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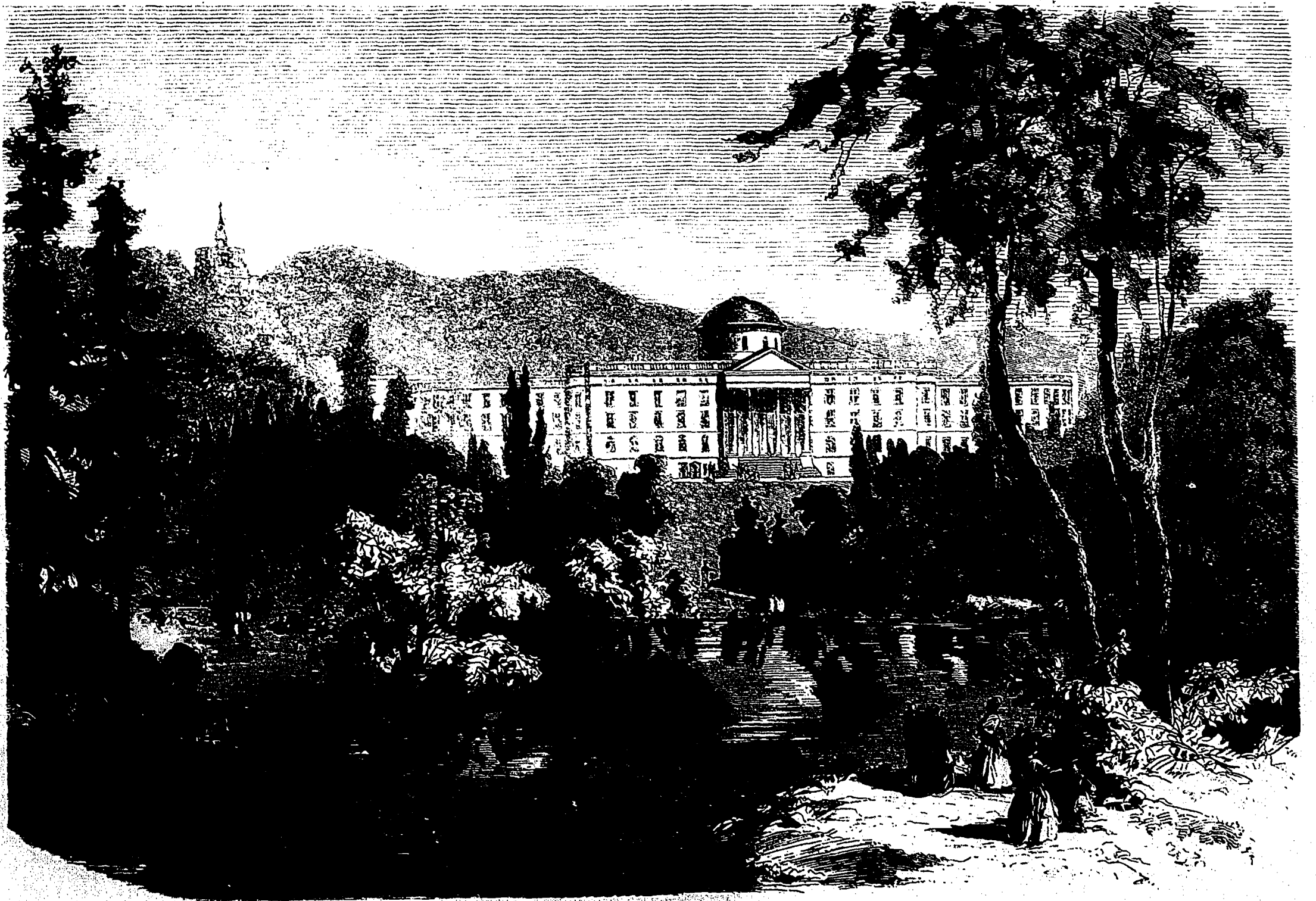
## AFFAIRS IN MANITOBA.

A most unfortunate circumstance has occurred at Fort Garry. A French half-breed, named Goulet, who is believed to have been a party to the shooting of Scott, last winter, was chased by some of the "Canadian" party so called and two members of the Ontario volunteer force. He ran towards the river, and to escape his pursuers attempted to swim across, but, unfortunately, he was drowned. His death has caused the most intense excitement throughout the Settlement, and rumours were rife that the French were arming and threatening reprisals. Later advices, however, report that Governor Archibald's influence was greatly on the increase; that all parties had the utmost confidence in him, and that it was firmly believed he would be able to prevent a serious *émeute*. Goulet, it is claimed, was an American citizen, and the United States Consul demanded an investigation into the cause of his death, which was at once held. Nothing was revealed, however, beyond the fact that some one accused him of having taken part in the execution of Scott, which he denied; but seeing the crowd gathering round him at

the tavern door, he got alarmed, ran away and was pursued. It does not appear that he was personally injured by his pursuers; but the fact that he was thrown into such bodily fear by their pursuit, (which in itself was an act of hostility) as to throw himself into the river for presumed safety, and thereby compass his death, ought to be sufficient to place every scoundrel of his eight or ten pursuers on trial for their lives. On this point there ought to be no hesitation at all. While Riel, Lepine, O'Donoghue, Ross, and others, ought to be tried for causing the death of Scott, so ought the two volunteers and the half dozen "loyalists" who hunted poor Goulet into the river. It cannot be said, however, that the circumstances attending the death of the latter equalled, in the appearances of guilt, those which accompanied the killing of Scott. In his case it was a previously planned deed, long resolved upon, and carried out in a deliberate manner; with respect to Goulet, he was chased, in the excitement of the moment, and because his persecutors believed that he was the very man who bandaged Scott's eyes, and afterwards so bunglingly discharged the pistol at the poor

fellow's head. This impression may, or may not, have been correct, but in either case the conduct of the "Canadians" was equally reprehensible, and in fact utterly cowardly. They permitted Scott to be shot, because, we suppose, they were too weak to resist Riel's authority; they lay quietly under that authority for many months, not daring to raise a whisper against their master for the time being; but now when Riel has fled and the troops are in their midst, they begin to insult those who were the mere tools of the ex-President! This is not honourable conduct.

Governor Archibald will have a difficult task to govern such unruly elements. Dr. Schultz, who was the recipient of so many marks of favour in these Provinces during last summer, signalled his return to Fort Garry by entering the house of the editor of the *New Nation*, Mr. Spence, the ex-president of the first Manitoba Republic, going into his bed-room and actually attacking the naked man with a horse-whip! We are sorry to see that some of the Ontario papers have spoken approvingly of this lawless conduct. It admits of no palliation, for even if it were



WILHELMSHOHE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR.

true that Spence had insulted Dr. Schultz's wife during the latter's forced absence, surely the Dr. could have taken satisfaction without seizing the man in bed! Yet it is such as he who represent themselves as the "Canadian party" in the settlement, and Governor Archibald will fail in his mission if he does not take the first opportunity of teaching them, and the half-breeds alike, that whoever takes the law into his own hands transgresses it, and will be punished accordingly. With respect to the volunteers, we are glad to learn that Col. Jarvis has taken most stringent measures to insure discipline, and prevent any of the soldiers from mingling in the local or tavern brawls at Winnipeg.

Since writing the above we have found the following in the *Toronto Globe*, which we are glad to notice puts a still more favourable face upon Manitoba affairs. It will be noticed that Dr. Schultz's rash course receives a very mild condemnation:

"On Friday last, Captain Herchmer, of the Red River Expedition, returned to this city from Fort Garry. He was accompanied part of the way by Col. Jarvis, who has been called from his command at Fort Garry to give evidence in an important lawsuit at New York, and it is probable he may have to go to England for the same purpose. He expects to be back at Fort Garry in about two months. Meantime, the chief command of the troops devolves on Col. Casault. Capt. Herchmer brings the intelligence that the story of the shooting of Lepine is a hoax, though there is no doubt as to the cause which was said to have led to the alleged shooting. A report of Lepine's death, similar to that which reached Toronto, was circulated in Fort Garry before Capt. Herchmer left there; but when he reached Pembina he saw some half-a-dozen persons who had seen Lepine alive and well subsequent to the date of his reported death. He is living in a little village on the American side, about 30 miles from Pembina, and is apparently in no danger of molestation. Riel is also living in enforced retirement in an obscure village on the south side of the boundary line. It is reported he is afraid to show himself at Pembina, lest the United States troops stationed there lay violent hands upon him. He incurred their wrath while he was playing despot at Fort Garry, by giving up to the American authorities some of their number who had deserted and taken refuge in his dominions. These deserters and their friends threaten to execute summary vengeance upon the ex-President if he comes within their reach.—Capt. Herchmer's representation of the condition of affairs at Red River is reassuring, and calculated to remove the apprehensions many in this country have entertained respecting the observance of law and order in the settlements. Fresh from the country, with a pretty familiar knowledge of the state of affairs and the sentiments of both sections of the people, he entertains no fears of private revenge usurping the place of law. The excitement over the Goulet affair is dying out. The feeling against the Volunteers, founded on a false report of their participation in Goulet's death, is giving place to a correct view of their conduct. It is a fact, capable of positive proof, that not a single volunteer followed Goulet in his race for the river where he met his death, with the exception of a bugler of Capt. Herchmer's company—a mere lad who followed out of natural curiosity. As he is a Roman Catholic, the report that was circulated in the excitement of the moment, that Goulet's death was caused by Orangemen's revenge, is absurd. The Volunteers are in excellent health and their general behaviour is admirable. The great body of the people of both sections are anxious for peace and the establishment of properly constituted courts for the maintenance of law and order. The danger, if any there be, is from the extremists of both sides. Capt. Herchmer states that some regret is felt that Dr. Schultz has not taken a more moderate course since his return, and one more calculated to strengthen the hands of those whose efforts have been for peace. The course the Lieutenant Governor has taken so far appears to be wise.—He has called to his Council moderate men, and according to the account Capt. Herchmer gives the people generally, English and French, are waiting anxiously, but confidently, for further action on his part, and are ready to second all his efforts to promote the peace and prosperity of the settlement. Capt. Herchmer had a comparatively quick trip down. He made arrangements at Pembina for the conveyance of Mrs. Archibald and family to Fort Garry, and it is likely they have by this time arrived at their future home."

#### ON SEWAGE SYSTEMS.

BY J. BAKER EDWARDS, PH. D., F.O.S.

The A B C system of purification which has been adopted at Leicester, Hastings, and a few other small towns in England, is founded on a patent granted W. C. & R. G. Sillar, and W. J. Wigner, and is sometimes called "Sillar's Process." It consists of adding to the liquid a mixture of:

Alum .....	600 parts.
Blood .....	1 "
Clay .....	1900 "
Magnesia .....	5 "
Manganate of Potash .....	10 "
Burnt Clay .....	25 "
Chloride of Sodium, (Salt) .....	10 "
Animal Charcoal .....	15 "
Vegetable Charcoal .....	20 "
Magnesian Limestone .....	2 "

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These substances are mixed together and added to the sewage until the whole of the suspended matter be precipitated—the clear water is then allowed to flow away and the sediment collected, partially dried and mixed with oil of vitriol. When dried, it is applied to the land as manure. It is evident that to purify the sewage of a large city, large quantities of material have to be handled, which implies a heavy charge for labour, and involves the demand for, and the consumption and removal of an enormous mass of manure.

As a chemical process no objection can be raised to its general character, but it leaves untouched the great noxious exhalations; it does nothing to decrease the evils

arising from foul drains, and it would probably involve, in this country, an accumulation of the matter during the winter months, which would be an additional pest during the summer, from the discharge of large volumes of noxious gas during the chemical operation.

So poisonous is this, that at the Model Works recently erected at Hastings, where no expense has been spared to render the operations perfect, not only were two of the workmen rendered insensible and quickly killed by its inhalation, but the chemist of the works, Mr. Porter, was also suffocated in his attempts to rescue the men. Great caution is therefore necessary in throwing a large volume of such poisonous gases in the air, for where they do not suffocate, they are injurious to health and spread the germs of disease.

This system, if liberally carried out and perfectly managed, is however superior in its results to that which has obtained the patronage of the River Pollution Commissioners, and which consists of the disposal of sewage by irrigation. This plan is adopted at Edinburgh, Norwood, and Croydon, and whilst commercially it may be considered a cheap mode for the disposal of sewage,—yet, in point of Hygiene, it may almost be said that the remedy is worse than the disease.

Dr. Murchison, of the London Fever Hospital, has traced a particular fever to this source, and has devoted a considerable portion of his work to the proof of sewer gases being the primary cause of "pythogenic or enteric fever."

Dr. Letheby assures us that wherever this system has been adopted, "the stench is most sickening and unendurable," and he condemns it most unreservedly as a fruitful source of disease, rendering districts previously healthy almost uninhabitable. And Mr. Creasy, a medical practitioner at Beddington, where the Croydon Works are irrigated, says before the Committee of the House of Commons: "I have known the district ever since it was a sewage farm, and long before that. The first case of typhoid fever occurred in the place in 1867, and from that time to this there has been typhoid fever in every cottage on the estate; and I find around it almost every disease assumes a particular type, accompanied with what we call a *sewage tongue*."

At a model village near Halifax, the system was tried by Mr. Ackroyd, and it was found absolutely necessary to discontinue it in consequence of the serious outbreak of typhoid fever which followed the experiment. So also in the town of Shaftesbury and in some other towns and villages in England where philanthropists have, after much expenditure, suffered disappointment.

A much better prospect of success is afforded by the "earth closet" system, which has been more or less adopted at Edinburgh, Manchester, Salford, and several other large cities and towns in Scotland and Lancashire.

The principle is to separate the solid from the fluid refuse, and to apply the water system to the latter only. The matters in solution will soon be cleansed by the air, and by the myriad army of microscopic scavengers which Providence has ordained to spring into existence to destroy the last remains of organic debris.

The solid sewage is rendered valuable and inodorous by mixing it with ashes and vegetable or animal charcoal. As substitutes for these, common cinders in powder, dry earth, or sand, may be used with success. In the latter case, however, it requires three and a-half times its weight of earth to deodorize and dry it up. Peat charcoal or sea-weed charcoal will deodorize an equal weight of solid refuse. A mixture of these can easily be provided to do the mechanical work of a water-closet without the pestilential consequences of sewer gases; and, moreover, by this method true economy as well as health is secured.

In the city of Edinburgh by this mode £7,000 sterling is realized from the sale of manure from the public conveniences alone, and it is everywhere acknowledged to be a most valuable manure. A proper provision for this public necessity would be a great boon to the inhabitants of the eastern and western sections of our industrial populations, whilst those who adhere to the water-closet system should look well to the water traps entering their dwellings, and insist upon trapping and ventilation in the street sewers. The three methods of treatment, each of which has its advocates in Great Britain, although the conclusions to be drawn from their adoption seem to be obvious, are these:

1.—Irrigation of land with liquid and solid sewage matters untreated.

Result—Typhoid Fever.

2.—Treatment of solid and liquid matters by chemicals, and washing away of fluid matter.

Result—Poisonous gas and impure water

3.—Separation of solid and liquid sewage in collection, absorption of offensive gases, and disinfection.

Result—Valuable odourless manures, and relieved sewers.

It is a matter of the greatest difficulty to turn the attention of the public or the public authorities to this subject, although it is universally acknowledged to be of extreme importance. It is one of those problems which the Chinese have solved for us, and upon which we should be content to learn from them. And although I am compelled to confess that it is one upon which "Doctors differ," still, being in a city in which any change would be an improvement, it behoves us to consider whether we cannot avail ourselves of the experience of the mother country without purchasing it afresh for ourselves.

#### THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT SEDAN.

We mentioned in a former number, while speaking of the battle of Sedan, the splendid but fruitless charges made by the French cuirassiers upon the Prussian infantry. On another page will be found an illustration of this episode, which is graphically described by Dr. Russell. "Never," he says, "can I forget the prelude. When I saw the French who had lined the advanced trench on the 1st retiring to what I now see was another epaulement, where they were again raked by the flanking batteries of the outer ridge and pounded and brayed by the mamelon guns, I did not know how they had suffered, and could not conceive why they retreated. The Prussians coming up from Floing were invisible to me. Never can I forget the sort of agony with which I witnessed those who first came out on the plateau raising their heads and looking around for an enemy, while, hidden from view, a thick blue band of French infantry was awaiting them, and a brigade of cavalry was ready on their flank below. I did not know that Floing was filled with advancing columns. There was but a wide, extending, loose array of skirmishers, like a flock of rooks, on the plateau. Now the men in front began to fire at the heads over the bank lined by the French. This drew such a flash of musketry as tumbled over some and staggered the others, but their comrades came scrambling up from the rear, when suddenly the first block of horse in the hollow shook itself up, and the line, in beautiful order, rushed up the slope. The onset was not to be withstood. The Prussians were caught *flagrante delicto*. Those nearest the ridge slipped over into the declivitous ground; those in advance, running in vain, were swept away. But the impetuosity of the charge could not be stayed. Men and horses came tumbling down into the road, where they were disposed of by the Prussians in the gardens, while the troopers on the left of the line, who swept down the lane in a cloud of dust, were almost exterminated by the infantry in the village. At the same moment a splendid charge was executed on the Prussians, before which the skirmishers rallied, on what seemed to me to be still a long parallelogram. They did not form square. Some Prussians too far on were sabred. The troopers, brilliantly led, went right onwards in a cloud of dust, but when they were within a couple of hundred yards of the Prussians one simultaneous volley burst out of the black front and flank, which enveloped all in smoke. They were steady soldiers who pulled the trigger there. Down came horse and man; the array was utterly ruined. There was left in front of that deadly infantry but a heap of white and gray horses—a terrace of dead and dying and dismounted men, and flying troopers, who tumbled at every instant. More total dissipation of a bright pageantry could not be. There was another such scene yet to come. I could scarce keep the field-glass to my eyes as the second and last body of cavalry—which was composed of light horse also—came thundering up out of the hollow. They were not so bold as the men on the white horses, who fell, many of them, at the very line of bayonets. The horses of these swerved as they came upon the ground covered with carcasses, and their line was broken, but the squadron leaders rode straight to death. Once again the curling smoke spurted out from the Prussian front, and to the rear and right and left flew the survivors of the squadrons."

#### ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT SAARBRUCK.

On the evening of the 6th of August, Saarbruck offered a frightful spectacle. The town itself had been bombarded, captured and recaptured, and a bloody fight had just taken place on the neighbouring heights. The streets were filled with troops, with men and women wearing the red cross, with wounded soldiers, and scared citizens. Many of the houses were in ruins, but such as the shot and shell had left unscathed were thrown open for the reception of the wounded who were pouring in from Spicheren. The citizens, at all events, felt themselves safe. The French had been driven off with immense loss, there appeared to be no present danger, and so, forgetting their losses, they devoted themselves with good-will to the task of providing for the sufferers in the battle. The railway-station, which had suffered severely from the bombardment, was converted into a temporary hospital where the wounded—as many as the ruined building could hold—were tended by a corps of nurses, organized and superintended by the Baroness von Rosen. Like many others of the German nobility this lady had devoted herself entirely to the good work of caring for the wounded, and, immediately on the outbreak of the war, had enrolled herself in the ranks of the Red Cross. At Saarbruck she did signal service, and many a soldier wounded at Spicheren owes his life to her unremitting labours. Our illustration represents the Baroness receiving the wounded at the railway station.

#### . VALETTA.

Since the outbreak of the European war, and still more since the occupation of Rome by the Italians, the island of Malta has attracted no little attention. As a military post of considerable importance it has always been carefully guarded and sufficiently garrisoned, but at the present time it has become the object of redoubled vigilance. The fortifications have been carefully inspected and repaired where necessary, the stock of munitions and provisions has been increased, and, as many of the officers of the garrison are on leave, all further leave has been suspended. At present the entire strength of the garrison is not more than 5,500 of all arms, and the aggregate defences fall short of 500 guns. The troops are under the command of Lieut-Gen. Sir Patrick Grant, who is also Governor of the island. The city of Valetta, the capital of Malta, is, next to Gibraltar, the most strongly fortified position in the Mediterranean. It is situated on a long neck of land, which, with the mainland on either side, forms two large and commodious harbours, known as the Great Harbour and the Quarantine Harbour. The fortifications, which extend for a distance of twenty-five miles, are singularly massive. They consist principally of five forts, St. Elmo, Ricasoli, St. Angelo, Tigne, and Manuel, and the lines of Floriana, extending across the isthmus from harbour to harbour. Forts St. Elmo and Ricasoli guard the entrance to the Great Harbour, and the other three the Quarantine Harbour. The first named is an enormous work of granite, with barracks sunk in the lower bastions for 2,000 men. The troops at present stationed here consist of one brigade of Royal Artillery, two companies of Royal Engineers, the Royal Malta Fencibles Artillery, and six infantry regiments, the 24th, 31st, 48th, 52nd, 64th, and 87th.

The illustration, given on another page, shows the city as



seen from Calcare Creek, with the Great Harbour and Fort St. Angelo in the centre, and the city proper stretching away seawards in the background.

The history of Malta has been an eventful one. It is said to have been originally colonized by the Phœnicians, but whether this be the truth or not, it certainly was once in the possession of this enterprising nation, and from them passed into the hands of the Carthaginians. The Romans, in turn, won it from Carthage during the Second Punic War, and after the fall of the Roman empire it was seized by the Vandals in the year 455. It was then occupied successively by the Goths, the Greeks, the Arabs, the Normans, the Germans, the French, and the Spaniards. In 1530 it was granted by the Emperor Charles V. to the Knights of Rhodes or Hospitaliers, also called the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who took refuge here, under their celebrated grand-master Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, after they were driven from Rhodes by the Turks. The Hospitaliers, or Knights of Malta, as they now called themselves, occupied the island until 1798, when the grand-master Hompesch ceded it to Napoleon. In 1800 it was captured by Nelson, and since that time it has been occupied by the English, who have made it an important military and naval station.

#### THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

At the second annual exhibition of the Society of Canadian Artists, held in this city in February last, some of our readers may remember that we had occasion to make favourable mention of a large oil painting by Mr. Vogt, representing the Falls of Niagara in summer. The picture attracted considerable attention from the visitors to the exhibition, and this week we have made a double page illustration from it. In our issue of Feb. 5th, we gave a Leggotype of the "Whirlpool" in the Niagara river, nearly three miles below the Falls, with a description of that remarkable maelstrom. The "Falls" are, however, the crowning attraction of the Niagara region. Because of these; to listen to their mighty roar; to watch the immense bodies of water tumbling over the ledges of rock into the gulf below; to see them surging and foaming underneath, and sending up the white, soft spray in a perpetual cloud; it is because of these wondrous sights and sounds that the native harpy is endured, and visitors wearily suffer themselves to be plundered.

Mr. Vogt brings these noisy and tumultuous cascades into full view. But all the attractions of the Falls can never be appreciated at a single glance. One has to see them time and again; to listen to their roar when he is miles away from them, to watch the beautiful rainbows in the spray, to have his head in a whirl from gazing at the terrible monotony of that endless chain of water ever and anon tumbling over the rock. During the long ages in which these waters have continued to flow on in their journey to the sea, it is evident that the Falls have been gradually receding. It is believed that several thousand years ago the river descended in a single stream over a ledge of rock three hundred feet high into what is now the whirlpool. Since these ages the waters have dug out their deep channel three miles further up the stream, and it is computed that at present the Falls are receding at the rate of about three feet a year, though the point is not very clearly established. It has also been stated that the falls diminish in height, as they recede towards the south at the rate of forty feet to the mile. The number of the falls, too, seems to have varied with time. As already stated, when the river took its leap at the whirlpool, it is believed that there was but a single cascade, and at other points there are indications of their having been more than at present. When Father Hennepin discovered Niagara there were four falls, one of which, on the Canadian side, has since disappeared. These facts show that Niagara is slowly but surely losing her attractions, though they will doubtless last her through this and the next fifty generations.

#### WILHELMSHOHE.

The residence assigned to the fallen Emperor of the French during his captivity in Germany, is one of the noblest palaces of the Rhine country and one which has been occupied by a long line of princes. The palace stands in the midst of a natural park, at a short distance from Cassel, on what was the site of an old convent that was destroyed by fire in the fifteenth century. On the convent land Maurice, Landgrave of Hesse, built, in 1606, a small shooting-box, or country residence. This building suffered a good deal during the Thirty Years' War, and what was left of it was pulled down, in 1787, to make room for the present chateau. In 1798 the building was completed, and since that time has been regularly occupied as a summer residence by the princes of Hesse-Darmstadt, who spent much care and money in the decoration of both building and grounds. From 1807 to 1813, Jerome Napoleon, then King of Westphalia, occupied the palace, which was called after him, Napoleonshohe. Since its assignment by the King of Prussia to its present Imperial occupant and his suite, it has been the object of much curiosity to distinguished travellers in Germany, and all who can, obtain the King's permit to visit his Imperial captive. The ex-Emperor, it is reported, enjoys dignified though constrained retirement with great equanimity, and is treated by the Prussians with every mark of distinction. To a nobleman who recently accompanied the Duchess of Hamilton on a visit to Napoleon, the latter, referring to his surrender, spoke in very warm terms of the kindness of the King, thus proving the fallacy of the highly-coloured newspaper reports of the King's violence and uncivil conduct. Napoleon also expressed his pleasure with the great good will shewn to him since his reverse of fortune by many Englishmen of distinction. When he met his cousin, the Duchess, he was very much affected for a time. Her Grace was a guest for two days at Wilhelmschohe, where her Imperial cousin may possibly yet have to spend twice as many months before he is restored to freedom.

#### THE BURIAL OF GEN. DOUVAINE AT SAARGEMUND.

At the storming of the heights of Spiecheren, between Forbach and Saarbrück, the French Brigadier-General Douvaïne was seriously wounded in the left arm by a bursting shell. He was removed to Saargemund, where he was found dying by a battalion of Prussian infantry who entered the town after the victory at Niederrothenbach. The General died on the morning of the 7th of August, and in the evening he was buried by the Prussians with military honours. At six o'clock the cortege left the sous-prefecture and proceeded to the cemetery, followed

by the whole battalion, and by crowds of private citizens. Following the band, and immediately before the coffin, which was borne by non-commissioned officers, walked the adjutant of the regiment carrying, on a cushion, the General's medals and his cross of the Legion of Honour. On the coffin were the General's képi, gloves, and sword, with a wreath of flowers. On arriving at the cemetery the coffin was placed in position ready to be lowered into the grave. Burial service there was none, and the only ceremony, simple and expressive, was performed by General Von Woyna, who plucked a flower from a wreath and laid it upon the coffin, saying, as he did so: "The offering of a Prussian soldier to a brave fellow-soldier fallen in battle." The coffin was then lowered, the grave filled up, and the Prussians, having given their testimony of respect for a fallen foe, left the town Pariswards.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

At the last annual meeting of the British Association, recently held at Liverpool, the President, the learned Professor Huxley, in his Address, discussed the subject of the relationship of life and matter, upon which the London *Daily News* remarks:—"The Address of the President of the British Association illustrates in a very remarkable manner the practical utilities of Science. One of the largest and profoundest questions which Science deals is that of the relationship of life and matter, yet the discussion of that question brings us into immediate contact with those terrible epidemics which scourge all organized beings from the insect up to man. Dr. Huxley reviews the progress of scientific discovery in its inquiry into the genesis of life, and pronounces a strong opinion in favour of the theory that only life begets life, and against the theory that life can ever spring from death. With true scientific modesty, he declines to assert that at no period in this planet's history has living protoplasm ever been evolved from matter which was not alive, but he insists that no such evolution has ever been shown to have taken place within our experience or observation. So far as that experience goes, an impassable line exists between living matter and matter which is not alive, and the living never comes out of the dead. The experiments which demonstrate this scientific truth lead us into the realm of inquiry with which Dr. Tyndall familiarized us early in the year in his striking lecture on "Dust and Disease." Dr. Tyndall's experiments completed the demonstration of the doctrine of Biogenesis—that is, the doctrine that life springs only from life, and never from dead matter—by showing, first, that ordinary air is full of particles, which are very often the floating germs of animal and vegetable forms, and secondly, that filtration through cotton wool allows only physically pure air to pass. These minute forms, floating in the dust which the sunbeam reveals, are the origin of all the life which putrefaction and other forms of fermentation produce. It is this minute life, sometimes in the form of fungi, sometimes in that of minute animalcules, which is the cause of infectious and contagious disease. The terrible disease called Pebrine, which has been so fatal to silkworms, has been demonstrated by M. Pasteur to be caused by the development and multiplication of minute organisms in the body of the silkworm. These organisms pass from one silkworm to another by infection, by contagion, and by transmission in the egg, and develop into a disease which greatly corresponds to the cholera in man. M. Pasteur has consequently been able to suggest a method of extirpating the disease which has been completely successful wherever it has been carried out. A similar discovery had previously been made as to the cause of the grape disease, and Science has thus saved to France the silk crop and the grape crop, and shown the way to their future safety. But even greater results than these may be expected from these investigations. The cholera and the scarlet fever are probably both due to minute organisms which float in air or water, and, being received into the body, develop and propagate there. The germ theory of life is leading us to so complete a knowledge of epidemic diseases, that Professor Huxley is able to say that so far as scarlet fever is concerned, "the facts which I have placed before you must leave the least sanguine without a doubt that the causes of this scourge will one day be as well understood as those of Pebrine are now; and that the long-suffered massacre of our innocents will come to an end." It is thus that Science and Civilization go hand in hand together. We study Nature to subdue her, stoop to humble observation of her ways that we may conquer her; and Science, which is only knowledge of her laws, makes us free of her kingdom."

#### A NEW ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

The *Scientific American* of last Saturday says:—"One of the arguments employed in our works on chemistry to prove that the atmosphere is a chemical mixture and a true compound is derived from an experiment upon the solubility of air in water. Roscoe says, in his admirable treatise:

"When air is shaken up with a small quantity of water, some of the air is dissolved by the water; this dissolved air is easily expelled again from the water by boiling, and on analysis this expelled air is found to consist of oxygen and nitrogen in the relative proportions of 1 and 1.87. Had the air been a chemical compound, it would be impossible to decompose it by simply shaking it up with water; the compound would then have dissolved as a whole, and, on examination of the air expelled by boiling, it would have been found to consist of oxygen and nitrogen in the same proportions as in the original air, viz., as 1 to 4. This experiment shows, therefore, that the air is only a mixture, a larger proportion of the oxygen being dissolved than corresponds to that contained in the atmosphere, owing to this gas being more soluble in water than nitrogen."

"It is somewhat remarkable that no practical application of this experiment has been attempted until recently. The principle above enunciated is now applied to the manufacture of oxygen from the air. By compressing atmospheric air into receivers filled with water, more than the usual quantity of oxygen will be dissolved, and the dissolved air can be forced into a second and third receiver, becoming each time more and more rich in oxygen, until an atmosphere is finally obtained that consists of 90 per cent of that gas. Some use for the nitrogen may be invented, but at present it is of little value. It is probable that this method will eventually prove the cheapest for the manufacture of oxygen. Experiments have established the fact that an atmosphere containing 50 per cent of oxygen yields results nearly equal to what can be obtained from pure oxygen. Thus far the chief investiga-

tions have been made in this direction of furnishing a new and cheap artificial light. As soon as we can feed an air to our lamps containing 30 or 40 per cent. more than the usual proportion of oxygen contained in the atmosphere, the brilliancy of the light will be greatly increased and it will afford a much healthier light than is now given by our gas. A lamp has been invented in Cologne, called the Phillips Carbo-oxygen lamp, where the oil is some cheap hydrocarbon, the wick of non-combustible material, probably asbestos, and oxygen is supplied from a reservoir by a peculiarly constructed apparatus. The flame is made to assume the form of a star, and any heating of the wick-holder is prevented by the manner in which the oxygen jet is permitted to feed it. It is said that the lamp needs no special attention beyond that of filling it with the patented hydrocarbon liquid. The wick requires no trimming, and explosions are impossible, as the oxygen does not in any way mix with the gases that might be produced by the heat of the combustion. The light of a lamp consuming five and a half cubic feet of gas per hour is equal to 90 or 100 candles, or ten times that of an ordinary gas jet. In diffusive power it would, however, probably not equal a less brilliant light. For lighthouses, fog signals, and photographic purposes, and for studies for the microscope, such a lamp would be of great value. The usefulness of this method of obtaining oxygen would not be confined to the production of light. There are other important applications for that gas, and the moment that we can obtain it cheaply it will enter into metallurgical operations, into compound blow-pipes, into laboratory and pharmaceutical uses, and, in fact, be applied in a thousand ways. It is possible that we may find some other liquid than water that has great solvent power for oxygen with none for nitrogen. The receivers once filled with such a liquid need not be filled a second time, but an indefinite quantity of air could be absorbed and expelled from the same apparatus, and it is possible that this operation could be carried on by clock-work or some other mechanical means. We are manifestly on the eve of the discovery of an easy and cheap method for the manufacture of oxygen for artificial light and other purposes, and the source of the gas appears likely to be the atmosphere."

NEW CHEMICAL RELATIONS OF SILICA.—Friedel and Ladenburg recently announced to the Academy certain new organic compounds containing silicon, among which was what they called *silicopropionic acid*, containing in its constitution, with silicon and hydrogen, the organic radical *ethyl*. They say it "much resembles silicic acid, but is easily distinguished by its combustibility, burning like tinder when heated." It is insoluble in water, but readily soluble in warm concentrated potash. It appears to be a feeble acid, analogous to silicic acid, and "is, in fact, the first carburetted silicic acid." The authors say that "it constitutes one term of a series of homologous acids," of which others will be obtainable by like processes. Dumas, in commenting on this paper, threw out the conjecture that as there are so often found in nature silicious matters, containing traces more or less visible, of organic matter, it would not be surprising that, just as at times natural compound ammonias have been confounded with ordinary ammonia, so compound silicas, in nature, may have been regarded as ordinary silica. In response to this comes a communication from Paul Thenard, of a most striking character, being the announcement of the discovery that certain modifications of the substances of the humic acid group have the power to dissolve silica in large quantities. These new silicious solvents are produced by fixing ammonia upon the humic matters, in ways not yet explained, by which the ammonia is not merely combined as a salt, but enters into the molecular constitution. He has thus formed four distinct derivatives of the humic type, which are not alkaline but acid, and he calls them *acides azhumiques*, which we must render into English as *nitro-humic acids*. Their fixity is remarkable, as they do not wholly lose their nitrogen at 1,000 deg. to 1,200 deg. They combine with silica to new acids, *siliconitro-humic acids*, which are instantly dissolved by alkalis, including ammonia, even when very weak, forming salts, from which the siliconitro-humic acids may be recovered in all this integrity. The proportion of silica taken up is in proportion to the amount of nitrogen present, varying from 7.5 to 24 per cent. A new relation is here indicated between silicon and nitrogen. Thenard finds these nitrohumic acids in soils, and attributes the silica always found in solution of the acids of soils to this cause.

Prof. Henry Wurtz, from whose *Chemical Excerpta* we take the above, remarks upon it as follows:—"We have demonstrated thus, at once, a theory, not only of new relations of plant decay to plant nutrition, but also of the far broader subject of the transformation and migration of silica throughout all past geological ages, and of the continual, and (as the writer of this abstract has long believed) sole agency of life in these, as in the past and present migrations and transformations of carbon."

The friends of Dr. Livingstone continue confident that he is alive and is engaged prosecuting his discoveries in the vast central and watery region on either side of the Equator. He is supposed to be tracing a connection between the waters of the Tanganyika Lake, where he was last heard from, and the south end of Albert Nyanza, where it was expected that Sir Samuel Baker would meet him. The last letter from Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, dated 29th June, 1870, mentioned that Dr. Livingstone was out of danger from cholera, as it had not visited the town of Unyanyambo, and that stores and supplies had been forwarded to him.

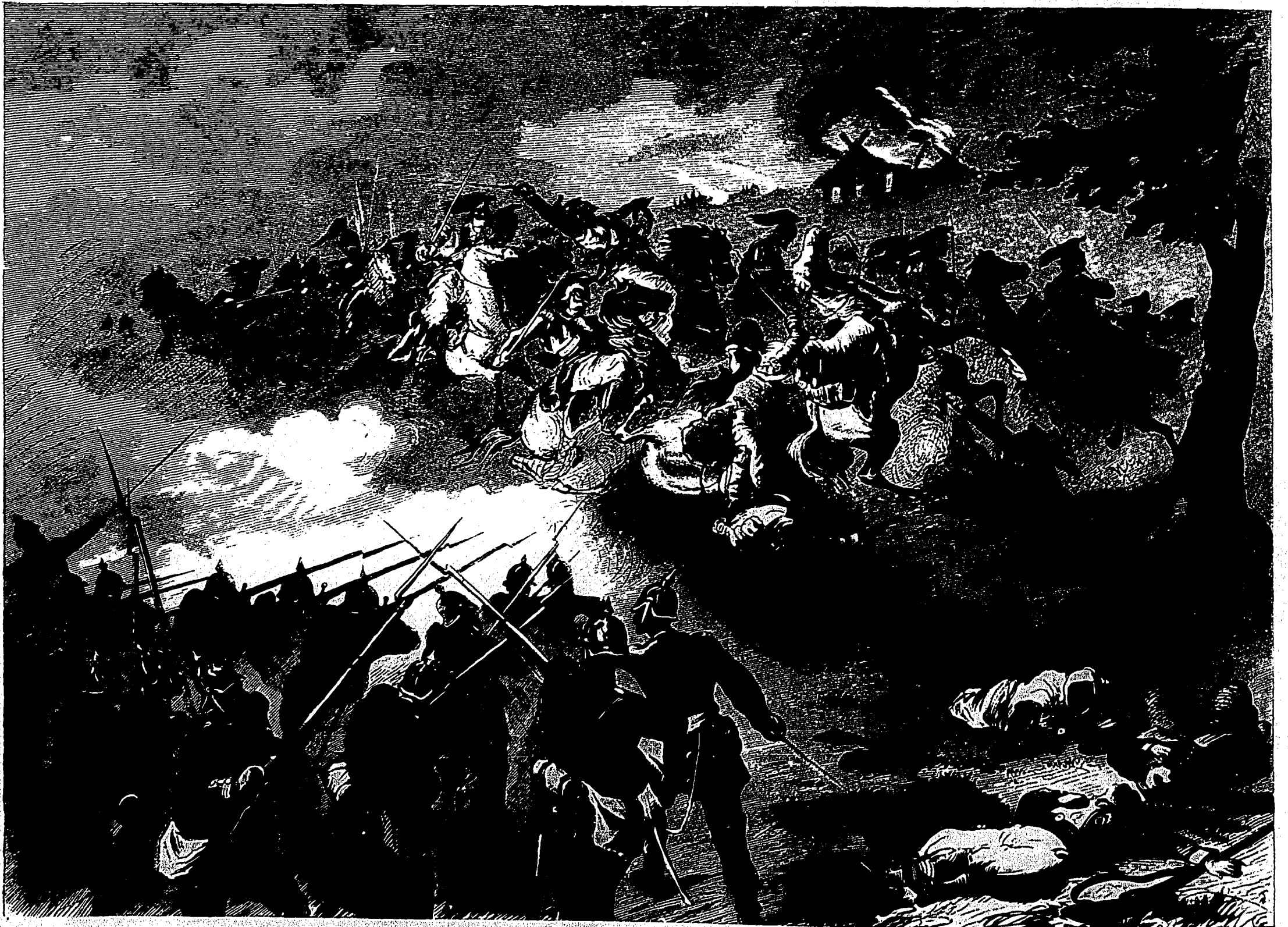
The well-known ancient custom of the Jews to observe the anniversary of their fathers' deaths by a religious service celebrated by ten of their members, was not neglected at the battle of Woerth. A Prussian doctor, a Jew, observing a soldier evidently in search of something, inquired what he needed. "Are you a Jew?" asked the man. Receiving an affirmative reply, "Come with me then," returned the man. "My comrade wishes to observe the day of his father's death, and we are only nine." It is needless to say that the surgeon readily acceded to his pious request.

The census in some of the Western States has worked terrible havoc. The population of Omaha has been reduced from 50,000 to 13,000, that of St. Joseph from 40,000 to 18,000, that of Council Bluffs from 20,000 to 11,000, Leavenworth from 35,000 to 21,000, and Kansas City from 50,000 to 17,000. This is worse than war.

Out of 20,664 pupils enrolled in the Cincinnati public schools, 11,233 are studying German.

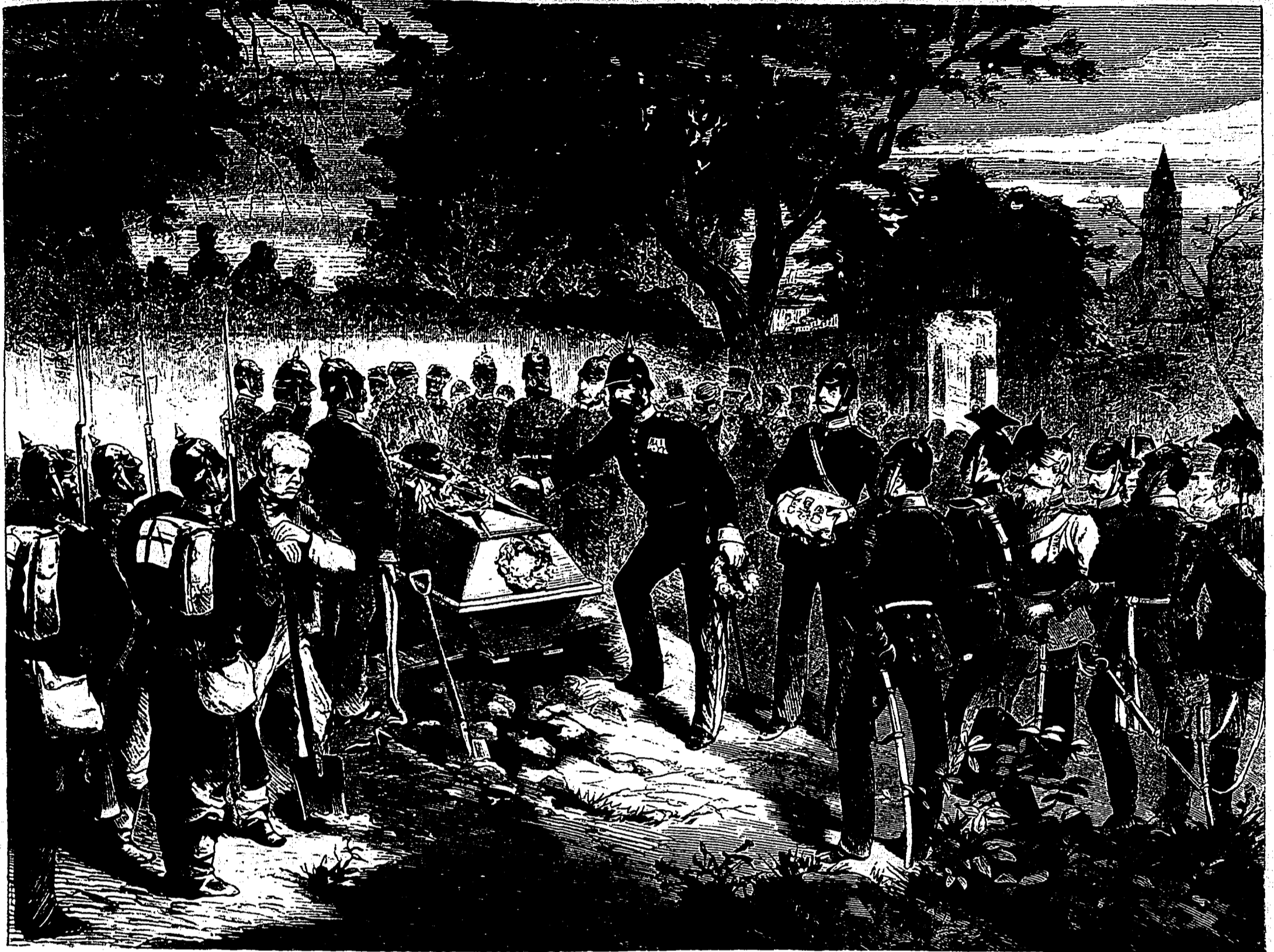


THE WAR-BELGIAN CHARITY TO FRENCH SOLDIERS AT NAMUR.



THE WAR-THE CHARGE OF THE CUIRASSIERS AT SEDAN.





THE WAR-BURIAL OF GENERAL DOUAINÉ BY THE PRUSSIANS.



THE WAR-RECEPTION OF THE WOUNDED AT THE SAARBRUCK RAILWAY STATION.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
OCT. 22, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 16.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity. Remarkable darkness at midday in Quebec, 1785.
MONDAY,	" 17.—St. Etheldreda, V. Burgoyne's surrender, 1777.
TUESDAY,	" 18.—St. Luke, Ev. Second battle of Leipsic, 1813. Crown-Prince of Prussia born, 1831.
WEDNESDAY,	" 19.—Leigh Hunt born, 1784. St. Albans raid, 1864.
THURSDAY,	" 20.—Battle of Navarino, 1827.
FRIDAY,	" 21.—Battle of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson killed, 1805.
SATURDAY,	" 22.—Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1685. Lord Holland died, 1840.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1870

THE Franco-Prussian war continues without much change of aspect, except that its barbarities are rapidly on the increase. The Franks-Tireurs, an independent force, originally organized in the Vosges, but recently spread over the whole country, have been shot by the Prussians wherever found, on the plea that, as they do not belong to the French army, they have no claim to be treated as prisoners of war. In return for this savage treatment, the Franks-Tireurs have hoisted the black flag, and operate in detached parties against the rear and flank of the Prussian forces, giving the latter endless annoyance, and, we need scarcely add, making no prisoners except in the arms of death. Rumours of fever at Metz within the town, and amongst the besieging army around it, with rinderpest amongst the Prussian horses and cattle, and the disease spreading through Alsace and into the Rhenish Provinces; with nostalgia among the Prussian troops; sickness and famine among the French peasants; and with increasing bitterness and barbarity on both sides, we have a terrible picture of the horrors of the war. The Prussians continue to ravage the country, and lay the towns and villages under heavy contributions; but as yet the threatened bombardment of Paris has not commenced.

The Prussians are, however, steadily tightening their grasp on the throat of France. Position after position is given up by the French, and the victorious foe, at one time towards the north, at another to the south, is extending his lines, capturing and sometimes burning villages, levying contributions of money, and gathering provisions wherever found. On Tuesday last they had advanced as far as the neighbourhood of the city of Orleans, about sixty miles south-west of Paris, where fighting was then going on. They are also advancing in other directions with the evident intention not merely of surrounding the city of Paris, but of laying the country under tribute for their own maintenance during the period of occupation. Big words and flowery proclamations come from the Republican chiefs with occasional assurances that Paris is quiet and confident, but the creation of the new armies has not been so rapid as the National Defence Committee had promised. On the other hand, the German enthusiasm for the war has manifestly declined: the efforts of the French Government to secure peace having at least excited sympathy, while the proclamation of the Republic gave new strength to the hopes of the German democracy. The King must, therefore, find the continuance of the war growing daily more burthensome. In spite of the advances which his troops have been making, it is very doubtful indeed whether the operations of the last fortnight have not been quite as injurious to the interests of Prussia as to those of France; and though the King may only be fighting for what he calls just terms of peace and security for the future, it would not be unworthy the sagacity of his chief minister, nor his own known views, were he resolved upon getting a certain amount of security out of his own people as well as from his enemy. The Germans entered into the war with extraordinary enthusiasm, and their numerous and brilliant victories during the first few weeks, made them believe that they had only to march upon Paris, when it would be theirs. But the surrender at Sedan, followed by the proclamation of the Republic, put a new face upon affairs. In Italy, Victor Emmanuel marched upon Rome to save himself from the revolution; in France it is not impossible that King William believes it safer to keep his subjects fighting against the Republic, than to permit them to agitate, or perhaps to fight, for it at home. The conquest of France can hardly enter into his dreams. He professes only to desire the formation of a Government that will possess authority to negotiate and bind the nation to the fulfilment of whatever terms may be agreed upon; yet he pushes on the war, rendering it

impossible for the French people to settle the internal question of Government, at the same time that he is swelling to an enormous amount the expences of the war, and putting France daily in a worse position to pay them. This is scarcely consistent with a simple desire for peace. The persistent refusal of a truce means something more on the part of Bismarck and the King than the securing of an honourable peace with indemnity for losses during the war. And it is in this direction that Prussia's danger lies—by seeking too much, it is more than probable that present advantages will be sacrificed. The sympathy of the world is rapidly turning towards France; German enthusiasm is declining; and above all, the French people, as they begin to recognize that the war is one for national existence, are exhibiting the terrible energy of desperation. Under such influences it would be little wonder if the tide of battle were to turn. If it be true that Paris is fit to stand a six months' siege, the effort to take it is a hopeless one, and the King but throws away his opportunity by declining terms of peace which would not humiliate France. At the present time Prussia may fairly claim to be the greatest military power in Europe: the circumstances are favourable for the still more complete unification of Germany under the Prussian Crown, and a peace now would, in all probability, be a lasting one, leaving Prussia with all her tremendous military strength, developed in this war, unimpaired. On the other hand, the prolongation of the war, instead of adding to that strength, will inevitably diminish it; the financial resources of the country will be crippled, and if France cannot repel the invader, she can at least make his stay upon her soil destructive of his strength. We think, therefore, that the war has reached a point from which its progress will prove mutually exhausting, and that the real interests of Prussia as well as of France would be best served by the speedy conclusion of peace. We regret that present indications give no hope of a consummation so desirable.

The Hon. Edward Kenny, late President of the Council, and more recently Administrator of the Government of Nova Scotia, has received the honour of Knighthood. Sir Edward has many friends throughout the Provinces who will rejoice at this manifestation of the Royal favour.

THE SCHOOL HISTORY CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—I regret that you continue to approve of Dr. Miles' History for the use of schools, the sanction of which by the Council of Public Instruction I consider to be a grievous wrong to the youth of Canada, that demands a remedy.

You will admit with me that books for model schools should be model books; and that no books should be more carefully prepared, or written, than school books upon which young scholars are to form their ideas of things, and the most appropriate words and style for expressing them. Now, coolly and dispassionately, without fear, favour, or affection, does the "history" in question come up to this, or to any respectable standard? I think you must also agree with me that in public instruction events that may be condensed into a dictionary of dates are of less importance in our day, when our boys leave school to enter politics, and the exercise of political rights, than a condensed constitutional history of our country (for we are said to have one now) which might easily be made plain to youthful comprehension. Our youth, upon whom we force books for hard study, may by right demand that they shall be the best, upon the same principle that an apprentice, in this day of machinery and improvements, may demand tools of the most approved description.

My references to several paragraphs were not intended as "quotations," but as directions to passages replete with ill-chosen words, miserable diction, and distortion of facts. Think of reading that Washington with New England militia covered Braddock's defeat, when there was no New England militia there, and Washington, being on the General's staff, without a command, was with those who escaped in a disorderly race of some forty miles.

You apply to the author the word "loyal," as though it might not be applicable to some nameless one. "Loyalty," in its best signification, is not an adherence to dynasties or defending their abuses. Its highest and noblest signification is found in the word "patriotism," or love of our country (which for colonists is their colony) and the maintenance of these principles of right that have come down with the glorious traditions of our race. These were the attributes of those who battled for colonial right in the twenty years that preceded 1837, and whose triumph was in the establishment of true loyalty in every British possession abroad, contentment everywhere, in place of dissatisfaction.

The very important question of good books for schools should not be mixed, or smothered, in the very unimportant question of "what I am or have been;" and I feel that it may be the opposite of good breeding for me to speak of myself, but must I be forever provoked by the narrative of a great battle and slaughter, repeated on the coinage of excited times, when the event, seen under my own eyes, was merely the dis-

person (with some loss of life) by a military force of infantry and artillery, of a few scores of country people, who could scarcely be said to be "armed," hastily assembled, where the whole business of a chief was, if possible, to get them away in order, and kept together?

11th October, 1870.

T. S. B.

The *Scientific American*, confessedly the ablest scientific journal published on the American continent, in its issue of the 8th inst. gives the following very flattering notice of the *Canadian Illustrated News*—

"This excellent weekly periodical, which is about the size of the *Scientific American* and other current illustrated papers, now comes to us greatly improved in its style of illustrations. Our Canadian cotemporary has from the first exhibited a commendable spirit of enterprise in the production of all its engravings by the photographic process, and now, by the recent introduction of improved steam presses, it is enabled to print its photographic pictures as quickly, and in almost as good style, as the ordinary hand-cut wood engravings. We have seen some admirable specimens of printed photographs from nature done by the same method as that employed for the illustrations of the *Canadian News*, namely, Leggo's process, of Montreal. The publisher of the *Canadian Illustrated News* is Mr. George E. Desbarats, a practical printer of much experience, ability, and enterprise. The credit of establishing a weekly newspaper, profusely and regularly illustrated by photographic plates, belongs to Canada. There is no other paper like it in the world, that we know of. The Leggo process above alluded to, was some time ago fully described in the *Scientific American*."

We may say that in the course of a few weeks we shall still further improve our steam printing facilities; and as two of our best Canadian paper manufacturers are now engaged in preparing a sheet specially adapted for the *News*, we hope soon to be able to still further improve our illustrations. The Leggo process is proving itself equal to the best means of pictorial illustration, and neither means nor effort will be spared in bringing it to perfection. We have also to thank many of our Canadian cotemporaries for favourable and flattering notices during the past few weeks.

THE GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH.—The admirers of what may be called "commercial literature" must have often been struck with the beauty and exactness of the portraits of Her Majesty and the Princess of Wales, which adorn the Glenfield Starch Company's labels. This company recently undertook a great lawsuit and carried it through successfully for the restraint of a certain party by the name of Currie, who ventured to use their trade mark. The Company obtained an injunction effectually restraining Currie from any further use of even a part of their privileged title for their very popular article for household use. The same firm issued a most complete and exact map of the theatre of war, and have altogether shown themselves thoroughly up to the requirements of business. That this starch has superior merits the very expense incurred to introduce it to the public is abundant proof, while the patronage of the Royal Laundry is no small tribute to its excellence. We have no doubt the Glenfield Patent Starch will become in the mouths of the people of Canada as familiar as "household words."

The manufacturers were awarded prizes for it at the Great Exhibition of 1862, and at every other "World's fair" since held.

THE RED RIVER COUNTRY, HUDSON'S BAY AND NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES, by A. J. RUSSELL, C. E. Montreal: G. E. DESBARATS, Publisher, 1870.

This is the third edition of Mr. Russell's book on the North-West; and besides an accurate and very complete map it contains a number of interesting illustrations. The work has already been favourably received by the press on the issue of former editions, the present one having been got out only to meet the pressing demand for it. It is for sale by Messrs. Dawson Brothers of this city, who, we presume, will fill orders from the trade or from individuals.

THE WAR NEWS.

The situation in and before Paris still remains unchanged, and there seems to be but little hope for the safety of the city. The Prussians have made their preparations for shelling and attacking the city. Siege guns and mortars have arrived from Strasburg, and are placed in position. The besieged show no sign of capitulating, and it is evident that a long space of time must elapse before the city can be reduced. The German investing force consists of seven army corps, numbering 280,000 men, besides cavalry, which will probably bring the total up to 340,000. The French garrison consists of 50,000 regulars, 350,000 National Guards, and 300,000 Gardes Mobiles, making a total of 700,000. It is said that the city is in good condition for resisting the siege, and will be able to hold out for at least six months. The besieged constantly make sorties upon the Prussians, who are thus kept in a continual state of activity. Hitherto the victories in these skirmishes have been pretty evenly divided, but the Prussians have been compelled to evacuate Fontainebleau and Pithiviers, without gaining any compensating advantage. A second cordon is being drawn around the city, at a distance of 30 leagues outside the first line, and though the French have made energetic efforts to arrest its progress, the outside Prussian line has already reached Ronen, and occupy in force the south-eastern part of Normandy. The Garde Mobile of the north-western provinces are moving up to occupy the north of Picardy and the



east of Normandy, the orders from Paris and Tours being to prevent the formation of a second cordon at any cost. It appears, however, extremely doubtful whether the broken and scattered troops of the Republic can make any successful resistance against the wedge-like masses of troops that are being moved into France.

In the neighbourhood of Paris the Prussians occupy Versailles, Maintenon, Mareshes, and La Grange. The King has removed from Ferrières to Versailles, the headquarters of the Crown Prince, and from this movement it is argued that the advance on Paris will be made from the south-west. Several encounters have taken place in the vicinity of the city, notably at Fontainebleau, where the Prussians were attacked by Francs-Tireurs, and driven back to Chailly. Sickness has broken out in the invading army, and the men, more especially the Saxons and Swabians, are showing signs of nostalgia. It is said that Prince Frederick Charles has died of typhus fever.

In the north and east of France the Prussians have been especially active. The scheme of drawing a second cordon around Paris has necessitated the massing of large bodies of troops in Normandy, and the result has been a long series of hotly contested combats. The Prussians gained considerable advantages at Eperton and at Breteuil; at Cherigny they were twice repulsed, but rallied, took possession of the town and set fire to it. At Gisors they were repulsed, but here again they rallied and established a camp of 2,000 men in the neighbourhood of the town. At Soissons two regiments of the army of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin were defeated by the garrison. In this neighbourhood the Prussians occupy St. Quentin, Compiègne, and Clermont, and extend westwards as far as Dreux. South of Paris there have been only two engagements announced, the one at Château Guillard and the other at Ortenay, sixty miles from Tours. In the former the Prussians were defeated and forced to evacuate Pithiviers; and at Ortenay the French were repulsed. In this section the only important position occupied by the Germans is Etampes, thirty miles S. S. W. of Paris.

The greatest activity prevails in the east, especially in the department of the Vosges. In this section there is a general rising of the people. Corps of Francs-Tireurs are being organized, who lurk in the mountain-passes and harass the enemy day and night. An engagement took place on the 6th, between Raon l'Étape and Bruyères, the result of which was undecided. On the eastern frontier the following towns are besieged by the Prussians:—Rocroy, Mézières, Longwy, Thionville, Schlestadt, Colmar, Neuf-Breisach, Mulhausen, and Belfort. At Metz the situation is unchanged. The garrison make sorties almost every day, but without any important results. It is said that the army of the Loire is advancing by way of Nancy to the relief of the city. In the meantime disease has made its appearance in the camp of the besiegers, and is making fearful havoc. The deaths, it is said, average 150 per day.

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

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued.)

**PREMISES.**—*Premises* is a singular word—if a word used almost always in the plural may be called so. It is an irrefutable testimony that the law is, in some instances, inclined to curtail and abbreviate, instead of extending and expanding, what passes through its hands, as it is generally held to do. In one sense, the term *premises* expresses the first part or foundation of an argument, the data from which the inference is drawn. This sense is near to the original etymological meaning, which is, "things sent or gone before," things already or first passed, as the *premises* in an argument precede the inference. *Premises*, in the signification which the law was the first to assign to it, indicates the precincts of a house, a manufactory, or, in short, almost any place that man lives in or about. We may suppose this meaning to have sprung up in this way: A lawyer is pleading, either orally or in writing, relative to the rights of a mansion-house, with garden, stables, and other appendages; this house may have to be mentioned in every sentence of the speech or deed, and, legally speaking, it may be necessary to mention the appurtenances also; but this would be tedious, and therefore the lawyer looks for some phrase to express the whole. *Premises*, in the sense of "the aforesaid things," or the "things gone before," is the word that legal custom has selected for such purposes, and so long has this application of it lasted, that the word now signifies a "a house and its precincts" as distinctly as the term "house" itself.

**PROVERB.**—"There is many a slip between the cup and the lip."—This was originally a Grecian proverb, which is said to have originated thus: The owner of a vineyard having overworked his slaves in digging and dressing it, one of them expressed a hope that his master might never taste the produce. The vintage came, and the wine was made; and the master, having a cup of it in his hand, taunted the slave; who replied in the words which afterwards became a proverb. The master, before he had tasted the wine, was told suddenly of a wild boar which had just burst into the vineyard, and was rooting it up. He ran out to drive away the beast, which turned on him and killed him; so that he never tasted the wine.

**PUNCH.**—Punch is directly derived from the Persian numeral *panji*, in the Sanscrit *puncha*, five, indicating the number of the ingredients.

Q

**QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHINGS.**—This coinage is the subject of a fable almost universally believed throughout the empire. It is supposed there never were more struck than three, the die breaking at the third, and consequently that a Queen Anne farthing is, from extreme rarity, the most valuable coin in existence. How this notion should have been impressed at first, and since become so prevalent, is incomprehensible. In reality, there were 7 coinages of farthings in Queen Anne's reign, and the numbers of each were by no means small, though only one was designed for general circulation. Specimens of all these may be seen in the British Museum, and a collector in London possesses from fifteen to twenty of that designed for circulation. On one, dated 1713, there is a figure of Peace in her car, with the inscription—*Pax Missa Per Orbem*—Peace sent throughout the world—no doubt a boast made by her Majesty's unpopular ministry to brazen out the ignominy which they incurred by the settlement of affairs at

Utrecht. In consequence of the prevailing belief, it often happened that a poor peasant in some remote part of the country, who chanced to obtain a Queen Anne farthing, set off with it to London, in the hope of making his fortune by selling it. Even from Ireland, journeys of this kind were sometimes undertaken; on one occasion, a man and his wife travelled thence to London with a Queen Anne farthing. It is needless to say that these poor people were invariably disappointed, the ordinary farthing of this sovereign being only worth about seven shillings to a collector.

R

**RECKON, TIME.**—The different manner in which some nations reckon time is as follows.—The Babylonians, Persians, and Syrians, began their day at sun-rising, and counted 24 hours. The ancient Jews, Athenians, and Italians, reckoned from sun-setting. The Egyptians, like the English, began at midnight. Astronomers and seamen begin the day at noon, and reckon 24 hours to the next day at noon; and according to this method of reckoning are all the calculations of the sun, moon, and planets, made in an ephemerical almanac.

**RECKONING TIME.**—For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the Roman way of reckoning the days of the month, we may explain that, taking January as an example, the 1st day was called the Kalends, the 5th the Nones, and the 13th the Ides of the month; the days onward from the Kalends being reckoned the 4th from the Nones, the 3rd from the Nones, the 2nd from the Nones, the Day before the Nones; those onward from the Nones being reckoned in the same manner, as the 8th from the Ides, the 7th from the Ides, &c.; while, after the Ides, the reckoning was, the 19th from the Kalends of February, the 18th, and so on. Whence this system of anticipation? It is submitted that it originated in the national habits of the Romans, which mainly referred to war, and to festival-keeping and shows. The Kalends, Nones and Ides, were the grand days of the public shows, in which the people were so much interested. Eager for this periodical enjoyment, they had it, of course, much in their minds, and it must have been a general feeling amongst them to long for the arrival of these periods of the month. Hence would arise a habit of counting the days onward to these festivals, as 4 days from the Nones, 3 days from the Nones, and so forth. Every school-boy has a ready illustration of this supposition in his own practice with regard to holidays and vacations. He reckons 5 weeks from Christmas, 4 weeks from Christmas, 3, &c.; and afterwards 5 days from Christmas, 4 days from Christmas, and finally, the Day before Christmas, equivalent exactly to the *Pridie Nonas*, or *Idus*, or *Kalendas*, of Roman Chronology.

**SADDUCEES.**—so called from Zadok or Sadoc, B. C. 280. They believed that God was the only immaterial being, that there was no angel or spirit, and no resurrection of the dead. They rejected all the books of the Bible but the 5 books of Moses.

**SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.**—It comes from the ancient custom of keeping holy that portion of time. All labour ceased at noon on Saturday, and the peasants and workmen did not resume their toils till Monday morning. To mark this time, a bell tolled on Saturday at mid-day, vespers or evening service was then attended, and those who did not attend to, and observe these rules were in danger of punishment. Thus the people had time for sober and serious thought before the coming of the Sabbath.

**SHALLOON.**—So called because first made in Chalons, in France.

**SHAMROCK.**—The emblem of Ireland. It was introduced by Patrick McAlpine, since called St. Patrick, as a simile of the Trinity, A. D. 432. When he could not make the Irish understand him by words he showed them a stem of the clover or trefoil, thereby exhibiting an ocular demonstration of the possibility of trinity in unity and unity in trinity. The trefoil was denominated *shamrock* in contradistinction of Peter the true rock, as represented by the Church of Rome.

**THE FATE OF LIVINGSTONE.**

Dr. Livingstone is not yet given up by his friends. The Rev. Robert Moffatt, the veteran missionary in South Africa, stated lately in an address which he delivered in Manchester, England, that he entertained no fear of the safety of Dr. Livingstone. The Doctor is married to Mr. Moffatt's daughter. Sir Roderick Murchison is still hopeful respecting Livingstone, and we believe that others who are competent to judge in this matter are not inclined to despond. A London correspondent of some African experience writes as follows:

"Many people believe that this great traveller is dead, because he has not been heard from for a long time. But they should try and realize the distance from Lake Tanganyika to the coast, a distance which is not to be measured only by miles: Letters arrive only by accident, so to speak, from that part of the world; and the reports of the cholera epidemic at Zanzibar would certainly reach the interior, and perhaps prevent the native traders from paying their usual visit to the coast. Thus, even supposing that Dr. Livingstone had sent a letter to the Lake by some friendly postman, it would not be difficult to explain how it had miscarried. But his last letter indicated that he was about to set off on a new journey, and if he has gone into some country which is not traversed by Arabs or other commercial travellers, he might find it difficult, even impossible, to send a letter down to the Lake whence he started. People expect to hear of Livingstone's arrival on the coast; but he did not in his last letter express any intention of returning to the coast. There is, indeed, some reason to fear that when his goods come to an end, or when they did come to an end (I fear the past tense must be used), he might suffer privations. But there are Arabs in the country, and Arabs are hospitable, though negroes are not. Besides, the Africans give explorers credit for inexhaustible wealth, and it is probable enough that a negro chief would, in the event of a white man's goods being spent, offer him board and lodging till a fresh supply should arrive. But in such a case the traveller would be detained till the bill was paid."

**INDIAN AGRICULTURISTS.**

At the meeting of the British Association on the 18th ult., in the section of economical science and statistics, Mr. James Heywood contributed a paper on "The Aptitude of North American Indians for Agriculture." In the discussion which ensued, Sir Stafford Northcote said there could be no doubt that considerable progress was being made in the North American Indian settlements, through means of agriculture and

other things. He did not, however, think that they should take it for granted that, because they had succeeded in inducing some Indians to adopt habits of agriculture they would be able to induce the wilder and more wandering races to adopt the same principles. There was no doubt that some of the hunting races in the far west would have to be dealt with with great care. He (Sir Stafford Northcote) wanted to impress upon those who took an interest in this subject that the great object to be arrived at was not so much to bring the Indians to a particular pattern as to interest them in working out their own improvement in whatever way was best for them. The Canadians had undoubtedly been very successful in their dealings with some Indian tribes, and speaking on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company, he could state that they had also been remarkably successful with those tribes located in the vicinity of the Bay. He was proud to be able to say that the Hudson's Bay Company had persistently refused to supply the Indians with spirits, and they seemed to appreciate that policy. (Applause.) In endeavouring to push forward the colonization of the Indian races, we should be careful not to tread on their toes, but to deal with them in a spirit of equity and justice. (Hear, hear.) The Indians were very suspicious and conservative—their conservatism arising from a suspicion that any improvement would do them some harm. He felt a perfect conviction that if they could deal with the Indian races in the way that the Canadians and the Hudson's Bay Company dealt with them, many of those horrible excesses in other parts of the American continent would be avoided and the Indians would then gradually and satisfactorily improve in their condition. (Applause.)

**A TURKISH LUNCH.**

BY MARK TWAIN.

I never shall want another Turkish lunch. The cooking apparatus was in the little lunch room, near the bazaar, and it was all open to the street. The cook was slovenly, and so was the table, and it had no cloth on it. The fellow took a mass of sausage-meat and coated it round a wire and laid it on a charcoal fire to cook. When it was done, he laid it aside and a dog walked sadly in and nipped it. He smelt it first, and probably recognized the remains of a friend. The cook took it away from him and laid it before us. Jack said, "I pass"—he plays euchre sometimes—and we all passed in turn. Then the cook baked a broad, flat, wheaten cake, greased it well with the sausage, and started towards us with it. It dropped in the dirt, and he picked it up and polished it on his breeches, and laid it before us. Jack said, "I pass." We all passed. He put some eggs in a frying pan, and stood pensively prying slabs of meat from between his teeth with a fork. Then he used the fork to turn the eggs with—and brought them along. Jack said, "Pass again." All followed suit. We did not know what to do, and so we ordered a new ration of sausage. The cook got out his wire, apportioned a proper amount of sausage-meat, spat it on his hands and fell to work! This time, with one accord, we all passed out. We paid and left. That is all I learned about Turkish lunches. A Turkish lunch is good, no doubt, but it has its little drawbacks.

Mr. John Canavan, of Toronto; Mr. John D. Annable, of the Township of Cornwall; and Mr. James Johnson, of the Township of London, have been appointed Official Arbitrators for the Province of Ontario, in accordance with the Act 32 Vic., cap. 28, respecting the Public Works of that Province.

The canal on the St. Clair Flats, built by the American Government on the Canadian side of the line, is open to navigation, the gunboat Prince Alfred having passed through it on the 11th instant with the Hon. Mr. Langevin on board. He has been on a tour of inspection examining the public works in the West.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Oct. 11, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	Oct. 5	54°	62°	55°
Thursday,	" 6	48°	54°	50°
Friday,	" 7	47°	58°	53°
Saturday,	" 8	54°	64°	58°
Sunday,	" 9	52°	63°	58°
Monday,	" 10	58°	64°	60°
Tuesday,	" 11	56°	67°	54°

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday,	Oct. 5	62°	44°	53°
Thursday,	" 6	54°	40°	47°
Friday,	" 7	60°	33°	46° 5
Saturday,	" 8	64°	36°	50°
Sunday,	" 9	64°	46°	55°
Monday,	" 10	64°	48°	56°
Tuesday,	" 11	67°	44°	55° 5

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	Oct. 5	30.30	30.37	30.42
Thursday,	" 6	30.62	30.62	30.62
Friday,	" 7	30.68	30.62	30.59
Saturday,	" 8	30.52	30.51	30.42
Sunday,	" 9	30.40	30.36	30.16
Monday,	" 10	30.32	30.30	30.28
Tuesday,	" 11	30.05	29.88	29.88

**CHESS.**

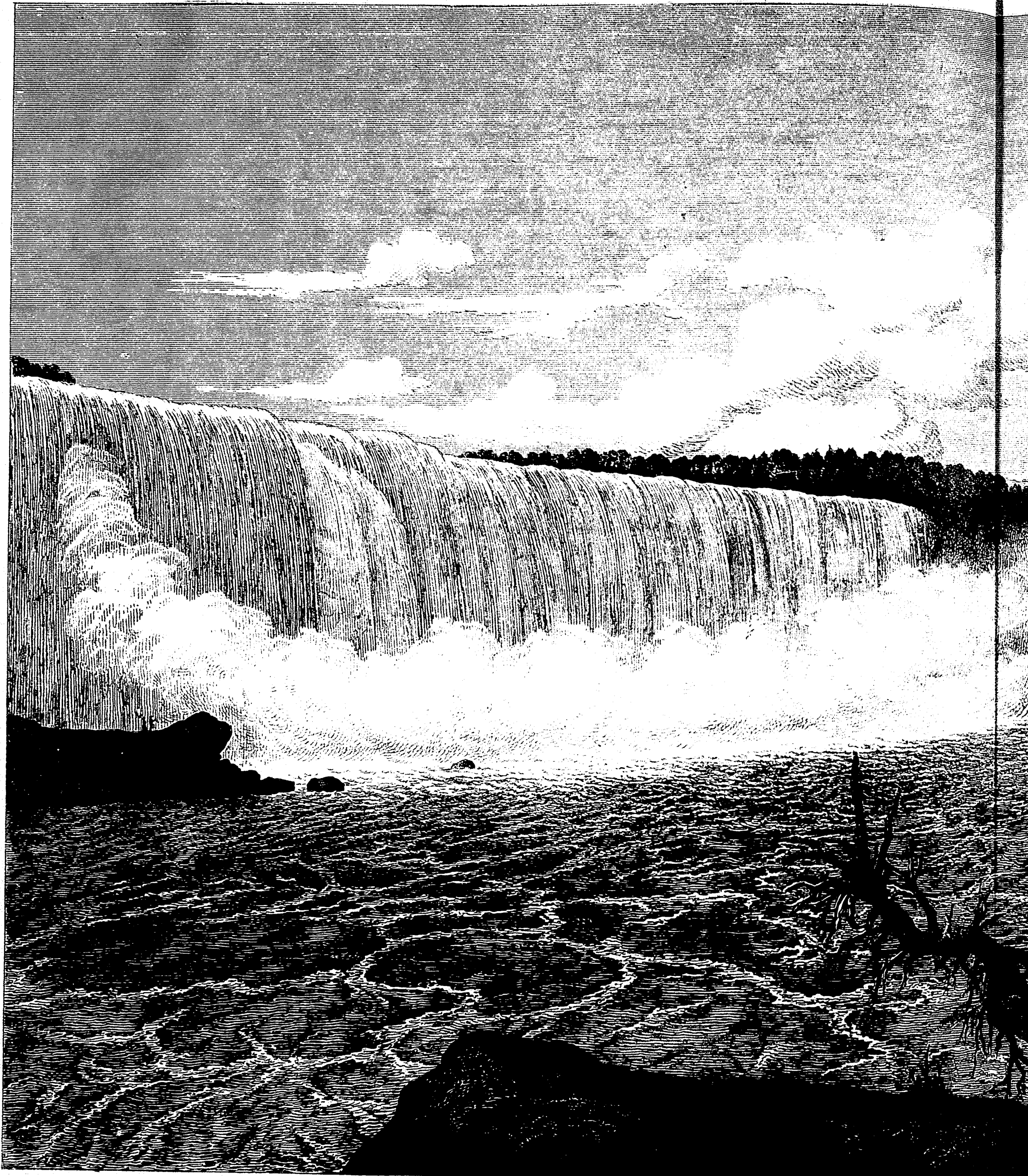
T. B. sends us the following Solution to Problem No. 18, which we consider preferable to the one given last week:

- White. Black.  
1. Kt. to K. 3rd. Any move.  
2. Kt. to Q. 5th, mate.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 3.

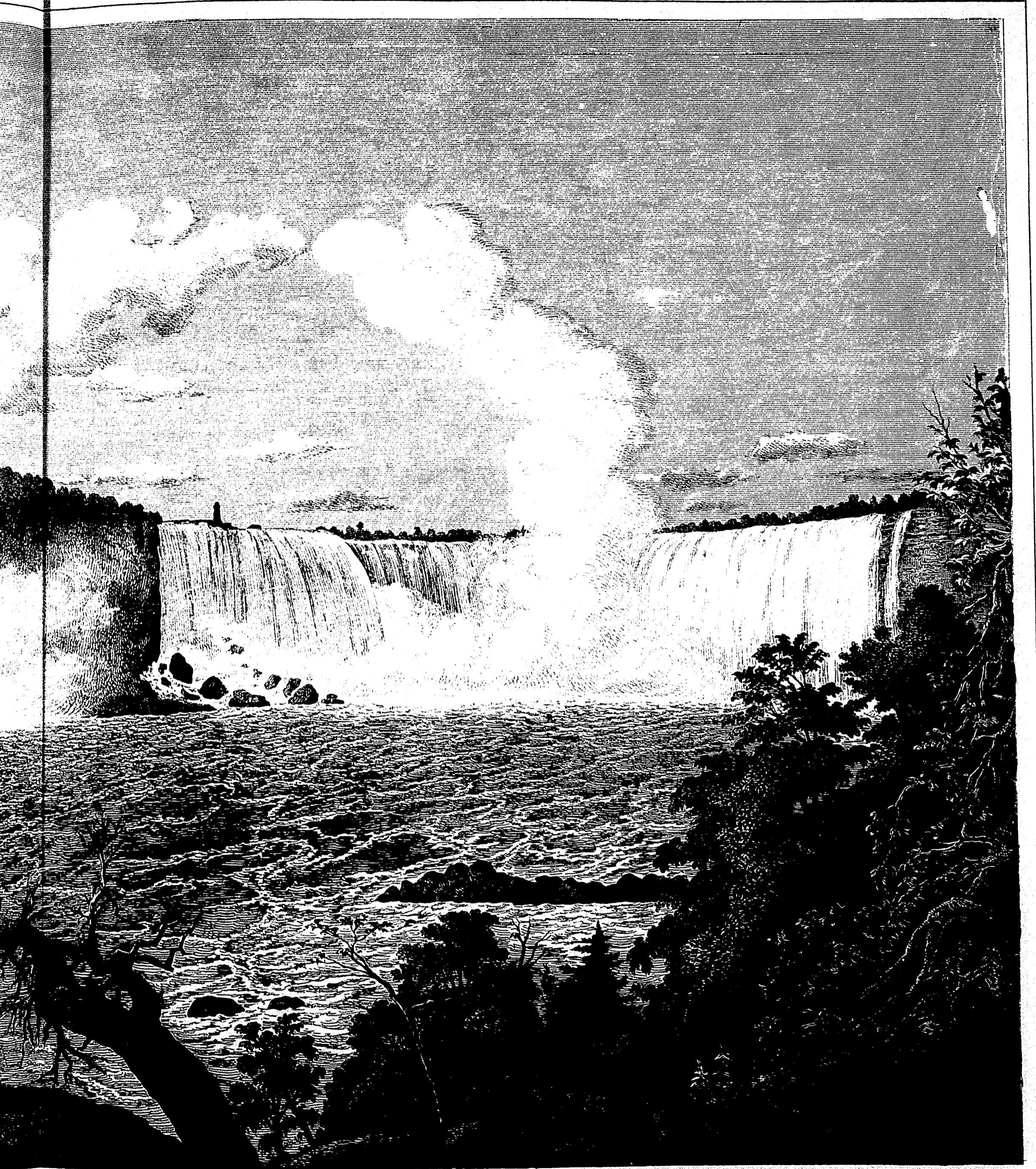
- White. Black.  
1. R. takes Q. P. ch. K. takes R.  
2. B. to Q. 7th. P. moves.  
3. R. to Q. 5th. (mate.)





NIAGARA FALLS.





L.S. After a Painting by VOGT.



[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE WATERFALL.

O Bijou, you slowest of girls,  
I'm afraid I'll be late for the ball.  
Have you finished arranging those curls?  
Do you think you are dressing a doll?

Do they answer my hair to a shade,  
As fair and as glossy and fine?  
'Twould be hard with the price that I paid,  
If nobody thought they were mine!

Whose were they, I wonder, Bijou?  
But what does it matter to me,  
If the false be but taken for true,  
That, like Venus, they rose from the sea.

Yet the sea, we know, has its dead  
In its vast and wandering grave,"—  
That's Tennyson—Bijou, my head!  
Is it any wonder I rave?

I have heard of a trade—never mind—  
It's the fashion; who goes without curls?  
And to-night mine shall fly like the wind  
In the most delicious of whirls.

Whose were they? Why, bless me, what stuff!  
Bijou, will you never be done?  
They are mine now and that is enough—  
Perhaps they belonged to some nun—

Some nun, who now by the bed  
Of the sick may be speaking of God,  
While I am adorning my head  
With her curls! Well, isn't it odd?

What fancy! who knows whose they were?—  
Perhaps some German *Baronne*  
Went mad, and the doctors took care  
To shave her as bald as a stone.

They're not Spanish, Italian or French,  
For blondes in these countries are few,  
And such hair! why, no Southern wench  
Would sell it. Now finished, Bijou?

Are they English? Some girl's who?— Oh, no—  
Some beautiful sister's of love  
Who by labours of mercy below  
Looks meekly for mercy above.

Was she like me, I wonder? It's queer—  
Bijou, have you finished, I mean?  
Do they match? I am glad—they're not dear—  
Oh! there is a head for a queen!

Now, bring me my dress, the blue *tulle*;  
I may yet be in time for the ball,  
And dance into frenzy some fool  
With love for—a false waterfall.

Oh charming! I glory in blue,  
With my red and white like the song—  
And these curls—Oh, thank you, Bijou,  
I forgive you for being so long.

JOHN READE.

HOW MISS PHIPPS BECAME MRS. PHILLIPS.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

AUTHORS and artists have imposed some most ridiculously untruthful types of character upon us. For example, what is the conventional notion of the British old maid? Thanks to those unchivalrous caricaturists, the phrase suggests a picture of a lady with a figure like a ramrod, and a face like a winter-apple—a crab-apple—reserving her small remnant of sour milk of human kindness for her cat; as afraid of the men as Horace's Chloe; and feasting like a ghoulish upon the mangled reputations of her youthful sisters. Well, now, my reader, look round your circle of acquaintances, and tell me honestly how many of such vestal virgins you can find. I never met with one, and, with your permission, will introduce you to a little body who is the very opposite of that abominable portrait—my friend, Miss Phipps.

As plump as a partridge, as blithe as a mavis, bright-eyed as a robin, Aunt Rhoda—as she is called in some dozen families into which she has been lovingly adopted—is in request for all our merry-makings, and lights up the sick-rooms, to which she will go just as willingly, like a very substantial sunbeam. She doesn't petrify into a hand-crossed effigy in men-folk's company, but roundly rates the bad taste of bachelors in having suffered her so long to continue single. Of course, like all women who are good for anything—it is only your selfish people (moral oysters) who shut themselves up, and take no interest in their neighbours—she is fond of a bit of gossip; and being a hot-tempered little dame, she can occasionally say a sharp thing of, though far more frequently to, for she likes everything above board, any one who has happened to offend her, or—which is a far easier mode of rousing her wrath—who has offended her friends. But there is not a grain of malice in her heart. She blurts out exactly what she thinks in a volcanic burst, and there is an end: a far preferable mode of procedure, in my opinion, to the polite, smiling way in which phlegmatic people dribble out their spite—in such small contributions that a grievance will last them for a month.

Such is Miss Phipps as, on the last night of 1855, she sits in her doll's house of a cottage in Pogis Parva, entertaining a tiny party of village friends. Her elder sister, Harriet—also a maiden—is really the mistress of the house; but she, good, quiet soul, resigns the lead in everything to bustling Rhoda, who not infrequently bullies her, in a good-natured way, to stir her into life, and whom she watches, half admiringly, half anxiously, as one might watch the china-endangering pranks of a frisky kitten playing with the table-cloth.

The hearts of the Misses Phipps are large, but their means are small: a party at their house, therefore, is an "event." They do the thing well, however, when they attempt it. Their neatest of little parlours—although the process seems very much akin to the painting of the lily—is tidied up for hours beforehand. The best china—white as snow—with sprigs and rims, of gold—is daintily dusted. The heirloom tea-pot and cream-jug are scoured until the quaint old plate seems almost ashamed of that spotless polish, which brings out in such bold relief its bygone fashion. Cake, both of seed and plum, is cut up into the genteelst of blocks and wedges. Wafer bread-and-butter is arranged in graceful circling sweeps, with bunches of laurustinus in the centre. A round tower of toasted muffins rises on the fender—"footman." The home-cured ham is sliced into semi-transparent slices, and wreathed with classic parsley. The preserves and marmalade, for the manufacture of which the Misses Phipps enjoy a five miles fame, are poured, like liquid gold and rubies, into their shallow receptacles of crystal. Wax candles are placed in readiness for lighting on the tea-table, in massive silver sticks—the Misses

Phipps have "seen better days"—with verdant coronals. One bottle of port and one of sherry are decanted, and put aside with the plates of almonds and raisins, and oranges for pre-cœnal refreshment. The supper-tray is ready-laid; and then, after sundry injunctions to the extemporised parlour—as well as kitchen—maid to "mind her manners," the sisters go up stairs to wash their hands, give the last touch to their toilet, and to see once more that the bedroom is in a fit state for the reception of their guests when they visit it for the purpose of "taking off their things."

Bonnets and boas, muffs, shawls, and mantles have lain upon the counterpane for some hours, when my tale begins. Supper has been despatched; and to counteract the richness of the hot game-pie—Pogis Parva is in a noted sporting county, and you may be sure that popular Aunt Rhoda has not to buy the birds she cooks so deftly—the assembled ladies, with their feet upon the fender, and their skirts turned back over their knees, are sipping "just a leetle very weak brandy-and-water." Their tongues have not been idle at any time of the evening, but now, lubricated by that gentle stimulant, they wag like poplar leaves. It is amusing to note the effect of after-supper alcohol—however much diluted—on the feminine brain. The topic of conversation is a Mr. Phillips, a shy, autumnal bachelor, who has recently taken up his residence in Pogis. So very shy is he that he has had his pew in church screened, not only in front, but also at the sides, with lofty curtains, above which, when he stands up, the top of his head can just be seen by his fellow-worshippers, and behind which, at the close of the service, he remains perdu until the church is empty, having taken care to be the first to enter it. All the week long, he never stirs from his premises, which he would seem to have selected for the sake of a brick-wall and a high holly-hedge, which shut them in on all sides. The rector is the only person who has visited him, and he reports that Mr. Phillips is an intelligent and well-informed, but most ridiculously nervous, man, with a perfect horror of womankind. His servants, to whom he rarely speaks, can give no further gratification to their village gossips' curiosity about him, than by telling them what he has for dinner; that he spends the day in reading in his study, or moping in his garden; and that they often overhear him walking up and down his bedroom at night, talking to himself.

Here is a mine of mystery for rural speculation! Our ladies, irate at his misogynism, for the most part are very uncharitable in their conjectures. The rector's wife believes him to be a concealed atheist. Why cannot he show his face at church, she asks, like a decent Christian? Mrs. Squills, the surgeon's spouse, suggests that night-walking and talking point to remorse for some great crime—perhaps a murder. Swindling finds more favour in the eyes of Mrs. Brown, the retired tradesman's wife. She would like to know whether Phillips is his name, and how he got his money. "Perhaps he's a coiner," whispers, in an awe-struck voice, her daughter Belinda, a great reader of romances. Miss Harriet Phipps, who is suspected of having had a love-affair long ago, is the only one who is not censorious; she hints that blighted affections may have caused his melancholy. But this compassionate hypothesis, in common with all its unkind predecessors, Aunt Rhoda scornfully scouts. In her opinion, the man is merely an absurd hypochondriac old bachelor, who has grown half-silly through living by himself, and having no one else to care for; and, as usual, sharp-sighted little Aunt Rhoda is right. She vows, moreover, that she will rout him out, and make him take a wife, and do some good in the village, instead of haunting his house like a selfish old ghost.

"Why not ask him yourself, Aunt Rhoda?" says Miss Brown. "Next year is leap-year, you know."

"Well," laughs Aunt Rhoda, "if I can't manage it any other way, I will."

"O Rhoda!" exclaimed shocked sister Harriet.

They sit chatting until the bells burst out with their joy-peal at the birth of the new year, when, with many expressions of surprise at the quickness with which the time has flown, they give each other the customary hearty greeting of the hour; and then the visitors clog and cloak, and scatter to their homes, the rector's wife tossing her head contemptuously when she meets the Methodists coming out from their "watch-night" service in their little meeting-house; in which manifestation of scorn I cannot sympathise with Mrs. Rector, there seeming to me to be a deal of solemn poetry in that rite. The few minutes before midnight, passed kneeling and in silence, whilst the clock ticks audibly in the hushed chapel, as if it were the heart of the dying year fast hastening to its final throbs, struck me, when once I witnessed the service, as being about the most thrilling time I ever spent.

Leap-year is not three days old, when, in company with Mrs. Squills, Aunt Rhoda presents herself at the gate of Holly Lodge, and requests to be ushered in to the presence of its owner. In vain does wondering John, the janitor, inform her that "Master don't see nobody, miss." He must see her, as she has come on business. But when they are seated in the drawing-room, comes a request for the ladies to send in their message, as Mr. Phillips is too unwell to leave the library. "Very well, then, we'll go to him, John," says the undaunted little woman; and go she does, dragging her companion with her. Mr. Phillips, a tall, pale-faced man, with twitching lips and quivering fingers, starts from his chair at the apparition. Since they have bearded him in his den—caught him sitting on his form, perhaps, would be a more appropriate figure—he tries hard to be polite, kicks over the coal-scuttle in a nervous attempt to hand them seats, and stammers out a welcome, to which, however, his startled eyes give a decided contradiction. He looks a little relieved when he finds that the intruders have come for no more formidable purpose than to solicit a subscription to their Coal and Blanket Fund, and permits them to put down his name for a munificent sum, evidently hoping to bribe them into a speedy departure; but still Aunt Rhoda stays, rattling on about the weather, and the neighbourhood, and general news, until his look of pain changes into a look of puzzle, and eventually into one of semi-pleasure. It is a novel and not altogether disagreeable sensation to have the stagnant waters of his existence stirred. Women, he finds, like other reputed monsters, are not quite so terrible when closely scanned; he can talk, after a bit, without stammering and blushing, and when his visitors leave, escorts them not only to the hall-door, but also to the garden-gate.

Other local charities afford pretexts for other calls. Ruthlessly does little Rhoda bleed his purse, affirming that she ought to extract heavy fees for the good that she has done him. And, indeed, he is marvellously improved. He no longer denies himself to the village ladies, all of whom Rhoda introduces to him in turn. He ventures outside his gate on

the week-days; he joins the Book Club, and attends its meetings—at first, indeed, with the scared look of a snared thing, but he gets used in time to hearing his own voice in company, and proves a valuable acquisition to the society, not only by his suggestions as to the selection of their literature, but also from the interesting nature of his conversation. His front curtain at church is now undrawn, and rumour says that he looks a good deal more at Aunt Rhoda than at the rector. Belinda Brown, who is rather an old young lady, adds that it is really immodest for Miss Rhoda Phillips—she doesn't "aunt" her now—to call so often at his house; but she supposes that her age protects her.

At this spite and tattle, Aunt Rhoda only laughs. In all honesty of purpose, she simply tried to win a fresh patron for her poor clients, and to convert a sullen recluse into an agreeable neighbour. She has succeeded, so let rumour and Belinda Brown say what they please. It must be owned, however, that she takes a great interest in her protégé, and champions him on all occasions against Harriet, who, now that her love-theory has proved false, and he lives like a commonplace gentleman instead of a romantic hermit, is rather apt—with a most mild malignity, however—to depreciate him.

New Year's Eve has come again; and a little after eleven the sisters are sitting—this time without company—in their little parlour, when they hear a knock at the front door. Rhoda, much astonished, runs to open it, and is still more surprised when Mr. Phillips enters. He has had a sad relapse—his *mauvaise honte* has come back as bad as ever. He can hardly be persuaded to be seated; he fidgets with his hat; he looks askance at Miss Harriet, as if annoyed by her presence, but turns pale with fear when by chance she rises, as if about to leave the room; he hems and haws; he begins sentences, and never ends them. "Deeply grateful to Miss Rhoda"—"object for existence"—"not let the year close," are the only intelligible portions—and these but partially intelligible—of his fragmentary utterances. Miss Rhoda soon understands him, however, and cheerily exclaims: "I know what you mean, Mr. Phillips; but you'll never say it, if I don't help you, for we can't send Harriet up into the bedroom this cold night; and if I wait till the clock strikes, I shall lose my chance of helping you. You want me to marry you, don't you? There, Harriet! I said this time twelvemonths that I'd ask him, and see I have!"

Neither Harriet, snugly housed in, nor we who visit, at her happy, hospitable home (the holly hedge has been cut down), have had any reason to regret that Miss Rhoda Phipps became, a month afterwards, Mrs. Henry Phillips.

KRUPP'S 1,000-POUNDER SIEGE GUN.

This leviathan breech-loading gun is manufactured in the mammoth establishment of Frederick Krupp, at Essen, in Prussia, and is intended for the arming of coast defences against the attacks of iron-clad vessels. It consists of an inner tube upon which are shrunk cast-steel rings. The inner tube forms the important part of the gun, and weighs, when finished, twenty tons. The cast-steel rings are shrunk on the central tube, forming a three-fold layer at the powder chamber, and at the muzzle portion a two-fold layer. The rings are manufactured from massive ingots without welding, and when in a completed state weigh thirty tons.

The shot or shell is raised by block and fall, and is rolled into the side of the breech through an aperture that is closed by a slide. The system of breech-loading is Krupp's patent arrangement.

The total weight of the gun is.....	50 tons
Preponderance.....	1,500 lbs
Diameter of bore.....	14 in
Total length of gun.....	17.5 ft
Number of rifle grooves.....	40
Depth of the rifling.....	0.15 in
Pitch of the rifling.....	980in & 1014.4in
Weight of the solid shot.....	1,212 lbs
Weight of the shell.....	1,080 lbs

N. B.—The weight of the shell is made up as follows:—

The cast-steel shell.....	843 lbs
The lead jacket.....	220 "
Bursting charge.....	17 "

The charge of powder weighs from..... 110 lbs to 130 lbs

For the transportation of this gun a railway car had to be specially constructed. It is made entirely of iron and steel, rests upon twelve wheels, and weighs twenty-four tons.

When mounted, the gun rests upon a steel carriage weighing fifteen tons, and the whole is supported upon a turntable weighing twenty-five tons. The gun carriage slides smoothly upon the turntable to the check at the back stays at each discharge of the piece. Such is the construction of the mechanism necessary for working the gun so that one or two men can quickly and easily elevate, depress, or turn it, to follow and cover a passing iron-clad with expedition and accuracy. Gun, gun-carriage, and turntable give a total weight of ninety tons.

It is supposed that a single shot from this gun would burst in the side of any iron-clad now afloat, while a few shells thrown from it would make terrible havoc in a large city. Some of the daily papers which have announced that Prussia is without suitable siege guns make a great mistake. No nation is better provided. Herr Krupp's establishment is fully six times larger than the largest works for a like purpose belonging to any government. It covers more than two hundred acres actually under roof, and gives employment to more than twelve thousand men. Last year thousands of tons of breech-loading cannons of all calibres, from the 1,000-pounders down to 4-pounders, were on hand finished in the works at Essen. It would seem that Prussia is fully prepared for any emergency.

A NUT THAT BURGLARS CANNOT CRACK.

The London correspondent of the Boston *Commonwealth* narrates the following:—

"A stranger in Threadneedle Street, standing in the narrow thoroughfare shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, would have his curiosity aroused by the number of well-dressed men whom he would see entering a silversmith's shop, and, in a few minutes reappearing with small Japan boxes under their arms. If, by further chance, it so happened he was at the same spot between five and six o'clock in the evening, he would probably observe the same young men return to deposit

the same Japan boxes on the counter of the same shop. The explanation is simple. The boxes, which contain the unbanked securities and cash of merchants and brokers, are locked up for the night in the silversmith's strong room, built in an excavation of sand-rock far below the surface of the street, and upon which falls, when closed up for the night, a considerable flow of water. The merchants and brokers pay a rent for the use of this secure depository; and, acting no doubt upon this idea, a Mr. Streeter, an extensive jeweller, intends to give the wealthy possessors of costly jewels the opportunity of using his 'Chatwood safe,' with its hydro-pneumatic envelope and patent water-level gauge. This safe stands on the floor of his shop, and is open to day-light. It rests upon a foundation of many details, and of sufficient solidity to sustain more than ten times sixty tons, the weight of the safe itself, which is encased in concrete, embedded in which is a water-chamber connected with an apparatus and air-tubes to give timely warning of sinister assaults. Besides this security, the safe is burglar-proof, engineer-proof, gunpowder-proof, chemical-proof, miner-proof, and expert or dexterity-proof. It cannot be fused, melted, wedged, or bored, nor can the lock of the door, which weighs six tons, be picked or tampered with by the most skilled manipulator without bringing down upon himself a detector. The key consists of four parts, each in the possession of different persons, so that danger is averted in that direction; while, supposing the whole key to be lost, the wards of the lock admit of no fewer than two thousand variations, and a new key could be made that would render the old one perfectly useless. Granting, however, the possibility of a successful breaking into the safe, it would require sixty hours to accomplish the feat; and, as before stated, the first blow, nay, the merest scratch, of the operator would at once be shown by the index of a patent water-gauge level. The inventor is relieved of a good deal of anxiety in the protection the safe affords for his own valuable stock, and already many wealthy clients have secured space in it for the safe keeping of their jewels and title deeds."

## ARABIAN HUMOUR.

One of the many special correspondents, speaking of the presence of the Turcos in Paris, says:—"These Turcos, if only there were not so many of them, would be capital fun. The Arab or the Khabyl is not a humorous person, excepting in the dirty bosom of his family, or amongst people with whom he thinks there is no need to care about dignity. But these newcomers from the desert, though not in the bosom of the family, are vastly amusing, and consciously so. This morning, on the Place de la Concorde, a merry Turco stood looking on at the exercises of a company of National Guards, who were not very bright in their drill. He watched them with gravity and interest for some time. They went through the manual exercise, and prepared to march. The merry Turco took advantage of the opportunity; putting a stick between his legs, he cocked his tarboosh, and pranced along the line with that peculiar hop and step which is supposed by our infant population to represent a horse's canter. There were thousands looking on. The officer, a finking sort of gentleman, turned very red. "March," he cried. The line advanced, so did the Turco, who galloped up and down in front of the poor Guards, without a smile. Now he stood on one flank, and now dashed at full speed to the other, eyeing the movement with the critical glance which distinguishes an ancient martinet. The people roared with laughter; the officers grew redder, and, perhaps, muttered mild oaths between their teeth; the honest privates did not know which way to look. "Remove that man!" cried the commandant. "Halt!" They halted, but they did not remove the merry Turco, who cantered to the middle of the line, and frowningly scrutinized the equipment and bearing of the men. There was a little fat fellow there who got desperately uncomfortable under this gaze. He glanced down at his boots to see they were all right, then along his belt; he tried to twist round and examine his knapsack. "Remove that man!" roared the officer. No one stirred in the ranks, but the audience shouted and held their sides. What would have happened I don't know, but a friend of the Turco's came out from the crowd and led him away, prancing all the time, and throwing back over his shoulder that severe general-on-review look which had so disconcerted the little fat private. In the evening, only an hour or two since, I saw another Turco causing a disturbance. He had apparently bought some object, and paid insufficiently for it. The shopkeeper was raving his grievances to a circle of *hancours*, and the tall, lithe Arab stood in front, with the calmest smile possible upon his tawny face. Two Gardes de Paris came up. The shopkeeper insisted that the thief, as he called him, should be arrested. The crowd increased, but no one took measures to do justice. The Turco, I should say, was armed with a sword-bayonet, and towered by a head above the group. He listened with an amiable air until, tired of the joke apparently, he suddenly swung off with rude *insouciance* and lounged away, always wearing the same pleasant smile; and no one attempted to pursue except the little shopkeeper, who swooped round and round him like a sea-gull, but soon gave up the useless chase. I mention these two little stories as instances, amongst a thousand, of the way our Turcos behave, and the way they are treated. If the Arabs do not shortly show, by acts, the most utter contempt for their masters I shall be surprised, and the Parisians will have no one but themselves to blame for the necessity of a cruel lesson to these children of the desert."

**NAPOLEON'S PRIVATE FORTUNE.**—The London *Times* says:—"Unless we are misinformed, the Emperor Napoleon, who has been the Chief of the French State for nearly twenty-two years, and its almost absolute master for nearly eighteen, retains no private property but a small cottage which came to him from his mother. Call it rashness, call it overweening confidence, or call it a generous recklessness, it is proved by the event that he did not devote his reign to the accumulation of money. Whatever he has received from France he has spent in the country, in accordance with the social system which was established with the Empire. That system was, no doubt, extravagant in the extreme. No contemporary Sovereign has held such a court. The Czar, who owns vast domains as his private property, besides ignoring the limitations of a civil list in dealing with the public treasury, could not maintain such splendour. The Sultan may squander his millions, but his oriental magnificence has been mere shabbiness by the side of Paris. What our own court is, we all see, and, as we know its cost, we may, when we compare it with that of the French Emperor, form some judgment of his expenses. Napoleon

III. will leave his German place of captivity at the end of the war almost as poor a man as he was when he entered France in 1848. The Empress has, indeed, her jewels, gifts at her marriage and on her fête days; but these are her private property, the State jewels being now in the hands of the French Government at Tours. She has, besides, an hereditary property in Spain, and the Prince Imperial has a house which has been bequeathed to him near Trieste. This, we believe, is all that remains to the family which lately were supreme in France.

**ON THE RHINE.**—A correspondent of the London *Times* writes:—"I was greatly struck with the resemblance between this pleasant land of the Grand Duchy of Baden and the conquered province of Alsace, through which I journeyed a few days ago. The similarity in all material characteristics was most remarkable. On both sides of the Rhine the villages are very numerous, and the houses are built on the same model. The inhabitants not only speak German, but they also speak dialects which have many points in common. There is this difference between the costumes of the peasants, that whereas in Alsace the women wear scarlet petticoats, dark-coloured bodices, and small hats, in Baden they wear white bodices, large straw hats, and blue petticoats. The males of Baden, however, show as much fondness for red as the Alsatian females. The well-to-do peasant arrays himself in a scarlet waistcoat. The inhabitants of these two tracts of country differ as to the beverages with which they quench their thirst or gratify their tastes. In these Baden villages the peasant who has a few coppers to spare indulges in a pint of wine. The Alsatian calls for a pint of beer. The wine is said to be wholesome; it is certainly very acid. The beer is very thick, but is not strong. The peasants of both sides of the Rhine are notable for their sobriety and industry. So long as peasants do not drink to excess and are ready to work hard, the character and quality of their favourite beverage are secondary considerations, provided that the liquor is genuine and its cost small. Now the common wine of Baden and the beer of Alsace are alike unadulterated and cheap."

**THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF TYPOGRAPHY.**—A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* draws attention to the fact that the battlefield of the present campaign attained early celebrity as the head-quarters of typography. Metz was one of the first towns which practised the art of printing, and the ancient works which came from its press are very numerous. Strasburg is asserted to have been for some years the home of John Gutenberg, although no dated book is extant of an earlier year than 1471. Tout is to be noted as the place at which one of the first attempts at stereotyping was made. The Sedan editions compete with the Elzevirs in the estimation of book collectors, and are beautiful examples of minute typography. Kehl was the ultimate resting-place of Baskerville's type, with which M. Beaumarchais printed an edition of Voltaire's works on blue paper for King Frederick of Prussia, "who laboured under weakness of the eyes." At Rheims and Verdun printing was carried on at an early date, and the latter place has a special interest as having been the place where the English prisoners who were detained by Napoleon I. printed, with his permission, an edition of the English Book of Common Prayer. There seems to be some little doubt whether we derived our sedan chairs directly from the place of that name; for Evelyn asserts that they were brought from Italy by Sir Sanders Duncombe, and the word may perhaps be related to the Italian *sedente*. This point is as knotty as that connected with the kindred word coach, on which volumes have been written, supporting the rival claims of Kottsee, a Hungarian town, and the French *cocher*—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

## LIFE OF A SIAMESE KING.

The King, as well as most of the principal members of his household, rose at five in the morning, and immediately partook of a slight repast, served by the ladies who had been in waiting through the night; after which, attended by them and his sisters and elder children, he descended and took his station on a long strip of matting, laid from one of the gates through all the avenues to another. On His Majesty's left were ranged, first, his children in the order of rank; then the princesses, his sisters; and lastly his concubines, his maids of honour, and their slaves. Before each was placed a large silver tray containing offerings of boiled rice, fruits, cakes, and the serf leaf; some even had cigars. A little after five the Patoon Dharmina ("Gate of Merit," called by the populace "Patoon Boon") was thrown open, and the Amazons of the guard drawn up on either side. Then the priests entered, always by that gate—one hundred and ninety-nine of them, escorted on the right and left by men armed with swords and clubs—and as they entered they chanted: "Take thy meat, but think it dust! Eat but to live, and but to know thyself, and what thou art below! And say withal unto thy heart, 'tis earth I eat, that to the earth I may new life impart." Then the chief priest, who led the procession, advanced with downcast eyes and lowly mien, and very simply presented his bowl (slung from his neck by a cord, and until that moment quite hidden under the folds of his yellow robe) to the members of the royal household, who offered their fruits or cakes, or their spoons full of rice or sweetmeats. In like manner did all his brethren. If, by any chance, one before whom a tray was placed was not ready and waiting with an offering, no priest stopped, but all continued to advance slowly, taking only what was freely offered, without thanks or even a look of acknowledgement, until the end of the royal train was reached, when the procession retired, chanting as before, by the gate called Duin, or, in the Court language, Prithi, "Gate of Earth." After this, the King and all his company repaired to his private temple, Watt Sasmiras Manda-thung, so called because it was dedicated by His Majesty to the memory of his mother. It is an edifice of unique and charming beauty, decorated throughout by artists from Japan, who have represented on the walls, in designs as diverse and ingenious as they are costly, the numerous metempsychoses of Buddha. Here His Majesty ascended alone the steps of the altar, rang a bell to announce the hour of devotion, lighted the consecrated tapers, and offered the white lotus and the roses. Then he spent an hour in prayer, and in reading texts from the Phrajana Paramita and the Phra-ti-Mok-sha. This service over, he retired for another nap, attended by a fresh detail of women—those who had waited the night before being dismissed, not to be recalled for a month, or at least a fortnight, save as a peculiar mark of preference or favour to some one who had the good

fortune to please or amuse him: but most of that party voluntarily waited upon him every afternoon. At two o'clock he rose again, and, with the aid of his women, bathed and anointed his person. Then he descended to a breakfast-chamber, where he was served with the most substantial meal of the day. Here he chatted with his favourites among the wives and concubines, and caressed his children, taking them in his arms, embracing them, plying them with puzzling or funny questions, and making droll faces at the babies; the more agreeable the mother, the dearer the child. The love of children was the constant and hearty virtue of this forlorn despot. They appealed to him by their beauty and their trustfulness; they refreshed him with the bold innocence of their ways, so frolicsome, graceful and quaint. From this delusive scene of domestic condescension and kindness, he passed to his hall of audience to consider official matters. Twice a week at sunset he appeared at one of the gates of the palace, to hear the complaints and petitions of the poorest of his subjects, who at no other time or place could reach his ear. It was most pitiful to see the helpless, awe-stricken wretches, prostrate and abject as toads, many too terrified to present the precious petition after all. At nine he retired to his private apartments, whence issued immediately peculiar domestic bulletins, in which were named the women whose presence he particularly desired, in addition to those whose turn it was to "wait" that night. And twice a week he held a secret council or court, at mid-night. Of the proceedings of those dark and terrifying sittings I can, of course, give no exact account. I permit myself to speak only of those things which were but too plain to one who lived for six years in or near the palace.—*The English Governess at the Siamese Court.*

## A THEORY.

A curious story comes across the plains, which, if true, is calculated to upset some of the favourite theories of the geologists. Professor Agassiz declares that the New World, and Professor Winchell adds, that, with the exception of part of Canada, the Western is the oldest part of the Continent—so old in fact that it is nearly worn out, and hence is reduced to a desert. Now what will the learned Professors say to this little scrap of scientific fiction from the Los Angeles *News*? It says that on the great Yuma desert, forty miles north of San Bernardino, and thirty miles west of Los Palomos, was formerly a shallow salt lake, which has recently disappeared, revealing the wreck of a large vessel imbedded in the sand. There can be no mistake about it. Nearly one third of the forward part of the ship or barque is plainly visible. The stump of the bow-sprit remains, and portions of the timbers are perfect. No inscriptions, log-book, valise, or other article has been found by which the strange craft can be identified; and the question is, how came she there? It is forty miles from the nearest road, and, so far as is known, nobody but Indians have ever passed that way. They never could have built a ship; and if they had, they could not have floated it upon that shallow lake. It is hardly rational to suppose anybody would attempt the passage of the plains in such a vehicle; and the more the editor thinks about it, the more he don't know. In the light of geology, we see but one possible solution to the question. It is the scow of some reckless Canadian who started to hunt for gold in California, and was shipwrecked on the way. It probably happened about the time the Rocky Mountain first came above water, and interfered with overland navigation.—*Detroit Post.*

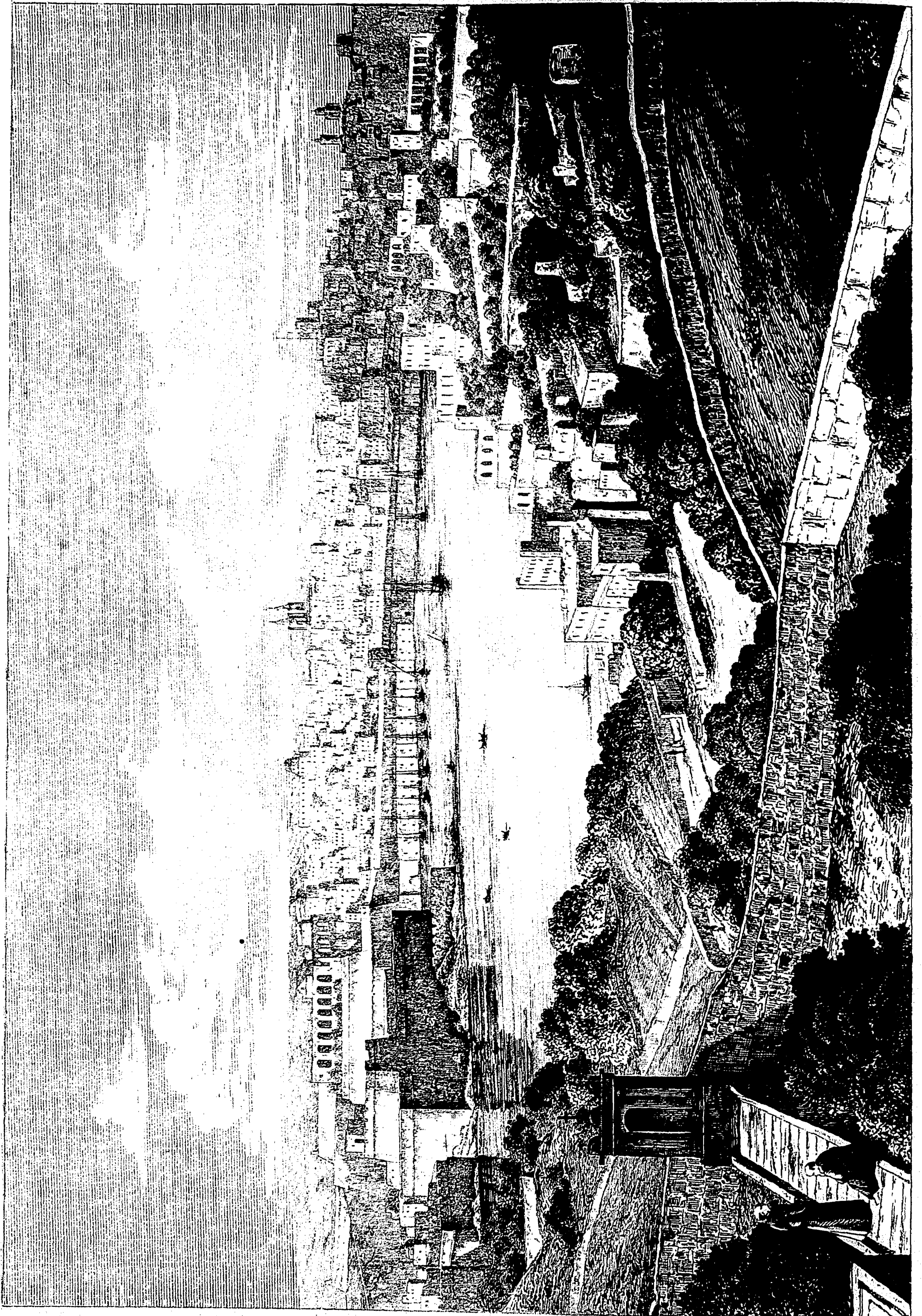
## AN EXTENSIVE APPETITE.

The following is said to have appeared in *Nature*, which announcement will allow our readers to make as many puns on the subject as they may think fit. It is concerning a French soldier. His first exploit was to eat a basket of apples, at a friend's expense. On various occasions he swallowed a series of corks and other indigestible materials, which produced such violent colic, that he was obliged to attend the Hotel Dieu, and, whilst being examined, almost managed to swallow the watch-chain and seals of the surgeon in attendance, M. Giraud. Desault, on the occasion of one of the attacks of colic, tried to frighten him out of his gross habits, by declaring that it would be necessary to open his stomach, and arranged the instruments. He ran away and relieved himself by copious draughts of warm water. Soon after, he found that his appetite had really increased to an excessive amount, probably owing to the continued irritation produced by these absurd tricks. At 17 years of age, when only weighing 100 lbs., he could eat 24 pounds of beef in as many hours. He now entered the army, and, being recognized by the Surgeon-Major, M. Courville, of the 9th Regiment of Hussars, he was detained for curiosity. From the day of his admission he was ordered quadruple rations, with pickings and waste meat; but often slipped into the dispensary to finish off a poultice or two. One day he was observed to seize a large cat; and, after sucking its blood, left in a very short time only cleanly picked bones, the hair being rejected in the course of about half an hour, like other carnivora. He was fond of serpents and eels, swallowing them whole. On another occasion he consumed, in a few minutes, a repast spread out for fifteen German work-people, of milk, etc., after which he was blown out like a balloon. In presence of some officers, he swallowed, at one sitting, thirty pounds of livers and lights. His insatiable appetite was, for once in his life, made useful by his being selected to convey a correspondence between General Beauharnais and a French Colonel, which was inserted in a box and swallowed; but he was caught and soundly thrashed. He fell under suspicion of having eaten a child fourteen months old. It is stated that he was of mild and gentle manners and aspect. After death, his stomach was found in a very diseased condition.

## THE FRENCH SOLDIERS IN BELGIUM.

After the battles of the 30th and 31st of August, which preceded the battle of Sedan, thousands of French soldiers took flight into Belgium. On crossing the frontier they laid down their arms and were conducted by Belgian troops detailed for the purpose into the various large towns of the interior. Everywhere they were well received by the inhabitants, who did everything in their power to make the fugitives comfortable. Our illustration shows the manner in which they were received at Namur. The women brought out refreshments which were gladly accepted by the hungry Frenchmen.





VIEW OF VALETTA, MALTA.

THE FASHIONS.

VEILS.

Nos. 1 and 4, of patterned black tulle, are both wing-shaped, broad in the middle where they fall over the face, and gradually tapering off at the sides. The edges of both are indented, and should be so arranged on the hat or bonnet as to fall straight in front; at the side they are gathered up and fastened over the chignon, the ends hanging over the back of the head.

No. 2, of pearl-grey gauze, is long and narrow. In front it is tucked under the hat, and fastened at the side of the chignon. It should be worn long on the right side, and fastened up on the opposite side of the head, so as to form a loop as shewn in the illustration. The other side is left loose.

No. 3. The shape of this veil, of white patterned tulle, is square, or diamond-shaped, two opposite corners being rounded off. One of these rounded corners falls over the face on the chin, and the other



No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4.

FALL FASHIONS.-VEILS.

covers the chignon. The remaining corners are gathered up at the side of the head, and fall down the back of the head, one on each side of the chignon.

FALL JACKETS.

Nos. 1 and 2. Paletot Victoria. A dark blue cloth jacket with a narrow edging of black velvet, and collar, revers, and half-cuff of the same. Revers and half-cuff have black silk buttons and button holes. The lower edge is cut in square lappets, the two hindermost having black velvet revers, as shewn in No. 2.

No. 3. Paletot Elizabeth. The jacket is of maroon velveteen, trimmed with bias black velvet, four inches broad, and edged with maroon fringe of the same depth. Above and below the velvet trimming is fine embroidered work in black and maroon silk braid. The bottom of the jacket is cut in square lappets with embroidery round each cut. The sleeves are full. The trimming (without the fringe) passes round the neck and



No. 1. No. 3. No. 2. No. 4. No. 5.

FALL FASHIONS.-JACKETS.



down the front of the jacket. The sleeves are trimmed with fringe only on the lower part.

No. 4. Patelot Pera. Of grey stuff, with a trimming of narrow black grosgrain, edged with white satin. The collar, which is open and falls in a point, is trimmed with double rows, and the sleeves the same. The bottom of the jacket is edged with a double row of fringe.

No. 5. Patelot Thecla. The jacket is of dark green cloth, trimmed with dark green velvet, edged with satin. The trimming passes round the neck, forming a collar, down the front, around the lower edge and up the back to the collar. On the back are cords and tassels, as shewn in the illustration.

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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 XIII.—Continued.

The dinner was rather a sombre affair, although the vivands were the choicest, and the wines the vintage of southern Europe—imported by "Berkeley & Son," but the conversation on local and general topics was dull. The minds of those present were mostly of the common order; there was no superior intellect to brighten the dullness of that luxurious board with flashes of wit or gleams of original thought. Sir Gervase Montague, who could shine in conversation, was unusually silent; he was seated opposite Miss Tremayne, and she could not help remarking that his attention was directed more to her than to the lively brunette at his side. Hilda avoided meeting his eye, which she felt was often fixed upon her. She would gladly have concealed her identity with Miss Tremayne of Ontario Cottage. She wished him as well as herself to forget that period of brief intercourse, because she realized the danger of renewing such interesting *l'été-à-été*, such charming flirtations. It cost her an effort to desire this, but she was trying to do right. Principle was erecting a barrier between her and the dangerous path that had opened so unexpectedly before her.

On entering the drawing-room after dinner, Sir Gervase Montague found Miss Tremayne seated at the piano playing selections from the Opera of *Satanella*. Miss Berkeley and the Misses Brown were having a delightful chat on various subjects of engrossing interest to fashionable young ladies—dress, fashions, the military, the last ball, &c.—while their mammas, reclining in luxurious chairs, were discussing the everlasting topic of servants. Mrs. Grant Berkeley was dozing comfortably in a fauteuil, waiting the entrance of the other guests from the dining-room. She was one of those ladies who only enjoy the society of gentlemen.

Sir Gervase immediately approached the piano. Hilda was finishing the favourite air, "The Power of Love," and she played a little nervously as she felt his presence near. Stopping as soon as the air was finished she rose from the piano, saying she had been playing for the amusement of the ladies.

"And will you not continue playing to entertain us gentlemen? I for one am passionately fond of music."

Then, as Hilda quietly complied, he turned over the leaves of her music-book—which he instantly recognized—and placed before her a favourite song which she had often sung for him during those happy evenings at Ontario Cottage two years before. Pointing to his initials, which he had written in one corner, he asked her in a voice tremulous and reproachful why she had so soon forgotten him.

"Major Montague! Can it be possible? But really you do look changed! And yet I thought the tones of your voice seemed familiar."

"What a dissembler is woman! Even now, while Hilda was so quietly expressing her pretended surprise, appearing so self-possessed and indifferent, the pulses of her heart were beating wildly, stirred tumultuously by the tenderness of the Baronet's tones and the reproachful sadness of his eyes.

"How little did I know the happiness that awaited me to-night," continued Sir Gervase in the same low, agitated voice. "I came here never dreaming of meeting you, never thinking that the earnest longing of my heart for the last two years was about to be gratified."

Hilda listened to these words, the meaning of which she could not misunderstand,—for the Baronet's eyes spoke a language yet more passionate,—with mixed feelings of joy and anguish, yet struggling to subdue her emotion

she was outwardly calm. She had early learned to conceal her feelings. Self-control—so seldom attained by the young—she had gained by the rude discipline of her early years—in the dependent state of her governess life.

Surprised at the coldness and the change in her manner towards him, Sir Gervase gazed sorrowfully at her, trying to catch her averted eye, as if hoping to read there something of the old expression, some shadow of tenderness which would give him a gleam of hope. But Hilda, who was running her fingers lightly over the keys of the piano, did not venture to meet the Baronet's eyes, their mournful gaze thrilled her strangely, and she feared her own might betray the emotion she tried to hide.

"You must have left Kingston shortly after I did," Sir Gervase resumed, after a short silence.

"Yes, poor mamma's death occurred two weeks after you returned to England. Uncle Berkeley then wished me to come and live with him, and as I was alone in the world, I gladly complied."

Alone in the world! As these words passed the lips of Hilda, the recollection of Dudley flashed a startling accusation of falsehood across her mind. Oh, if Sir Gervase only knew! if the truth could then be revealed to him, would it not have been better for both! would it not have put an end to his hopes and spared her the struggle with her own heart—the misery of self-contest? But Hilda had not the moral courage to acknowledge herself the wife of the humble Dudley. How could she confess the humiliating fact to the elegant Sir Gervase Montague?

"When I left Kingston so suddenly," continued the Baronet, "I was summoned home in consequence of my father's death. It was my intention to return to Canada as soon as I could make arrangements for again leaving England, and in the meantime I wrote to a brother officer in Kingston, making enquiries about you. Imagine my distress on receiving the information of your bereavement and sudden disappearance."

A deep flush coloured Hilda's face. "I had no friends in Kingston," she observed, coldly, "and I did not think it necessary to inform the public of my movements."

"But did you never think of me? did it never occur to you, that in leaving Kingston without letting it be known whither you had gone, you were depriving me of any clew to find you?"

"I did not suppose you would wish for any, I thought our acquaintance for ever ended; I did not imagine you would wish to renew it."

"Ah! how you were mistaken! how little did you know the power you then possessed over my affections! how your image was enthroned in my heart, and how," he added in a voice husky from emotion, "it has kept possession of its innermost chamber, through the miserable period of our separation, although during that time you had forgotten me."

Hilda made no reply. She could neither speak nor conceal the emotion which made her frame quiver like an aspen leaf. This declaration came so unexpectedly. She had not certainly realized the depth of the Baronet's love for her. Eagerly he gazed upon her agitated face, the quivering eye-lids, the dark lashes moist with tears—all speaking of strong emotion—awoke within him a sudden joy, a bright hope that Hilda loved him, that the coldness of her manner was caused by resentment at his supposed neglect.

Much to the relief of Hilda, Mrs. Grant Berkeley at this moment approached the piano and put an end to this interesting tête-à-tête. Waking up from her doze as the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, she perceived with irritation, that Miss Tremayne was engrossing the attention of Sir Gervase Montague. Pauline had not yet lost her love of admiration, and still enjoyed a flirtation as much as ever. She was not in love with the Baronet, but she admired him exceedingly, and she determined to monopolise him for the evening to enable her to pass away time that would otherwise hang heavily. He was the only one of the guests she cared to talk to. The rapid nothings which the Hon. Mr. Cavendish called conversation were uninteresting. Sir David Brown talked only of politics which she didn't understand, and her husband's conversation, such as it was, she could enjoy—if she liked it—at home; therefore, approaching the piano she requested the Baronet to give her another lesson in chess. She was so anxious to understand the game thoroughly, and Sir Gervase was such an admirable player.

Though secretly annoyed at this *mal à propos* request, he blandly acquiesced. Politeness, which often rules society with a rod of iron, demanded the sacrifice, and for the rest of the evening he was prevented from renewing the conversation—so interesting to him—with Miss Tremayne.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION.

THE entrance of the gentlemen from the dining-room broke up the circle of young ladies and put an end to the interesting gossip of Mrs. Berkeley and her friend, Lady Brown. A few young officers, whose military duties had prevented their coming earlier, now drop-

ped in, and in consequence of this reinforcement of beaux the faces of the young ladies brightened amazingly. Music was soon proposed as a means of enlivening the evening, and the Misses Brown were requested to play or sing. These young ladies were very musical and fond of displaying their musical talents. The two elder girls undertook to perform a duet on the piano from *Il Trovatore*. They played quite artistically. The "Anvil Chorus," was exceedingly natural. One might imagine that a sledge-hammer was descending upon the keys by the notes produced from the instrument. The hands of the young ladies were large and their jewelled arms rather muscular; this might be from frequent practice, for six hours in each day were spent at the piano; the chief aim of their existence seemed to be to acquire proficiency in music, and be considered brilliant pianistes. When this laboured performance was ended the two younger sisters were induced to favour the company with an Italian song. Their voices which had no sweetness, but considerable compass, had been carefully cultivated, and the performance was what might be expected, a scientific shriek from beginning to end. Mrs. Grant Berkeley declared *sotto voce* to Sir Gervase that her nerves would not recover for a week from the jar they sustained during this infliction.

"Miss Tremayne sings divinely; could you not prevail on her to take part in this impromptu concert," Sir Gervase remarked, as he made a false move on the chess-board and was about to exchange his queen for a bishop.

"You have heard her then?" and Pauline's bright eyes expressed surprise.

"Yes, I have had that pleasure."

"Not in Montreal, for this is her first appearance among us."

"No; in Kingston two years since."

"Ah! Now I understand the secret of her unexpected *début* at this dinner party!" and Mrs. Grant Berkeley laughed maliciously. She did not look on Hilda with favourable eyes. One beautiful woman seldom regards another woman equally beautiful without envy.

"May I not learn the secret?" asked the Baronet eagerly.

"Of course, you cannot guess!" and there was irony in Pauline's tones. "Now, does not your vanity suggest the reason why Miss Tremayne should emerge so suddenly from the seclusion in which she has lived since her arrival in Montreal, and cast the bright beams of her beauty upon us to-night?"

"Was he then the cause? Was it to meet him again? and a thrill of pleasure made the Baronet's fine eyes glitter as they met Mrs. Grant Berkeley's."

She understood the expression. "You comprehend now! Very flattering, is it not?"

But then came the recollection that Hilda had pretended not to recognize him, and this dissimulation pained the high-minded young man. He had worshipped a perfect ideal, and it grieved him to find his idol a woman merely—not an angel.

However, Mrs. Grant Berkeley might be mistaken; it was just possible that Hilda might not have known that Sir Gervase Montague and Major Montague were the same individuals. He did not remember having ever informed Mrs. Tremayne or her daughter that his father was a baronet, and that he would one day succeed to the title.

At this moment Hilda was led to the piano by the Hon. Mr. Cavendish. How marked his attentions were to Miss Tremayne. Sir Gervase felt annoyed at his impertinence, as he thought proper to term it. He already saw a rival in the young exquisite. But Hilda was not the sort of girl, he thought, to admire such an empty-headed fop. Surely he had nothing to fear from such a rival! Yet the Baronet continued to watch Mr. Cavendish with jealous eyes, as he stood beside the piano turning over the leaves of her music, while she poured forth a volume of rich melody, delighting her listeners with the exquisite notes of "Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer."

"Hilda's voice is fine; what a pity it is not cultivated? She wants style," was Mrs. Grant Berkeley's ill-natured remark to the Baronet. She felt provoked at his very evident admiration of Miss Tremayne.

"Pardon me if I differ from you. Miss Tremayne's own good taste enables her to sing charmingly; that cadence is exquisite! I do not admire made voices."

"Not such singers as Arabella and Lydia Brown," observed Pauline, with an arch smile, "but you must like to hear artistic singing when there is melody. I must advise Hilda to take lessons from Professor —: it would improve her vastly."

During Hilda's song the chess-players suspended hostilities, the Baronet seeming to have eyes only for the beautiful singer, while his ears drank in the rich full sounds of her voice. When the song was finished, she was not allowed to leave the piano until she had sung one or two of Sir David Brown's favourite songs. He said he could never get his daughters to sing anything but Italian or French songs, and he did not care much for them; he didn't understand those languages.

"Pardon my curiosity," resumed Sir Gervase, after Hilda had left the piano and Clari-

bel Berkeley had taken her place, "but I should like to know if Mrs. Tremayne was Mr. Berkeley's sister."

"No; Mrs. Tremayne was a lady of good family in the old country, who eloped with Mr. Berkeley's brother, an itinerant actor."

"An itinerant actor!" repeated Sir Gervase in surprise.

"Yes, the Berkeleys cannot boast of noble ancestry," said Mrs. Grant laughing, "but in a new country like Canada that is nothing. Money takes the place of birth; we have no aristocracy here but that of wealth."

"You are very candid to admit this."

"Oh, it is a well-known fact!" rejoined Pauline carelessly. "Among the wealthy and respected families you meet in society scarcely any would be willing to tell you what their grandfather was. Now, Sir Gervase," she continued gayly, "have I not frightened you from the contemplation of matrimony while you stay among us? You would not like to bring as a bride to your ancestral home in England the granddaughter of a tavern-keeper, or chandler, or tailor, or washerwoman, or the daughter of a strolling player," she added, lowering her voice, and fixing her eyes full of malicious archness on her companion.

The Baronet made no reply, and the game of chess was abruptly renewed.

"What was Mrs. Tremayne's name before she was married," he asked, after some minutes' silence. "I think you said she was of good family."

"She was a Miss Godfrey; her father was Colonel Godfrey, of some place in the south of Ireland."

"Innismoyne, perhaps?" said Sir Gervase eagerly.

"Yes, that is the name of the estate."

"Then I can claim kindred with Miss Tremayne," and the face of the Baronet flushed with sudden pleasure.

"Indeed! A fortieth cousin, I suppose!"

"Something less distant. My aunt married into Colonel Godfrey's family. It must be an uncle of Miss Tremayne's."

"Then the connection is by marriage, not kindred."

"Yes; you are right."

"However, it is, I suppose, a pleasure to be connected with her in any way. Is it not, Sir Gervase?" and an arch smile displayed Pauline's white teeth. She was going to make more enquiries about the Godfrey's when the conversation was interrupted by Lady Brown, who came to invite Sir Gervase Montague to lunch the next day. Arabella wished to show him some fine exotics. She was passionately fond of botany. She had a splendid pomegranate tree in full blossom, and several magnificent plants from South America.

Lady Brown, like other ambitious mothers in Montreal, had designs on the English baronet, and by inviting him to lunch in Simpson Street, she hoped to afford her prettiest daughter, Arabella, an opportunity for a flirtation among the fine collection of rare plants in her conservatory. The money which enabled Sir David Brown to live in the style befitting his rank had been made by his wife's father, a lumber-merchant in Quebec. Sir David had been a Government employé, and having been sent to England on some political business, he was knighted by the sovereign. Thanks to the wealthy lumber-merchant! who departed this life just in time to leave the new-made knight a fortune to maintain his new-found dignity, otherwise Her Majesty's kindness would have been a doubtful benefit. A palatial mansion was now purchased and furnished without any reference to expense. An elegant equipage was set up, and Sir David himself, who was a good whip, was often seen driving his splendid bays with a servant in livery seated on the box beside him. Lady Brown's carriage, with herself and daughters habited in the newest Parisian fashion, might be seen dashing along the fashionable thoroughfares, or stopping the way in Notre Dame Street while some obsequious clerk from a magnificent store attended to the ladies' orders.

Mrs. Berkeley and Lady Brown had been intimate in Quebec when both ladies moved in an humble sphere, and an intimacy grew up between their families as both climbed the social ladder. The Browns were now at its top, and the Berkeleys some steps lower. The head of the Berkeley family was still plain Mister. Titles cannot be picked up like dollars in Canada. Claribel advised her papa to get into the House of Legislature, and then he might be sent home with some deputation and rewarded by a title for his political services. Then they might hold their heads as high as the Browns, and their name would do honour to a title. Sir Lewis and Lady Berkeley would sound so aristocratic! Brown was such a common name!

But although Mr. Berkeley wanted ambition he had too much good sense to wish for an empty title, therefore the advice of Claribel was disregarded, and the merchant continued to plod on from year to year in the dingy counting-house in St. Paul Street, contented with the high respect his honourable dealings in the commercial world won him from his fellow-merchants and the citizens of Montreal.

It was late when Hilda Tremayne retired to her apartment on the night of her uncle's

dinner-party, but she felt no inclination to sleep. How glad she was to be alone to think over the events of the evening, and to indulge the bitterness of her sorrow unobserved. That Sir Gervase loved her she could not doubt. Better she thought it would have been if he had forgotten her during their separation. She thought she wished this, but the thrill of joy she experienced at the certainty of his love convicted her of self-deception. Hour after hour of that silent night was passed by Hilda in self-communing. The happiness that was within her reach might she not grasp it? True she was a wife, but the secret was not known. Probably by this time Dudley had forgotten her and was married again. Was it required of her to remain faithful to vows she had merely uttered—to which her heart had never responded? Certainly not, she thought, such a sacrifice was impossible.

How could she resign the happiness of becoming Sir Gervase Montague's wife? She cared not what duty required, she would not give him up!

And now Hilda's rebellions will rise with giant force to silence conscience, and crush the suggestions of her higher nature. This was a fearful crisis in her life: the contest between passion and principle was powerful. Hers was a passionate and determined nature, and in such temperaments love and hate are intensified. Passionately she did love Sir Gervase. The love which had been slumbering so long rose now like a giant to overwhelm her amid the billows of temptation—and just as intensely did she hate the man who was her husband, the plebeian Dudley. At length, as the rosy light of a summer morning brightened the eastern sky, Hilda, wearied with mental excitement, retired to rest, full of the determination to snatch, at the expense of duty, of conscience, and of every better feeling, the glittering prize of earthly happiness which the tempter had placed so alluringly within her grasp.

One month passed away—a period of mingled happiness and misery to Hilda, for the fierce contest in her heart continued. She could not resign the happiness of being loved by Sir Gervase, neither dared she accept the offer of his hand. His attentions to her were so marked that the Montreal world already began to talk of the marriage as certain, but her conduct towards him was so inconsistent that he felt deeply pained. At one time she received his attentions with assumed coldness or avoided him altogether; then again, shutting the door on conscience—whose monitions troubled her in spite of herself—she would listen with delight to his protestations of affection, and suffered him to see that his love was not unrequited. This struggle in the mind of the wretched Hilda made her appear so capricious that Sir Gervase was in despair. Yet her apparent indifference seemed only to increase his anxiety to win her affections. Is it not ever thus? Man prizes most what he fears to lose, and the greater the difficulty in obtaining the desired object, the more earnestly it is coveted.

At length an unexpected event occurred which, for the present, seemed to interrupt this *affaire de coeur* between the Baronet and Miss Tremayne.

A letter arrived from Colonel Godfrey expressing a wish to see his grand-daughter, and inviting her to visit him at Innismoyne. This letter was short and rather stiff, giving Hilda to understand that if she did not happen to please Colonel Godfrey, if he should be disappointed either in her appearance or character, she must not calculate on making Innismoyne her future residence. She was to go there on trial, as it were, for a visit of some weeks. Colonel Godfrey also expressed a wish to have his daughter's remains sent to Ireland, which desire was immediately complied with, and Mrs. Tremayne's coffin was removed from the Waterloo Cemetery near Kingston and forwarded by steamer from New York, so that her remains had gained their final resting-place in the family vault before Hilda reached Ireland.

Colonel Godfrey's invitation was a source of much gratification to the Berkeley's. It seemed to give them a higher standing in society—it certainly did elevate them in their own opinion—this connection with the Godfreys and Sir Gervase Montague. His aunt, Lady Millicent, had married Hilda's uncle. Through cousin Hilda they were actually connected with the English Baronet. Claribel felt that her chance of captivating the Baronet was gone, but next to the *fait* of marrying him herself was the honour of his marrying one of the family. Besides Hilda's marriage with Sir Gervase would open a glorious future for herself. She would, of course, be invited to visit Lady Montague in England, and then—it did not seem improbable—she might herself marry one of the aristocracy. There had been instances of Canadian girls wearing a coronet.

Owing to these considerations Claribel's love for cousin Hilda increased amazingly. She took care that her wardrobe should be supplied with all that fashion deemed necessary, regardless of expense. Indeed, Mr. Berkeley willingly complied with all demands upon his purse. His family pride made him anxious that his niece should make such an appearance as would impress Colonel Godfrey

with favourable ideas of the connections whom he despised.

Hilda took little interest in these preparations for her visit to her mother's relatives. She felt hurt at the style of her grandfather's letter, and would have declined accepting his invitation were it not that her uncle desired her to do so. He, with more knowledge of the world, felt that to decline this overture towards a reconciliation would be marring her own fortune. He had no doubt that Hilda when once seen and known by her proud kinsfolk would be appreciated as she deserved. He as well as Claribel foresaw a brilliant future for his beautiful niece.

Grant Berkeley was about to visit England on some commercial business. He therefore took charge of Hilda on his trip across the Atlantic. He was to escort her to Killarney, there her cousin, Cecil Godfrey, would meet her from Innismoyne.

Sir Gervase Montague was the secret cause of this first step towards a reconciliation between Colonel Godfrey and his deceased daughter's child. He had written to Cecil Godfrey—his aunt, Lady Millicent's son—describing Hilda in such glowing terms that the young man's curiosity to see her was excited, and he prevailed on his grandfather to invite her to Innismoyne.

The next steamer which left Quebec for Ireland after Hilda's departure from Canada numbered Sir Gervase Montague among its passengers. He went home on leave of absence: he had also received an invitation to Innismoyne.

To be continued.

Sala doesn't admire the singing of the Breton troops recently brought into Paris. He thus describes the sensation:—"A railway whistle is harmony to it; the sound of a threshing machine badly in need of grease is lively melody, most diversified in note, and cheering in expression, by the side of it. There is, as far as I can make out, one line in every verse, and the first word and the last are chorus. The line, therefore, starts with a nasal burst, prolonged till every one's out of breath. Then the chief of these sweet singers chants all in one tone, and with one gulp of air, the ravings of his national poet. The last word of the line is taken up again by his dreadful friends, and they make night hideous with it as long as their lungs hold out. Give me rather, since one must be sung with agony to one's grave—give me the short, sharp pang of a Chinese love ditty. Why so prolong our pains, oh merciless youth of America? Hush, what is that horrid sound? Is it the screaming of a percussion shell? Is it the first wail of agony rising from this doomed town? Alas, alas! how my heart bleeds for these poor harmless children who are screaming in the next house! Again!—no, by Jove, it's those confounded Bretons overhead, beginning their devilish psalmody. Pardon my abrupt conclusion! No sense of duty could withstand this trial. I am about to fly to the uttermost parts of the city—into the Prussian lines—anywhere that La Ligousse, ma douce, cannot penetrate."

Davy Crockett once graphically described the condition of a party of friends after a political jollification, who were so tipsy that neither of them could hit the ground with his hat with three times throwing.

It is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins.

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"It is bad breeding," says an English work, "to abstain from taking the last piece on a dish, because it implies a contempt on your part for the resources of your entertainers. Are you to suppose for a moment that they have no more of the same in the house?"

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Montreal, March 16, 1870.

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