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# Canadian Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

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**MONTREAL WATER SUPPLY.**

By J. BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D., F. C. S.

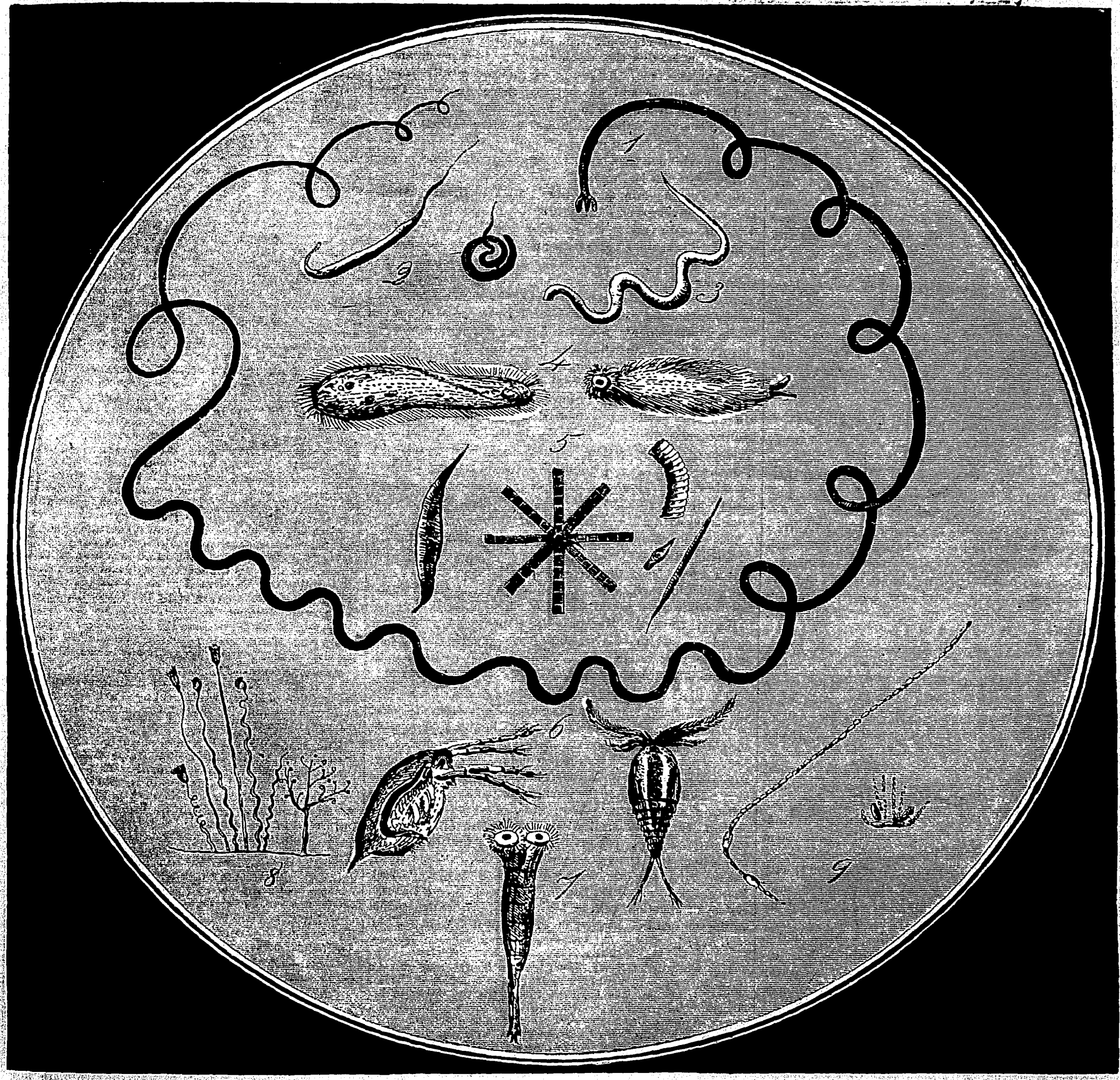
The water supplied to the public of Montreal is not the pure and simple element some innocent people suppose

it to be. It is a variable admixture of Food, Drink, Dirt, and Disease!

When we see it sparkling in the sunny fountain, and rippling with a cooling murmur over the drinking font,

we bless the benevolence of our fellow men, which has afforded us a supply so copious, so convenient, and so free.

"When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," but



CITY WATER UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.



when the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil is once tasted, we are bound to pursue investigation and critically to examine even the best gifts. The more minutely we examine the water supplied to this city, the less satisfied we are with it. It has long been a matter of observation amongst medical men that strangers coming to reside in the city for a few weeks are subject to diarrhoea with very depressing effects. This cannot be attributed to the climate nor wholly to the bad sewerage, but it is generally charged upon the Ottawa water. There is nothing in the analysis of the water by Dr. Sterry Hunt to account for any such peculiarity, at least so far as inorganic matter is concerned, and his analysis appears to have been directed to perfectly bright clear water, free from suspended matter and from organic life. Doubtless the water when passed through a charcoal filter is as clear, bright, and pure as any city need be blessed with. The water itself, therefore, is not the subject of animadversion.

It is the large amount of suspended matter, organic and inorganic—the debris alive and dead—slimy and slippery—the living inhabitants and the dead vegetation—to which the strongest exception should be taken.

On taking a thoughtful turn the other day around the Montreal Reservoir much more was observed than approved—the open character of the Reservoir is in itself objectionable. It should be roofed in with open sides. The public, moreover, can approach too near to it; and it is not sufficiently protected against the commission of those offences which are the subjects for penalties upon conviction.

The peaty character of the water is a matter of minor importance in a sanitary point of view, but this would be to a great extent removed by an efficient system of filtration.

The abundance of large fish reminded one of the fish pools of Heshbon, and we wondered whether Solomon was wise enough to reject such water as unfit for human consumption. Here they feed, fatten, flourish, and spawn from generation to generation. Would our aquarium-loving friends like to take a dip occasionally? and those who have tended the gold and silver fish globes and changed the water so frequently—would they choose to use it for table purposes after the fish had done with it?

Some philosophers indeed might claim that fish spawn, frog spawn, and snail spawn were but varieties of fresh eggs; but few would relish the notion of swallowing the excreta of all these animals, the exuvia from their skins, the organic remains of those who happen to die, and the thousand and one voracious scavengers ordained by nature to sweep away the field of death by making it their prey.

All these we drink and call it "a drink of water."

But while we may consider such matters upon reflection as "Noxious Food," a more serious feature yet remains. No more fearful death can be encountered by a man than to be "eaten up of worms till he dies." How many children and delicate females fall victims to these destroyers no human knowledge can estimate, and nothing short of post-mortem examinations in every case of death could disclose. The disturbance they cause to the general health so simulates usual functional derangement that the cause is often unsuspected, and where suspicions are aroused a refuge is sought in some of those "Worm Medicines," whose name is Legion, and which have obtained a prominence on this continent unknown in Europe. When we have such evidence before us as is shown in our illustration, there can be little hesitation in fastening the source of such diseases upon "the water we drink."

Dr. Cobbold has recently called the attention of the British Medical Officers of Health to the danger of the distribution of Cestoid worms by means of impure water, and he instances the recent introduction of a tape worm, new to Britain, and chiefly affecting beaves and graminivorous animals.

In a few months it spread into several counties in England, causing death among the cattle, greatly to the alarm of the graziers and to the beef-loving Englishmen.

Prof. Agassiz declares that all fish are infected with worms of one sort or another, and that you can only escape flesh worms by properly and thoroughly cooking your food.

This resource is not open to us on the water question unless we boil the water before we drink it, as it is certain that creatures thus infected are continually passing both worms and ova by the intestines, which render the water unsafe and unfit for human consumption.

The prodigious reproducing power of these worms; their tenacity of life so long as they can obtain food, and their migratory habits in flesh, render them a serious scourge to humanity. All the resources of Science should be directed against their invasion—and it is only by a fair admission of the strength of the enemy that we can be prepared to make an adequate defence against him.

The worms represented in our illustration, figs. 1 and

2, belong to the same order and family as the Trichina found in pork, and the Guinea worm, chiefly known in India. They are remarkable for what is called alternation of generation and migration. The parent is nourished and fecundates in the intestines of an animal, it produces numberless broods of minute microscopic worms which penetrate the flesh, and successive broods of these destroy muscular power, induce nervous exhaustion, and often penetrate important vital organs, causing functional derangement of the liver, kidneys, heart, or brain, as the case may be, and their diagnosis is most obscure.

No. 1. Filaris Fluvialis, has been taken by the writer from the water tap direct. A medical friend has one which caused great annoyance and pain to a patient who, for some weeks, declared that she had a "snake in her inside," and after the administration of an emetic, she vomited this Filaris, about nine inches long, quite alive, and remained so in water for several months. Small specimens have also been obtained from the writer's house filter. Similar worms have been taken swimming freely in the Ottawa river; one measured eleven inches in length. Another, about eight inches long, delivered after capture about thirty-six inches of a white filament, which proved, on microscopic examination, to be a string of minute eggs, closely packed together, and estimated at considerably over two millions in number.

A single worm, therefore, swallowed in this condition, would produce an immense swarm of young, capable of boring and penetrating the flesh in every direction.

The worm No. 2 is of the same family, and is closely allied to, if not identical with, the Guinea worm of India. This worm attains the diameter of a cedar pencil and a length of two feet; the young are microscopically small, and of the shape and character of those figured. They also migrate in the flesh in every direction.

No. 3 is a very active inhabitant in every aquarium, his movements are very uncomfortable in appearance, but we have no evidence that his progeny are of the penetrating character of the last named.

No. 4, Paramecium, and Rotifera, No. 7, are lively scavengers with enormous appetites like the polyps; they may be dried up again and again, and like very Rip Van Winkles, come to life again after a long snooze and are as busy as ever. They are probably digested in the acid juices of the stomach.

No. 5, the Diatomaceae, constituting the centre group, are chiefly composed of silica or sand. They are very active in their movements whilst in flowing water, but even in this water containing silicate of potassium, they subside in the filter and become an agglutinated mass of a somewhat indigestible character, to say the least of it.

No. 6, the Crustaceans below look very formidable—but are probably good eating—and digest as well as shrimps or prawns eaten whole. The Vorticella, No. 8, are also capable of easy digestion. The fungoid and confervoid growths, No. 9, are not so edible. These depend for soil on a low and changing condition of organic surface, and usually indicate a condition of decay. These are always associated with Fever, Cholera, and Diptheria.

The Household Filter constitutes a most valuable domestic utensil.

It not only frees the water from all these organic and inorganic impurities, but it also affords the best net for microscopic observation and research.

Here is the evil. Herein is the remedy. A public and complete system of filtration of the water is demanded, and the best mode of its accomplishment will be indicated in a future communication.

[The illustration we give on our first page is on the highest authority, being the result of the united observations of several members of the Montreal Microscopic Club, who have made an independent and joint examination of the water during the last few months; and from the pen and pencil of its secretary, Dr. J. B. Edwards. We have felt it to be our duty to lay these facts prominently before the public—not to deter any one from drinking the water, but to show that a necessity exists for a well devised plan for the purification and filtration of the water for the public at large. The intelligent and the wealthy have the power to protect themselves by the use of household filters, but the public have no such protection, and they should seek it, as entitled to it, at the hands of the authorities; for some system of filtration, such as is common in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, is surely applicable here.—Ed. C. J. News.]

The Marquis of Hertford, whose death was announced a week or two ago in a cable despatch, was the fourth inheritor of that title, and was born in 1800. On the death of his father he inherited an immense fortune, which he largely devoted to the maintenance of a magnificent establishment in Paris, and the purchase of costly works of art. At the famous sale of the gallery of King William I. of Holland, he purchased one picture, the "Assumption," by Murillo, for the enormous sum of \$120,000. The Marquis was an early and constant friend of Napoleon III., and encouraged him in his candidature for the office of President. The vast estates and immense wealth of the Marquis descended, with the title, to his young kinsman, Capt. Hugh de Grey Seymour, his cousin's grandson.

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

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued.)

M.

**MACCABEES**—Derivation of: During the war between Antiochus the Mad, of Syria, and the Jews, Judas, son of Mattathias, determined to save his country, and with 6,000 men took the field. The standard which he raised on this eventful occasion, had inscribed upon it, *MI CAMO-CA BAALIM JEHOUAH* (who among the gods is like unto Thee, O Lord?) and from the initial letters of these words he and his successors were called the Maccabees.

**MANES**—The name applied by the ancients to the soul when separated from the body. Some say that the word comes from *manis*, an old Latin word for good or propitious. The Romans always superscribed their epitaphs with the letter D. M., *Dis Manibus*, to remind the sacrilegious and profane not to molest the tenements of the dead.

**MARINER'S COMPASS**—Discovered by Flavio de Gioja or Giovia, of Naples, A. D. 1392; Columbus first discovered the variations of the needle, A. D. 1492; and it was observed in London, A. D. 1580; Charles of Anjou being, at the time of its discovery, King of Sicily, the *flour de lis* was made the ornament of the northern radius of the compass in compliment to him.

**MARQUESS**—This dignity, called by the Saxons *Markin Vere*, and by the Germans *Margrave*, took its origin from *Mark* or *Mareh*, which, in the language of the northern nations, is a limit or bound. The first Marquess in England was Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who was created Marquess of Dublin by Richard II., A. D. 1385.

**MASANIELLO**—The Fisherman King; he reigned for ten days, and being slain, was thrown into a ditch. *Masanella* is universally recognized as the name of the celebrated Neapolitan insurrectionist who, at one time, nearly overturned the government of that kingdom. How few who use the word are aware that "Mas-Aniello" is but a corruption of *Thomas Aniello*, so pronounced by his vulgar companions, and now raised to the dignity of an historical name?

**MAZEPPA**—Mazeppa was the son of a Polish gentleman, established in Podolia, and, by one of those fortunate circumstances which often exercise a great influence on human destiny, and also by his family connections, attracted the attention of John Kazimer, King of Poland, who spared no expense in giving him an excellent education and made him page at his court. The beauty, accomplishments, and enterprising spirit of the young page did not fail in making a deep impression on many a fair lady in fashionable circles. He was introduced to the wife of Martin Koutsky, grand general of artillery, and felt inspired at the first sight with a passion which, by frequent opportunities of seeing the beloved object, and the difficulty of gratifying its fancy, became every day stronger, more dangerous and daring. For a while the passion of the two lovers, by their mutual prudence and carefulness, was not known, and its secret gratifications added new charms to its existence. Such a thing, however, could not possibly be long concealed at a court where jealous and watchful eyes were constantly directed on both parties. A lady, whose advances Mazeppa received with coolness, soon discovered the true object of the latter's affections, and indirectly apprised the husband of the conduct of his beautiful and guilty spouse. Mazeppa, watched secretly, was caught by the enraged husband, who, indignant at the extent of his domestic misfortune, and excited by the thirst of revenge, ordered his man to scourge him unmercifully till he lost his consciousness, to pour a sort of salt liquid over his body, and cover it with tar. The young page was then tied, by cutting strings, to the back of a wild and indomitable Ukrainian horse, sought and prepared before hand for that purpose, and was thus left to his destiny. The horse, suddenly liberated after being tormented, and unable to shake the weight off his back, dashed at a furious speed into the desert of his native steppes. Hunted by wolves, as well as by some Cossacks, who thought it an apparition of an evil spirit, the horse traversed torrents, ravines, rivers, crossed the Dnieper, and galloped with incredible speed into a small town in the Eastern Ukraine, on the market day; and there, excited with hunger, fear and fatigue, fell dead. Mazeppa, restored to life, and hospitably taken care of by the Cossacks, adopted their manners and religion.

**MERINO**—So called because the cloth is now made from the wool of the Merino sheep, peculiar to Spain, it being against the laws of that country to export any of the sheep.

**MERRY ANDREW**—This name was first given to a droll and eccentric physician, who was called Andrew Borde, and lived in the reign of Henry VIII. He used to attend fairs and markets, and harangue the people, by whom he was called Merry Andrew, hence the name.

**MILLINER**—Milliner is a word corrupted, or at least altered from *Milaner*, which signified a person from Milan, in Italy. Certain fashions of female dress, that first prevailed in that city, were introduced by natives of it, into England, and hence arose the word milliner. It is very probable that the term was first used in a reproachful sense, because, previously to the arrival of the innovators from Italy, all the mysteries of female habiting had been in the hands of women—*tire-women*, as they were called, and men then, for the first time, became parties to the business. Milliner, originally, had a purely masculine signification, but now we apply the term generally to females, and distinguish those of the other sex who engage in the occupation, by the name of man-milliners.

**MONEY**—The word money originated in the fact that the first silver money coined in Rome—which was A. U. C. 482, was struck in the temple of *Juno Moneta*.

**MOORS**—So called because they came from Mauritania in the North of Africa, and passed from Abyla into Spain.

N

**NABOB**—The Nabob is derived from *nawab*, the plural of *nab*, a deputy or lieutenant; but in the popular language of India, from which the word is come to us, the plural is used for the singular. Sir T. Herbert, whose travels were published in 1674, spells the word *nabob*, and defines it, "a nobleman in the language of the Mogul's kingdom, which hath mixed up with it much of the Persian." The word, applied to a wealthy man returning from India, seventy-five years back was familiar enough.

Another origin of the word is as follows:

"When McGarth reigned o'er Arthur's crew,  
He said to Rumbold, 'Black my shoe,'  
And Rumbold answered, 'Ya Bob,'  
But now, returned from India's land,  
He proudly wears the same command,  
And boldly answers, 'Na Bob!'"

From Tamb's "Things not Generally Known."

**THE NAMES OF AMERICAN STATES.**—1. *Maine*, so called in 1638 from the Province of Maine in France, of which Queen Henrietta Maria was the proprietrix. 2. *New Hampshire*, bought by the Plymouth Company from Capt. Musson, received its name of "Hampshire" from that county in England, of which Capt. Musson was Governor. 3. *Vermont*, so called by its inhabitants in their declaration of Independence, Jan. 16, 1777—*Vermont, Green Hill*. 4. *Massachusetts*, from a tribe of Indians inhabiting the neighbourhood of Boston; the meaning of the word is "Blue Mountains." 5. *Rhode Island*, so named after the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. 6. *Connecticut*, the Indian name of the principal river in that State. 7. *New York*, after the Duke of York and Albany, to whom the territory had been conceded. 8. *Pennsylvania*, in 1681, after Mr. Penn, the name of the Quaker who purchased it from the Indians, and *sylvania*, a wood; it was called till his death, *Sylvania*. 9. *Delaware*, in 1703, from the bay of that name, on the shores of which this State is situate, and where Lord Delaware died. 10. *Maryland*, called so by Lord Baltimore, after Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., in the Annals of Parliament of June 30, 1682. 11. *Virginia*, so named in 1584, after Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen. 12. *Carolina*, so called by the French in 1564, in honour of Charles IX. Another account says that both the Carolinas were named by the English from Carolus, Charles. 13. *Georgia*, in 1772, after George II. or George III. 14. *Alabama*, 1817, from the principal river traversing that State. *Alabama* signifies in the Indian language "Here we rest." A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forest of the south-west. Weary and travel-worn they reached a noble river which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief of the band stuck his tent-pole in the ground and exclaimed: "Alabama! Alabama!" ("Here we shall rest! Here we shall rest!") 15. *Mississippi*, in 1800, from its affluents and western borders. *Mississippi*, in Indian language, means a river formed of several rivers. 16. *Louisiana*, so named in honour of Louis XIV. 17. *Tennessee*, 1796. 18. *Kentucky*, 1782. 19. *Illinois*, 1809, from their principal rivers. *Illinois*, in the language of the Indians, means River of Men. 20. *Indiana*, 1802, from its American Indian population. 21. *Ohio*, 1802, from the name of its southern frontier. 22. *Missouri*, 1821, from the river. 23. *Michigan*, 1803, from the name of its lake. 24. *Arkansas*, 1819, from its principal river. 25. *Florida*, so named in 1572, by Juan Ponce de Leon, because its shores were discovered on a Palm Sunday, or "Pâques Fleuri," or "Pasqua Florida." 26. *New Jersey*, called from the island of that name in the English Channel off the North Coast of France; one of the original 13 States. 27. *District of Columbia*, from Columbus. 28. *Texas, Iowa, and Wisconsin*, from their rivers.

**NATIONAL ANTHEM.**—The question of the origin of the National Anthem being raised at the period of the Queen's visit to France, and certain French papers having stated alternately that the air was composed by Haydn and by Sully in honour of Louis XIV., a Belgian correspondent replied by the following statement, which seems to me to possess sufficient interest, and to present enough appearance of probability to be repeated:—"The music," says this authority, "which bears but a slight resemblance to the air of Sully, was composed by an English musician named John Bull, (sufficiently national, this, at all events!) on the occasion of James I.'s discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The words, written, as is stated, at the same time, seem to lend towards a confirmation of this assertion. John Bull, some years later, retired to Antwerp, where he was named organist to the cathedral, and where he died; and there, but a short time since," says this correspondent, "an examination of the archives having, under the permission of the Government, been gone through, the original manuscript of the air, with the history of the circumstances under which it was composed, was, among other documents, discovered; and there it now exists."—(M. A. P. Paris.)—See Article "John Bull."

When Mr. Macaulay, in his vivid sketch of the Battle of La Hogue, describes our victorious flotillas "insulting the hostile camp with the thundering chant of 'God Save the King,'" he states nothing which is contrary to fact, that this "would stamp the date of our national air as far back as 1693." I do not know, nor is it, I believe, now ascertainable, by whom either the air or words of our "God save the King" were originally composed or written. Dr. Arne, who, in 1745, harmonised the old melody for the theatres, assured Dr. Burney, the author of the "History of Music," that he (Arne) "had not the least knowledge nor could guess at all who was either the author or composer, but that it was a received opinion that it was written and composed for the Catholic chapel of King James II.;" and Benjamin Victor, in a letter addressed by him to David Garrick, in 1745, tells his correspondent that the exact words of the anthem chanted at the Royal Chapel for James II., when the Prince of Orange landed, in 1688, were these:—

O, Lord our God, arise,  
Confound the enemies  
Of James our King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

Another verse, written about the same time, and accidentally preserved in consequence of its having been graven on the drinking-glasses of some northern Jacobites of distinction, ran thus:—

God bless the Prince of Wales,  
The true-born Prince of Wales,  
Sent us by Thee!  
Grant us one favour more,  
The King for to restore,  
As thou hast done before,  
The familie!

What is more probable than that the Orange partisans who fought so hard to prevent the restoration of James II., and believed his infant son to be supposititious, should, after their victory at La Hogue, raise, in irony and insult, "a thundering chant" of the old Stuart anthem of "God Save the King?"—(B. Blundell, F. S. A., Temple, London.)

**NEGROSS.**—When God was creating Adam of the dust of this earth, the Devil also made a statue of the same soil, and when the Almighty had finished and breathed with his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul, Satan did likewise to his, but finding that the fiery flames issuing from his mouth caused the statue to become black, he, enraged at the result, struck it with his fist, and thus flattened the nose and thickened the lips of all descended from the parent stock; thousands in Africa still believe in this foolish doctrine.

**NEWS.**—This word is said to have derived its appellation from a gentleman of the name of Francis Negus, a person of considerable consequence in the reign of George I. Party spirit ran high at that period, and even intruded itself dangerously at convivial meetings. On one occasion, when Mr. Negus was present, a set of political opponents fell out over their cups, and came to hot words, when Mr. Negus interfered, by recommending the disputants in future to dilute their wine; which suggestion fortunately diverted their attention from the subject of dispute to a discussion on the merits of wine and water. The argument ended in a general resolve so to qualify their potations in future, and also to give the beverage the nickname of *Negus*, which ultimately became universally used.

**NEWS.**—If one turns up Dr. Johnson, or any other grave etymologist, the term *News* is found ascribed to the Latin *novus, new*. We cannot help admitting that this derivation is a very probable one; still he must certainly have been an ingenious and clever fellow who hit upon another way of accounting for the origin of the word, by representing it, namely, as compounded of the first letters of the cardinal points, North, East, West and South; whereby it is to be understood that *news* signifies information from all quarters. This is a good idea, and worthy of note, though it be fanciful. In Haydn occurs the following about news:—"The word news is not as many imagine derived from the adjective *new*, Latin *novus*. In former times, between the years 1595 and 1730, it was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day, the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus N. E. W. S., importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe.

**NEWSPAPERS.**—We are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of the *Gazzetta* was perhaps derived from *Gazzera*, a magpie or chatterer; or more probably from a farthing coin, peculiar to the city of Venice, called *Gazetta*, which was the common price of the newspapers. Another learned etymologist is for deriving it from the Latin *Gaza*, which would colloquially lengthen into *Gazetta*, and signify a little treasury of news. The Spanish derive it indeed from the Latin *Gaza*; and likewise their *Gazetero*, and our *Gazetteer*, for a writer of the *Gazette*; and, what is peculiar to themselves, *Gazetista*, for a lover of the *Gazette*.

Newspapers then took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy, and under the government of that aristocratical republic, Venice. The first paper was a Venetian one, and only monthly; but it was the newspaper of the government only. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian name for it; and from one solitary government *Gazette*, we see what an inundation of newspapers has burst out upon us.

**NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.**—Nonius Marcellus refers the origin of New Year's Gifts among the Romans to Titus Tatius, king of the Sabines, who reigned at Rome conjointly with Romulus, and who, having considered as a good omen a present of some branches cut in a wood consecrated to *Strenua*, the Goddess of strength, which he received on the first day of the new year, authorized this custom afterwards, and gave to these presents the name of *Strenua*. The Romans on that day celebrated a festival in honour of Janus, and paid their respects at the same time to Juno; but they did not pass it in idleness, lest they should become indolent during the rest of the year. They sent presents to one another of figs, dates, honey, &c., to show their friends that they wished them a happy and agreeable life. Clients, or those who were under the protection of the great, carried presents of this kind to their patrons, adding to them a small piece of silver. Under Augustus, the senate, the knights, and the people, presented such gifts to him, and in his absence deposited them in the Capitol. Of the succeeding princes, some adopted this custom, and others abolished it; but it always continued among the people. The early Christians condemned it, because it appeared to be a relic of paganism, and a species of superstition; but when it began to have no other object than that of being a mark of esteem, the church ceased to disapprove of it.

**NOON.**—From the Latin *nona, s. c. hora, meal-time*: literally the ninth hour or three o'clock, and because the term was applied by succeeding nations to their dinner time, which was usually about the middle of the day, noon came to signify twelve o'clock.

THE BATTLE BEFORE METZ ON THE 14TH ULT.

The following is the account given by the correspondent of the London Standard of the battle of the 14th ult. before Metz:—At 1 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the French army, 180,000 men strong, was encamped all around Metz. Since the day previous a battle was considered as imminent. Several attempts had been made to draw the enemy out of the woods they occupied. The Prussian army of Prince Frederick Charles, or rather the corps now united, of Field-Marshal Steinmetz, 150,000 men strong, had taken the position on the road to Boulay, at the point intersecting that to Berney. The road from Bellenoir and Borny up to the forest of that place was occupied by the Prussians, part of their divisions being concealed by the woods. Skirmishing had been going on all the morning, but it was probable that no serious engagement would take place. At 1.30 the French troops received orders to retreat from their position, to go in the direction of Verdun, it was said. At two o'clock the *avant-garde* division were crossing the Moselle on a pontoon bridge thrown across a few hours previously, and the luggage, material, and provisions of the army were crossing the other bridges in the direction of Longueville. The equipages of the Emperor had already left, and Prince Napoleon first, and half an hour after the Emperor himself was leaving Metz on horseback in the same direction. At 3 o'clock p.m., the Third Corps, De Cam, the Fourth Corps, Ladmirault, and la Garde Impériale, Bourbaki, were preparing also to leave their encampments, when suddenly the Prussians were seen to prepare for battle, some of their regiments taking positions as *tirailleurs*, some others preparing offensive movements in front of the

woods of Borny, and in the direction of Grizy and Mercy les Metz. The intention was unmistakable, I was in it, in the very heart of it. I made up my mind to remain; in fact, all retreat was impossible, and it leaves to me the advantage to give you my ocular impressions; but I am so fatigued you must excuse my style of writing. The French troops, under command of Marshal Bazaine, were composed of the Third and Fourth Corps and le Garde Impériale. They were fronting Borny, Grizy and Mercy les Metz, the Imperial Guard forming the reserve near the Fort de Quentin. At 4½ the attack commenced. A heavy fire of artillery was at once heard in every direction, the soldiers of the Prussian Landwehr leading the Prussian corps d'armée. The mitrailleuse began their deadly work on each side. For me, confusion all around—men falling in every direction, columns whirling around us, bullets whistling their work through the ranks. It is awful to be cool in the middle of such a bloody holocaust, the cries of the wounded, the imprecations of the falling soldiers, the rage of their friends—all seems fantastic and demoniacal; but no, it is not the nightmare, a friend of my infancy is close by me at the head of his battalions, the well-known Baron de Watry, commander of the Voltigeurs de la Garde; he reminds me of the danger I am incurring without reason; but his words sound like a murmur of the wind; he himself disappears in the smoke, and I concluded to look and be nearly certain that I should not come back to tell you my tale. A battery of artillery with a mitrailleuse was making fearful havoc in the Prussian ranks. I heard frantic bravos announcing its new exploits. The fire was so well directed, the precision so great, that each fire was positively mowing the Prussian ranks, who were fighting in a desperate way, their artillery replying to the other, and destroying French battalions right and left. At 7 o'clock p.m. the Prussians were making a movement of retreat. A mitrailleuse had been twice taken from the French, and although it is only one of the hundreds of incidents of the battle, I mention it as it led to an important result. For the last hour one of the greatest efforts of the French had had for object to dislodge the Prussians from the woods of Borny, their troops being protected by that natural rampart. The brave Colonel of the 4th Infantry, Second Division, in retaking the mitrailleuse, was the sudden cause of an immense body of Prussians emerging suddenly from the woods, and precipitating themselves as an infuriated torrent on the French divisions; it was only a pretext, for it was expected that the Prussians would follow the same tactics as at Forbach and Froeschwiller, which consists of keeping out of sight their masses, their best divisions, and when the result of the battle seems to be in favor of their opponent, to change defeat into victory by that powerful movement of immense bodies of troops plunging suddenly on the enemy; but this time Marshal Bazaine had prepared a match for them. The Imperial Guard, commanded by Bourbaki, had been kept in reserve; their artillery, from a strong position, began the defensive, the grenadiers advanced, and from that moment till a quarter to nine you might have thought you were in the middle of the eruption of Mont Vesuvius. Fort de Quentin sweeping with its powerful batteries the flank of the advancing columns, regiment of cavalry charging on the wings. At a quarter to 9 precisely the Prussians retreated, leaving from 23,000 to 24,000 men *hors de combat*. The French have lost close on four thousand men killed and wounded.

One hundred and forty thousand Prussians took part in the fight against 70,000 Frenchmen, positively. Owing to the Fort Quentin slaughtering the enemy, the Guard, except its artillery and a brigade of grenadiers, did not fight. They were kept in reserve to the last. During the combat, the rest of the French army was retiring on the route of Verdun, and at 9 o'clock I followed the Imperial Guard, retreating in the same direction, the day's work being over.

THE EFFECTS OF THE MITRAILLEUSE.

In a former number a description was given of the mitrailleuse, accompanied by an illustration, giving an idea of its size and general appearance. We give another illustration this week showing the deadly effects of the weapon, when employed upon a compact body of men. The troops represented in the illustration are a body of Prussian infantry, detailed to guard the approach to Saarbrück along the line of the railway on the occasion of the first attack upon the town by the French. As they advanced along the line, the French, who had placed their guns so as to sweep the railway track, opened fire. The effect was terrible. The advancing column was literally mown down as they approached, the men falling over one another in confusion. A French officer who was present says that the Prussians were literally "chopped up like straw." Helmets, shattered guns, and twigs from the neighbouring trees flew in every direction. Some of the men who had escaped the bullets of the mitrailleuses were wounded by the bayonets of their falling comrades. Five minutes after the opening of the battery, the entire detachment was demolished. The track was covered with heaps of dead, and the point reached by the first rank when the deadly fire opened was marked by a hedge of bodies, three and four deep, extending across the embankment.

A RECONNAISSANCE.

Our illustration shows a party of the 11th regiment of French dragoons making a reconnaissance in front of the main line of the army, between Forbach and Saarbrück. For the purpose of reconnoitering the dragoons have been, throughout the whole course of the war, almost invariably employed. They are admirably fitted for the work; are mounted on strong and swift horses, and are armed with the new cavalry chassapots, a most destructive weapon at a long range.

An imaginative Paris journalist tells of a recent duel between a Prussian and an American. The Prussian was the first to shoot, but missed his adversary. When the Yankee raised his pistol the other exclaimed:—"Hold on; what do you want for that shot?" The seconds looked at him with the utmost surprise at his speech, but the American replied, "How much will you give me?" "Five hundred dollars." "Nonsense," said our American, and raised his pistol; "I am a good shot—your offer is too low." "You esteem me too highly," said the Prussian, "but I will give you a thousand dollars." "All right," said the Yankee. This was the end of the duel.





COL. BROWN.



GEN. O'NEIL.

THE IMPRISONED FENIAN LEADERS.

On this page we give portraits from photographs by Fay & Ferris, of Malone, N. Y., of five of the half-dozen Fenian prisoners now undergoing sentence in the State prisons of Vermont and New York, for the violation of the American neutrality laws, by aiding and abetting a hostile incursion into Canada in May last. The sixth convicted prisoner, Capt. Monahan, being the most insignificant transgressor of the lot, and having pleaded guilty when tried at Windsor, Vt., on the 30th July last, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and one dollar fine. Gen. O'Neil and Col. John F. Brown pleaded guilty at the same Court and were sentenced, the former to two years' imprisonment and a fine of ten dollars, and the latter to nine months and five dollars fine. Starr, Thompson and Mannix were tried at the Court which opened at Canandaigua on the 14th July. They were all defended but found guilty by the jury, and sentenced by Judge Woodruff, the two former to two years, and Mannix to one year's imprisonment, with a fine of ten dollars each. In the States prison it is said these worthies receive somewhat



CAPT. MANNIX.

more consideration from the officials than do the ordinary class of convicts. This is to be expected, though glancing at their portraits and remembering their past misdeeds, we can scarcely think their present quarters either out of keeping with their appearance, or unbecoming their previous career.

The utter collapse of Fenian movements in the past with the recent action of the American Government in asserting the maintenance of the neutrality laws, furnish together pretty ample security against fresh attempts on the part of American Fenians to liberate Ireland by invading Canada; while the unexpected turn of the war in Europe must have cooled their very sanguine expectations of speedy assistance from France. We may hope that O'Neil and Starr and their colonels and captains will have the pleasure of fulfilling the full term of their imprisonment without the aggravation of seeing any of the rival leaders of the brotherhood leading the rank and file of the brotherhood on to greater achievements than those of Eccles Hill and Trout River, of which their recollections will doubtless be lively for a few years to come.



COL. THOMPSON.



GEN. STARR.

THE IMPRISONED FENIAN LEADERS. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FAY AND FERRIS, MALONE, N. Y.

THE PRUSSIAN ADMIRAL  
AND THE  
PRUSSIAN FLEET.

The command of a national fleet seems at best but an anomalous position for one whose acquaintance with war has been entirely made upon land, and who, to the outside world at least, is better known as an artillery officer than as a naval commander. Yet Prince Adalbert, the present Commander-in-chief of the Prussian Navy, is a man in every way fitted for the post he holds. It is true that he is not a distinguished officer in maritime warfare, for the very good reason that he has had no opportunity of proving his skill therein, and still more because for many years during which he held his present position, the Prussian navy only existed upon paper. It is to him, however, that Prussia owes the not inconsiderable fleet she now possesses.

Henry William Adalbert, Prince of Prussia, was born at Berlin on the 29th of October, 1811. He is the son of Frederick William Charles and Amelia Marie Anne, of Hesse-Homburg, and cousin-german to the King of Prussia. At an early age he commenced his military studies at the artillery school of Berlin, and soon after entered the army, when he was attached to an artillery corps. He evinced at this time a passionate love for travelling, and set out on a series of voyages to the principal countries of Europe. In 1826 he visited Holland, in 1832 England and Scotland, in 1834 St. Petersburg and Moscow, in 1837 Turkey, Greece, and the Ionian Islands. In 1842 the King of Sardinia placed a frigate at his service, and starting from Genoa, the Prince visited Gibraltar, Tangiers, Madeira, and Teneriffe, crossed the ocean and cruised about the coasts of Brazil. On his return to Berlin he published the diary of his journeyings, which has since been translated into English. In 1854 the Prince was charged with the mission of the organisation of the Prussian marine, and received the title of "Admiral of the Prussian coast." At that time the extent of the Prussian sea-coast was comparatively limited; Prussia possessed no naval stations of any importance, and her available fleet was of the smallest. Notwithstanding such discouraging prospects, the Prince set manfully to work to build up Prussia into a naval power. He commenced by organising a gun-boat service for the protection of the coast, and then turned his attention to the construction of war-vessels on a more formidable scale. In 1856 he again embarked for the Mediterranean, where he took part in his first and only naval engagement. While cruising off Cape Tres Forcas, he was attacked by the Riff pirates, whom he dispersed after a sharp engagement, in which he was wounded. On his return to Prussia, Prince Adalbert contracted a morganatic marriage with Madlle. Thérèse Elssler, sister to Fanny Elssler, the celebrated dancer. She was ennobled by the late King, Frederick William IV., under the title of Mme. de Barnim. One son was the result of this marriage, Baron Adalbert de Barnim, who died in Egypt in 1860 of fever.

After his marriage the Prince again devoted himself to his duties in connection with the organisation of a fleet. By his untiring energy and the thorough acquaintance he had formed with matters maritime—the result of his constant journeyings and his visits to the various naval stations of Europe—he succeeded in raising the Prussian navy to a very respectable footing. In 1854, when the Danish war broke out, the effect of the fleet consisted of a total of 85 vessels,

including 2 iron-clads, 8 corvettes, and 23 gun-boats. During this war the Prince took no part in any naval actions, but served with distinction in the army at Nachod and Skalitz.

At the present time the Prussian fleet is not only largely increased in numbers, but is well manned, well organised, and thoroughly well equipped. Since 1860 vessel after vessel has been launched, until Prussia, who fifteen years ago possessed neither fleet nor naval stations, has now become no contemptible naval power, and can boast a fleet second to none in the Baltic, and a line of naval stations and fortresses along her extended coast, to protect her territory from invasion by sea. Bismarck, in choosing Prince Adalbert for the head of the Marine, had, with his usual penetration, placed the right man in the right place.

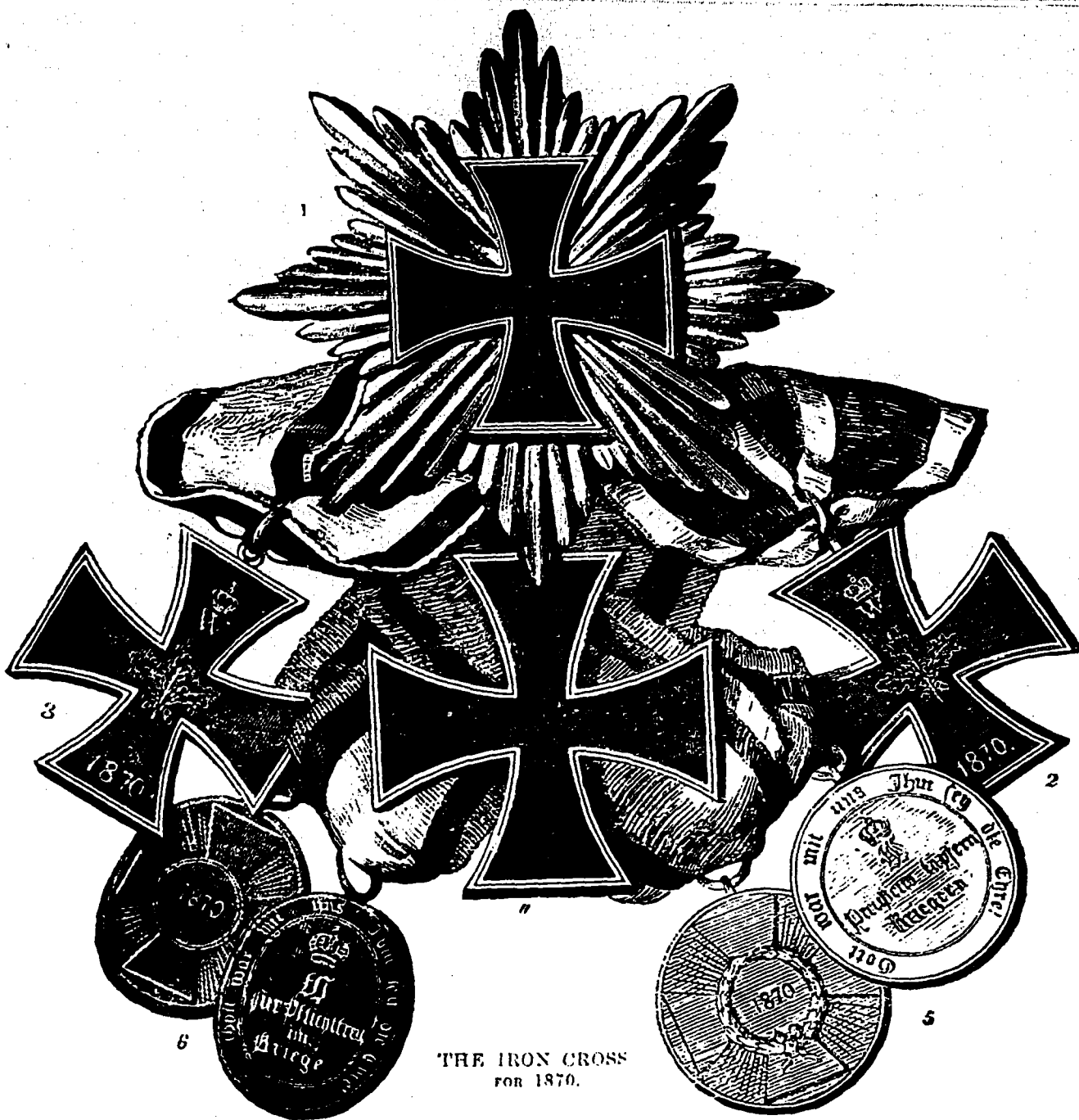
The fleet now consists of three armour-clad frigates, two armour-clad vessels, five corvettes, four gun vessels, two despatch-boats, one steam-yacht (the "Grille," said to be the fastest vessel afloat), three steam-vessels for port service, eight gun-vessels of the first class, and fourteen corvettes of the second order. Fifteen of these are screw-steamers, the rest paddle-steamers. There are also the following sailing vessels:—Three frigates, three brigs, four ships for port service, and 32 long-boats, the latter carrying two guns each. The total of steam-vessels is 88, of 7,892 horse-power, 42,825 tonnage, and carrying 454 guns. Within the last three months the "Renown," one of the finest British two-deckers, of 54 guns and 800 horse-power, has been added to the fleet. The three armour-clad frigates already mentioned are the "Koenig Wilhelm," 23 guns, Prince Adalbert's flagship, built at Blackwall, one of the most formidable iron-clads yet constructed; the "Prinz Friedrich Karl," 16 guns, recently built at Toulon; and the "Kron Prinz," 16 guns, built on the Thames.

Of course such a fleet is not to be compared to the immense naval armaments of England and France, but taking into consideration the extent of Prussian seaboard open to attack, the force is, after all, not contemptible. It must also be borne in mind that the fleet is being rapidly increased. Three iron-clads are nearly completed at Kiel and Dantzig, besides a number of frigates and sloops. To be built by 1877 are eleven iron-clads of the largest size, eleven double-banked frigates, seven heavy sloops and three transports; and of sailing vessels, three frigates and four brigs, amounting to 162 guns and 5,763 tons.

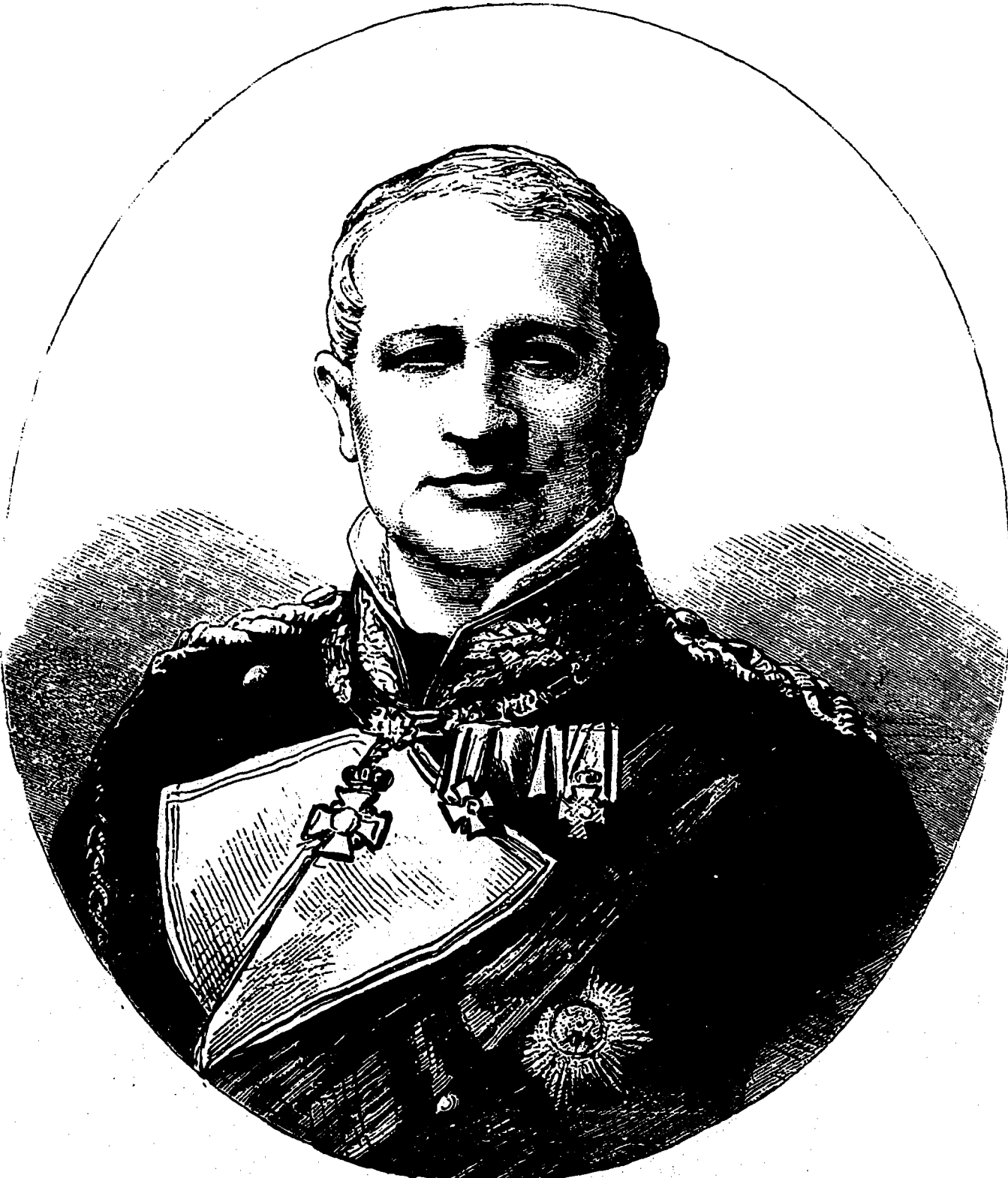
While attending to the augmentation of the navy, the Prussian Admiral has not neglected another and no less important branch. The number of serviceable naval stations on the Baltic has been nearly trebled, and by the acquisition of Schleswig Prussia has possessed herself of a first class port. Besides Kiel, the chief naval station of the German Confederation, she has Wilhelmshafen, Cuxhaven, and Bremerhaven, on the North Sea; and on the Baltic, Wismar, Stralsund, Stettin, Dantzig, and Koenigsberg, all of which have been materially strengthened and fortified.

THE IRON CROSS.

The celebrated Prussian order of the Iron Cross has been re-established. Like the Victoria Cross to the English soldier, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour to the Frenchman, it is the decoration that every Prussian soldier hopes to possess before he dies. The decoration is in itself a simple one—a plain eight-pointed cross of iron or bronze, intrinsically worth



THE IRON CROSS  
FOR 1870.



PRINCE ADALBERT OF PRUSSIA.

but a few cents. But it is well known that this paltry cross is only given as the reward of the highest merit or the most daring valour, and it is appreciated accordingly, far above the richest decorations of foreign nations.

The Order of the Iron Cross was instituted on the 10th of March, 1813, by Frederick William III. It was intended exclusively for Prussian subjects who distinguished themselves in the war of German liberation. The idea of having a plain iron decoration arose with the intention of recalling and perpetuating the hardy virtues, the indomitable energy and the stubborn valour of the heroes of the Iron Age, and to contrast them with the effeminacy and the cowardice which made themselves so conspicuous amid the magnificence and luxury which characterized the Golden Age. Thousands of iron crosses were distributed from 1813 to 1815, though but few of these are now to be seen. Blucher's cross, bestowed upon him after Waterloo, is still carefully preserved in the Historical Museum of Berlin. It consists (as shown in fig. 1) of the iron cross of the first class surrounded by a golden nimbus—the only case on record where the precious metal was allowed to figure on a decoration of the Order.

After a lapse of fifty-five years, when Prussia was once more threatened with an invasion, King William has re-established the Order. By an order in council dated the 19th of July, the day after the proclamation of war, he declared his intention of reviving the order "in its entire significance," and gave instructions for the casting of the insignia. With the exception of the change in date and the substitution of the present King's initial for the F. W. which appeared on the decorations of 1813, no change has been made in the fashion or appearance of the crosses. Of these there are four kinds, of the same shape and material, but of different size, with different inscriptions, and worn with differently coloured ribbon. The cross is invariably of cast-iron, and, with the single exception of the Grand Cross, has a silver border running along its edge. This latter decoration, the highest of the order, and which is only bestowed upon the winner of an important battle, is of plain cast-iron, twice the size of the ordinary cross, and without border, effigy, or inscription. It is worn with a black and white ribbon round the neck. The first-class cross (Fig. 4 in the plate) is also a plain cross of large size, but is worn on the left breast, without ribbon of any kind. The second-class cross (Fig. 2.) bears on its upper arm the crown with the royal initial, in the centre three oak leaves, symbolical of firmness and courage, and on the lower arm the date of the war. This cross is worn on the left breast with a black ribbon, edged with white. The same cross with a similar ribbon—the colours being reversed—(Fig. 3.) is intended for civilians who may render distinguished services to the country during the war. Besides these crosses, two medals, also appertaining to the Order, have been cast—one for the military, and the other for civilians. The first is of copper, (Fig. 5.) and is worn with an orange, black, and white striped ribbon. It bears on the obverse: in the centre the crown and royal initial, with the inscription beneath—*Preussens Tapfern Kriegern*—"to Prussia's brave soldiers;" around this is the legend, *Gott war mit uns, Ihm die Ehre*—"God was with us, to Him be the honour." On the reverse is a wreath and cross, with the date in the centre. The civilians' medal (Fig. 6.) is oval, and of cast-iron. The legend around the obverse is the same as on the last mentioned medal, but the inscription under the crown and initial runs: *Für Pflichtern im Kriege*, "for duty performed in the war." On the reverse the wreath upon the cross is wanting. The colours of the ribbon are in this case transposed; white, black, and orange.

The first Iron Cross awarded during the present war was given to the Crown Prince after the defeat of the French at Wörth.

#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 11.—	Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. Battle of Plattsburg, 1814.
MONDAY,	" 12.—	Steur de Frontenac, Governor of Canada, 1672.
TUESDAY,	" 13.—	Quebec captured and General Wolfe killed, 1759.
WEDNESDAY,	" 14.—	Holy Cross. Jacques Cartier arrived at Quebec, 1535. Duke of Wellington died, 1852.
THURSDAY,	" 15.—	New York taken, 1776. Huskisson killed, 1830.
FRIDAY,	" 16.—	George I. landed in England, 1714. First Atlantic Telegraph opened, 1858.
SATURDAY	" 17.—	Lambert, Bp. First U. C. Parliament met at Niagara, 1792.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

SEDAN has been the Waterloo of the Second Empire. After three days of heroic fighting, engaged in during the fatigue of an exhausting march, against superior numbers having on their side all the stratagetic advantages which the choice of attack in the open country affords, McMahon's gallant army was beaten back upon Sedan, and he himself very seriously, if not fatally wounded. In this plight the command of McMahon's shattered and worn out battalions was turned over to Gen. Wimpfen, a veteran who was himself suffering from wounds received in Algeria, and who knew nothing of the position except that it was impossible to hold it against such overwhelming odds. The Emperor, who accompanied McMahon, and had been under a hot Prussian fire for several hours by the side of his brave and trusty Marshal, now saw that his cause was lost, and directing Gen. Wimpfen to capitulate, he himself wrote to King William stating that he had no command; that the regent at Paris had

the direction of affairs, and that he (Napoleon) would place his sword in the hands of the King!

"The Emperor," said King William, in one of his despatches to the Queen, "was cast down, but dignified." Cast down he certainly was, for he must have felt that while his sword was formally tendered to the enemy, his sceptre was being smashed to atoms by those over whom he had so long borne sway; that the magic of his name had lost its charm, and that the hopes of his dynasty were deferred to remote and uncertain chances in the future, if not blighted for ever. His personal popularity, waning before, but which he endeavoured to restore by military achievements, he must have regarded as forfeited once for all; and it may well have been that he preferred the humiliation of leaving Sedan through the Prussian lines rather than risk the more painful feelings which his reappearance, shorn of his dignities, would have created among his own troops. None will refuse the fallen Emperor a meed of sympathy in the hour of his humiliation. Though not since the days of the *coup d'état* was he ever so unpopular, outside of France, as just at the time when he declared war with Prussia, yet now when disaster has so speedily overtaken him, it is impossible to forget that he has many more claims to sympathy than those that are merely begotten of misfortune, and even these, in his case, are too strong to be disregarded. If France to-day stands firm and orderly in the face of such extraordinary trials; if she passes from the Empire to the Republic, without internal convulsion, it is due not more to the presence of the enemy at her gates than to the wise and patriotic policy which the Emperor has pursued in developing the resources of the country, giving stability to its institutions, and as many privileges to its people as they seemed to be capable of turning to good account. For it is to be remembered that Napoleon had not only Republicans and Socialists to deal with, on the one side, but disaffected reactionists on the other; and, apart from these two classes, he had above all to conciliate the commercial, manufacturing, and moneyed classes, who cared little to risk stability in chasing the phantom of liberty. That he has, in spite of many grave errors, ruled the country well, is seen by its wealth and prosperity, the renovation of its capital city, and the education of the people in the art of governing through the combined operation of monarchical authority and representative institutions. The former is set aside for the time being, and "Vive la République" is the cry of the hour; but it would be too soon yet to aver that France will permanently abandon the kingly and Imperial associations of the past, and definitively accept Republican Government. The unpopularity of the Emperor, so much heightened by recent disasters, has undoubtedly made the Republicans complete masters of the situation, but the acceptance of the Republic throughout the departments is to be regarded as submission to a necessity created by the circumstances of the hour rather than as a declaration in favour of Republicanism *per se*. It is, however, unquestionably certain that the second Empire has ended, and ended like the first, through the disasters which have befallen the Imperial arms in the field.

It might at first sight seem surprising that Napoleon had not made the closing act of his eventful public career somewhat more dramatic. There are two versions of his letter of surrender. The first we have already summarised; the second, still more brief, is—"As I cannot die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty." When we say that the latter is given by the correspondent of the *New York Tribune* we have said enough to insure its being esteemed as, at least, apocryphal. In fact, as the Emperor himself instructed Gen. Wimpfen to make a separate capitulation for the army, there is strong evidence that the *Tribune* correspondent's version is wrong; and, perhaps, his head had been turned by the glass of Belgian beer he had the honour of drinking with General Sheridan and Count Bismarck—the latter "standing treat"—when the news of the surrender reached headquarters. But the Emperor might have written that, as King William waged war against the Empire and not against France, the Emperor surrendered that hostilities might be stayed. This, however, would have involved the consequences of a formal abdication, and the renunciation of the claims of his son. The Emperor, therefore, acted on his individual responsibility and technically preserved the pretensions of the dynasty by deferring all power to the regency. Neither could he have doubted but that his surrender would be followed by the proclamation of the Republic; and hence his reported refusal to assume to negotiate while he was a prisoner. He has thus, in his last extremity, left the King of Prussia to deal with an antagonist he hates still more even than the Empire, *i. e.* the Republic. That the Prussians would pause in the midst of their victorious career, to permit the establishment of a Republic in France is hardly to be expected; for nowhere has "popular government" two more earnest and consistent opponents than in the persons of King William

and his wily Minister Bismarck. The democratic aspirations of Germany were stifled for a time in the cause of German unity; but it can scarcely be questioned that a free, prosperous French Republic would powerfully assist the revival of democratic ideas in Germany, and tend to make the realization of a German Empire far more hopeless than it would have been under the late *regime*. Thus the Emperor, in his fall, has opened the door to possible complications for the crowned heads of continental Europe more grave, and perhaps more momentous in their consequences, than any that have occurred since 1848-49, when, with a strong hand, he strangled European Republicanism in its cradle, since which he has laboured hard, if not with ultimate success, for the reconciliation of kingly government with free popular institutions. History will judge Napoleon with more calmness, and with a better appreciation of facts and circumstances than the world can do at the present day; but surely all will admit that, if he has imitated some of the worst acts of his uncle, he has also excelled many of his best. He said, and he said truly, that "the Empire was peace," for, passing over the Crimean, Mexican and Italian wars, engaged in for other thrones than his own, the Empire has fallen at the first serious shock of arms. Will the Republic be as peaceful as the Empire?

#### OTTAWA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

We have received a copy of the prize list and regulations for the Second Annual Exhibition, to be held at Ottawa under the auspices of the Ottawa Agricultural Society, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, on the splendid grounds of the Society adjoining the swing bridge over the canal. The competition is open to all comers, and the usual favourable arrangements have been entered into for the transportation of stock, machinery, &c., to and from the exhibition. Two thousand five hundred dollars are offered in prizes, numbering nearly eight hundred, and embracing the usual classes in stock, agricultural and horticultural products, machinery, &c., &c., the total number of classes being thirty-four. There is every prospect that this exhibition will be a great success, notwithstanding the awful destruction by fire in some of the districts around Ottawa, for much zeal and judgment have been exercised by the promoters of the exhibition, who are all men of experience and have their hearts thoroughly in the work. The agriculturists of the Ottawa valley have always been placed at a great disadvantage as compared with those of other portions of Ontario, with respect to the Provincial Exhibition; the only reasonable chance they have of exhibiting at it being once in four years, when it is held in Kingston. The City of Ottawa Agricultural Society will best remedy this defect by keeping up their local show every year, and holding it at a time when exhibitors who prove successful may have the opportunity of competing at the Provincial Fair. The people of London have had great success with their "Western" Exhibition, which they hold every year that they do not have the Provincial Exhibition at London, and we do not see why the Ottawa valley should not have equal success. In fact, with the men at the head of the Ottawa Society, and with the good-will and co-operation of the officers and patrons of the neighbouring county and township societies, their success seems assured. Thursday and Friday of the exhibition week are the days set apart for the public; admission to the grounds by ticket, 25 cents each. We presume the railways will as usual issue half-fare tickets to those intending to visit the exhibition.

The downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty does not as yet give cause to hope for an early peace. Though the King of Prussia declared that he made war not against the French people, but against the Empire, yet he continues the struggle, when the Empire has fallen and the Emperor is a prisoner in his hands. We have remarked elsewhere that Napoleon's surrender would be a source of embarrassment to Prussia in forcing the declaration of the Republic. Already the new government has turned the King's own words against him, because of the continued prosecution of the war, as the following despatch, dated Paris, 7th inst., will show:—

"A circular has just been issued by Jules Favre, which contains the following points: The policy of France is peace, leaving Germany the master of her own destinies. The King of Prussia had said that he made war against the dynasty, and not against France; yet the dynasty is gone and France is free; yet is this impious war continued. Will the King face this responsibility before the world and before history? France yields not one foot of soil, not a stone of a fortress. A shameless peace means the extermination of our cause, and that of Europe. We are undismayed; the army is resolute and provided. Three hundred thousand combatants can hold Paris to the last. They can hold the city for three months and conquer. If crushed, France will arise and avenge it. Let Europe know that the ministry have no other aim or ambition than peace; but war proving inevitable, we will continue the struggle, confident of the triumph of justice."

The Quebec Council of Agriculture will hold their Annual Exhibition at the Agricultural grounds, in this City, near Mile End, on the 13th, 14th, and 15th inst. The prizes offered amount to \$12,000 or \$15,000.



LITERARY NOTICE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON; by an Etonian; New York, Harper and Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

Mr. Hughes seems to have set a fashion in his "Tom Brown's School-days," which bids fair to become exceedingly popular. Since the publication of that very interesting and well-written history of school-life, numberless works have appeared descriptive of the way and doings at the principal English public schools.

Apart from the question of style and idiom, this little work recommends itself as an interesting *exposé* of public-school doings; which to many native Canadians will have the additional advantage of being entirely new.

SCOTTISH SONG.—The inexhaustible wealth of pleasure and amusement to be extracted from the song lore of "Auld Scotland," has received a new illustration by Mr. Angus Fairbairn and the Misses Bennett, who have, for the first time in Canada, appeared in public in this city.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "C. I. NEWS."—Messrs. Dawson Bros. advertise that they are prepared to bind the Canadian Illustrated News at \$1.50 or \$2 per volume, according to style.

BOOKS RECEIVED FROM MESSRS. DAWSON BROTHERS, MONTREAL; HARPER BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK:

CHARLES DICKENS, The Story of his Life; by the author of the life of Thackeray.

VERONICA; A novel, by the author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," &c.

We learn that M. Uriarte, the Consul General of Spain in this city for North America, is replaced by Don Joaquim de Sarrustequi.

THE WAR NEWS

During the past few days the situation of the two contending armies has been completely changed, and in such a manner as to seriously affect, not only the Government, but the ruling dynasty of France.

The battle of the 30th ult., at Beaumont, resulted in the withdrawal of McMahon beyond the Meuse, in the direction of Montmédy. The despatches announcing the engagement are so contradictory that it is difficult to make out the truth.

city." It would appear from subsequent events that McMahon was seriously wounded, and that the French were utterly routed, for 13,000 French troops crossed the Belgian frontier, were disarmed and conducted into the interior.

On Friday, the 2nd inst., Gen. Wimpfen, who replaced McMahon at Sedan, capitulated with his whole army, and the Emperor surrendered to King William. A despatch, dated the 3rd, stated in addition that Marshal Bazaine, with the entire force in occupation of Metz, had surrendered to the besieging army on receiving the news of the Emperor's surrender.

After his surrender the Emperor had an interview with King William, who assigned to him Wilhelmshaus, near Cassel, as his future residence. On Sunday, accompanied by the Count de Choiseul, he crossed the Belgian frontier, and proceeded to Cassel by way of Bouillon and Verviers.

The news of the capitulation of McMahon's army and the Emperor's surrender was announced in Paris on Sunday by the following proclamation:—

"TO THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE.

A great misfortune has come upon the country. After the three days' heroic struggles sustained by the army of Marshal McMahon against three hundred thousand of the enemy, forty thousand men have been made prisoners. General DeWimpfen, who took command of the army in place of McMahon, who was badly wounded, signed the capitulation.

(Signed) COCOT DE PALIKAO, And the Council of Ministers."

The excitement on the announcement of this intelligence was intense. The story of the capture of the Emperor was freely circulated, but was not credited. A report was also spread that McMahon was dead. Large crowds surrounded the Corps Legislatif, where the deputies were sitting, and it was generally reported that a secret session was being held, and that a Dictatorship would be announced.

"The Déchéance has been pronounced in the Corps Legislatif. The Republic has been proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville. A Government of National Defence, composed of 11 members of all the Deputies of Paris has been constituted and ratified by popular acclamation.

"For the Government of National Defence, the Minister of the Interior. (Signed)—Leon Gambetta."

The following were appointed members of the new cabinet: Leon Gambetta, Minister of the Interior; Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Pierre Magne, Finance; Jules Simon, Public Instruction; Crémieux, Justice; Gen. Trochu, War; Grévy, President of the Council; Lavertigne, Secretary.

It is understood that the Government urges the nation to make an unyielding defence, and declares the dismemberment of France impossible. The King of Prussia, they say, proclaimed that he was warring only against Napoleon.

With the proclamation of the Republic an amnesty has been granted to political offenders. The doors of the Press prison at Mazas have been thrown open, and hundreds who

had sought refuge in foreign countries have returned to France. Among these latter are Ledru Rollin, Victor Hugo, the Count de Paris, the Prince de Joinville, the Duc de Chartres, and the Duc d'Aumale. On the other hand, it is stated that Palikao and Chevreau have fled to Belgium.

SCIENCE AND ART.

An important artistic discovery has just been made at Reichenbach, in Silesia. A portrait of Luther has been found, buried under a heap of rubbish, in the passage leading from the school to the Lutheran church.

The Bulletin Scientifique et Historique du Nord, of France, says that an interesting discovery has been made at Esquermes by M. Rigaux fils, a young archaeologist of Lille. It consists of objects of the period of Constantine, eight vases, one of which is supposed to be a cinerary urn, a pitcher, a bowl with saucer, drinking cups, and vases for offerings, fibulae, &c.

OAKUM A SUBSTITUTE FOR LINT.—Mr. H. Pownall has submitted to Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay's Committee a sample of fine-picked oakum, which has been used in some of the London Hospitals as a substitute for lint in dressing wounds.

DEATH TESTS.—At the recent meeting of the Academy of Medicine of Paris Dr. Laborde read a paper on the above subject. The author says:—"If a highly-polished steel needle be thrust to a sufficient depth into the tissues of a living man or animal, the needle after a short time will have lost its polish, and be in fact oxidised.

Lord Bury, M. P., is gazetted a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The Marquis of Hertford, who has just died at Paris, it is rumoured has left a large portion of his personal property to the Prince Imperial.

The Brehon Law Commissioners have in press the second volume of "The Ancient Laws and Institutes of Ireland," it will contain the remaining portion of the "Senchus Mor" and "The Book of Aicill," a work on Irish Criminal Law.

The New York Army and Navy Journal tells the following anecdote:—Two years ago, a distinguished American soldier called upon Gen. Von Moltke at the War Office in Berlin, where he found the great Prussian strategist poring over his maps of the Rhine frontier.

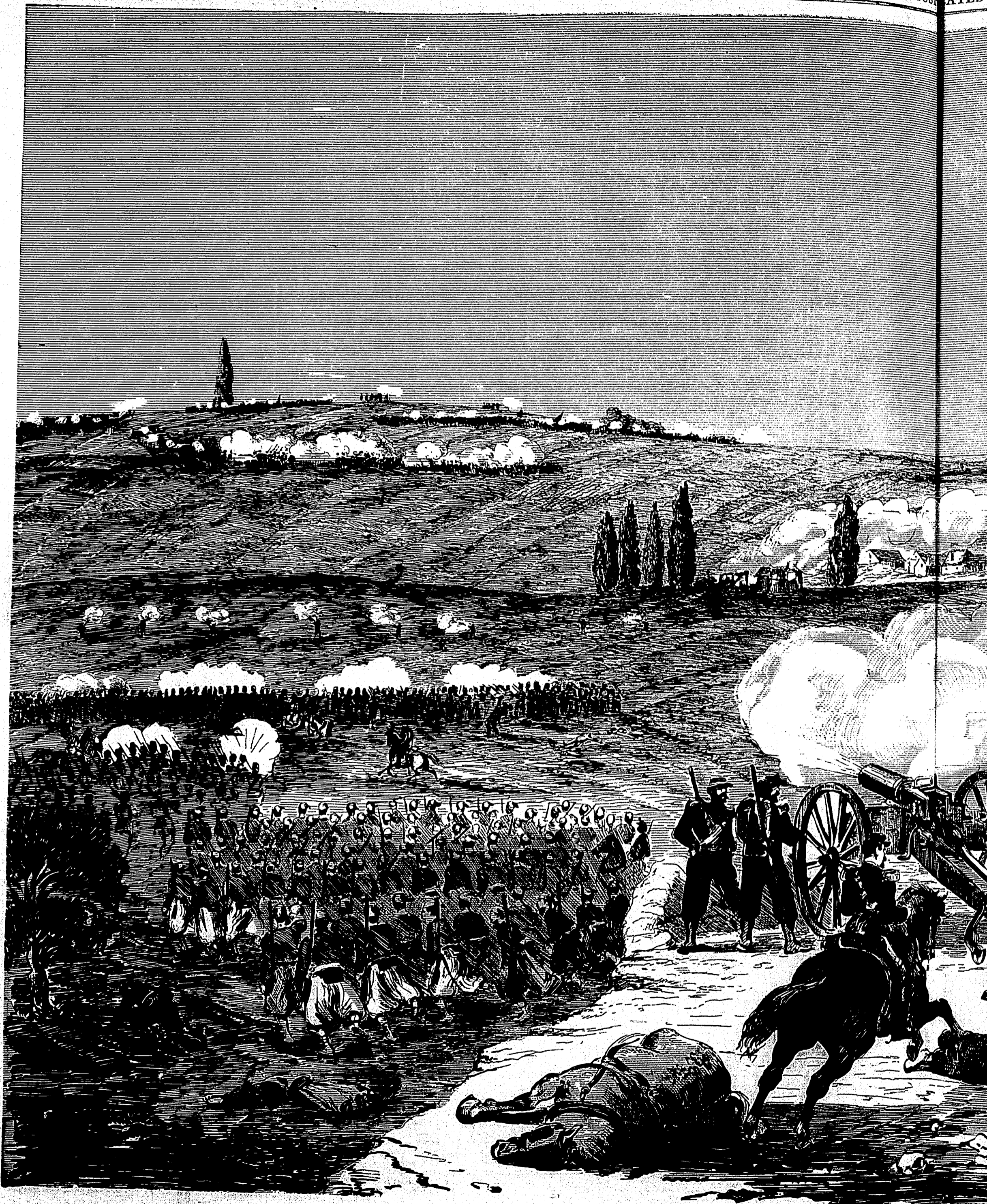
A Californian contracted with a Chinaman for building him fourteen houses. The Chinaman hired a carpenter to build the first one, carefully watched every movement made, then discharged his employee, and built the rest himself.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 3 columns: Day, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Rows include We'nsday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday for Aug 31 and Sept 1-6.

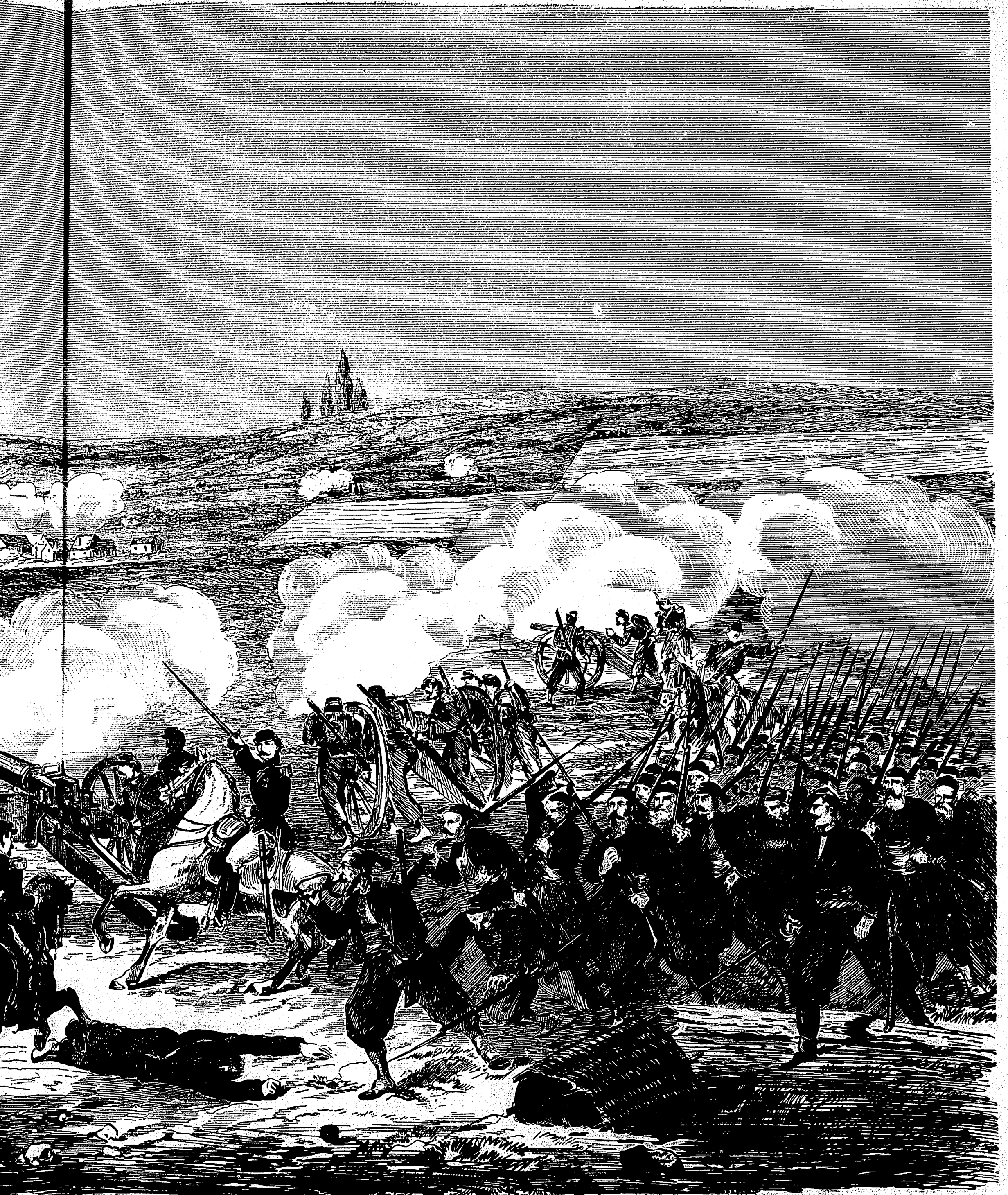
Table with 3 columns: Day, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Rows include We'nsday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday for Aug 31 and Sept 1-6.





THE WAR.—BATTLE BEFORE METZ, AUG. 14.







## PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BY F. BERT HARTS.

Which I wish to remark—  
And my language is plain—  
That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;  
And I shall not deny  
In regard to the same  
What that name might imply,  
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,  
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;  
And quite soft was the skies;  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
And Ah Sin took a hand:  
It was Euchre. The same  
He did not understand;  
But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
In a way that I grieve,  
And my feelings were shocked  
At the state of Nye's sleeve;  
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
By that heathen Chinese,  
And the points that he made,  
Were quite frightful to see—  
Till at last he put down a right bower,  
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
And he gazed upon me;  
And he rose with a sigh  
And said, "Can this be?  
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour,"—  
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand,  
But the floor it was strewed  
Like the leaves on the strand  
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,  
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
He had twenty-four packs—  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the facts;  
And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar—  
Which the same I am free to maintain.  
—Overland Monthly.

## ON THE SCIENCE OF SLEEP AND DREAMS.

From ancient times sleep and dreams have been regarded by philosophers and students of nature with the deepest interest. It is, therefore, the more remarkable that until very recently one of the most important questions in connection with the theme—namely, the cause of sleep and the reason of its periodical return, has been but very imperfectly answered. Two years ago Professor Pettenkofer, of Munich, a gentleman widely celebrated for his researches into the cause of cholera, in the course of his experiments upon the exchange of gases in the human system, gave a perfectly satisfactory reply to the inquiry.

It has long been known that the oxygen taken in during the act of breathing plays a very important part, inasmuch as through its union with the substance of our bodies the vital forces are generated. In every process of life, however insignificant, a certain quantity of oxygen is consumed. It is, in a sense, the steam power by which the living machine is driven, and the amount used can be measured by the quantity of carbonic acid generated and set free in the act of expiration. For this purpose Pettenkofer, assisted by Voit, has contrived an apparatus, and has thereby brought to light the unexpected fact that during the day, even with the slightest efforts, we give forth proportionately much more carbonic acid, or, in other words, consume much more oxygen than we receive during the same period.

From this interesting fact there naturally arises the important inquiry, by what means is this daily deficiency supplied? Here, also, Pettenkofer's researches furnish us with a satisfactory answer. Sleep is the prudent minister of finance, who every night, by a wise economy, makes up the losses of the day, for in sleep we not only consume half as much less oxygen as we do in the day, but we take in twice as much as we do when we are awake. During sleep we lay up a store of oxygen which enables us without fear to look forward to the deficiency of the morrow. Is not this arrangement truly worthy of our warmest admiration? Many a State might congratulate itself if its financial administration were conducted on similar principles. Once more we find that nature is the best teacher, giving us a lesson in national economy from the philosophy of sleep.

We have laid down the principle that in every process of life, no matter how trifling it may seem, we consume a certain proportion of oxygen. Every motion, every sensation, even every thought is such a process. If we shake hands with a friend, if we look at him, or affectionately think of him, our heart beating quicker at the thought, we suffer the loss of a definite quantity of oxygen; a certain portion of our body is

consumed and changed into carbonic acid. All this sounds horribly material, but it is, nevertheless, perfectly true, and is sustained by the best possible proofs—namely, those arising from the economy of the human system. During sleep its task is to be sparing of oxygen, and like a wise householder, who avoids all useless and luxurious indulgence, and limits himself to such expenditure as is necessary for his subsistence, it faithfully performs it.

But what are these things which we may regard as the luxurious expenditure of our organism? Above all we must include in this category the whole range of the activity of the senses, since such activity is not indispensably necessary for the maintenance of life. In sleep we may strike off with comfort the charges connected with sight. The muscles of the eye first refuse their service. A peculiar feeling of pressure and heaviness in the upper eyelids informs us that they are preparing for sleep, and the impossibility of fixing the eye steadily upon any object betrays to us the fact that the muscles which cause the convergence of the axis of sight can no longer perform their part. With the closing of the eyelids the excitement of the retina ceases, and the nerves of the eye sink into repose.

The next organs which cease their activity during the process of falling asleep are the ears. Possessing no closing apparatus like the eyes they do not so easily enter into a state of repose. Here, so to speak, sleep has to struggle for its rights. The best example of this we may find in our own experience, if we have been so unfortunate, or shall I say fortunate, as to fall asleep under a tedious lecture or sermon. After we have gradually lost the thread of the discourse, and our eyes are enjoying their well-earned rest, the words still continue to sound in our ears, but we are no longer in a condition to recognize and understand them. Gradually they become more confused, and at length end in a dull and inarticulate murmur which seems to withdraw itself farther and farther from us, until at last it is entirely lost.

In the meantime the sensitiveness of the skin begins to be lessened. In vain our friendly neighbour wears himself to serve us from the annoyance of falling asleep by gently pushing us and treading upon our toes. All his efforts fail. Sensation, if not altogether lost, is so materially lowered that it will respond only to strong provocation. The senses of smell and taste cease their activity, and so at length we are pretty well relieved of all our five senses.

At last the muscles controlled by the will sleep also. When we sleep in a comfortable bed we are hardly conscious of this, and the best opportunity for observing it is when wearied by an uninteresting discourse, we must sleep sitting. Who has not been grieved to find the impertinent muscles of his neck suddenly refusing to carry his head upright? And as long as the struggle between sleeping and waking is continued, there is exhibited to the mischievous spectator the highly amusing but treacherous nodding of the head.

Thus the body has, like a frugal housekeeper, discharged its obligations, and unsparingly reduced all expenditure for mere pleasure and luxury. But this is not enough; it materially curtails the charges for the nourishment of its tissues and the renewal of its substance. The action of the heart is diminished to a speed varying from three to ten strokes; the blood comes less often into contact with the general structure, and, therefore, imparts to it less oxygen. Naturally, therefore, the functions of the bodily organs generally are limited, and, above all, suffers that very important organ, the brain, of which we must further speak.

The brain is that organ by which we discharge our mental functions. Whether our views are materialistic or spiritual, we must adhere to the principle that mental activity is inseparably connected with the brain. It is the instrument by which the soul manifests its activity, and, as from an imperfect instrument the most skillful performer can produce only imperfect music, so the capabilities of the mind are dependent upon the state of the brain. As in sleep its nourishment is considerably lowered by the diminished supply of blood, so also, as Durham's experiments upon sleeping animals, whose skulls he partially opened, have shown, the arterial, that is, the oxygen bearing vessels, are more contracted and less abundantly filled than in the waking condition, and, consequently, the capability of the brain is much less. Mental activity is reduced to a minimum, and especially must all complicated processes, above all things the judgment, come to a pause. Still our thoughts and ideas continue to spin themselves out even in sleep, according to the same indestructible law as they do when we are awake, but they lack the regulating and limiting conduct of the judgment and the understanding. This partial activity of the brain is to dream.

The dream is not a dark and inexplicable something of whose origin we are ignorant; it is a product of the same brain function which is active in our waking state. Our thoughts in dreaming depend as much upon the association of ideas as they do when we are awake. In accordance with this law every idea immediately on its rise calls up a series of other ideas connected with it by resemblance of circumstance, similarity of sound in the words which express it, or agreement in the order of time, etc. If, when we are awake, we surrender ourselves to the influence of the law of idea association, and do not voluntarily interfere with it, it comes to pass that when we hear a shot we think of the hunt, and then occurs to us the newspaper report that the king has gone to indulge in the pleasure of the chase, and the similarity in sound probably leads us to think of King, the natural philosopher.

In the waking state the judgment always exercises a restraining influence upon the play of our fancy, and prevents us from joining together the unusual and incongruous; but in sleep our ideas are associated in the lowest manner. When we are awake one idea follows another; but when we are asleep, several ideas simultaneously present themselves, and, uniting together, form themselves into one complex whole; or, from the rapidity with which they follow each other, and the indistinctness of their connection, one idea unobserved takes the place of another, and then we see in the above illustration not the king at the hunt, but King, the philosopher, and thus are originated the most wonderful dream combinations, the source of which we seldom succeed in discovering.

In the waking state we can, as I have already said, call up ideas by an effort of the will. We can think of what we wish. This, however, is not always the case. Very often it happens, as if by accident, that ideas spring from the treasure of our memory to which we voluntarily give further entertainment, or by which we are unwillingly led to other ideas distasteful to us. So also in dreams, where the voluntary calling up of

any given idea is impossible, the mind is led to involuntary activity by means of ideas stored up in the memory. Most frequently the first impetus to a series of dream-pictures is given by some marked and striking impression which has been made upon us during the day, or by thoughts which have occupied our minds shortly before falling asleep. These ideas are often uninterruptedly continued; but not less often we are rapidly led to other ideas, and we are then unable to detect the connection between the two.

When we are awake the impressions of the senses are by far the most prolific source of mental activity. But in sleep, as we have seen, the senses have ceased to exercise their functions, though still, to a certain extent, capable of excitement. Under strong impressions the senses of hearing and of feeling are susceptible even in deep sleep, but the resulting idea is almost always confused, and often an entirely different image is presented; just as in the twilight we sometimes take the trunk of a tree for a man sitting by the wayside. The indistinctness of the impression made upon the senses allows the fancy to fill it up in its own colours, and so it comes to pass that any excitement of the senses of hearing or feeling in sleep gives occasion for dreams, of which only the most general outline originates in external conditions. There are many examples of this on record. Meyer narrates that he once dreamed that he was attacked by robbers, who laid him full length on his back upon the ground, into which they drove a stake, passing it between two of his toes; but on awaking he found that those two members were only separated by a straw!

Another relates that, having a bottle of hot water placed at his feet, he dreamed that he had reached the top of Etna, and was treading on burning lava. In a similar manner, if we are uneasy in bed and throw off the covering, we dream that in the cold of winter we are wandering half clad through the streets; or, if there is a strong wind blowing, we dream of storms and shipwreck; or a knocking at the door produces dreams of an attack by thieves. It is very seldom that words spoken in sleep are distinctly understood, and equally seldom that they call up in the mind of the sleeper the idea they represent. I may mention an instance or two in which dreams could be controlled in this way. Dr Abercrombie relates that an English officer who accompanied the expedition to Ludwigsburg in 1758 dreamed, to the great delight of his comrades, any kind of dream they chose, according to the words they whispered in his ear. Another example is given by Kluge: A rejected lover, who had secured the favour of the lady's mother, obtained permission to whisper his name in her ear while she slept. Very soon there was a remarkable change in her conduct towards him, and at last she gave him her hand. On being questioned about the change, she replied that she had become attached to him in vivid and oft-repeated dreams. For the truth of this story we cannot vouch; at the same time we do not deny its probability; and any one who pleases may, as a last resort, try its effect upon the heart of his beloved.

The excitement of the internal susceptibilities gives occasion for dreams almost more frequently than the external senses. By internal susceptibilities I mean those sensations which indicate to us the position of our internal organs, and which are usually known as general feelings, and to which belong the condition of being well and unwell. In perfect health we are not anxious of the action of our various organs. We do not feel that we have a stomach or a heart or muscles, etc.; but so soon as there is any functional disturbance of these members, to say nothing of the pain by which it is sometimes accompanied, we are made aware of their existence by a certain undefined sense of uncomfortableness. These sensations come within our consciousness during sleep, but, as might be expected, darkly and indistinctly. Connected with them in a similar manner as with the impressions of the external senses, are certain symbolic dream-pictures, the most common of which is nightmare. This originates in a cramped condition of the respiratory muscles, and a consequent difficulty of breathing. Similar results will follow if the stomach be overloaded, for it then presses upon the diaphragm, and thereby confines the lungs. When we are awake we trace this disordered respiration to its correct cause—namely, a local affection of the organs of the chest, and there it ends; but in sleep we are incapable of this reasoning, and therefore, in harmony with the law of association, there arises from the feeling of oppression the idea of weight and the image of a superincumbent object. We also dream of heavily laden waggons passing over us, or of dark, shadowy apparitions emerging from the ceiling, and gradually settling down upon us.

Not unfrequently we find that, instead of this, we dream of some great trouble or sudden fright, for in the waking state experiences often render respiration difficult. We then dream, for example, that we are attacked by robbers; and when we endeavour to secure our safety by flight, we find, to our consternation, that our feet refuse to serve us, and we remain, as it were, rooted to the ground. We try to call for help, but find that we are unable to produce a single sound, until at last, after long struggling, the muscles of respiration are released from their restraint, and we awake—sometimes with a loud cry.

In a similar manner is experienced the dream of falling from a great height. It usually happens while we are falling asleep, and depends upon the circumstance that the gradual relaxing of the muscles caused by sleep is, by some momentary excitement, reversed, and the result is a shrinking back of the body similar to that experienced in falling from any lofty position. Somewhat different from this is the dream of flying. According to Scherner it depends upon our consciousness of the action of the lungs, their rising and falling motion giving to us in our dream the notion of flight. There are a great many more conditions of the body which, if they come into our consciousness during sleep, awake in us, in harmony with the law of the association of ideas, a certain kind of dreams. The emotions also produce a definite impression upon their character. "Great joy," some one has written, "originates a different class of dreams than great sorrow; and ardent love gives rise to dreams not produced by hatred, deep repentance, or an accusing conscience."

If we accustom ourselves attentively to notice our dreams, we shall easily perceive the confirmation of the law laid down. But we shall also find that it is exceedingly difficult to reproduce a dream correctly. It is so for two reasons. The imagery of dreams, in by far the greater number of cases, is so indistinct and shadowy, and its particulars so inadequate, that, by the effort to recall them, we involuntarily bring to our help the imaginative power of our waking moments, and thereby give to them definite colour and outline. The other reason is,

the innate tendency of the human mind to look at all things in their logical connections. When our dreams consist of a series of pictures, often connected only by the very loose bond of the association of ideas, we bring to them by their reproduction, unintentionally, of course, a logical connection and correspondence with real life which originally they did not possess.

During the period of deepest sleep the function of the brain is so weakened that we retain no recollection of it, and sound sleep has, therefore, come to be called a dreamless sleep. Sometimes we know that we have dreamed, but are wholly unable to recall a single trace of that which has engaged our sleeping thoughts. But shortly before we wake, when the oxygen stored up in the blood corpuscles begins to bring the process of waste and repair in the brain into more energetic operation, our dreams become more lively and connected, and, for this reason, are more easily retained by the memory. The cases are very few in which dreams are so vivid that we are unable to distinguish them from real events. Professor Jessen, a celebrated physician to the insane, gives a striking example, in the following words:

"One winter morning, between the hours of five and six, I was awoke, as I believe, by the head keeper, who informed me that the friends of a patient had come to remove him, and at the same time he inquired whether anything required mention. I replied that he might permit the patient to depart, and immediately lay down again to sleep. I had no sooner done this than it occurred to me that of the intended removal of this patient I had heard nothing, but that it was of the departure of a woman of the same name I had been advised. I was compelled, therefore, to seek further information, and, having hastily dressed myself, I went to the dwelling of the keeper, whom, to my astonishment, I found only half clad. Upon my asking him where the people were who had come to fetch away the patient, he replied, with surprise depicted in his countenance, that he knew nothing of it, for he had only just risen, and had seen no one. This reply did not deceive me, and I rejoined that it must have been the steward who had visited me, and I would go to him; but as I was descending the steps which led to his house it struck me that the whole affair was a dream—a fact, however, which I had not until that moment suspected."

This example is particularly interesting from the length of time which elapsed after the professor awoke, and during which he had been thoroughly aroused by the act of dressing and going to the keeper, yet the delusion which regarded the dream as a reality continued, and at last, without any apparent cause, suddenly vanished.

Proportionately more frequent are the cases where the awaking is imperfect, but still sufficient to induce a course of action corresponding with the supposed realities of the dream. There are instances on record where people, deceived by the alarming imagery of a dream, have committed acts of violence for which they could not be considered responsible.

An interesting example of insubordination during heavy sleep is related by Buchner, in *Becker's Journal of Medical Jurisprudence*:

"Christian Junger, a soldier of the guards, two-and-twenty years of age, and who had been three years in the army, a man of good character, fell asleep about noon upon a bench in the guard-house. The corporal endeavoured to awake him, in order to sweep out the room. Junger arose, and, without saying a word, seized the corporal by the breast, then drew his sabre and made an attack, which the corporal succeeded in parrying. He repeated the attempt, however, and did not desist until disarmed and arrested by the soldiers present; he then sat down quietly upon the bench. On the preceding day, and on the morning of the deed, he had kept guard at an exceedingly cold and exposed situation; the intervening night he had spent in playing at cards, but had drunk little, and in the morning, from sheer weariness, he fell asleep in the heated guard-house. On the examination it appeared that he dreamed he was on guard, when a fellow seized him by the hair, and took his rifle, upon which he drew his sabre and made an attack upon him. Of that which really passed he knew nothing. He could not understand that he, who had always been obedient to his superiors, should have been guilty of insubordination. The medical evidence showed it to be a case of 'sleep-drunkenness,' and he was acquitted."

In explanation of this case something further may be said. Similar results might be brought about by toil of any kind; but here, by keeping guard, and the consequent excessive exhaustion, the deficiency of oxygen was brought to an abnormal height, and the small quantity taken in during the short sleep was not sufficient to restore the brain to its full activity. The oxygen still remaining was needed to supply the demands of the comparatively insignificant activity of the impulses of the will, so that the deliberative faculties and the voluntary thoughts could not come into play. We frequently see this confirmed when we wish to awake any one out of sleep. Before he come to perfect consciousness he throws himself about in bed, and stretches his limbs, until at last free thought again asserts its authority over the brain, and consciousness is fully restored.

But we sometimes have phenomena presented to us which are the opposite of this. As Aristotle has already remarked, we are often in a position during sleep to recognize a dream as such. An interesting self-inspection of this kind is related by Beattie. "I once dreamed," he says, "that I was upon the parapet of a very high bridge. For what purpose I had come thither I could not perceive, and when I considered that I had not been inclined to such performances, I began to think that it was only a dream. Wishing to be free from this disturbing and tormenting illusion, I threw myself down, in the expectation that I should be brought back to reason by the fall, which indeed happened." In this example the dream occurred shortly before awaking, and the store of oxygen had manifestly reached such a height that the organ of thought could act in a limited manner, while at the same time the association of ideas produced in the dream continued.

The same thing has been observed by almost every one in the voluntary effort to prolong a pleasant dream just before waking. In this case, also, the organ of thought is fully capable of exercising its function, but we are in a position to control it a little longer, and to permit the fantastic association of ideas commenced in a dream to continue itself. But when once the activity of free thought has broken in upon this play of fancy all is over with the dream, and we are irrecoverably awake.

We are restored to the waking state when the supply of oxygen has reached its highest point, and the exchange of

substance again comes into full operation. It is possible, however, as every one well knows, to be awoke before this by external influences. Any strong excitement affecting either the nerves of hearing or of feeling or of seeing, by the propagation of that excitement, places the brain in a condition which promotes a more plentiful flow of blood, and in consequence of this, an accelerated change of substance, which, on reaching a certain stage, results in perfect wakefulness.

Sleep requires, as we have observed above, that the arterial blood-vessels should be but sparingly supplied, and everything which increases the supply of blood to the brain not only prevents falling asleep, but disturbs the sleeper. Therefore, all passion and agitation of the mind, all anxious pondering, or bodily or mental excitement—in a word, everything which drives the blood to the head drives away sleep; on the other hand, whatever takes blood from the brain and contracts its vessels is favourable to sleep. It is in this way that cold bandages applied to the forehead are often successful, for cold causes a contraction of the blood-vessels.

In this connection we must not forget the so-called sleep-producing medicines, especially opium and its alkaloids, among which morphia and narcine take the first rank. From certain experiments it has been concluded, and with great probability of correctness, that opium acts upon the vessels of the brain as an astringent, and thus diminishes its supply of blood. But by such means as these we can secure only a smaller consumption of oxygen in the brain; we cannot at the same time cause more oxygen to be taken in and laid up in the blood corpuscles for future use, for just in those circumstances in which we are compelled to resort to such methods of procuring sleep, the capacity of the blood corpuscles for storing up oxygen, as Rettenkofer's researches in cases of sickness have conclusively shown, is diminished. And so it comes to pass that sleep obtained by means of an opiate is never so refreshing and invigorating. In ordinary circumstances the avoidance of the above-mentioned condition inimical to sleep will suffice to procure it. Here habit plays a very important part. Usually we do not wait for the complete exhaustion of the oxygen of the system, but fall asleep, if we have been accustomed to do so, when it has reached a certain limit. For the same reason we are capable of being awoke at any moment. There is always a reserve fund of oxygen, which makes waking possible. In those cases in which, through excessive watching, the exhaustion of oxygen has reached its extreme limit, the sleep following is so deep that before a certain time has elapsed it is hardly possible to disturb it.

It is not always in our power to avoid those things which hinder sleep, and above all it is only seldom that we can exercise complete control over our mental states. To do this requires either a good deal of stoicism, or an uncommon strength of will and power of self-government. It is said that Napoleon I. could sleep at any time he chose, and did so even during the battle of Leipzig. He had the gift not only of controlling his feelings, but also of suspending thought at pleasure. That the last achievement is by no means an easy one almost everybody has experienced. If some thought or plan occupies the mind we cannot sleep, and we must then endeavour to direct our thoughts to those things which excite but little interest; in other words we must endeavour to become tedious to ourselves. For this purpose there exists the greatest variety of ingenious methods, and as it does not come within my plan to increase the number of them by this paper, I will here close with the hope that it has awakened in the reader an interest in the phenomena of life as manifested in sleep and dreams.—Ewald Hecker in the *Chemist and Druggist*.

HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE.

Continued from next page.

in life, upon the basis of Christian principles, as the only solid foundation for the proper formation of character; and that no pains or means will be spared to afford the very highest and best education in every department, and to make the material provisions for the health and comfort of the pupils perfect.

During his recent visit to Europe, Dean Hellmuth had the opportunity of selecting a staff of experienced teachers, and secured the services of Mrs. Mills (lately Lady Principal of Queen's College, London, England), as Lady Principal of the College. Her assistants are Misses Young, Farrer, Hand, Davies, Halton, Clinton, McEllan; Madlle. Lacaille and Fraulein Schmidt. Major Evans, Secretary and Treasurer. The whole staff is under the supervision of Dean Hellmuth, who is President, and resides on the spot. French is the language spoken in the College, and the Latin the only ancient language taught.

The modern languages comprise French, German, Italian and Spanish. The English course comprehends all the usual branches of a sound education, and is classified to suit the age and capacity of the pupils.

This last is an important consideration, as it is too often the practice in some schools to prescribe the same range of studies for all, irrespective of the pupils' capacity, and thus much valuable time is lost, and a needless and irksome labour inflicted on the scholars. It would be just as reasonable to require a feeble man to lift five hundred pounds weight, as it is to force upon children the acquisition of degrees of knowledge far beyond their capacity.

The English course embraces religious instruction, English language and literature, history, ancient and modern; composition; geography, arithmetic, geometry, reading, writing and spelling. Natural philosophy and other branches of science and art also have a place. Drawing—from models, including the principles of perspective, as upon the plan adopted in European schools. Painting—in oil and water colours, and ornamental freehand drawing. Music—vocal and instrumental. Calisthenics, needle-work, and domestic economy are also prominent features of instruction and discipline. It will be seen from the foregoing that nothing has been omitted which is likely to conduce to the health, comfort, moral training and general education of the pupils.

Standing at the northern portion of the city of London, the eye can rest to the right upon the large pile of buildings, with their extensive adjacent grounds, constituting the site of the Hellmuth College, illustrated in March last. On the left, in a direct line, is the Huron College, a theological seminary; while in front rises the imposing structure used for the Ladies' College, which has already proved most successful, having at the present time about 120 pupils.

PRINCE FELIX SALM-SALM.

Prince Felix Salm-Salm, who was killed at the battle of Gravelotte, was a younger son of Prince Florentin Salm-Salm of Anholt, in Rhenish Prussia. He was born on the 25th Dec., 1828. As a younger member of a very numerous family (his elder brother, the reigning Prince Alfred, has over a dozen children) the Prince inherited nothing, and his future position thus depended entirely upon his own exertions. Possessing neither brilliant talents nor extraordinary genius, his early career was marked by no important events. He first entered the Prussian service as lieutenant, and subsequently served in the Austrian army with the same rank. At the outbreak of the American war he crossed the Atlantic and offered his services to the Federals. He was first attached to Gen. Blenker's staff, and afterwards received the command of the 8th regiment. Later on he commanded a regiment of volunteers raised in New York, with which he distinguished himself under Gens. Thomas and Sherman. At the close of the war Prince Salm-Salm went to Mexico, where he entered the service of Maximilian. His constancy and unwearied devotion to the unfortunate emperor, which have served to connect his name inseparably with that of Maximilian, were fully shared by his wife, a lady of French Canadian extraction, whom he had married in New York. The princess made an attempt while the emperor was in captivity to aid him in flight, but this design was abandoned on the advice of the Austrian consul, who was fully persuaded that Maximilian would ultimately be set at liberty. After the death of the emperor the Prince and his wife returned to Europe. The conduct of the reigning member of the House of Hapsburg drew from them bitter complaints. It appears that Maximilian, in his will, had made provision for his faithful followers, but his bequests were never carried out, and the Prince was compelled to return to his old avocations. A few years ago he entered a Prussian regiment of Guards as major, and while serving in this capacity he fell at the battle of Gravelotte. His wife, at the opening of the war, enrolled herself in the hospital service as nurse.

A young man who lost an arm in the City (Pa.) Iron works, a couple of weeks ago, still insists that he feels pain throughout the entire arm and fingers. Some 24 hours after the accident, when the mutilated limb lay in the cellar, nearly beneath the bed where he lay, he would tell when any one was handling it, by the painful sensation he felt. At one time a block was placed on the fingers to keep them straightened out, and although he knew nothing of the transaction, he at once contended that something was pressing down his hand, and insisted that it should be removed at once. After the block was removed he said he felt easier, and was contented.

CHESS.

A very eccentric and amusing skirmish, played in the Quebec Chess Club in 1865.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

- |                             |                        |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| White—Lient. Pope.          | Black—Mr. W.           |
| 1 P. to K. 4th              | P. to K. 4th           |
| 2 K. Kt. to B. 3rd          | P. to Q. 3rd           |
| 3 P. to Q. 4th              | P. to K. B. 4th        |
| 4 P. takes K. P.            | B. P. takes P.         |
| 5 Kt. to Kt. 5th            | P. to Q. 4th           |
| 6 P. to K. 6th              | K. B. to B. 4th        |
| 7 Kt. takes K. P.           | P. takes Kt.           |
| 8 Q. to R. 5th ch.          | P. to Kt. 3rd          |
| 9 Q. takes B. (e)           | B. takes K. P.         |
| 10 Q. to Q. Kt. 5th ch. (h) | Q. Kt. to B. 3rd       |
| 11 B. to K. 2nd             | K. Kt. to B. 3rd       |
| 12 Q. B. to K. R. 6th       | K. to B. 2nd           |
| 13 Castles (c)              | Q. Kt. to Q. 5th       |
| 14 Q. to K. 5th             | Kt. takes B. ch.       |
| 15 K. to R. sq.             | K. Kt. to Kt. 5th (d)  |
| 16 Q. to K. Kt. 7th ch.     | K. to his sq.          |
| 17 Q. takes R. ch.          | K. to Q. 2nd           |
| 18 R. to Q. sq. ch. (e)     | K. to Q. B. 3rd, wins! |

(a) Thus far, the moves are all in accordance with the best rules for attack as given in "Chess Praxis."

(b) Q. to K. 5th seems more decisive.

(c) Without sufficiently examining the position:—this loses a piece.

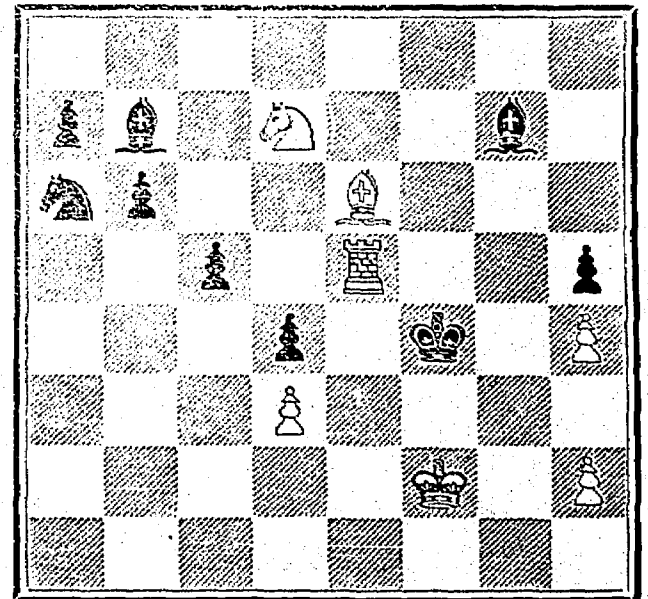
(d) Worse still than the 13th move of White! Q. to Q. 3rd would have been the correct play here, leaving the defence with a superior game.

(e) Singular! After this check, White has no satisfactory defence; his opponent's next move leaves him without resource: by simply exchanging Queens instead, and then retiring the B. to K. 3rd, he should have won easily.

The play throughout is below the force of both combatants: neither appears to have been in a mood to give the necessary attention; the ending, however, is very peculiar, and the succeeding variations will repay examination.

PROBLEM No. 15.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.



No. 45.—VERY REV. J. HELLMUTH, D.D.,  
DEAN OF HURON.

In our issue of the 19th of March last we gave a view of Hellmuth College, founded some years ago by the Very Rev. Dean Hellmuth, and also a brief notice of the career of that able and most zealous friend and patron of education. We now present a portrait of the Dean and an illustration of another educational institution founded by him, which was formally inaugurated in September last by H. R. H. Prince Arthur, when he, in company with His Excellency the Governor-General, visited London to view the Provincial Agricultural Exhibition. This institution is devoted to the education of ladies, and is called the

HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE.

LONDON, ONTARIO.

The illustration will convey to the eye a correct idea of the appearance of the Hellmuth Ladies' College. The buildings, which are of a very picturesque and substantial kind, have been erected at a cost of from thirty-five to forty thousand dollars, the land upon which they stand, 140 acres, costing some \$6,000. The main building is 117 feet in length by 60 feet in depth, having spacious corridors on each floor to the full length of the building, and a verandah of ten feet in width will afford pleasurable shelter. The building contains a chapel, spacious

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

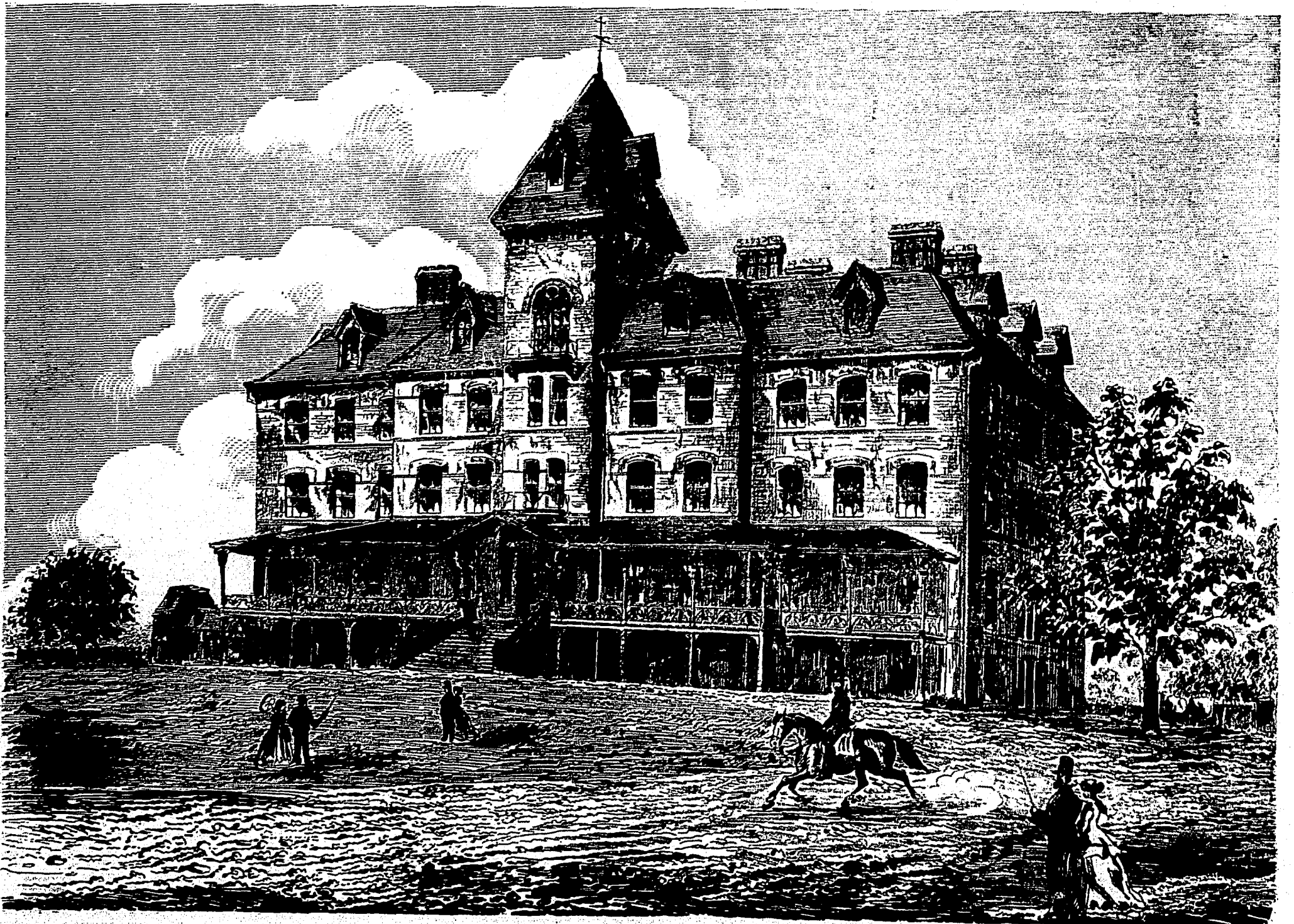


THE VERY REV. J. HELLMUTH, D.D. From a photograph by Cooper.

class-rooms, dining-hall, library, drawing-rooms, parlors, and bedrooms; a sanatorium, bath-rooms, supplied with hot and cold water on each floor, together with all other suitable conveniences. The internal fittings are very complete. They have been procured from local makers, no less than sixteen pianos being included, the whole costing, with the necessary school apparatus, in the neighbourhood of \$20,000.

Especially care has been devoted to the proper heating and ample ventilation of all the apartments, and nothing seems to have been omitted in order to make it a pleasant home and a perfect educational establishment. The site is commanding and beautiful. It is on an eminence of fifty feet above the river Thames flowing at its base, and affords a view of the city and surrounding country of unexampled extent. The soil is gravelly and dry, combining with other advantages in rendering the location healthy and agreeable. The estate will be devoted to a two-fold purpose; one being that of healthful recreation, including gardens, walks, croquet grounds, gymnasium, etc.; the other to farm purposes, for supplying the tables of the college with the freshest and the best. We gather from the prospectus that the object of this institution, as contemplated by its founder, Dean Hellmuth, is to provide a thorough, practical, liberal, and polite education for young ladies, adapted to their position

SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE, LONDON, ONT. From a photograph by Cooper.



THE WAR.—A RECONNAISSANCE.—SEE PAGE 163.



THE WAR.—EFFECTS OF THE MITRAILLEUSE.—SEE PAGE 163.



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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 III.

##### THE TREMAYNES.

We must now go back a few months and beg our readers to accompany a young girl as she passes through Prescott Gate, and wends her way wearily down the steep descent of Mountain Street in the City of Quebec. They will hardly recognize in that shabbily dressed girl the fashionable-looking young lady just introduced to their acquaintance, and yet Hilda Tremayne and that daily governess returning from her wearisome duties to her humble home were the same person.

The evening shades were deepening into night and a heavy rain was falling, accompanied by a bitter wind. The light shawl which wrapped Hilda's slight figure was but poor protection from that inclement weather, and shivering she hurried on her homeward way. The last streak of light faded from the gloomy horizon as she reached Champlain Street. Entering a large, old-fashioned house—an humble *Maison de Pension*—she ascended a partly dilapidated staircase to the third story. Two small apartments in that half-ruinous French mansion were at that period the home of Hilda Tremayne.

In one of these rooms a fire was now burning brightly in a small Franklin stove, the ruddy light displaying the scant plain furniture, the patched faded carpet, while it also revealed the pale, worn face of an invalid, seated in a low rocking chair near the fire. This was Hilda's mother, and though her dress and her surroundings bore evidence of great poverty, yet she had that refined appearance, that lady-like air which can neither be mistaken nor assumed.

Hilda's father, the brother of Lewis Tremayne, had been an actor of some reputation in Great Britain and the sister island. It was during his appearance at a provincial theatre in the south of Ireland that he attracted the admiration and won the affections of a young lady of good family in the neighbourhood. Of handsome exterior—proudly walking the stage in the borrowed dignity of Shakespeare's finest characters, the fascinating actor appeared the personification of manly beauty to the inexperienced girl, and deaf to the voice of prudence, listening only to the pleadings of her lover and the promptings of her own heart, she eloped with the gay Lothario. Consequently, she was cast off by her incensed family, disinherited—and forgotten. The anger and disappointment of Tremayne were extreme when he found that no entreaties could prevail on his wife's father to pardon her elopement or give her that fortune the actor had hoped to possess by marrying her. His love was not strong enough to survive the wreck of this hope. He felt that instead of a fortune he had gained only an incumbrance—that the maintenance of his wife would increase his expenditure and necessarily diminish his own selfish gratifications. Very bitterly then did he regret his marriage—sacrificing his liberty and gaining nothing in return but the love of an infatuated girl, which in the eyes of the unprincipled man was of little worth. Too soon did the sad realities of Mrs. Tremayne's wedded life make her also mourn over her imprudent marriage and regret the madness of the step she had taken in exchanging the luxuries of her home for the privations and discomforts of her present itinerant life. The dissipated habits of her husband too filled her with gloomy apprehensions for the future. With mingled entreaties and reproaches she tried to win him from the debasing vice of intemperance, but in vain. The evil habit was too deeply rooted to be overcome by the slight influence she—a portionless wife—possessed over him. Her reproaches, often ill-timed, only roused the demon of ill-temper and called forth bitter recrimination which resulted, as it always does, in making matters worse. The love of the young wife was gradually weaned from the worthless husband, his harshness and neglect contributing chiefly to this effect, for woman's love may survive the unworthiness of its object, but it is blighted by the chilling atmosphere of unkindness—annihilated by bickering and contempt. One tie alone bound this ill-matched pair together—the silken bond of parental love. The separation so much wished for by both and often threatened in the bitterness of altercation, never took place, because neither could part with their only child, Hilda. Beloved by both parents, but the chief solace of the unhappy mother in the frequent hours of loneliness and dejection,

she grew up unlike most children, thoughtful and sad, her countenance wearing that care-worn expression so touching in the face of the young—so painful when stamped on the lineaments of a child.

The habits of dissipation in which Tremayne indulged gained greater power over him every year, often unfitting him for the duties of his vocation, and this produced the usual results. He lost the confidence of his employers and was often dismissed by exasperated managers when unable to act his part on the stage. At last, unable to procure employment, he was compelled to relinquish his histrionic career. It was at this period he immigrated to Canada and settled with his family in Quebec. There he earned a scanty subsistence by filling an humble situation in a government office, sinking low indeed in the social scale.

The unavailing sorrow which Mrs. Tremayne experienced and the many privations of her sad lot had the usual effect of undermining her health, and while yet young she was gradually sinking into the grave. Fortunately, she was herself able to educate her daughter, qualifying her to become a teacher and contribute her aid to the support of the family. Hilda was very young when she undertook the duties of daily governess, but she did so gladly, as the money she earned enabled her to supply her invalid mother with the necessaries of life. This happiness was now to be taken from her. On this particular evening the lady who had hitherto employed Miss Tremayne to educate her children, had coldly informed her she would not require her services any longer. She really must procure a governess who could make a respectable appearance. How this information crushed the heart of the poor girl. It seemed as if every hope was destroyed by this unexpected trial. Where now could she procure pupils? would not the same objection be urged by other ladies to whom she might apply? and how could this objection be removed? She had no money to purchase the dress suitable for one in her position. Dark indeed seemed the future to Hilda Tremayne, and bitter were the repinings that filled her heart as she returned to her miserable home and ascended the stairs to her mother's apartment.

The gloom on her daughter's face soon attracted the attention of Mrs. Tremayne.

"What is the matter, dear? has any new trouble befallen us?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes, another trial; as if our cup of suffering was not full enough," replied Hilda, bitterly.

"Surely some have more than their share of sorrow in this world! How can the Almighty expect either faith or patience from the creatures he so sorely tries!"

There was bitterness in the broken heart and a striking want of Christian submission in the wailing tones of Mrs. Tremayne; but affliction unsanctified has no softening influence, and it is the natural impulse of the human heart to murmur and rebel.

"If things could only remain as they were," observed Hilda, moodily, "we might live, but now the prospect is dark indeed."

"But you have not yet told me what the trouble is!" exclaimed Mrs. Tremayne, with angry impatience very unusual to her, but which was now the result of this new sorrow.

How often may irritability of temper be attributed to a similar cause. The sudden angry bursts which excite our resentment are merely the outpourings of some latent grief. Might not this thought help us to pardon such ebullitions and check on our lips the angry retorts which irritating words so naturally call forth.

"Well, the trouble is," replied Hilda, provoked at her mother's angry words, "that my engagement with Mrs. Dormer ended to-day. She is going to engage another governess, one, she said, whose style of dress would be different from mine."

"And she told you this—dismissed you on such a plea! And Mrs. Tremayne's pale face flushed with indignation.

"Yes, and I do not wonder at it, mamma, for her servants look more respectable than I do! Any one of them would scorn to wear the clothes I wear," and giving way to her feelings of mortification, Hilda burst into a wild paroxysm of weeping.

Fondly the grieved mother drew her child within her arms and rested her head upon her bosom, mingling her tears with hers.

"Oh, mamma! this poverty is bitter!" wailed forth Hilda, when the violence of her emotion had partly subsided. "If you knew the humiliation I felt to-day! how my feelings were wounded when dismissed for such a cause. But the bitterest thought of all was that you would suffer, that I could no longer help to provide for your wants."

"But it rests with yourself, darling, to put your foot on this poverty which you feel so galling. Competency has been offered you, Hilda," and Mrs. Tremayne's small thin hand passed caressingly through the soft raven curls of the young head nestling so lovingly on her bosom.

"But at what a price must that competency be obtained! Oh, mamma, how can you urge my acceptance of such an offer?"

"I have not urged it hitherto, darling," and the mother turned away her face from the sad, reproachful eyes of her daughter, "but now Hilda! now, when destitution stares us in the

face, when I see no other door open to escape want, I cannot help wishing you would marry Captain Dudley. He is not certainly the husband I would have chosen for my daughter, but necessity must silence all objections. A handsome person and polished manners do not insure happiness in the married life," and Mrs. Tremayne sighed deeply as she thought of her own fatal error in the choice of a husband.

"But, mamma, this marriage might be avoided," urged Hilda, "if you would again write to grandpapa and represent our great poverty. It is some years now since you last wrote."

"Yes, and you remember I received no answer to my letter," said Mrs. Tremayne sadly. "That does not promise much for the success of another application. But," she resumed, after a gloomy silence, broken only by the hysterical sobs of her daughter, "I will write to Colonel Godfrey—father I cannot call him—if you will promise to marry Dudley should he still continue inexorable."

"I will promise," was Hilda's reply, after some minutes' hesitation.

On her way home that evening the idea that this hated marriage was inevitable had forced itself upon her mind, and now, as she sat silently looking into the fire, she tried to familiarize her thoughts with an event that was but too probable. One hope alone remained, the application to her grandfather, Colonel Godfrey. If that failed—and fail she feared it would—then the sacrifice of self must be made for the sake of her beloved mother, she would not shrink from immolating herself on the altar of filial duty.

Mournfully and in silence the mother watched the expressive face of her child as these thoughts passed through her mind, and she knew by the stern determination which settled about Hilda's chiselled mouth that her promise to marry Captain Dudley would be fulfilled if necessity continued to thrust such a husband upon her.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### HILDA'S LOVER.

CAPTAIN DUDLEY was a sailor, but not in command of one of Her Majesty's ships of war. His sphere of action on the high seas was an humble one. He was merely the skipper of a trading vessel sailing between England and Quebec, and chiefly engaged in the lumber trade. His acquaintance with Mr. Tremayne commenced at a tavern, where he rendered the *co-decant* actor some service in a drunken brawl, subsequently conducting him home. There he saw Hilda, and was captivated by her beauty. To gain her father's favour was now Dudley's object, and he soon succeeded, for the man who could supply the degraded Tremayne with brandy and oyster suppers was the best fellow in the world, and a very suitable husband for his young daughter.

Emboldened by the encouragement he received, Dudley made Miss Tremayne an offer of his hand, offering to settle on her the sum of four thousand pounds—a legacy lately left him by a distant relative. The offer was very tempting to the poor parents of Hilda Tremayne, but to the young girl herself the marriage was most distasteful. Won by her tears and entreaties, Mrs. Tremayne declined giving an answer until her daughter was older, hoping that time might remove her repugnance to the match, and so the matter had rested during the last year. The greatest part of that time had been spent by Dudley at sea. He had lately returned to Quebec, and had renewed his visits to the Tremaynes, protesting that his passion for Hilda had increased during their separation, and urging her immediate acceptance of his hand. But still Hilda preferred the privations of her present life to the comforts which a marriage with Captain Dudley would bestow; for, notwithstanding the poverty of her surroundings, she was very fastidious in the choice of a husband. Possessing natural refinement she shrank from intercourse with the vulgar Dudley, whose education had been common-place, and whose manners were unpolished.

Neither was his appearance calculated to win the admiration of a young girl deeply read in the light literature of the day, whose ideas of a lover were drawn from the heroes of a fashionable novel. His stalwart figure lacked the grace of an Apollo, and his sunburnt face was very common-looking, its features irregular, the expression of the large blue eye alone redeeming it from being pronounced downright ugly—that was full of the softness of a woman and the frankness of the British tar.

It was near eleven o'clock. Mrs. Tremayne having written her letter to Colonel Godfrey—a last appeal to his parental feelings—had retired to bed, her delicate health requiring unbroken rest, and still Hilda sat alone by the dying fire, waiting, as was frequently her wont, the return of her dissipated father, who was spending the evening at a tavern in the neighbourhood. Very bitter were the memories that crowded on the mind of Hilda Tremayne as she listened nervously for his stumbling step upon the stairs. Her childish reminiscences helped to swell the wave of sorrow that swept in upon her. Her earliest recollections were full of sadness. Her father's wayward moods, his violent bursts of temper

made her even in childhood shun his presence and dread his returning step, which brought neither joy nor comfort across the threshold of their miserable home. Then in later years this childish dislike almost amounted to aversion when she witnessed his dissipated habits and felt the poverty and humiliation they brought upon his family. Poor Hilda! fate had dealt very bitterly with her in giving her the portion of the drunkard's child, checking the gleesome bursts of childhood with a father's muttered curse and a weeping mother's tears, and veiling the sunshine of youth with the dark shadows of poverty and sin!

As the clock of a neighbouring church struck the hour of eleven, a heavy step was heard ascending the stairs, startling the weary Hilda from the deep sad reverie into which she had fallen. The tread, though heavy, was measured, not stumbling like the step of a drunken man. Hilda listened, wondering whether it was her father or some of the other lodgers in the house. On gaining the landing at the head of the stairs the step paused for a moment, then approached the room where Miss Tremayne was, and a gentle knock was heard demanding admittance. Hastily and in surprise she opened the door, and by the dim light in the passage saw a tall figure outside enveloped in a cloak, from which the rain was dripping in little streams, for the night was inclement. Removing his hat as he bowed awkwardly, the stranger revealed the plain and blushing face of Captain Dudley.

"I beg you to excuse my coming so late," he stammered forth, dropping his eyes hurriedly as he encountered the inquiring gaze of Hilda—dazzled, perhaps, by their brightness.

"Where is papa? Have you seen him? Is he not coming home to-night?" Hilda asked as the skipper paused, overcome with embarrassment in the presence of his idol.

"No—yes—that is, he is—I mean he had better remain at the tavern all night, because—"

"Yes, I understand," interrupted Hilda sadly. "I thank you for coming to let me know. You are very kind."

There was an unusual kindness in the girl's manner, but the thought that this man such as he stood there before her, awkward-looking, unrefined, might be her husband before many suns had risen and set, would force itself upon her mind, and the idea, painful as it was, had a softening influence, subduing the usual hauteur of her manner towards her humble admirer.

"I have done all I could to make Mr. Tremayne comfortable; told them at the tavern to take good care of him," resumed Dudley, more calmly encouraged by the change in Hilda's manner.

"Thank you! I regret you should have so much trouble."

"Oh, it is no trouble, but all the pleasure in life to be able to do any thing for you or yours!"

There was a huskiness in the young man's voice, and a tremulousness in its tones which spoke of deep emotion. All the passionate love of his strong nature was stirred within him by the sight of Hilda, as she stood there so sad and yet so beautiful. Hope, too, was awakened in his heart, opening a way for the pent-up torrent of his affection to gush forth and frame itself in words.

"Forgive me," he proceeded, "if I seem too bold; but I must speak to you now; I cannot live on in this way, racked with doubts and fears that are enough to drive a man crazy. To say that I love you would be saying little of what I feel. It is a mad passion that has seized upon me, more like bewitchment than anything else. I know I am not worthy of you; but if you will deign to be my wife you will never have cause to repent it, and all I possess in the world shall be yours!"

Deep feeling made Dudley eloquent, and gave force and pathos to every word he said. He had never before presumed to address Hilda on the subject of his passion. All his love-making had been through her parents, but now the unlocked-for change in her manner inspired him with courage to plead his own cause, and take advantage of the opportunity of speaking to her alone.

"We will talk again upon this subject," said Hilda, with haughty coldness, "the time is unsuitable, excuse my putting an end to our interview at this late hour."

The sudden iciness of Miss Tremayne's manner chilled the hopes of the enamoured Dudley. He had presumed too much on her gratitude for his kindness to her father—he had been too hasty. To be sure she was right, the hour was late, and the place—the threshold of the door—was unsuited for such a declaration. How humbled and unhappy he looked as with an awkward, but lowly reverence, he turned to go away without saying another word.

A feeling something akin to pity was felt by Hilda as she saw the brightness of hope in his homely features give place to the deepest dejection. She had never before realized the depth of his devotion to her. The freezing hauteur of her manner at previous interviews had checked the words of love as they trembled on his lips. But this feeling of compassion was not allowed to remain long in the heart of Hilda, pride soon drove it hence, and in its stead came anger at his presuming to love her and hope she would ever be his wife. How

much love is wasted! how much passionate devotion despised! This young girl's fastidiousness made her even scorn the outburst of that passion she had inspired, because the language in which it was clothed was homely, and the honest heart in which it was felt so deeply beat in one who wanted the charm of a cultivated mind and polished manner.

"His tread is like a young elephant's," she exclaimed, a disdainful smile curling her lip as she stood a moment watching the stalwart figure of the despised skipper descending the stairs.

"To think that I could marry him! and yet I may be compelled to do so after all," she added bitterly as she re-entered the room, and threw herself, weeping hysterically, into a chair. "Well, there is one hope left," she resumed—after the excitement of her feelings had partly subsided—as her mother's letter to Colonel Godfrey caught her eye. "If that should fail, then I must submit to my cruel destiny, and marry this impassioned clod!"

CHAPTER V.

A DISAPPOINTMENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

ONE—two—three weeks passed slowly away how heavily the wheels of time drag when you are expecting a letter upon which you have built every hope. A letter which is to decide your fate, and on which your happiness or misery depends. As day after day comes and goes, and the expected letter still tarries, how fully you experience that sickness of the heart caused by hope deferred.

Mrs. Tremayne's letter to Colonel Godfrey had been sent, but no answer had yet arrived. Every time the English mail came in, a young girl, shabbily dressed, but attracting every eye by her rare beauty, was seen to enter the post-office, enquire eagerly for a letter, and turn dejectedly away when told there was none. No letter yet! how intolerable this suspense! an answer, even if it brought disappointment, would be preferable.

"If there is no letter to-day I will not try again," was the mental resolve of poor Hilda as she entered the post-office at the beginning of the fifth week from the time Mrs. Tremayne's letter had gone to Ireland.

"There has been plenty of time for a letter to go and come in these days of steam and rapid travelling! I suppose this application to grandpapa will be as successful as the rest," she added bitterly, pushing her way through the crowd, at last reaching the aperture where the letters were being distributed.

This day, however, she was not doomed to disappointment. The usual negative to her inquiry of "any letters for Mrs. Tremayne," was not pronounced and—could she indeed believe her eyes—the clerk held up a letter to her delighted gaze. It had come then. The suspense was at an end; this much at least was gained; the mind would be released from the torture of uncertainty. Eagerly she held out her hand for the coveted epistle, and hurried, full of excitement, to her home.

A flush of hope lit up Mrs. Tremayne's faded face as her daughter rushed into her room, displaying the long hoped-for letter.

"Have you really brought one? Has he written at last? Oh give it to me," and clutch it, eagerly she broke the seal.

Alas! for the bitter disappointment extinguishing the light of joy in the faces of both mother and daughter, as Mrs. Tremayne's own letter fell from the blank envelope in which it had been returned—unopened.

The sudden revulsion of feeling was too much to be calmly borne by the poor invalid. "Oh this cruel disappointment!" she wailed forth. "I thought he had surely written; that he had relented at last," and the unhappy woman wept long and bitterly.

Her anguish moved the heart of her daughter to suffer and be strong. Filial love drew near to strengthen her for the sacrifice which was now indeed inevitable. Crushing back every thought of self with the calmness which often comes to us when hope has fled and despair triumphs, Hilda soothed her mother's grief, and spoke calmly of her own marriage with Captain Dudley, which would place that beloved mother above the reach of poverty and its many sorrows.

"If you marry him, Hilda, it must be soon," Mrs. Tremayne observed, quickly drying her tears when she found how quietly her daughter took the disappointment about the letter. She was deceived by her composed manner, and she was willing to believe that stern necessity had overcome her repugnance to the marriage.

"Dudley was here to-day," Mrs. Tremayne continued, "he has just returned from Halifax, and he says he has just received directions from his employers to sail for England in a week."

"But there is only one condition on which I can consent to this hated union," observed Hilda, with subdued vehemence. "The ceremony must be private, and Dudley must not claim me for his wife for two years. At the end of that time my aversion to him may be somewhat subdued."

"The condition is a hard one, Hilda, Dudley will no doubt object," remonstrated Mrs. Tremayne.

"If he loves me as he professes to do, he will accept the condition, hard as it is," was her cold rejoinder.

And Hilda was right. Dudley, overjoyed at the prospect of eventually gaining the object of his idolatry, consented to the terms imposed upon him.

The marriage was private. His worldly wealth was settled on the bride, and shortly after the ceremony, he sailed for England, leaving her to enjoy it with her mother during his imposed absence of two years.

Some weeks passed on in the quiet enjoyment of the comforts of life which the money Hilda gained by her marriage procured. To this poor family so long accustomed to anxiety and privation, the very exemption from these evils was comparative happiness. But Mr. Tremayne did not live long to enjoy his new found prosperity. He died from the effects of intemperance about a month after Dudley's departure for England.

It was now the beginning of summer, and Mrs. Tremayne determined to leave Quebec and try by change of scene to banish from her daughter's thoughts the painful recollection of her marriage, which was evidently embittering her existence. The slightest allusion to it gave her so much pain that her mother carefully avoided the subject.

Unhappy Hilda! she tried to cheat herself into the belief that she had got rid of Dudley. She was fond of picturing to herself the dangers of the deep. She would cherish the hope that something would occur to prevent his return. Shipwrecks were things of frequent occurrence. She did not struggle against the subtle temptation—the wish for another's death. In her misery she clutched at deliverance from it even at the expense of conscience. Mrs. Tremayne was deeply grieved to see her daughter's repugnance to the man she had married continue as strong as ever. She now realized the sacrifice her filial love had enabled her to make, and she secretly reproached herself for having accepted this sacrifice from her child.

To be continued.

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Mrs. Partington says she understands the pickle the Emperor has got into, but she would like to know what this neutrality is that Victoria is trying so hard to preserve.

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Prosperity makes us suspicious of each other, while adversity makes us trust in each other—the only way that I know of for this is that in prosperity we have something to lose, while in adversity we have everything to gain.

"I must get married," said a bachelor to his married friend. "I never can find a button on a clean shirt." "Take care," said the Benedict with a sigh, "or you might chance upon a wife who will not find you a clean shirt to button."

A good military anecdote is told of General Deceen—the same who was engaged in the battle on the Moselle. He had observed that several men of his division were without guns, and said they had lost them. This general came to the conclusion that some at least of the soldiers reasoned thus:—If I throw away my gun behind a hedge, and am found out, I shall get a year or two of imprisonment, but that is better than being shot. To counteract these cowardly tactics, General Deceen, who does not like courts-martial, issued an order of the day declaring that every soldier who lost his Chass-pot would be sent to the front in action without arms, and would not get any till he helped himself from the enemy. Since this order no arms have been lost in this general's division.



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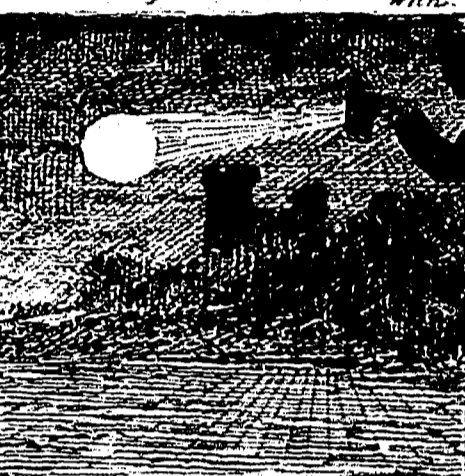
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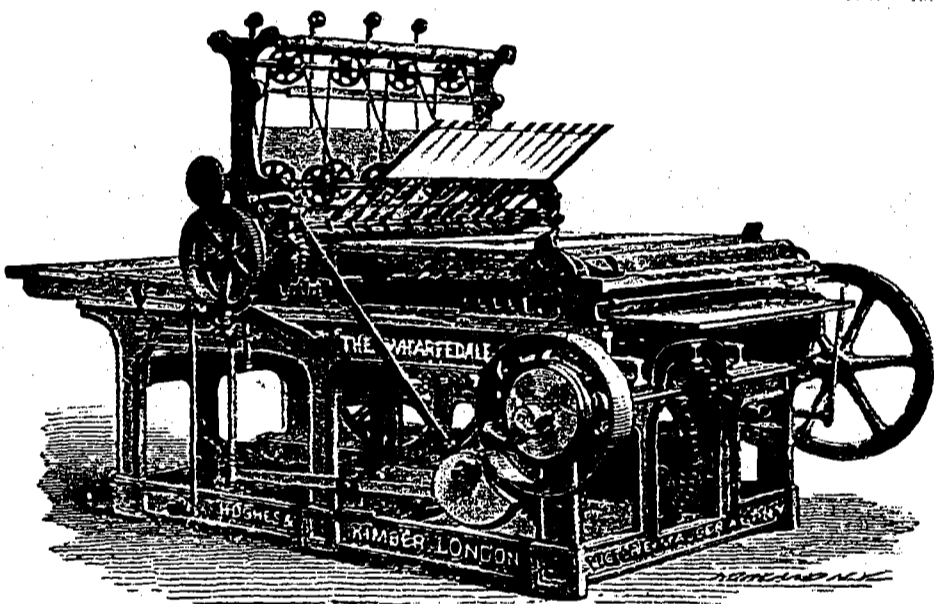
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