pay Paul, Robin Red-breast and Robin Hen Roosts.

VARIETIES.

A London druggist has this cheerful invitation in his shop window—"Come in and get twelve emetics for one shilling."

Bishop Potter, of New York, has forbidden the English ritualists acting as Episcopal ministers in his see.

The London *Lancet*, the highest medical authority, announces that it thoroughly believes in the use of tobacco.

The word "state" spelled backwards is "etats" in French. It is not safe, however, to undertake to learn French simply by going back on our English.

When Napoleon was sitting at a window, inditing his letter of surrender to the King of Prussia a shell struck the wall just outside, and burst only a few feet from his chair.

Rev. Dr. Stone, of San Francisco, visited all the brothels in that city, under the escort of the police, by way of "coaching" for a sermon on the social evil.

The Toronto Grey and Bruce Railway has been opened for a short distance, and the "narrow gauge" pronounced a complete success by men of great practical experience.

A corn doctor—we beg his pardon, we should have said a "chiroprapist"—travels through Ohio in a wagon constructed in the shape of a human foot, and painted flesh tint. The toes present *fac-similes* of corns and bunions.

One Sunday evening, as a learned preacher was holding forth in a chapel, a female fainted, and considerable anxiety was manifested by a portion of the audience. Thereupon the learned preacher, no doubt with a good intention, addressing the congregation, said, "Be calm, my friends. It is only a poor fellow-creature who is seized with illness. Let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

ECCENTRICITIES OF AUTHORS.—Bulwer rit *Night and Mornin'*. What he did the rest of the day is not stated. Collins rit *After Dark*. Perhaps he couldn't rite so well by day. Some other rote *Bound in the Wheel*. An unkonfortable position tu rite in. Gilmore rote *Four Years in the Saddle*, so 'tis sed. He must have had a "quiet horse."—*Josh Billings.*

ENGLISH POETS OF 1870.—The latest English song says:—

"I'm a lardy dardy doo,
And I don't mind telling you
That the only income I possess
Is my lardy dardy doo!"

The following extract from a weekly periodical has been forwarded to us:—"A lady at Bedford, who lives near a church, was sitting by the window listening to the crickets, which were loudly chirping, the music from the choir rehearsal being faintly audible, when a gentleman dropped in familiarly, who had just passed the church and had the music full in his mind. 'What a noise they are making to-night!' he said. 'Yes,' replied the lady, 'and it is said they do it with their hind legs!'"

The importance of a comma was recently shown in a return received from the chief constable of Denbigh, England, by the parish authorities, which contained the dismissal of one of their police officers, whose crime was stated to be: "For attempting to marry his wife, being still alive." Still more important was the collocation of the comma in the request for prayers sent to a clergyman. We read it as follows: "A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation." It should have been: "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation."

Mr. Macfie, member of Parliament for the Leith burghs, Scotland, in reply to a question put to him at a meeting of his constituents whether he was willing that the Princess Louise should receive a dowry from the nation on the occasion of her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne, said:—"That precedents for such gifts already existed, and that it would be invidious to show less appreciation of their countryman than of a German stranger." This reply is said to have been received "with rounds of applause."

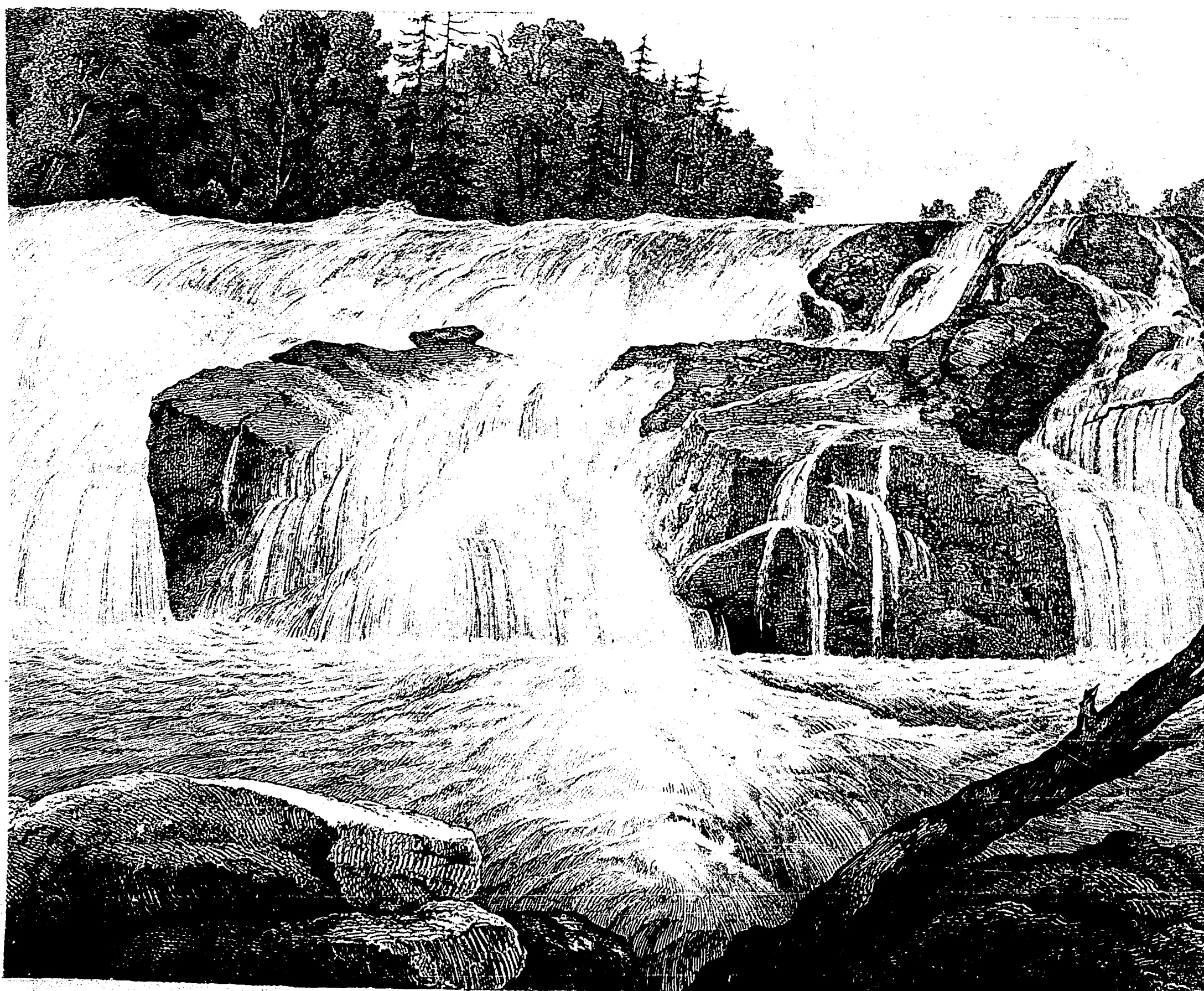
Mr. Edmund Yates, in a London contemporary, describes the appearance of the Marquis of Lorne on the occasion of his taking his seat in the House of Commons. It may not be uninteresting to some of our readers:—"He looked" says Mr. Yates, "so very young, and seemed determined to look so very old; complexion delicate and pink; finely cut and feminine features; a slight red moustache, his only facial adornment; genuine Rufus, small ears, hands and feet; a light, springy step; head high in the air, and a gait which expressed generally a full consciousness of the rights and titles and belongings of the Dukedom of Argyll—such was the marquis of Lorne, as he appeared to me from the Speaker's gallery. Let me add that he is widely popular in his own set, and that one hears on all sides, his is a fine nature, and one which will be improved by time like generous wine."

DISENCHANTMENT.—A young mechanic named John Bull, residing at Norwich, not in England but America, lately became enamoured of an Indian maiden who dwelt in a wigwam just out of town, where she braided her mats and wrought her ornaments of beads for the market of the pale-faces. In her romantic retreat the ardent youth sought out his "dusky mate," and wooed her to become his own. He found her "willin'," and took a lover's pride in lavishing upon her such gifts as his slender purse could buy. But his hopes were destined to fade, and his dream of romance to be changed into a very ugly reality. A few days ago his adorable daughter of the forest visited the city, and, with the proceeds of her traffic and the pawning of her lover's gifts, got gloriously intoxicated, and stood on her head in the open square. In this unseemly attitude she lost for ever the affections of the youthful Bull. His dream of delusion is over, and he goes the dull mechanic round, once more a sober citizen of Norwich.

MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE COLLIER.—A correspondent writes as follows: Some time ago I heard an amusing story about Mr. Bradlaugh and one of his audience at Wigan. After concluding his lecture, Mr. Bradlaugh called upon any of them to reply to any of his arguments. You know that Lancashire produces a rare crop of shrewd, intelligent working men. One of these, a collier, rose and spoke somewhat as follows:—"Maister Bradlaugh, me and my mate Jim were both Methodys, till one of the infidel chaps cam' this way. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me about attending class meetings and prayer meetings; but one day in the pit a large cob of coal came down upon Jim's 'yead.' Jim thought he was killed, and, ah, man! but he did holler." Then, turning to Mr. Bradlaugh, with a very knowing look, he said—"Young man, there's now't like cobs of coal for knocking infidelity out of a man." We need scarcely say that the collier carried the audience with him.—*English Paper.*



PORT OF LOUISBOURG, CAPE BRETON



LABELLE FALLS, ST. JEROME.



NEW BUILDINGS OF THE LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGG & CO.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
DECEMBER 17, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Dec. 11.—	Third Sunday in Advent. Charles XII. killed, 1718.
MONDAY,	" 12.—	Victoria Bridge opened for traffic, 1859.
TUESDAY,	" 13.—	St. Lucy, V. & M. New Zealand discovered, 1642.
WEDNESDAY,	" 14.—	Washington died, 1799. Prince Albert died, 1861.
THURSDAY,	" 15.—	Isaak Walton died, 1683.
FRIDAY,	" 16.—	Great Fire at New York, 1835.
SATURDAY,	" 17.—	First Lower Canadian Parliament met, 1792.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

THE Annual Message of the President of the United States derives its practical importance from the relations subsisting between the Executive and Congress. If these, in some measure co-ordinate powers, are antagonistic, then it is safe to say that what the President will propose the Congress will dispose of, very summarily indeed, by treating it with contempt. This was the case with President Johnson's Messages; the last one he sent to Congress was treated in the House of Representatives with every indignity; scoffed at, laughed at, tossed under the table, and almost refused a place among the records. This undignified behaviour was designed to show the contempt in which the President was held; and to punish him for his stubborn resistance to Congressional policy. But the case is now entirely changed. Though President Grant and the American Congress are not in accord in everything, he is still the chosen Candidate of the dominant—and domineering—party in the United States Legislature, and it is pretty well understood that he aspires to a renomination as Republican candidate for the next Presidential election. In all matters of party tactics and general policy, President Grant is in harmony with the majority in both branches of Congress, and we may fairly assume that the views he expresses in his Message represent the policy of the Republic, regarding all or nearly all the subjects he discusses. Under these circumstances, the Message of President Grant, delivered to Congress at its opening on Monday last, is a document of considerable importance; and will doubtless command serious attention far beyond the limits of the Republic.

The Message, after the customary congratulations on the prosperous condition of the Republic, regrets the "violence and intimidation" at some of the elections, and hopes that at the beginning of next year, Georgia, the only remaining disfranchised State, will take its place in the National Councils. Touching the Franco-Prussian war it speaks with evident pride of the many foreigners from different countries who solicited and received the protection of the United States Minister in Paris; rejoices at the proclamation of the French Republic, and while adhering to traditional neutrality "cannot be indifferent to the spread of American (!) political ideas in "a great and highly civilized country like France!" After this somewhat "tall talk" the President discourses sensibly on the subjects of mediation and neutrality, having declined to take part in the former when solicited by Jules Favre, on the ground that "established policy" forbade the United States to interfere in European quarrels, and with respect to the latter having issued proclamations, from time to time, in order that it might be strictly observed. The Cuban insurrection, Spain and the South American Republics, come in for a long notice. He has proposed to Spain a joint tribunal for the settlement of the claims of American citizens against the Spanish authorities in Cuba, and significantly says: "Should the pending negotiations unfortunately and unexpectedly be without result, it will then become my duty to communicate the fact to Congress and invite its action on the subject." Spain having, after long hesitation, gone back on "American political ideas" and returned to the "effete system of monarchy," should accept the very reasonable proposals of the President, otherwise it is not unlikely that the Washington Government may make its grievances a cause of war, for Cuba is worth either paying or fighting for. With respect to the South American Republics the President expresses a sincere interest in their welfare, and says:

"The time is not probably far distant when, in the natural course of events, the European political connection with this Continent will cease. Our policy should be shaped in view of this probability, so as to ally the commercial interests of the Spanish American States more closely to us, and thus give the United States all the pre-eminence and all the advantage which Mr. Munroe, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Clay contemplated when they proposed to join to the United States the Isthmus of Panama."

The significance of the first part of this extract lies in the meaning attached to a "far distant time." In the

rise and fall of Empires, in the elevation and degradation of peoples and races, a period of five hundred, or even a thousand, years is not considered absolutely remote from the time whence you look back; nor should it, therefore, be far from the time whence you look forward. And as the accomplishment of this political disconnection between the two Continents is further relegated to the "natural course of events," we, dwellers in these northern regions, can well afford to wait the realization of President Grant's anticipations with the utmost composure.

On the annexation of San Domingo the President is not only urgent but fervently eloquent. After reciting at great length the arguments in favour of the measure, the increased facilities it would give for the payment of the national debt through the agency of greatly enhanced commerce, &c., he says:—

"The acquisition of San Domingo is an adhesion to the Munroe doctrine—is a measure of national protection. It is asserting our just claim to a controlling influence over the great commercial traffic soon to flow from the East and West by way of the Isthmus of Darien. It is to build up our merchant marine. It is to furnish new markets for the products of our farms, shops, and factories. It is to make slavery insupportable in Cuba and Porto Rico at once, and ultimately so in Brazil. It is to settle the unhappy condition of Cuba, and end an exterminating conflict. It is to promote honest means of paying our honest debts without over-taxing the people. It is to furnish our citizens with the necessaries of every-day life at lower rates than ever before, and it is, in fine, a rapid stride towards that greatness which the intelligence, industry, and enterprise of the citizens of the United States entitle this country to assume among nations. In view of the importance of this question, I earnestly urge upon Congress early action, expressive of its views as to the best means of acquiring San Domingo."

He complains that the Mexican Government exempts a large tract of its territory upon the United States border,—and threatens to extend the exemption—from import duties, to the injury of the U. S. revenue, and thinks it expedient for Congress to give serious consideration to proper means for abolishing this exemption; in other words, for compelling Mexico to submit to Washington dictation in the regulation of its tariff. Other questions of minor interest are then referred to, and the question of disputed boundary between the United States and the North-West is discussed in a fair spirit. He says:—

"In April last, while engaged in locating a military reservation near Pembina, a Corps of Engineers discovered that the commonly received boundary line between the United States and the British possessions at that place is about forty-seven hundred feet south of the true position of the 40th parallel, and that when run on what is now supposed to be the true position of that parallel would leave the fort of the Hudson's Bay Company at Pembina within the territory of the United States. This information being communicated to the British Government, I was requested to consent, and did consent, that the British occupation of the fort of the Hudson's Bay Company should continue for the present; I deem it important, however, that this part of the boundary line should be definitely fixed by a Joint Commission of the two governments, and I submit the estimates of the expense of such a commission on the part of the United States, and recommend that an appropriation for that purpose be made"

Great Britain has been too often outwitted on the boundary question to make any wry faces about these "forty-seven hundred feet."

The following brief and pithy paragraph is all that the message has to say on the "Alabama" claims:—

"I regret to say that no conclusion has been reached for the adjustment of the claims against Great Britain growing out of the course adopted by that Government during the rebellion. The Cabinet of London, so far as its views have been expressed, does not appear to be willing to concede that Her Majesty's Government was guilty of negligence, or did or permitted any act during the war by which the United States has just cause of complaint. Our firm and unalterable convictions are directly the reverse. I therefore recommend to Congress to authorise the appointment of a commission to take proof of the amounts and the ownership of their claims, on notice to the representative of Her Majesty's Government; and that authority be given for the settlement of these claims by the United States, so that the Government shall have the ownership of the private claims as well as the responsible control of all the claimants against Great Britain. It cannot be necessary to add that whenever Her Majesty's Government shall entertain a desire for a full and friendly adjustment of these claims, the United States will enter upon their consideration with an earnest desire for a conclusion consistent with the honour and dignity of both nations."

The policy of the President in this matter is readily discernible. He desires to get the "Alabama" whip altogether in the hands of the Executive, so that it may be laid on when the opportunity offers.

But it is only when he comes to speak of the relations of the United States with Canada that the President seems thoroughly to forget the dignity of his position, and to become querulous, peevish, and even threatening. After complaining of the action of the Canadian Government with respect to the fisheries, and treating the subject very much from the Butler stand point, the President says:—

"Anticipating that an attempt may possibly be made by the Canadian authorities in the coming season to repeat their unneighbourly acts towards our fishermen, I recommend you to confer upon the Executive the power to suspend by proclamation the operation of the laws authorising the transit of goods,

wares, and merchandise in bond between the territory of the United States and Canada; and further, should such an extreme measure become necessary, to suspend the operation of any laws whereby the vessels of the Dominion of Canada are permitted to enter the waters of the United States."

It is hardly necessary to point out the unreasonableness of the American demand for a share in our fisheries without the offer of an equivalent. The question is well understood both by the Canadian and British Governments, and we believe that, as it is not very distantly associated with the subject of naval strength, the rights of our country will be firmly upheld, while their enforcement will, as heretofore, be in the mildest form, in order to prevent irritation. But it is a notable feature in the above declaration that it indicates President Grant's seeming departure from his course of last summer, when his Government admitted the justice of the Anglo-Canadian policy regarding the fisheries, and instructed American fishermen, by departmental circular, to respect the Canadian regulations. This apparent change is attributed to the ascendancy of Gen. Butler in the confidence of the President.

There is complaint made of "a like unfriendly disposition manifested on the part of Canada in the maintenance of a claim of right to exclude the citizens of the United States from the navigation of the St. Lawrence." In this statement President Grant is as inaccurate as in his quotations from, and references to, the Treaty of 1818. Canada never set up "a claim of right" to do any such thing. Yet the President expatiates to the extent of nearly three-quarters of a column upon the injustice of this claim, dragging into his argument John Quincy Adams, Clay, the Congress of Vienna, the Douro, the Rhine, the Argentine Republic, &c., &c., all to prove that Canada should have no such "right;" and he concludes:—

"It is hoped that the Government of Great Britain will see the justice of abandoning the narrow and inconsistent claim to which the Canadian Provinces have urged their adherence."

Now, we venture to say that it is on the score of humanity only that Canada would desire to exclude the Americans from navigating the St. Lawrence. Canadians would not like to see an "American steamship," nor a sailing craft either, even though Ben. Butler were on board, attempt to run from the head waters of the St. Lawrence to the sea, for they know that, if all other dangers were overcome, the Falls of Niagara would prove fatal to the success of the enterprise!

The "claim of right" upon which Canada insists, and in which she will undoubtedly be sustained by Great Britain, is simply the exclusive right to control her own canals—to close them when and against whom she pleases. This "right" she only claims; but the same "right" the American Government has actually put—and maintains—in force against foreign ships. It is extraordinary that American statesmen should so commit themselves to *buncombe*.

The rest of the message is devoted to home affairs, and we are glad to notice the record of progress and prosperity among our neighbours. The President recommends economy, prompt payment of debt, reduced taxation as demands upon the revenue will permit; and "honest and fair dealing with all other people." A good programme truly.

The following remarkable and strikingly suggestive, indeed prophetic, paragraph, is copied from the American *Eclectic Magazine* for May, 1862:

"A CURIOUS DOCUMENT.—From Paris we learn that the second volume of *The Family of Orleans*, by M. Crétineau Joly, is shortly to appear, and it is said to contain a curious document relative to the present Emperor of France. It is a letter from Queen Hortense, written after the Strasburg adventure. The mother of Louis Napoleon writes:—'The failure of the undertaking is not much to be regretted.' And later:—'If unfortunately my Louis should ever become Emperor, he would ruin everything, and France entirely.' It is supposed that this volume will appear in two editions, as no French publisher will venture on printing this letter; the French edition will merely make mention of the letter, while the Belgian is to print it completely.—*Paris Letter in London Review*."

The fourth session of the first Legislative Assembly of Ontario was opened at Toronto on Wednesday last by Lieut.-Governor Howland.

The "Eastern question" is still the subject of much earnest discussion, but fears of a rupture have almost wholly disappeared.

Early on Sunday morning a fire broke out on the north side of Sparks street, Ottawa, destroying a number of outhouses and four or five shops, the principal of which was that of Messrs. Young & Radford, jewellers. The stock in every instance was fortunately nearly all saved. Will the rate-payers of Ottawa seriously set about getting water works in order now, or do they prefer waiting for another lesson—"just to see how far the fire might go?"

Messrs. Lyman, Clare & Co., of this city, recently received a letter from Paris which made its exit from the besieged capital by balloon post. It bore the Paris stamp of the 4th, and the London of the 9th Nov.

THE WAR NEWS.

The chief interest in the war now concentrates around Paris, where the French under Ducrot—the officer who, it will be remembered, broke his parole at Sedan—have made during the past few days several successful sorties, gaining very important advantages. Fighting has also been going on to the south of Paris, where De Paladines, at the head of the army of the Loire, made a futile attempt to break through the Prussian lines and effect a junction with Trochu.

The battles around Paris began on the 28th. On the morning of that day the French garrison moved out against the Prussians and Wurtembergers to the south-west of Paris, under cover of the guns of the forts. The engagement lasted until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the French were compelled to retire. The next day a sortie was made upon the Bavarians at Chobry-le-Roi, L'Hay and Chevilly. The battle lasted all that night and the next night. Gen. Ducrot then crossed the Marne and occupied Mesly. Subsequently he evacuated that point and engaged the Prussians at Champigny, fighting his way to Brie. He then marched back to the Marne, recrossed the river and maintained his position. Thursday, the 1st, was spent in burying the dead, but the next day the Prussians made a desperate attempt to dislodge Ducrot, and drive him back across the river. For this purpose, at daylight on Friday, the 28th army corps and 12th under the Duke of Saxony, a division of Wurtembergers, 60,000 in all, made a furious assault in four columns, advancing on the French position at Brie and Champigny from the east, north-east, and south-east. Ducrot withdrew within the peninsula formed by the course of the Marne, directly opposite the Bois de Vincennes, thus covering his flanks by the stream. As the Germans advanced to the attack they were met by a terrible fire from the forts of Nogent and Rosny, and the redoubt Aurore. The slaughter was fearful. The German troops wavered, but were soon rallied by their officers, who were themselves shot down in great numbers. The first brigade of the 2nd division of Saxony troops lost all its officers. At noon a large column of fresh troops from Paris crossed the bridges near Brie and drove the Germans some distance to the east. At three o'clock the firing ceased, and the French returned to the north-east bank of the river, without recrossing it, but held all the bridges. The losses on both sides were very large. The German losses were greater on account of their sustaining the fire of the forts, and attacking the French in their chosen positions. It is estimated at about 20,000 killed and wounded. On Saturday Prince Frederick Charles, with two corps, succeeded in driving the French forces near Chevilly, to the south, into the forest of Orleans, and at the same time Ducrot abandoned Champigny and took up a position at Gretz, on the other side of the bend in the river. Two other sorties were made during the week, one on the north between Stains and Epinay, in which the Germans were driven back, and another, which proved unsuccessful, directed against the Wurtembergers to the south-west.

In the south every effort has been made by the army of the Loire to establish connections with Trochu. On the 28th the French were completely defeated at Beaugny, with terrible loss; 1,000 were left dead on the field, 4,000 were wounded, and 1,500 prisoners were taken by the Prussians in this sanguinary engagement. The next day an attack was made upon the two wings of Paladines' army, which was successfully resisted, and on Wednesday, the 30th, the army began to move under the direction of the Minister of War. On Thursday General Chanzy, commanding the French left, made an advance and gave the Prussians battle. The German position extended from Chateaudun to Pithiviers and Beaugny, and from Fontainebleau to Troyes, forming a slightly acute angle, with its apex at Fontainebleau. The battle lasted the whole day, terminating in favour of the French, who carried the first Prussian line from Chateaudun to Pithiviers. The Germans retreated to Loigny and Chatean Cambrey. On the following day, Friday, the centre of the army of the Loire left their headquarters at Orleans. An engagement took place near Bazoches-le-Haut between the 15th and 16th French corps and the divisions under the command of the Duke of Mecklenburg. The fight lasted all day, but the French were compelled to retire with heavy loss. Fighting was continued next day along the whole line from Artenay to Quesney. The French left wing was doubled up, and the army then concentrated in the lines of the Orleans entrenchments. On Sunday and Monday (4th and 5th) a hotly-contested engagement took place, in which the army of the Duke of Mecklenburg was chiefly engaged. After the two days' battle St. Jean, a suburb of Orleans, was taken by the Prussians, who now demanded the evacuation of Orleans, under a threat that they would bombard the place. Gen. Feltier, who acted for De Paladines, finally agreed to comply with the demand. Accordingly the marine batteries were spiked, the powder destroyed, the French troops evacuated the place, and at midnight the Prussians occupied Orleans. The French retreat was made in good order to Blois.

In the east there have been engagements between the troops under Garibaldi and Von Werder's forces, along the line of the river Arrouse, between Autun and Arnay-le-Duc. In these the French have been uniformly successful. The Prussians shelled Autun.

In the north the Prussians have advanced as far as the Channel. On the 1st instant they made their appearance at Abbeville, threatening Doullens. Amiens has, according to French advices, been evacuated, and it is stated that the whole of the forces operating in this part of the country are retreating towards Rheims. Prussian advices state that Mantouffil is still at Rouen.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The following letters both appeared in the London Times on the 19th ult. They are important, as showing the opinions of two of the leading publicists on opposite sides of politics in England, and remarkable in that they agree in opposing what has so far appeared to be the current of popular feeling on the Eastern Question:

Sir.—Without wishing, at least for the present, to discuss the character of the declaration just made by the Russian Government—a discussion which would raise questions, both moral and political, more intricate and difficult than people seem to be aware of—may I hope from your impartiality that you will allow expression to be given through your columns to the opinion of at least one Englishman, which he believes to be shared by multitudes of his countrymen, that for England

to let herself be drawn into war by this provocation, or on this account, would be nothing less than monstrous.

This is not the doctrine of a partisan of peace at any price. Had we, at the first breaking out of the present hateful war, declared that whichever nation first invaded the territory of the other, should have England also for its foe, we should, at an extremely small risk to ourselves, in all human probability have prevented the war, and perhaps given commencement to a new era in the settlement of international differences. To effect this great good to humanity and to public morals, we did not choose to incur a mere chance of being involved in war, and in my opinion we were wrong, and have exposed ourselves to the just reprimands of the suffering people—I do not speak of the Governments—of Germany and France. Were we now to plunge into a war infinitely more dangerous to ourselves, and for which we are, materially speaking, totally unprepared, those among us who are the causes of our so doing will, in my judgment, deserve and receive the execration of the people of England.

The honour of England is not concerned either in the protection of Turkey or in the humiliation of Russia. Treaties are not made to be eternal, and before we go to war for the maintenance of one, it behoves the nation at least to consider whether it would enter into it afresh at the present day. We should have learned little, indeed, from the spectacle that has been going on before our eyes during the last four months if we allow our journalists to hurry us into a war under the plea of honour, merely because of the manner or the form in which Russia has thought fit to throw off an obligation the substance of which we all admit we ought to be ready to reconsider.

I am, &c., J. S. MILL.

Sir,—With the threat hanging over us of a second war with Russia, every one, however insignificant, is entitled to say what he thinks to arrest such a frightful calamity. How frightful such a war would be is as yet inadequately realized. The "Alabama" question remains unsettled. In the present state of feeling in the United States there is not the slightest doubt that privateers under the Russian flag will be fitted out in American harbours. The Government at Washington would be unable to prevent it if they wished, and war with America will be the immediate consequence.

I do not defend Prince Gortschakoff's note. The manner of it is so studiously offensive that it looks as if Russia had calculated the chances, and desired either publicly to humiliate us or to provoke a collision. Great nations, however, have no right to appeal to the ordeal of battle for a fault of manner, and the offence as yet has proceeded no further.

Is it too late to reconsider the entire attitude which we have assumed towards Russia? I was one of those who deplored the Crimean War itself as a mistake, if it was nothing worse. Russia and England are the two great civilizing powers in the East. Our mission is the same, to carry order and peace among races who are incapable of governing themselves. I believed that the overtures of the Emperor Nicholas to Sir Hamilton Seymour ought to have been met in a less jealous spirit, that England should rather have accepted Russia's hand, and have preferred conciliation and co-operation to distrust and hostility.

Even now in our present difficulty would not a change of front be possible without undue sacrifice of dignity? So far the present war has been localized, and we have taken credit to ourselves for preventing the spread of it. Surely we ought to hesitate before we give the signal, in resentment at an affront to ourselves, for a struggle which will envelop the world, and inflict misery on the entire human race which the wildest imagination would probably underestimate.

Your obedient servant, J. A. FROUDE.

THE FARM.

An American agricultural paper, speaking of wheat culture, says:—"Among farmers in this country as well as in Europe, the question as to the proper amount of seed to be used in the cultivation of grain has of late received considerable attention. We have long been convinced that in raising wheat too much seed to the acre is used, and have said that wheat should be planted not sowed. If this is done at the proper time, winter wheat may be raised with as much certainty as spring wheat; indeed, we think with more certainty, and every one knows that winter wheat, when it succeeds, yields a larger crop and of better quality. Let it be planted as early as it can be without danger of the seed stalk starting before the frost, and the plant will become well rooted, and unless the water stands upon the surface it will not suffer from the winter."

We are inclined to believe that wheat put into the ground from two to four inches deep in rows sixteen or eighteen inches apart, with the grains not less than six inches apart in the row, would yield, with proper cultivation afterward, double the amount of bushels usually obtained per acre.

Why should wheat, unlike other crops, deteriorate both in quantity and weight, as it is well known that it does? Corn is not only kept up to its full standard, but constantly improved, by selecting the best grains for seed, and giving it clean culture and allowing each plant sufficient space in which to spread its roots and find nourishment. Now if corn were sown broadcast and so thick that it would shade the ground and thus keep down the growth of weeds, and the corn for seed, taken from the average product of the field, how long before it would depreciate as much as the wheat crop has done?

The idea that wheat must grow so thick as to shade the ground in the spring, and thus favour the catch of grass seed which we usually sow with it, or so thick as to smother the weeds in the rich but poorly cultivated soils of the West, is, we believe, all wrong. We ask why grass seed should be sown with wheat? It can be sown to better advantage after the wheat is harvested, if the wheat has been properly cultivated. The wheat needs the whole strength of the soil while it is growing, as much as does the corn, and the weeds should be kept down by cultivation in the wheat field as well as in the corn field.

The editor of the Prairie Farmer in discoursing upon this subject makes some very sensible remarks, which we would commend to the consideration of Eastern as well as Western wheat growers. He says: "If wheat is sown thick enough to keep weeds down, it is sown thick enough to keep down a large number of spikes that would grow and produce seeds, (some an hundred fold, some sixty fold and some thirty fold,) if there was enough for them to develop."

"How many of our farmers are aware how near together grains of wheat lie when they sow two bushels of wheat to the acre; and yet some sow heavier than that. One peck to the acre will put four grains on every square foot of the land, and it is highly probable that these are more than would grow to the best advantage. The truth is that very few of us have ever seen the product of a single grain of wheat that was growing to the best advantage in regard to space and cultivation. One grain of wheat in soil free from weeds and kept mellow as we do the soil around some vegetables, would show a product as different from what we see in an ordinary broadcast wheat field as the solitary mountain oak differs from the puny sapling in the shady forest."

"One of the best yields of wheat that we have heard of this season, is that of Dr. J. S. Hamilton, of Athens, Georgia. This crop has forty-six bushels to the acre. We have not seen it stated how much seed was sown, but from the fact that it was drilled eighteen inches apart, we conclude that but little seed was used."

"The experiment of Alderman Mechi, of London, showed the astonishing yield of forty-eight bushels, and two bushels of screenings, to the acre, on which less than a peck of seed was sown, or rather planted. This wheat weighed sixty-six pounds to the bushel."

"When the time comes that we plant, hoe and cultivate wheat, a part of the extra expense of tending it will be defrayed by the saving of seed, from the difference of the two bushels or more which many now use, and the peck that will be spread over the same ground."

DEATH OF A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.—An aged lady, Janet Campbell, widow of Col. Robertson, died in Nova Scotia, at Barney's River, on the 12th of last month, after a few days' illness, in the hundred and second year of her age. The Halifax Presbyterian says she was born in Blair Athol, Perthshire, Scotland, in October, 1769; immigrated with her husband, a son and two daughters to this country in the year 1809, and settled at Merigomish, in the country of Pictou. The little boy died on the passage out, and was buried at sea. All her children except this one still survive. Soon after their arrival at Merigomish, they purchased a farm about five miles up from the mouth of Barney's River, and one mile down the river from Rev. D. B. Blair's church. Many years ago Mr. Robertson died, leaving a widow, six daughters and two sons. Since then until a week before her death the good old woman enjoyed excellent health, and to the very last she retained all her faculties. Just before her death she asked her daughter-in-law what time it was, and when told it was six o'clock, she said, "Well, well," and breathed her last. Not long since she told the writer that she distinctly recollected when a little girl in Scotland, of her grand-father, John Campbell, taking her on his knee and telling her that at the age of twenty-one he fought in the battle of Culloden under Prince Charles. She lived to see seven generations; four of these are still living. She has left eight children, fifty-five grand-children, fifty-five great-grand-children, and four or five great-great-grand-children. She was remarkable for her beauty, and strange to say she retained her rich, rosy complexion to the very last, and her hand was as soft and smooth as a child's.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 22.

- White. Black. 1. B. to B. 6th. B. to K. 4th. (best.) 2. P. to K. R. 4th. K. to his 5th. 3. R. to Q. 4th., dble. ch. and mate.

VARIATION.

- 2. B. moves. 3. R. to B. 5th., mate.

The following Solution of Problem No. 20 has been received from our correspondent A. L., of St. Jacques de l'Achigan; it shows the Solution could be made in three moves instead of four, as follows:—

- White. Black. 1. Q. takes Q. R. to K. 7th. ch.* 2. Kt. takes R. Any move. 3. Q. to K. 6th., mate.

- *1st. If Black—1. P. to K. B. 4th. White—2. Q. to K. Kt. 7th., mate. *2nd. If Black—1. P. to Q. 4th. White—2. Q. takes P. mate. 3rd. If Black—1. R. to Q. 5th. White—2. Q. to K. 6th., mate. 4th. If Black—1. K. to Q. 5th. White—2. Q. to her 5th., mate. 5th. If Black—1. R. takes Kt. White—2. Q. to K. 6th. ch. 2. K. to Q. 5th. 3. P. takes R. ch., mate.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Dec. 5, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

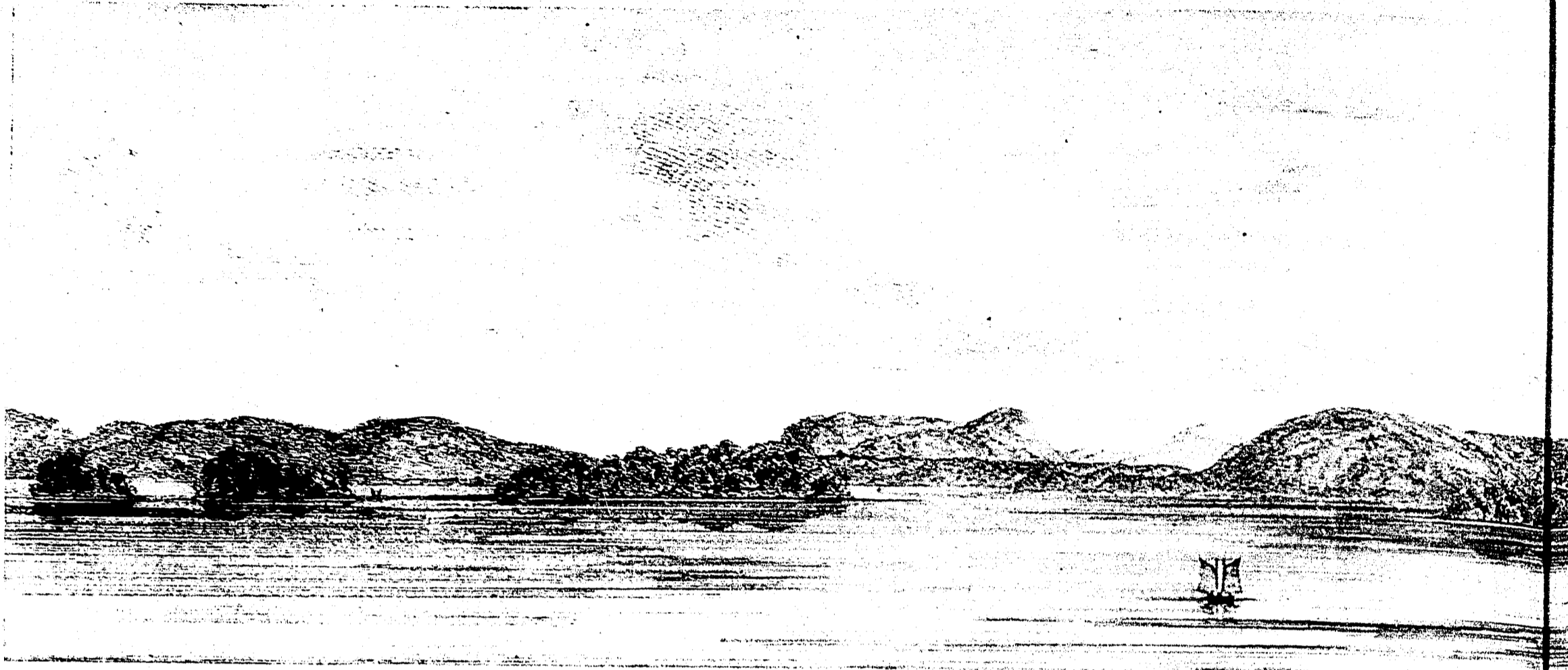
Table with 3 columns: Day, 9 A. M., 1 P. M., 6 P. M. Rows include We'nesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

MAX. MIN. MEAN.

Table with 3 columns: Day, 9 A. M., 1 P. M., 6 P. M. Rows include We'nesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

Table with 3 columns: Day, 9 A. M., 1 P. M., 6 P. M. Rows include We'nesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



NEEPIGON, No. 18.—ISLANDS IN LAKE

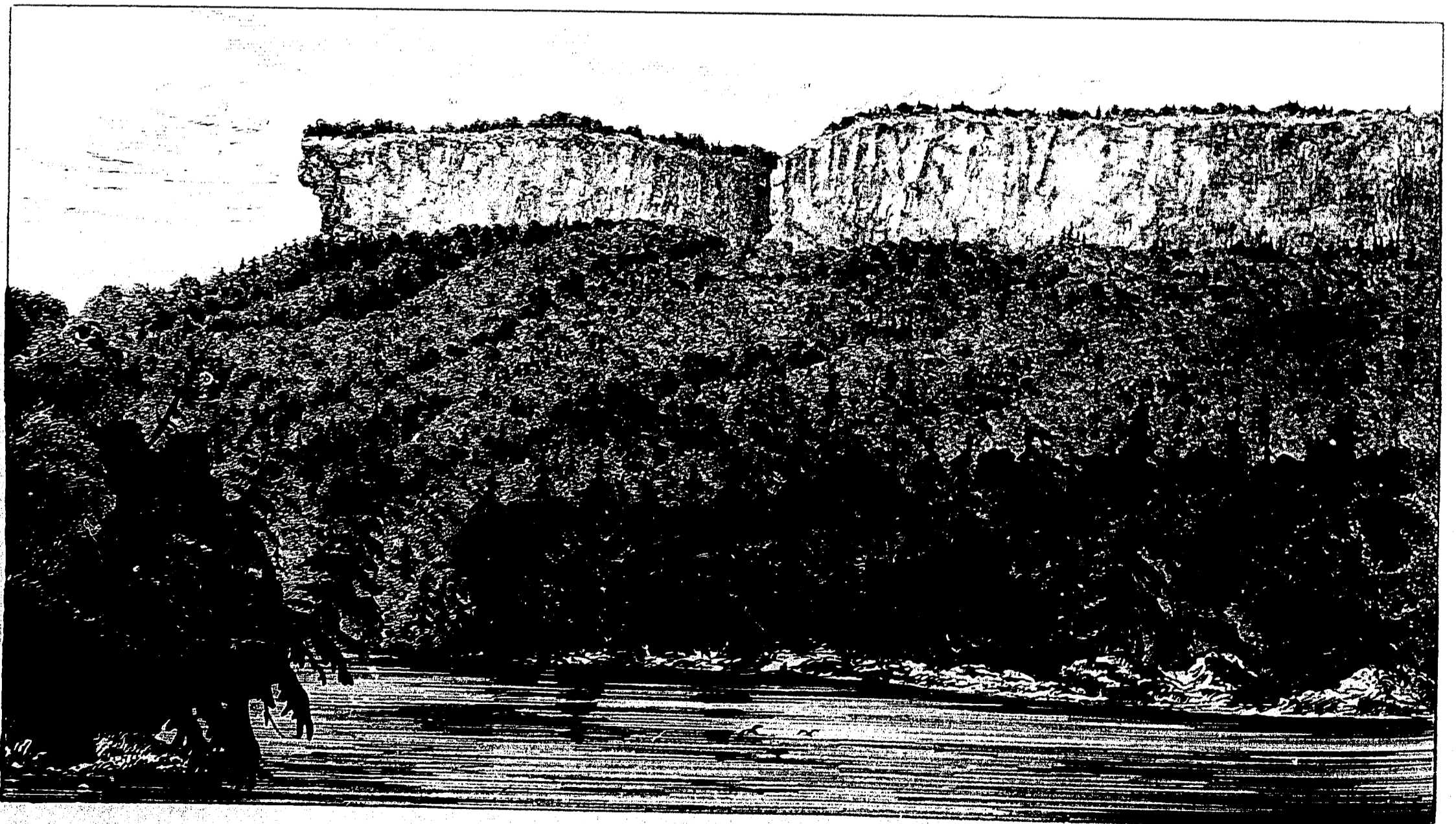
No. 7.—THE NEEPIGON REGION.

With this issue we close our series of views of the Neepigon region. No. 16 gives a view on the Black Sturgeon River; No. 17—the mouth of the same stream, the view looking eastward and shewing the top of Isle Vert in Neepigon Bay, which towers above the water level about 800 feet high. The closing view of the series (No. 18) appropriately exhibits a View of the Islands in one part of the Lake, that near the Hudson's Bay Post and *Roche Qui Frappe*, on the North Shore, already illustrated, the aspect being north-easterly. We have already remarked upon the great number of islands in Lake Neepigon, as well as upon their variety in dimensions and general appearance. The lake abounds with fish of several kinds, the speckled trout swarming in great numbers, some of which reach 13lbs in weight. The water is clear and cold, and the lake is generally frozen over in the early part of December, the ice breaking up about the latter end of May. This gives us

the idea of nearly six months of winter, and prepares us to hear that Indian Corn will not ripen in that neighbourhood; nor even wheat except in favourable seasons. There are, however, as already mentioned, several very considerable tracts of land, the soil of which is well adapted for agricultural purposes; and as the mineral wealth of that part of Canada becomes developed, these spots of good soil will doubtless be found of great value to those who occupy them, and of much convenience to miners who may draw therefrom their supply of all kinds of vegetables, the transport of which from a great distance is either impossible or too costly to be profitable.

There has been as yet no authentic publication of the result of the labours of the explorers who, last year and this, have visited the Neepigon region. But about a year ago the following appeared in a Toronto contemporary, the *Globe*, under the title of "Important Discoveries in the North-West,"—"During the summer just closed, (1869) good work appears to have been done by the Geological survey in the Lake Superior

region. Professor Bell's party have all returned to their winter quarters, after having experienced many of the hardships and privations incident to the life of the first explorers in the distant wilderness. We understand that the results of the expedition include a complete topographical and geological survey of Lake Neepigon, and an exploration of much of the surrounding country. This lake, it appears, will rank, in point of size, with the other great lakes of the St. Lawrence, forming the sixth and last in the chain. Professor Bell has not yet been able to map the whole of his extensive survey, but thinks the area of Lake Neepigon will be found to exceed that of Lake Ontario, or even Lake Erie—some 500 miles or more of coast line having been traversed. This great lake is drained by the Neepigon river, or upward continuation of the St. Lawrence beyond Lake Superior, which is described as a very large clear-water stream, about thirty miles in length. Upwards of a dozen rivers of considerable size are reported to empty into Lake Neepigon from all sides. We understand



NEEPIGON, No. 16.—VIEW ON BLACK STURGEON RIVER. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.



LAKE NEEPIGON. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.

that one of the most singular features in the geography of this beautiful lake is the immense quantity of islands which are scattered throughout its whole extent and presenting a great variety in size, form and elevation. It appears that geological discoveries of a highly interesting and important nature have been made, and that, contrary to common belief, a large extent of level land with deep and fertile soil exists in the Neepigon country. Professor Bell had received instructions, in addition to his geological explorations, to obtain as much information as possible in regard to a route to our great Western Territory, and his discoveries in this direction are, perhaps, not the least important of the results of the expedition. If we are not mistaken he has found that this country, so far from being a difficult one, offers great facilities for railway construction. Further, he has, we believe, ascertained that the elevation of Lake Neepigon above Lake Superior is very moderate, and consequently this lake may be found useful for the purpose of navigation in the desired direction. It will, of

course, require considerable time to elaborate for publication all the geological data obtained upon this survey, but it is to be hoped that a special report on the engineering capabilities of the country will be obtained as soon as possible, since it is so desirable to have all the information available before finally adopting any route."

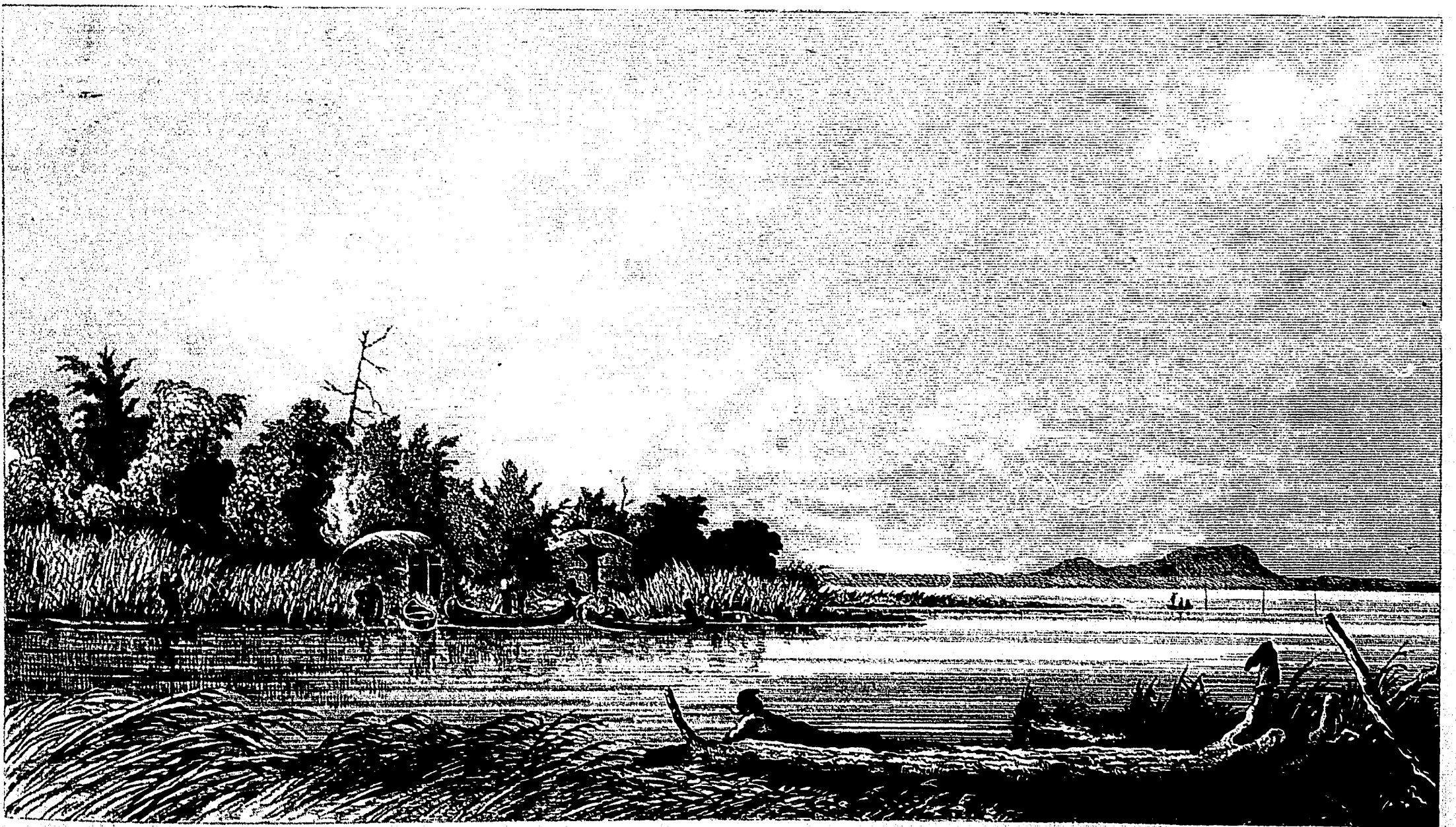
It is probable that more exact explorations and measurements will modify some of these statements; that, for instance, regarding the size of the lake and its elevation above Lake Superior, but the extract is of interest, as shewing how recently any real knowledge has been gathered as to this region through which our highway to the North-West must be made.

Another paper, the *New York Citizen and Round Table*, published about the same time (Dec., 1869,) the following, headed "The Neepigon":—

"We observe by a morning journal that a party of tourists, exploring that unknown region to the north of Lake Superior,

has discovered that Lake Neepigon, which is put down on the ordinary maps as a small pond or not put down at all, is a lake as large as Lake Ontario; that it is broad and shallow, and filled with islands, and should be classed among the largest inland bodies of water on our continent. This accords with information received by the writer from one of the Mission Fathers, who was for many years stationed in that portion of the Hudson's Bay Company's possessions, and who said that he had travelled for many days along its shore, and the land of one coast was entirely invisible from that of the other.

"The writer of this article, when he was exploring a portion of the northern shore of Lake Superior for sporting purposes, was struck with the utter worthlessness of the maps of that region, which had been prepared by the great fur trading company. They were absolutely unreliable, omitting important rivers, and placing others in wrong positions, and confusing names and distances grossly. The Canadian and half-breed voyageurs know little of the geography of the country; very



NEEPIGON, No. 17.—MOUTH OF BLACK STURGEON RIVER, LOOKING EAST. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.

few of them have travelled far. The common idea that they traverse the entire wilderness is a complete error. Their forefathers may have done so; but now few even of the Aborigines voyage any great distance from home. They have their families and residences, and when employed by the company, which is almost the only employer in the country, they ply between two stations, rarely going farther. They are mere links in a chain, and perfectly as they may understand their particular course, they know little beyond it.

"The company has its stations at regular intervals. These were once block-houses or fortifications against the hostile natives, and from one to the other of these the various goods and peltries are transmitted by canoes and canoe-men, who ply forward and back almost like ferry-boats. These stations were once about a day's journey apart, but of late years many of them have been discontinued where all danger from enemies has disappeared. They are still maintained at the mouth of the Michipicoten and the Neepigon on Lake Superior, but they are rarely visited except by employees of the company or by sportsmen. It is not to be questioned that an exploration of this country, which is as much a *terra incognita* as Central Africa, would lead to the discovery of valuable mineral resources, and perhaps to deposits of precious stones, the less valuable of which are even now found abundantly on the shore of the great lake, Big Sea Water, as it was poetically termed by the aborigines."

The operations reported at Silver Island (mentioned last week) and the rich iron deposits existing in the neighbourhood of Michipicoten fully attest the mineral wealth of the region, and to that, rather than its agricultural capabilities, it will doubtless owe its importance in the future of the country's progress.

There is considerable difference among writers as to the orthography of the name of the Lake, Neepigon, Nepigon, and Nipigon being variously used. It is, doubtless, a term of Indian derivation, and we have been assured on excellent authority that "Annapigoong" signifies in or at the elm grove; though why "elm" in preference to other kinds of trees described as being more plentiful in the region we cannot say. It is remarked of the Indians that they never sound the terminal letter in pronouncing the word, but the fact is of little consequence either in deciding its correct orthography or its derivation. We have followed the orthography as we found it on the map which, at the beginning of the series of views, we laid before our readers; but without being able to assign any better reason for it than that it seemingly sounds more euphonic than either of the other two modes; and that, for anything we know to the contrary, it is at least quite as correct.

THE LAMENT OF THE POLITICAL STUDENT.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

I've the highest respect for the GLOBE.
Its thunder is awful—but yet
Its freaks would be trying to Job:
I must say I prefer the GAZETTE.

But their statements are contrary quite—
And you find ere you lay the two down,
That as black can't be turned into white,
So WHITE can't be converted to BROWN.

CHARLES LODGE.

THE POETRY AND HUMOUR OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE Scottish language? Yes, most decidedly a language! and no more a branch dialect or corruption of English than Dutch is of Danish, or *vice versa*; but a true language, differing not merely from English in pronunciation, but in the possession of many beautiful words, which are not and never were English, and in the use of inflections unknown to literary and spoken English since the days of Piers Ploughman and Chaucer. The English and Scotch languages are both mainly derived from the Teutonic; and, five or six hundred years ago, may be correctly described as having been Anglo-Saxon and Scoto-Saxon. Time has replaced the Anglo-Saxon by the modern English, but has spared the Scoto-Saxon, which still remains a living speech. Though the children of one mother, the two have lived apart, received different educations, developed themselves under dissimilar circumstances, and received accretions from independent and unrelated sources. The English, as far as it remains an Anglo-Saxon tongue, is derived from the Low German with a mixture of the Scandinavian and Icelandic; while the Lowland Scotch, or Scoto-Saxon, is indebted more immediately to the Dutch, Flemish, and Danish, both for its fundamental and most characteristic words, and for its inflection and grammar. The English, like the Teutonic, bristles with the consonants. The Scotch is as spangled with vowels as a meadow with daisies in the month of May. English, though perhaps the most muscular and copious language in the world, is harsh and sibilant; while the Scotch, with its beautiful terminational diminutives, is almost as soft as the Italian. English songs, like those of Moore and Campbell, however excellent they may be as poetical compositions, are, for these reasons, not so available for musical purposes as the songs of Scotland. An Englishman, if he sings of a "pretty little girl," uses words deficient in euphony, and suggests comedy rather than sentiment; but when a Scotchman sings of a "bonnie wee lassie," he employs words that are much softer than their English equivalents, express a tenderer idea, and are infinitely better adapted to music.

The principal components of the Scotch tongue are derived, first, from the Teutonic, comprising many words once possessed by the English, but which have become obsolete in the latter; secondly, words and inflections derived from the Dutch, Flemish, and Norse; thirdly, words derived from the French, or from the Latin and Greek through a French medium; and fourthly, words derived from the Gaelic or Celtic language of the Highlands, which is indubitably a branch of the Sanscrit. As regards the first source, it is interesting to note that in the Glossary appended to Mr. Thomas Wright's edition of those ancient and excellent alliterative poems, the "Vision" and "Creed" of Piers Ploughman, there occur about two thousand obsolete English or Anglo-Saxon words, many of which are still retained in the Scoto-Saxon of the Scottish Lowlands; and that in the Glossary to Tyrwhitt's edition of Chaucer there occur upwards of six thousand words which need explanation to the modern English reader, and fall one-half of which need no explanation whatever to a Scotsman. Even Shakespeare is becoming obsolete to his countrymen, and uses

upwards of two thousand four hundred words which Mr. Howard Staunton, his latest, and, in many respects, his most judicious editor, thinks it necessary to collect in a Glossary for the better elucidation of the text. Many hundreds of these words are perfectly familiar to a Scottish ear, and require no interpreter. It appears from these facts that the Scotch is a far more conservative language than the English, and that although it does not object to receive new words, it clings reverently and affectionately to the old. The consequence of this mingled tenacity and elasticity is, that it possesses a vocabulary which includes for a Scotchman's use every word of the modern English language, and several thousand words which the English people never possessed, or have suffered to drop into desuetude.

In addition to this conservancy of the bone and sinew of the language, the Scoto-Saxon possesses an advantage over the modern English in having reserved to itself the power, while retaining all the old words of the language, to eliminate all harsh or unnecessary consonants. Thus it has *loe*, for love; *fa'*, for fall; *wa'*, for wall; *awfu'*, for awful; *smu'*, for small; and many hundreds of similar abbreviations, which detract nothing from the force of the idea or clearness of the meaning, while they soften the roughness of the expression. No such power resides in the English or French, though it was once inherent in both languages. Very little of it belongs to the German, though it remains in all those European tongues which trace their origin to the Platt-Deutsch. The Scottish poet or versifier may write *fa'* or *fall* as it pleases him, but his English compeer must write "fall" without abbreviation. Another source of the superior euphony of the Scoto-Saxon is the single diminutive in *ie*, and the double diminutive in *kie*, which may be applied to any noun in the language, as *wife*, *wifie*, *wifkic*, wife, little wife, very little wife; *bairn*, *bairnie*, *bairnikie*, child, little child, very little child; *bird*, *birdie*, *birdikie*; and *lass*, *lassie*, *lassikie*, &c. A few English nouns remain susceptible of diminutives, though in a less musical form, as *lamb*, *lambkin*; *goose*, *goslin*, &c. The beauty of the Scottish forms of the diminutive is obvious. Take, for instance, the following lines:—

"Hap and row, hap and row,
Hap and row the feetic o't;
It is a wee bit wearie thing,
I downa bide the greetie o't."

Endeavour to translate into English the diminutives "feetic" "greetie," and the superiority of the Scottish for poetical purposes will be obvious.

While these abbreviations and diminutives increase not only the melody but the *naïveté* and archness of the spoken language, the retention of the old and strong inflections of verbs, that are wrongfully called irregular, contributes very much to its force and harmony, giving it at the same time an advantage over the modern English, which has consented to allow many useful preterites and past principles to perish altogether. In literary and conversational English there is no preterite for the verbs to *beat*, to *bet*, to *bid*, to *forbid*, to *cast*, to *cost*, to *hit*, to *hurt*, to *let*, to *put*, to *shut*, to *thrust*, to *set*, &c.; while only three of them, to *beat*, to *bid*, and to *forbid*, retain the past participle, *beaten*, *bidden*, and *forbidden*. The Scottish language, on the contrary, has retained all the ancient forms of these verbs; and can say, "I *cast*, I *coost*, and I have *casten* a stone;" or "I *put*, I *pat*, or I have *putten* on my coat;" "I *hurt*, I *hurten*, or I have *hurten* myself;" "I *thrust*, I *thrusten*, or I have *thrusten* him out of doors;" and "I *let*, I *loot*, or I have *letten* fa' my tears," &c.

Chaucer, as was remarked in an article upon "Lost Preterites" in *Maga* for September, 1869, made an effort to introduce many French words into the courtly and literary English of his time, but with very slight success. No such systematic effort was made by any Scottish writer of repute; yet, nevertheless, in consequence of the friendly intercourse long subsisting between France and Scotland—an intercourse that was alike political, commercial, and social—a considerable number of words of French origin crept into the Scottish vernacular, and there established themselves with a tenacity that is not likely to be relaxed as long as the language continues to be either written or spoken. Some of these are among the most racy and characteristic differences between the English and the Scotch. It will be sufficient if we cite: to *fash* one's self, to be troubled with or about anything—from *se fâcher*, to be angered; *douce*, gentle, good-tempered, courteous—from *doux*, soft; *dour*, grim, obdurate, slow to forgive or relent—from *dur*, hard; *lien*, comfortable, well to do in worldly affairs—from *bien*, well; *asheet*, a dish—from *assiette*, a plate; a *creel*, a fish-basket—from *creille*, a basket; a *gigot* of mutton—from *gigot*, a leg; *awmrie*, a linen-press or plate-cupboard—from *armoire*, a movable cup-board or press; *bonnie*, beautiful and good—from *bon*, good; *airles* and *airle-penny*, money paid in advance to seal a bargain—from *arrhes*, a deposit on account; *brulzie*, a fight or dispute—from *semb ouiller*, to quarrel; *callant*, a lad, a brave boy—from *galant*, a lover or a gallant youth; *braw*, fine—from *brave*, honest and courageous; *dool*, sorrow—from *deuil*, mourning; *grozet*, a gooseberry (which be it said in parenthesis, is a popular English corruption from *gorseberry*)—from *groseille*; *taupie*, a thoughtless, foolish girl, who does not look before her to see what she is doing—from *taupe*, a mole; *haggis*, the Scottish national dish—from *hachis*, a hash; *pawn*, peacock—from *paon*; *caddie*, a young man acting as a porter or messenger—from *cadet*, the younger born (whence the English "cad," popularized by Thackeray.—Ed. C. I. N.); *spaule*, the shoulder, from *epaule*, &c.

Scoto-Saxon words derived immediately from the Dutch, and following the Dutch rules of pronunciation, are exceedingly numerous. Among these are *wanhope*—from *wanhoop*, despair; *wanchance*, *wanlust*, *wanrestfu*, and many others, where the English adopt the German *van* instead of *wan*. *Ben*, the inner, as distinguished from *but*, the outer, room of a cottage, is from *binne*, or *be-in*, within, as *lut* is from *byuten*, or *be-out*, without. *Stane*, a stone, comes from *steen*; *smack*, to taste—from *smak*; *goud*, gold—from *goud*; *loopen*, to leap—from *loopen*; *fell*, cruel, violent, fierce—from *fel*; *kist*, a chest—from *kist*; *mutch*, a woman's cap—from *muts*; *g aist*, a ghost—from *geest*; *dowf*, sad—from *dof*, heavy; *kame*, a comb—from *kam*; *rocklay* (*rock-laigh*), a short coat—from *rok*, a petticoat or jupon; *het*, hot—from *heet*; *gee*, to mock or make a fool of—from *gek*, a fool; *lear*, knowledge—from *leer*, doctrine or learning; *bane* or *bain*, a bone—from *been*; *paddock*, a toad—from *pad*; *caff*, chaff—from *kaf*, straw; *yooky*, itchy—from *yuk*, an itch; *hawer*, oatmeal ("Oh, whaur did ye get that hawermeal bannock?"—Burns)—from *haver*, oats; *clyte*, to fall heavily or suddenly to the ground—from *kluyt*, the sward, and *kluyten*, to fall on the sward; *breeks*, breeches, trousers—from *breek*; *blythe*, lively, good-humoured—from *blyde*, contented; and *minnie*, a term of childish endearment for mother—from *min*, love.

The Scottish words derived from the Gaelic are more apparent in the names of places than in the colloquial phraseology of everyday life. Among these, *ben*, *glen*, *burn*, *burnie*, *strath*, *bog*, *corrie*, *crag*, or *craig*, and *cairn*, will recur to the memory of any one who has lived or travelled in Scotland, or is conversant with Scottish literature. *Gillie*, a boy or servant; *grieve*, a land-steward or agent, are not only ancient Scottish words, but have lately become English. *Loof*, the open palm is derived from the Gaelic *lamb* (pronounced *laff* or *lav*), the hand; *cuddle*, to embrace—from *cadail*, sleep; *whisky*—from *uisge*, water; *clachan*, a village—from *clach*, a stone; *croon*, to hum a tune—from *crain*, to lament or moan; *bailie*, a city or borough magistrate—from *baile*, a town; *tinder*, from *teine*, fire; *sonsie*, fresh, healthful, young, good-looking—from *sonas*, good fortune; *grove*, an assemblage of trees—from *croobh*, pronounced *croav*, a tree; *fallow*, lying uncultivated, from *falamb*, pronounced *fallaw*, empty,—may serve as specimens of the many words which, in the natural intercourse between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders, have been derived from the ancient Gaelic by the more modern Scoto-Saxon.

Four centuries ago, the English or Anglo-Saxon, when Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate were still intelligible, had a much greater resemblance to the Scoto-Saxon than it has at the present day. William Dunbar, one of the earliest, as he was one of the best, of the Scottish poets, and supposed to have been born in 1465, in the reign of James III. in Scotland, and of Edward IV. in England, wrote, among other poems, the "Thrissel and the Rose." This composition was equally intelligible to the people of both countries. It was designed to commemorate the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, daughter of King Henry VII. of England—that small cause of many great events, of which the issues have extended to our time, and which gave the Stewarts their title to the British throne. Though Dunbar wrote in the Scotch of the *literati*, rather than in that of the common people, as did King James I. at an earlier period, when, a captive in Windsor Castle, he indited his beautiful poem, "The King's Quair," to celebrate the grace and loveliness of the Lady Beaufort, whom he afterwards married; the "Thrissel and the Rose" is only archaic in its orthography, and contains no words that a commonly well educated Scottish ploughman cannot at this day understand, though it might puzzle some of the University men who write leaders for the London press to interpret it without the aid of a glossary. Were the spelling of the following passages modernised, it would be found that there is nothing in any subsequent poets, from Dunbar's day to our own, with which it need fear a comparison, either in point of poetry or of popular comprehension—

"Quhen Merché wes with variand windis past,
And Aprill haddé, with her silver shouris,
Tane loif at nature, with an orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birds to buggin their houris
Among the tender odouris reid n d quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it was delyt."

"In bed at morrowe, sleiping as I lay,
Methocht Aurora, with her crystal een,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halst me with visage pale and grene,
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene:
'Awauk luvaris! out of your slumbering!
See how the lusty morrowe dois upspring!'"

Many of the popular authors of that century did not, like Dunbar, confine their poetic efforts to the speech of the learned, but wrote in the vernacular of the peasantry and townspeople. The well-known poem of "Pebilis to the Play" is the earliest specimen of this class of literature that has come down to us. It has been attributed—but not on sufficient authority—to the royal author of "The King's Quair." This composition scarcely contains a word that Burns, three hundred years later, would have hesitated to employ. In like manner the poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," written nearly three hundred and twenty years ago, made use of the language of the peasantry to describe the assembly of the lasses and their wooers that came to the "dancing and deray," with their gloves of the "raffele richt" (right doeskin), their "shoon of the straitis" (coarse cloth), and their

"Kirtles of the lincum light,
Weel pressed wi' mony plaitis."

The author's description of "Gillie" is equal to anything in Allan Ramsay or Burns, and quite as intelligible to the Scottish peasantry of the present day:—

"Of all their maidens mild as meid
Was nane say gymp as Gillie;
As ony rose her rude was reid,
Hir lire was like the lily,
Bot zallow, zallow was hir heid,
And sche of luif sae sillie,
Thof a' hir kin suld hae bein deid,
Sche would hae bot sweit Willie."

Captain Alexander Montgomery, who was attached to the service of the Regent Murray, in 1577, and who enjoyed a pension from King James VI., wrote many poems in which the beauty, the strength, and the humour of the Scottish language were very abundantly displayed. The "Cherry and the Slae" is particularly rich in words that Allan Ramsay, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and Christopher North have since rendered classical, and is, besides, a poem as excellent in thought and fancy as it is copious in diction. The description of the music of the birds on a May morning may be taken as a specimen:—

"The cushat croods, the corbie cries,
The Coukoo couks, the prattling pies
To keck hir they begin.
The jargon o' the jangling jays,
The creaking craws and keeking kayes,
Thy deaved me with their din."

"The painted pawn with Argus e'es
Can on his mayock call;
The turtle wails on withered trees,
And Echo answers all.
Repeating, with greting,
How fair Narcissus fell,
By lying and spying
His shadow in the well."

Time was within living memory when the Scotch of the upper classes prided themselves on their native Doric; when judges on the bench delivered their judgments in the broadest Scotch, and would have thought themselves guilty of puerile and unworthy affectation if they had preferred English words or English accents to their own; when advocates pleaded in the same homely and plastic tongue; when ministers of religion found their best way to the hearts and to the understanding of their congregations in the use of the language most familiar to themselves, as well as to those whom they addressed; and when ladies of the highest rank—celebrated alike for their wit and their beauty—sang their tenderest,

archest, and most affecting songs, and made their bravest thrusts and parries in the sparkling encounters of conversation, in the homely speech of their childhood. All this, however, is fast disappearing, and not only the wealthy and titled, who live much in London and in England, begin to grow ashamed of their ancestors, though the sound of the well-beloved accents in the mouths of others is not unwelcome or unmusical to their ears, but the middle-class Scotch are learning to follow their example. The members of the legal and medical profession are afraid of the accusation of vulgarity that might be launched against them if they spoke publicly in the picturesque language of their fathers and grandfathers; and even the clergy are unlearning in the pulpit the brave old speech that was good enough for John Knox (though he was the greatest Angliciser of his day, and was publicly accused of that fault), any many thousands of pious preachers who, since his time, had worthily kept alive the faith of the Scottish people by appeals to their consciences in the language of their hearts. In ceasing to employ the "unadorned eloquence" of the sturdy vernacular, and using instead of it the language of books, and of the southern English, it is to be feared that too many of these superfine preachers have lost their former hold upon the mind, and that they have sensibly weakened the powers of persuasion and conviction which they possessed when their words were in sympathetic unison with the current of thought and feeling that flowed through the broad Scottish intellect and language of the peasantry. And where fashion leads, snobism will certainly follow; so that it happens even in Scotland that young Scotsmen of the Dunderary class will sometimes boast of their inability to understand the poetry of Burns and the romance of Scott on account of the difficulties presented by the language—as if their crass, besotted ignorance were a thing to be proud of!

But the old language, though of later years it has become unfashionable in its native land, survives not alone on the tongue but in the heart of the "common" people, (and where is there such a common or uncommon people as the peasantry of Scotland?) and has established for itself a place in the affections of those ardent Scotsmen who travel to the New World and to the remotest part of the Old, with the *auri sacra fames* to lead them on to fortune, but who never permit that particular species of hunger—which is by no means peculiar to Scotsmen—to deaden their hearts to their native land, or to render them indifferent to their native speech, the merest word of which, when uttered unexpectedly under a foreign sky, stirs up all the latent patriotism in their minds, and opens their heart, and if need be their purse, to the utterer. It has also, by a kind of Nemesis or poetical justice, established for itself a hold and a footing even in that English language which affects to ignore it; and, thanks more especially to Burns and Scott, and to the admiration which their genius has excited in England and America, has engrafted many of its loveliest shoots upon the old tree of the Anglo-Saxon and English language. Every year the number of words that are taken like seeds or grafts from the Scottish conservatory, and planted into the fruitful English garden, is on the increase, as will be seen from the following anthology of specimens, which might have been made ten times as abundant if it had been possible to squeeze into a wine-glass a whole gallon of hippocrene. Many of these words are recognized English, permissible both in literature and conversation; many others are in progress and process of adoption and assimilation; and many more that are not English, and may never become so, are fully worthy of a place in the dictionary of a language that has room for every word, let it come whence it will, that expresses a new meaning, or a more delicate shade of an old meaning than the existing forms of expression admit. *Eerie*, and *glooming*, and *cannie*, and *cantie*, and *cozie*, and *lift*, and *lilt*, and *caller*, and *gruesome*, and *thud*, are all of an ancient and a goodly pedigree, and were, the most of them, as English in the fifteenth century as they ought to be in the nineteenth. We arrange the specimens alphabetically for the convenience of reference, and if any Scotsman at home or abroad should, in going over the list, fail to discover some favourite word that was dear to him in childhood, and that stirs up the recollections of his native land, and of the days when he sat under the trying-tree to meet his bonnie lassie when the kye came home,—one word that recalls old times, old friends, and bygone joys and sorrows,—let him reflect that in culling a posie from the garden, the posie must of necessity be small, and that the most copious of selectors must omit much that he would have been glad to twine into his garland.

Airt, a point of the compass, to direct or show the way :—

"O, a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best."
—Burns.

"But yon green graff (grave) now huskie green,
Wad airt me to my treasure."
—Burns.

Anent, concerning, relating to.—This word has not yet been admitted into the English dictionaries published at home. In Worcester's and Webster's Dictionaries, published in the United States, it is inserted as a Scotticism :—

"The anxiety anent them was too intense to admit of the poor people remaining quietly at home."—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A. Trollope.

Auld Lang Syne.—This phrase, so peculiarly tender and beautiful, and so wholly Scotch, has no exact synonym in any language, and is untranslatable except by a weak and lengthy periphrasis. The most recent English dictionaries, those of Worcester and Webster, have adopted it; and the expression is almost as common in England as in Scotland. Allan Ramsay included 'n 'The Tea-Table Miscellany' a song entitled "Old long Syne," a very poor production; but it remained for Robert Burns to make "Auld Lang Syne" immortal, and fix it for ever in the language of Great Britain and America.

Avornie, a chest, a cabinet, a secretaire—from the French *armoire* :—

"Steek (close) the avornie, look the kist,
Or else some gear will soon be missed."
—Sir Walter Scott: *Donald Caird*.

Belyve, by-and-by, immediately.—This word occurs in Chaucer and in a great number of old English romances of the period immediately anterior :—

"Hie we belyve,
And look whether Ogie be alive."
—*Romance of Sir Otuel*.

"Belyve the elder bairns come droppin' in."
—Burns: *Cottar's Saturday Night*.

Bicker, a drinking-cup, a beaker, a step in the wrong direction :—

"Fill high the foaming bicker!
Body and soul are mine, quoth he,
I'll have them both for liquor."
—*The Gin Friend and his Three Houses*.

"Setting my staff wi' a' my skill
To keep me sicker,
Though leeward, whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Bien, comfortable, plentiful; from the French *bien*, well :—

"While frosty winds blaw in the drift
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien and snug."
—Burns: *Epistle to Davie*.

Bird, or *Burd*, a term of endearment applied to a young lady :—

"And by my word, the bonnie bird
In danger shall not tarry."
—Thomas Campbell.

Birl, to pour out liquor :—

"There were three lords birling at the wine
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow,
They made a compact them between."
—*Motherwell's Ancient Minstrelsy*,

"Oh, she has birted these merry, young men
With the ale, but and the wine."
—*Border Minstrelsy: Fause Foodrage*.

"He had found the twa loons that did the deed, birling and drinkin' wi' him."
—Sir Walter Scott: *Rob Roy*.

Blae, of a livid, blue colour; sickly blue :—

"The morning blae and wan."
—Douglas: *Translation of the Eneid*.

"How dow you this blae eastlin' wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind."
—Burns.

"Be in dread, oh sirs! Some of you will stand with blae countenances before the tribunal of God."
—Bruce: *The Soul's Confirmation*.

Blaud, to lay anything flat with violence, as the wind or a storm of rain does the corn :—

"Curst common sense—that imp o' hell,
This day M'Kinlay takes the flail,
And he's the boy will blauid her."
—Burns: *The Ordination*.

"Ochon! ochon! cries Haughton,
That ever I was born,
To see the Buckie burn rin bluid,
And blauidin' a' the corn."
—*Aberdeenshire Ballad*.

Blob, a large round drop of water or other liquid.—A similar word, *bleb*, now obsolete, was once used in England to signify an air-bubble :—

"We look on this troubled stream of the generations of men to as little purpose almost as idle boys do on dancing blebs or bubbles on the water."
—Sir Thomas Moore: *Consolations of the Soul*.

"Her e'en the clearest blob o' dew outshining."
—Allan Ramsay.

"She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wet wi' the blob o' dew."
—Allan Cunningham.

Bonnie, beautiful, good natured, and cheerful; the three qualities in combination.—This is an old English word, used by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and still current in the northern English counties as well as in Scotland. Jonson, notwithstanding its Scottish tavour, was graciously pleased to admit it into his Dictionary.

Bourd, to jest, to play tricks with. In old English, *bord* :—

"The wizard could no longer bear her bord,
But bursting forth in laughter to her said."
—Spenser: *Faerie Queene*.

"Ill tell the bord, but nae the body."

"They that bord wi' cats may count upon scarts."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

Brae, the brow or side of a hill—from the Gaelic *bruaich* :—

"We twa ha'e run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans line,
But mony a weary foot we've trod
Sin auld lang syne."
—Burns.

Brent, high, steep :—

"Her fair brent brow, smooth
As the unwrinkled deep."
—Allan Ramsay.

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent."
—Burns: *John Anderson, my jo*.

Busk, to adorn, to dress :—

"A bonny bride is soon buskit."
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow."
—Hamilton of Bangour.

Caller, fresh, cool.—There is no exact English synonym for this word. "Caller herrin," "Caller haddie," and "aller ow" are familiar cries of Edinburgh people :

"Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
When he comes up the stair."
—*There's nae Luck about the House*.

Cannie, knowing, but gentle; in one's right mind; not to be easily deceived, yet not sly or cunning.—A very expressive word, often used by Englishmen to describe the Scotch. The word also means dexterous, clever, and sometimes fortunate. It is common in the north of England as well as in Scotland :—

"Bonny lass, canny lass, wilt thou be mine?"
—*The Cumberland Courtship*.

"He mounted his mare, and he rode cannie."
—*The Laird o' Cockpen*.

"Hae naething to do wi' him, he's no canny."
"They have need of a canny cook who have but one egg for dinner."
—Allan Ramsay's *Proverbs*.

"The 'Cork Examiner'—and, of course, after it the Spiritualist organs—is delighted with the uncanny story."
—*Pall Mall Gazette*, June, 1870.

Cantie, joyous, merry, ready to sing from excess of good spirits :—

"Contented wi' litle, and cantie wi' mair."
—Burns.

"Some cannie wee bodie may be my lot,
An I'll be cantie in thinking o't."
—*Newcastle Song: Brockett's North Country Glossary*.

"The clachan yill had made me cantie."
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

Cosie, *Cozie*, comfortable, snug, warm :—

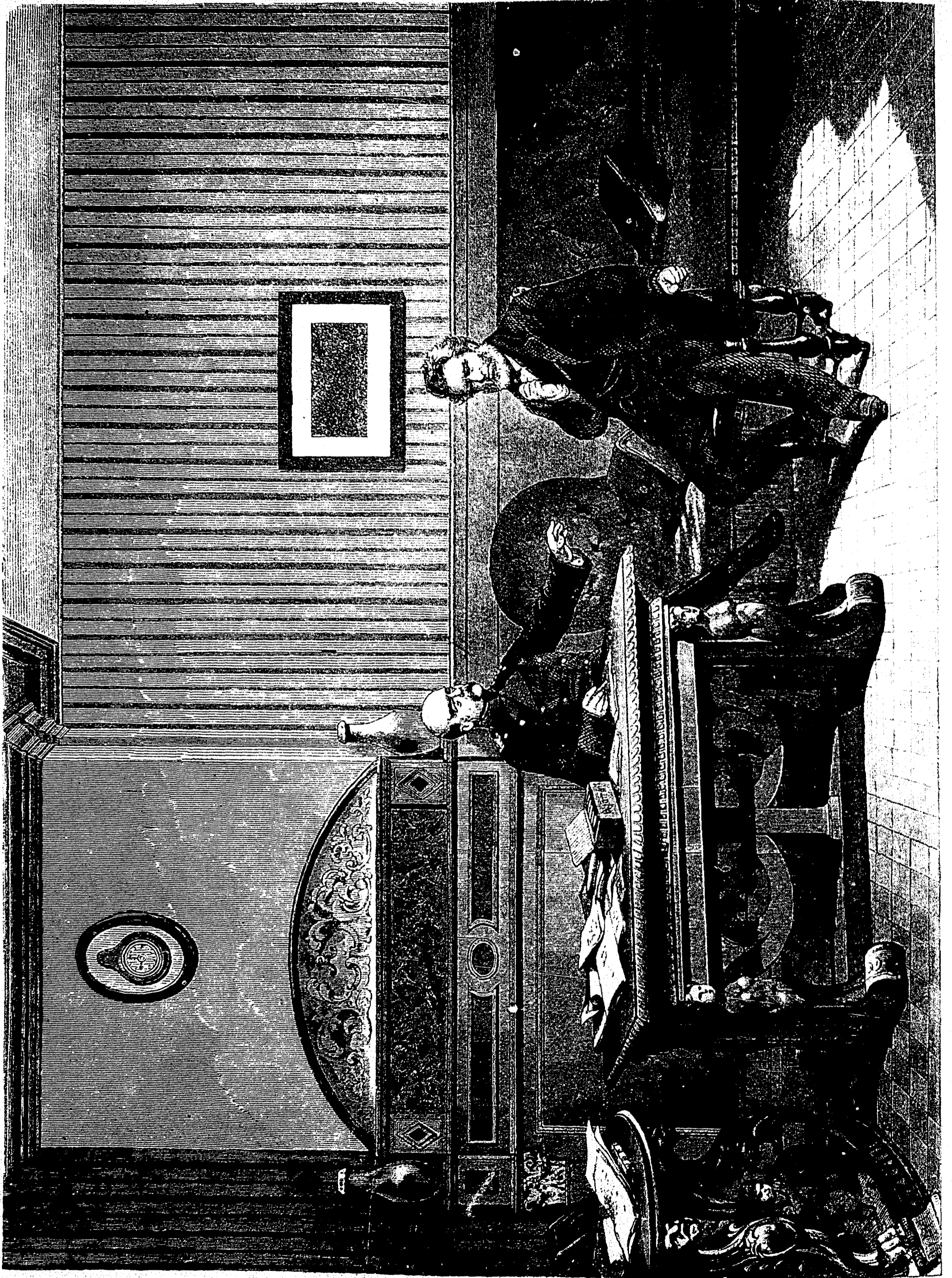
"While some are cosie in the neuk
And forming assignations
To meet some day."
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

To be continued.

MY WATCH.—AN INSTRUCTIVE LITTLE TALE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing, or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgment about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by and by I cheered up, set my watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweller's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "she is four minutes slow, and the regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that watch kept perfect time. But no, all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator must be pushed up a little, and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and beseeched him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it heightened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of the month it had left all the time pieces in the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away in November enjoying the snow while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I ever had it repaired. I said no, it had not needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness, and eagerly pried the watch open, then put a small dice-box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned and oiled and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner, my watch strung out three days' grace to four, and let me go to protest. I gradually drifted back into yesterday, into last week, and by and by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone, I was lingering along in the week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch averaged well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the mischief, and keep such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So, at last, at the end of the twenty four hours, it would trot up to the Judges' stand, all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say if had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took the instrument to another watch-maker. He said the king-bolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing worse. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run a while and then stop a while, and then run a while again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces and turned the ruin over and over under his glass, and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make head or tail of the time of the day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then, after working along quietly for nearly eight hours, everything inside would let go all of a sudden and begin to buzz like a bee, and the hands would straightway begin to spin round and round so fast that their separate individuality was lost completely and they simply seemed a delicate spider's web over the face of the watch. She would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked, I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer, and not a good engineer, either. He examined all the parts carefully just as the other watch-makers had done, and then delivered this verdict with the same confidence of manner. He said: "She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey wrench on the safety valve." I brained him on the spot and had him buried at my own expense.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN FAYE AND BISMARCK.



A STREET IN SEDAN AFTER THE CAPITULATION.



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HILDA;

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

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

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

EDITH'S SUSPICIONS.

AFTER dinner Edith followed Mr. Castonell into his study, whither he went to be alone to form plans for the future, and think over the overwhelming trouble that had fallen upon him. He looked displeased as his wife entered the room; her presence there was unwelcome, it was not of her he was thinking now.

"Well! what do you want?" he asked ungraciously, raising his bowed head and turning on her no tender look.

"I came to speak to you about this fancy ball. Do you really intend to go? or are you merely jesting?"

"I was not; I said what I really mean to do."

"But consider the consequences of such folly," gently urged Edith.

"What consequences?"

"You will lose the incumbency of St. Mark's."

"I have already lost it!"

These words were spoken with assumed composure, but there was a look of deep dejection in the handsome face.

"Lost it!" and Edith grew suddenly faint and sank into a chair unable to support herself.

"Yes, I was dismissed this morning by the Metropolitan."

"And why dismissed?" came faintly from Mrs. Castonell's white lips. She was trembling from the sudden shock. It was so unexpected.

"They are not satisfied with my services," replied the husband evasively.

He could not tell her the real cause.

"And now what are we to do? where are you to get another church?"

"I shall not seek one. I shall look for something else, some other means of support. The Church does not suit me. A man is obliged to be too straight-laced. The profession of a clergyman ought never to have been mine."

"You should not say that; you have powers of eloquence which few clergymen possess."

"Oh, yes! but that eloquence would have done better at the bar, or I at least would have made a better lawyer than preacher. People expect too much from one of my cloth. They actually think a clergyman should be perfection. No little *faux pas* is tolerated nowadays, the religious world is so evangelical, so sanctimonious."

This was said very bitterly.

"And it is right to maintain so high a standard," said Edith boldly. "The spiritual guide of the people should be as near perfection as human frailty will allow."

"And thou, too, Brutus!" thought Mr. Castonell, on whose ear in the present state of affairs this remark of his wife's fell unpleasantly. He could get no sympathy from anyone. She, too, seemed inclined to judge him with severity, although she had no suspicion of the true cause of his dismissal. What a fool she must be not to notice his flirtation with her friend! He had often thought this and so had many others. But Mrs. Castonell was not a simpleton. She was a pure-minded, high-principled woman, who was slow to think evil of others. Besides, she really did not know of her husband's frequent visits to Mrs. Grant Berkeley's. He had carefully guarded the knowledge of this from her. His sudden dismissal from the incumbency of St. Mark's was a cause of much surprise as well as anxiety to Edith. Could it arise from some cause, some undercurrent of events unknown to her? She sat silently pondering the subject, unmindful of her husband's presence, unmindful of everything but this one great trouble. At length the voice of Mr. Castonell fell startlingly upon her ear. To her surprise he was again adverting to the fancy ball. How coolly he seemed to take their sudden trouble.

"When is this ball to take place?" he asked.

"To-morrow night."

"And you are only invited to-day?"

"Yes, the man said it was his mistake; he had omitted to deliver the invitation sooner. Pauline thought it had been sent."

"Yes, I knew she spoke to me about it last week, and said she had sent you an invitation."

"And was it she who persuaded you to go?"

"No; she did not suppose I would. She knew what was expected from a clergyman. It is a sudden whim of mine. Now that I am no longer the incumbent of St. Mark's I can do as I like I suppose."

"Yes, you can do as you like," said Edith coldly, "but you ought not to act inconsistently with your profession."

"I tell you it does not matter now what I do," he observed with considerable irritation.

"I really cannot understand you. Why should your dismissal from St. Mark's render you indifferent to the world's opinion? It does not necessarily prevent your being appointed to another church. You have not been guilty of any misconduct."

Castonell's eyes fell suddenly as they met his wife's earnest gaze. Was it that he saw there the shadow of a newly-awakened suspicion?

"I wish you would say no more on this subject. I have made up my mind about going to this ball. All you can urge will not alter my determination," he remarked doggedly.

"Then you will go alone."

"No; Maud shall accompany me; the child shall enjoy the scene."

"In that case I shall go too."

"Ah, indeed! then you also will brave the world's opinion," said Mr. Castonell with a sneer as he looked furtively at his wife. Suspicion, he feared, was at last awakened.

"Yes, I have changed my mind. If Maud goes I go too. It is not right to let a young girl go into such scenes alone."

"Not alone! she goes with me."

Mrs. Castonell fancied her husband was unwilling she should accompany them, and this determined her to go to the fancy ball.

"I shall go with Maud," she said decidedly as she left the study.

Mr. Castonell's fears were not without foundation. Suspicion was awake in the mind of Edith. This dismissal could not be without some sufficient cause, she reasoned. The Rev. Mr. Castonell had been so much liked by his own congregation, such a favourite preacher too in the city. They had thought so very highly of him. Could this unexpected event be in any way connected with his acquaintance with Mrs. Grant Berkeley. What Maud had once said relative to the estimation in which she was held by some persons in Montreal now forcibly occurred to Edith. And they were so very intimate with her! Could this have displeased the congregation of St. Mark's, or was there some undercurrent of events known to them of which she was ignorant?

It must be so! and now Mrs. Castonell remembered many little occurrences which had at the time pained her, exciting her jealousy for the moment, but which she had afterwards generously dismissed from her mind as unworthy of her friendship for Pauline and her confidence in her husband's principles. Then this strange determination of his to go to the fancy ball. Ought not their present trouble render him indifferent to any such amusement, even if he had been in the habit of frequenting such scenes. Surely there would be little enjoyment for her there; why, then, should he be so determined to go?

Edith did not know—how could she—the real cause of his going to this ball. He knew that by doing so he would have a good opportunity of not only enjoying Pauline's society, but of informing her of the misfortune that had befallen him, which he feared would put an end to their intercourse for the future. But there were other thoughts, other motives actuating him; there was the hope of being able to persuade Pauline to take a step from which she had hitherto shrunk; the time had now come—so he reasoned with himself—when this step must be taken, and the evil he had for some time contemplated could no longer be avoided.

The remainder of that day and the next were passed by Mrs. Castonell in no enviable frame of mind. Gloomy apprehension for the future, suspicion and jealousy were doing their part, powerful to destroy her peace and render the thoughts of the approaching amusement irksome to her. Still she would go if it were only to watch the proceedings of the Rev. Mr. Castonell at a fancy ball. The idea of his going there was so preposterous that she fancied him bereft of reason. And so he was, the infatuation under which he laboured was a short-lived madness. Any powerful passion, anger or avarice, or hate, or love, may be considered, while it lasts, as a species of insanity, the mind having for the time lost its balance, and the will, powerful for evil, having uncontrolled sway.

To Maud Castonell the anticipation of the ball was an unmixed delight. The character her mother chose for her was that of a Spanish Girl. She would herself go as a duenna. The costume for both was easily got up without any expense. Poor Edith must look to that now when the means of support were suddenly taken from them. Mr. Castonell would not, for reasons best known to himself, tell his wife or daughter what character he intended to assume. Edith regretted this. Still she thought she would be able to recognize him under any disguise.

CHAPTER XXX

THE FANCY BALL.

THE preparations for Mrs. Grant Berkeley's masked-ball were in a princely style. A great number of invitations had been sent out, but all were not accepted. The prejudices of society against Pauline on account of her flirtation with Mr. Castonell, were very strong, especially now when his dismissal from St. Mark's became known. Still there some who, for this night, were willing to ignore this scandal, because reluctant to lose the enjoyment which her brilliant *fête* would afford. The Berkeleys were among those who sent no acceptance; the family of Grant Berkeley were too indignant at the scandal about his wife, to countenance her proceedings by their presence at her ball. Grant was in Europe, whither he had gone on commercial business.

The house, which was isolated with a garden in the rear, had been thrown open for the reception of the guests, and the large garden had also been prepared for the same purpose. Tents had been put up, temporary little temples erected, and coloured lamps gleamed among the trees. Refreshments too were provided for those who wished to wander out into the cool night-air from the crowded rooms. Fortunately the weather was fine,—it was the end of June. Innumerable roses and other flowers rendered the night-air redolent of perfume, while within the house the rarest exotics adorned the rooms and floated their rich delicious fragrance through the heated atmosphere. Altogether it was a great success—this masked fancy-ball of Mrs. Grant Berkeley's, and to Maud Castonell as well as others, the scene was one of exciting gaiety and enjoyment. In the reception-room, fitted-up in the Oriental style, the beautiful hostess, in the character of a Sultana, received her guests unmasked. Edith thought she had never seen Pauline look so well. Her style of dress suited her superb dark beauty. It was some rich gossamer material, the golden tissue of which shimmered with every graceful movement of her queenly figure. She was standing beneath a brilliant light which gleamed upon the jewels in her hair and on her finely-moulded arms, causing them to flash back dazzling rays.

Glad was Edith when she found herself with her young daughter among the motley throng that her identity was concealed. She felt it was no place for her to be seen. The guests were to unmask at supper, but she determined to leave before then. Mr. Castonell also intended to do the same. He, too, was glad that his disguise enabled him to remain unnoticed. It suited his secret plans to come to this fancy-ball, but it was just as well that no one should know of his being there. No one but Pauline, she for whose sake he had taken such a step. She was aware that he was coming to her *fête*. He had met her the day before in Notre Dame Street, and during a hurried conversation he had informed her of his intention—told her the disguise he intended to assume, and learned what character hers would be. No more than this had passed between them. A gentleman of Pauline's acquaintance joined her then, and he bowed his adieu. Pauline was still ignorant of his dismissal from St. Mark's; the fact had not yet reached her ears.

As the night wore on, Mrs. Castonell moved from room to room, endeavouring to discover her husband in every masker whose figure resembled his. She and Maud passed almost unnoticed in the crowd, and she was glad of this. But it did not suit Maud to be thus neglected, and when later in the evening she was invited to form one in a set of quadrilles, she gladly accepted the invitation, pleased to have an opportunity of stepping to the exhilarating music, which filled the apartments and floated away on the midnight air outside. Anxious and unhappy Mrs. Castonell stood alone waiting for Maud near a door opening from the ball-room on a balcony. When the set was finished the mask who had asked Maud to dance, led her back to her duenna and then disappeared through the open door.

"That was papa, I am sure!" whispered Maud Castonell to her mother.

"How did you recognize him?" she asked, doubtfully.

"By his voice."

"I am afraid you are mistaken."

"Oh, no indeed, it is he! there he is again in the next room! what a pretty dress! what character is it, mamma?"

"A Knight Templar. The figure is like him," Mrs. Castonell observed, thoughtfully.

"Is it not strange, mamma, that he did not make himself known to us? I wonder why, don't you?"

Mrs. Castonell did wonder, but she made no reply. She was thinking that this odd conduct of her husband's meant something more than caprice. There was some hidden motive in this concealment. Edith's suspicions were now fully awake.

"There is papa again!" Maud suddenly exclaimed, after a short silence, during which time he had disappeared among the crowd.

Following the direction of her daughter's eye, Mrs. Castonell saw the Knight Templar again standing near a door leading into the hall; he was earnestly watching the masquers as they passed him. Was he looking for any one? for Pauline? The jealous thought

flashed a thrill of pain through the sad heart of Edith.

"I wonder where papa got that handsome dress?" Maud observed.

"He hired it at the theatre, I suppose."

At this moment a mask in the character of Night, her black gossamer robe glittering with stars, joined the Templar, and the next moment both passed into the hall. This was evidently the one for whom he had been waiting. Edith did not for a moment doubt that she was Pauline. No other figure could have such stately grace, such queenly motion. She had changed her dress after the reception was over, and assuming a new character, had for a time ignored the hostess and mingled with the maskers.

To the great delight of Maud another candidate for the hand of the Spanish Girl, now approached the duenna and her charge. Mrs. Castonell, who readily recognised Frank Mordaunt in the dashing Austrian Officer, willingly committed her young daughter to his care for a time.

"It is Frank Mordaunt," she whispered. "You may make yourself known to him, and after you are tired dancing come back here and wait for me till I return."

The next moment Maud Castonell was whirling round the room in the arms of the young Austrian to the exquisite music of the St. Cloud Waltzes, while her mother, hurriedly making her way through the crowd, pursued the Templar and his companion. On entering the hall they were nowhere to be seen, but fortunately the remark of a Black Domino directed Edith where to follow them.

"Did you observe that couple who just passed into the garden?" the Domino said to his companion, an Italian Brigand.

"Yes; both were remarkable looking figures; do you know them?"

"The lady is, I doubt not, our charming hostess. She looks well in her new character."

"And the Templar, who is he?"

"The figure looks like Castonell's, but it cannot possibly be the clergyman. By the way have you heard of his dismissal and its cause?"

The reply to this question Edith did not hear, for as the domino and his companion moved on, their voices were lost in the distance.

Crossing the hall, Edith passed into the garden.

Before she reached it Night and the Templar had disappeared among the maskers. Still she hurried along the illuminated walks looking for them among the motley throng. Several maskers turned to look after the Duenna who passed them so rapidly, her slight, dark figure seeming to shrink from observation. One of them, a British sailor, addressed her asking, with a laugh, if she was in pursuit of any one, if Donna Maria Antonia had escaped her Duenna's vigilance.

"Yes," she replied with assumed gaiety, she has eloped with a Templar, have you seen them?"

"Just passed them five minutes since. They have gone down that walk."

Along the walk pointed out, Mrs. Castonell now hurried, although doubtful whether the sailor's information was correct. It led to a retired part of the garden, not intended to be frequented by the guests, for it was not lighted. If the Templar and his companion wished to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* without interruption, this was, she thought, the most likely place to find them. She looked eagerly around, and at a short distance discerned two figures, who, from their height, must be, she supposed, those she was pursuing. They were conversing eagerly Edith could see by the faint light of the stars glittering in the clear sky above, and from the impassioned gestures of the Templar, and the earnest attention with which Night listened, she knew the subject was one of intense interest to both. What that subject was Edith longed to learn, but she dared not venture nearer lest she might attract their attention, and she did not wish to be recognized. Her husband knew the disguise she had assumed, and he would easily recognize her. For more than twenty minutes this *tête-à-tête* lasted unseen by any one except the Duenna, who, fearful of being observed, sat crouching among some currant bushes on one side of the walk. At length it was ended, and Night and the Templar began slowly to retrace their steps to the frequented part of the garden. Edith's heart throbbed violently as they approached, conversing in a low voice, lest they might perceive her stooping figure, but her dark dress helped to render her invisible.

As they were passing, the still night air wafted a few words distinctly towards her.

"Could you not make arrangements any sooner?"

It was the Templar who spoke, and the voice was unquestionably Mr. Castonell's.

"Impossible! I must wait to—"

The rest of Night's answer was lost to the Duenna, but she had heard enough to convince her the words were spoken by Mrs. Grant Berkeley.

All doubt was now at an end, suspicion was confirmed, and the agony of jealousy thrilled the heart of Mrs. Castonell.

The confirmation of her worst fears had a

stunning effect, and it was sometime before she recovered from the shock she had sustained.

At length the recollection of Maud flashing in upon her, roused her to exertion, and she arose to return to the house.

As she emerged from the darkness into the illuminated walks she again saw the Templar in a Turkish tent partaking freely of champagne. Night had vanished. Feeling the need of some refreshment in her weak and trembling state, Edith entered the tent and gladly accepted a glass of wine offered by an attendant.

The Templar gave a slight start as his eye fell on the graceful figure of the Duchessa. He instantly recognized his wife, and approaching, he asked in a harsh whisper where was Maud, and why she was there alone?

The sternness of his manner, and the harshness of his voice—so different from the honeyed tones in which he had addressed Pauline—stirred the spirit of resentment in the heart of Edith, and steeled it against the weakness of which she had just been guilty—mourning for the loss of such a man's affection. Was it not really worthless? Thus she reasoned, and the answer came in spirited tones such as Mr. Castonell had seldom heard from his gentle wife.

"Maud is enjoying herself in the ball-room, and I am here alone because it suits my purpose."

"And what is that purpose?"

The thought suggested itself that she had been watching him and Pauline.

Edith vouchsafed no reply, but the conscience-stricken man felt sure she had discovered his guilty secret.

Turning coldly away from the Templar, Edith returned to the house.

On reaching the ball-room she found Maud still dancing with the Austrian officer, and "enjoying herself exceedingly," as she declared when she joined her mother.

It was now late, the supper-hour was approaching, and Mrs. Castonell declared it was time to go.

Frank Mordaunt remonstrated—

"Surely she would stay for supper, and allow Maud to have another gallop. Besides, she had not been in the garden yet, and it looked so well illuminated."

Maud's bright eyes pleaded for a prolonged period of enjoyment, but her mother was obstinate, she would not remain any longer in Mrs. Grant Berkeley's house. She felt as if the atmosphere of those splendid rooms was polluted, contaminating. How little, she thought, did people know the character of the hostess! But they were not as ignorant of it as Edith in her guilelessness imagined. Society, though censorious, is sometimes blinded by self-interest. A lady who could give such magnificent entertainments must not be judged too harshly. Maud Castonell was obliged to relinquish the happiness of stepping any longer to the enchanting music, and accompany her unhappy mother from the scene of festivity to her humble home.

They found that Mr. Castonell had already returned. A cab was at the door, and he was busily engaged packing a portmanteau as if for a journey.

To his young daughter's eager question where was he going he curtly replied—

"To Toronto on business."

A few minutes afterwards he left the house without taking any notice of Edith. He kissed Maud, however, lingering a moment as he held her affectionately in his arms; then, saying he must hurry to catch the night-train, he turned abruptly away.

His sudden departure surprised Mrs. Castonell, but believing what he told Maud, she simply supposed he was returning to Toronto seeking employment of some kind, hoping, perhaps, to procure a curacy in Western Canada.

The topic of conversation for the following day in the fashionable world of Montreal was the fancy ball given by Mrs. Grant Berkeley.

On the next day, however, the interest this subject excited was entirely lost in the excitement produced by an event startling and unexpected—the elopement of Mrs. Grant Berkeley with the Rev. Mr. Castonell.

The blow fell less heavily on the forsaken wife than people imagined, for, knowing of her husband's attachment to Pauline, this sad end to the drama that had been acting unnoticed by her, did not add much poignancy to the grief she was already suffering, and she felt that living with him when his heart was given to another would be a kind of living death, and could be productive only of misery to both. Still the certainty of his elopement with Pauline was a severe shock, for she did not think either of them capable of such wickedness. How she mourned over the reproach her husband's conduct cast upon the Church, and the deep infatuation which had plunged him and Pauline into the depths of sin. If Mrs. Castonell had been much attached to her husband she could not have taken his desertion so calmly, but his own coldness and heartless treatment of her for years had chilled the love she had once experienced towards him.

Edith did not want for friends in this time of trial. As she was now left destitute, something was necessary to be done to support her-

self and Maud. A school was therefore procured for her by some sympathizing ladies who interested themselves in her affairs, and in this way there gleamed a little sunshine through the cloud of adversity which had descended so suddenly and so darkly on the head of Mrs. Castonell and her daughter.

To be continued.

An individual at Bangor declares that it's the working between meals that's killing him.

Why will the Parisians, when the siege is over, be the most intelligent people in the world?—because all the Asses in Paris will have been eaten.

An Empty Head.—Of a light, frivolous, flighty girl, whom Jerrold met frequently, he said, "That girl has no more head than a periwinkle."

A would-be wit asked his uncle if the tolling of a bell didn't put him in mind of his approaching end. "No, sir," he replied "but the rope puts me in mind of yours."

That old lady, 100 years old, who knits all the stockings for the neighborhood, and brings in all the family wood, is just now in New Hampshire. She is an orphan!

A Wisconsin editor was called out of bed one night to receive a subscription. After that he sat up nights for over a week, but the offence wasn't repeated.

Toronto.—When Lord Eldon resigned the Great Seal, a small barrister said, "To me his loss is irreparable. Lord Eldon always behaved to me like a father."

"Yes," remarked Brougham, "I understand he always treated you like a child."

A pedlar calling on an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road that no pedlar had ever travelled? "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, which no pedlar has ever travelled, (the pedlar's countenance brightened), and that's the road to heaven."

"You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve if you only wait." "How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's death. "Till it freezes," was the cold reply.

Beecher has no beard to stroke, no moustache to caress, and he has not yet contracted the Congressional habit of thrusting his hands in his own pockets—or other people's—nor of sliding them in his bosom, nor hanging his thumbs from the armpits of his jacket. There are times when the text demands no gesticulation, and then comes in the full power of the handkerchief. Automatically the busy fingers roll up a corner, measure the hem, tug at the texture, and the next moment the hand swallows the whole square of cambric in one energetic, clinching gesture. It is transferred from one hand to the other; it is caressed, crushed, unfurled, and may safely be called the banner of the Plymouth pulpit.

Some people have such a delicate way of hinting their meaning that it is not always readily taken, but others speak more plainly. We read of an old man, the other day, who was in the habit of going to bed promptly at nine o'clock, but being kept up by company after that hour, he became sleepy. Finally, seeing the clock marked half-past nine, he turned, yawningly, toward the partner of his joys and sorrows, and said: "Wife, hadn't we better go to bed? These folks want to go home." It is hardly necessary to add that the aged couple were not kept out of bed long after that announcement.

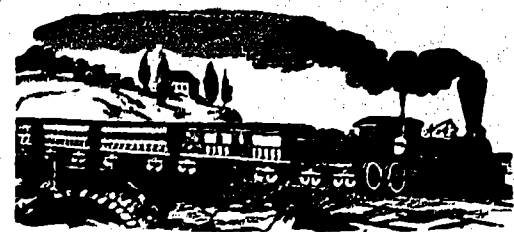
A brave officer, who had been wounded with a musket-ball in or near his knee, was stretched upon the dissecting-table of a surgeon, who, with an assistant, began to probe and cut in that region of his anatomy. After a while, the "subject" said: "Don't cut me up in that style, doctor! What are you torturing me in that cruel way for?" "We are looking after the ball," replied the senior operator. "Why didn't you say so, then, before?" asked the indignant patient; "I've got the ball in my pocket!" said he, putting his hand in his waistcoat, and taking it out. "I took it out myself," she added; "didn't I mention it to you?" "I meant to?"

BOBOLO!

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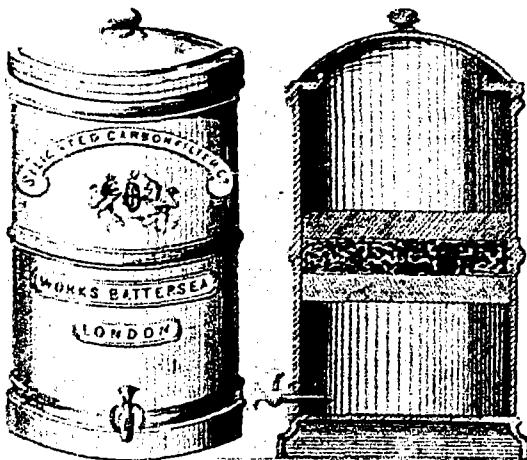
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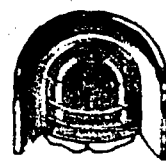
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