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# General and Illustrated News

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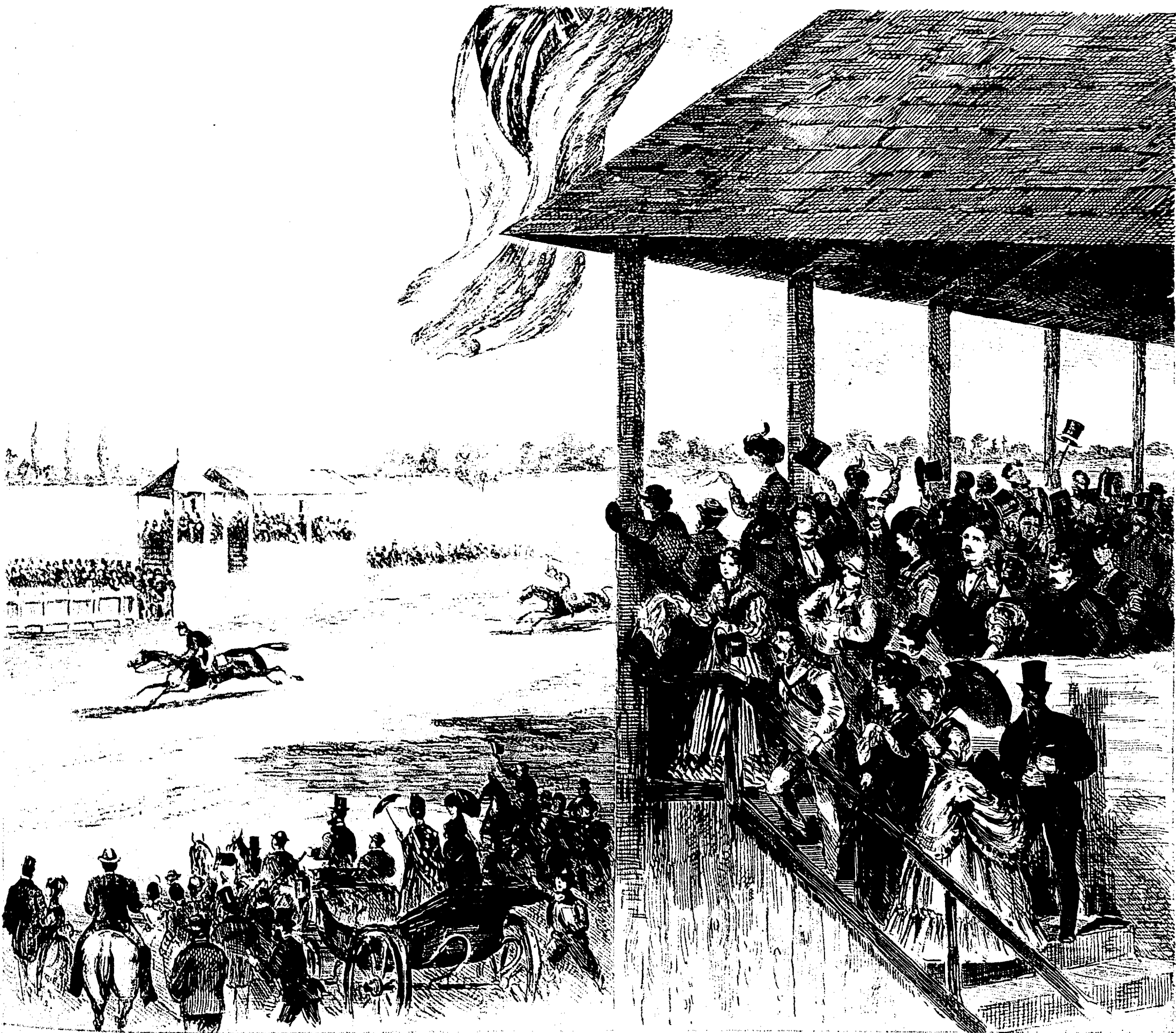
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## THE WAR COMPLICATIONS.

As the struggle continues between France and Prussia, the danger of European entanglements seems to increase. London becomes excited because of the attitude of St. Petersburg; Vienna has still something to fear from Berlin; and Constantinople is already as good as rescued from the Turk, only to be given to the Muscovite. In the meantime, it must be confessed that Prussian

triumphs no longer carry with them the world's sympathy. On the contrary, it appears that as France develops the mere negative faculty of simple endurance, she is gaining the good will of other countries; and that Prussia, at first hailed as conqueror, is already earning the character of tyrant. It is very probable that Russia will make this war the occasion of setting aside some of the clauses of the treaty of Paris, with the view to pre-

paring the way for another movement against Turkey. The consequences of such a movement would be of the most serious character to England, and might involve a second Crimean war. Some persons, whose opinions are entitled to considerable weight, have denounced the Crimean war as a gross blunder on the part of England, and the holding up of the Crescent as a crime against christianity; but British traditional state-



THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB STEEPLE CHASE RACES.

craft has handed down another doctrine. The Ottoman Empire is regarded as one of the barriers to Russian aggression in the East; and its maintenance as the very key to the balance of power in Europe. Many people remember, with something like dread, the words of the first Napoleon, that "in a hundred years Europe would be either Russian or Cossack;" and these will now see in the present war a powerful helping cause to either one of the alternatives. So far the Republic has won; it has been proclaimed, and has lasted for more than a couple of months, but it cannot be said yet that it has taken root in France. On the other hand, the weakening of France and Prussia—and both are being depleted with fearful rapidity—is a relative gain to Russia, and this gain has been rapidly improved by positive additions to the warlike strength of the Empire. It may be that Russia only fears the possibility of Prussia coming out of the war so strong as to invade her Western Provinces on the plea of completing the "unification" of the German races, but this is hardly a plausible explanation of the reasons which may be presumed to have led the Czar to put his army on a war footing. In England it appears to be generally believed that the "sick man" of Constantinople is again to be the object of his solicitude, and the question now anxiously discussed is whether England should or should not interpose her strength to protect the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. If that Empire should fall, it would undoubtedly be a point gained for the cause of Cossack supremacy, and, perhaps, assist in fulfilling the great Napoleon's prediction. The doctrine of the "balance of power" having become a mere fiction, there seems nothing left to regulate international relations but the law of force:

" \* \* \* The good old rule,  
The ancient plan,  
That he may take who has the power,  
And he may keep who can."

We cannot say that we see much chance for human progress in the way of national development under such a system. There may be other ways for balancing power in Europe than that which was thought the best after the final downfall of the first Napoleon; and doubtless changes in the map of the world will continue to be in the future, as they have been in the past, a very common occurrence. Still it is lamentable that nations should not yet be able to decide ordinary disputes without a resort to arms; and the fault apparently lies less with those who, for considerations of interest or of national pride, become active participants in the quarrel, than with those neutral powers, who, being simply onlookers, could club their strength and effectively forbid a war. Had England, Russia, and Austria, not to mention Italy and other smaller powers, declared with emphasis that their whole strength would be thrown against the first party to the Hohenzollern dispute who made it a cause of war, there would have been peace in Europe to-day. But a cowardly feeling, under the title of "non-intervention," has poisoned the international politics of the world, until no wise man would dare to say where the nations may be led in the mad dance so thoughtlessly and so absurdly begun between France and Prussia in July last, and so likely to end in very serious, if not vital injury to both.

#### THE PRUSSIAN CUIRASSIERS AT MARS-LA-TOUR.

The fight of the 16th of August between Mars-la-Tours and Rezonville formed, it will be remembered, one of the series of engagements which took place in the neighbourhood of Metz, and which terminated in the battle of Gravelotte. The object aimed at by the Prussians in the five day's fighting of the 14th-18th was to prevent the junction of Bazaine's army, encamped among the fortifications around Metz, with McMahon's army, which had retreated, after the battle of Woerth, successively to Nancy, Châlons, Rheims and Reims, and was then marching towards Sedan, on the route to Thionville. The engagements of the 14th and 15th, at Hery, Montoy, and Colombey, were of but minor importance, but that of the 16th, called indifferently the battle of Mars-la-Tour or of Rezonville, though not productive of such great results as the final encounter at Gravelotte, was one of the most fiercely-contested and the bloodiest that have taken place since the beginning of the war, and one which contributed in no small degree to the success obtained by the Prussians on the 18th. The battle commenced at ten in the morning and raged until nightfall. The French had taken up a strong position on the west of Metz on the hills on the right bank of the Moselle. The Prussians could only advance very slowly, as the whole front of the French position was protected by woods, large and thick, the country also being very hilly, and consequently unsuited for artillery. After between two and three hours' skirmishing, during which they gradually fought their way through the woods which covered the front of the French position, the Prussians found themselves on the open ground which stretched from the woodlands above Gorze to the villages of Rezonville and Gravelotte. This open ground, which was the scene of the most serious and deadly fighting there has yet been in this campaign, is some two miles in length by one in depth. Behind the Prussian position were the woods they had gained, and in front of them the ground rose slightly for half a mile long the sides of the road leading to Rezonville. There was not a house or obstruction of any kind to shelter skirmishers except one small cottage, about 1,000 yards from the woods on the road to Rezonville. On the left were two valleys—the first a deep one, leading towards the village, and the second not so deep, on the extreme left. Above this

last the ground rises again, and here the French had thrown up a slight entrenchment to protect their right flank. Their left was partly protected by the woods which ran forward on that side. Before the Prussians quitted the woods a halt was made and General Steinmetz rode to the rising ground on the Prussian left to observe the French position. Two regiments—the 7th Cuirassiers and the 16th Uhlans—under Major-Gen. Von Bredow, were ordered to advance against the centre of the French line. A battery of eight guns received their attack with a deadly hail of grape and shrapnel, while a body of infantry poured upon their left a sharp fire from their Chassepots. Unhesitatingly the Germans advanced, leaving behind them a track of dead and wounded that spoke but too plainly of the losses they were undergoing. The Uhlans directed their attack upon the infantry to the left, while the Cuirassiers made straight for the battery, which, after leaving two-thirds their number on the field, they succeeded in capturing. The French fire on the left wing of the Germans having thus been silenced, the 38th brigade of infantry advanced upon the French line occupying the heights to the north-east of Mars-la-Tour, but, being opposed to superior numbers, were about to yield when they were reinforced by a regiment of dragoons. The opportune arrival of the cavalry turned the fortune of the day, and the French right, after a desperate resistance, were compelled to fall back upon Gravelotte. In the meantime the French left had obstinately held their position, but were at last driven back, having been outflanked by a division of cavalry detailed for the purpose. Towards evening the French made a last and unavailing attempt to regain their position. A sharp fire was opened the whole length of their line, but after a brilliant charge of the 6th cavalry-division they were utterly put to rout and retreated upon Gravelotte.

#### THE FRENCH BALTIC SQUADRON AND THE "GRILLE."

When the French Emperor, yielding to the uncontrollable desire of the nation for war, and deceived by the falsified reports of the resources at his command, was induced to declare war against his "good cousin," the King of Prussia, it was fully expected by the majority of French sympathisers that, while the army marched from the west upon Berlin, the fleet, which had already achieved so much in the Black Sea and the Baltic, would make a vigorous and determined attack upon the seaboard, and complete the subjugation of Germany commenced by the land forces. Even those who sided with Prussia in the great international quarrel, were not without fears that, though affairs should go in the best manner possible for their cause, the powerful French fleet, against which it would be hopeless to expect the few war vessels of North Germany to cope, would be able to create a powerful *divertissement* on the coast, and to counteract, in great measure, any successes with which the German arms might meet in the interior. So when it was announced that the French fleet had actually arrived in the Baltic, news was daily expected of the bombardment of Hamburg, and the blockade of Stralsund and Dantzic. Every preparation had been made by the German authorities to protect their seaboard. An army was kept in the north expressly for the purpose of opposing any invasion that might be made on the coast, the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser were strongly and vigilantly guarded, lightships and buoys were removed, torpedoes were placed in the various channels, and, in a word, everything was done to make the cruise of the hostile vessels both difficult and dangerous. Still the French fleet made no hostile demonstration. Two or three vessels appeared, in turn, before Swinemunde, Dantzic, Pillau, and Memel, and declared these ports in a state of blockade. But there was no bombarding, no landing of troops on the coast to ravage the surrounding country and march upon Berlin. The French fleet continued to cruise about, jealously guarding the entrance to the Baltic, and snapping up such small fry, in the shape of merchant-vessels, as came in their way, until at last the German fleet, that had hitherto judiciously kept under cover, took upon itself to make the first move. On the 16th of August, accordingly, the royal yacht "Grille," accompanied by the gunboats "Drache," "Blitz," and "Salamander," started from the harbour of Stralsund. They came across the French squadron, consisting of four iron-clads, a corvette, and a despatch boat, in the Bay of Hiddensee, to the west of the Island of Rugen. An engagement ensued, in which but little damage was done, though the "Grille," from the peculiarity of her build, her lightness, and her extreme swiftness, considerably harassed the unwieldy iron-clads, and after doing some injury to their rigging, returned into port. The only loss sustained during the engagement was that of 18 of the crew of one of the iron-clads, who were killed by the explosion of a shell.

#### A SAXON OUTPOST BEFORE PARIS.

Our illustration gives a view of the encampment of one of the numerous German outposts that lie in advance of the line encircling Paris. The Saxons, who occupy the neighbourhood of the Forest of Bondy, to the north-east of the capital, have in front of their entrenchments, the forts of Nogent, Rosny, Noisy, Romainville, and Aubervilliers, and in the vicinity of each of these is posted a strong detachment for the purpose of observing the movements of the different garrisons. The detachment shown in the illustration is that posted on the road from Pantin to Villemouble, opposite the Fort of Noisy, on the extreme edge of the forest. The men not immediately employed as vedettes are bivouacked in a ravine on the roadside, sheltered from the fire of the fort by a small country-house, and by the high ground immediately in front of them. On the other side of the valley, as shown to the left of the illustration, is Fort Noisy, with the camp of the French outpost on the slope in front; in the centre background are the village and fort of Romainville, while to the right, between the trees, is visible the suburb of Pantin, of which so much was heard a year ago in connection with the atrocious murders committed there by Traupmann.

It appears that the Admiralty are considering a proposal to raise the "Captain." At all events they will probably try to ascertain the position of the wreck, the nature of the bottom, and the depth of the water at the point where she is lying. As yet the estimate of the depth, which has been stated as 90 feet, is pure speculation. One engineer says that modern science will enable us to examine the vessel, even were she a mile under water, and this at a very small cost; but not surely during the present equinoctial gales.—*Court Journal*.

#### ALL ABOUT NOTHING.

Patti, la Diva. We remember, years ago, when she first appeared in La Somnambula, in New York. She was so young, such a mite of a body, that people wondered how M. Strakosch could have the audacity to bring her out on the boards of the Academy of Music. But out she came, only fifteen years of age. We remember well the dreadful havoc she created with those black, electric, luminous eyes of hers. Her voice, it was like the warbling of the young lark sending its first notes towards the skies, which, charmed with its own sweet music, rises again and catching the divine inspiration warbles on richer and more delicious in its notes at each succeeding effort. So Patti, from her first infantile effort so crowned with success, has risen to delight the musical world with her wondrous song. But the voice was her jewel of price, and she warbled on through Europe to gain a price for it. The Czar of all the Russias gave her diamonds; the Emperor of France (that was) brilliants of equal value; Austria's Emperor followed suit; the nobility of England showered innumerable favours on her; ladies smiled jealously on her; young fashionable aristocrats swore by her; milliners made fortunes by the Patti this and the Patti that; German Barons offered her marriage, but they were too cheap; even a German Prince of some minor State offered his princely hand. Rumour was wild with all sorts of imaginary matrimonial engagements, for she was the little goddess of song, the beautiful syren that enthralled, night after night, the votaries that offered incense at her shrine. But her love was chaste, her virtue was snow-clad, no sun of passion could melt it. Five years of European triumphs, of continued and increased successes, and then she surrenders her heart and hand to the Equerry of an Emperor. Her wondrous song has gained her a French coronet, and an English Prince and Princess are witnesses of her new triumph. But, alas! from Patti we hear sad news, the songstress must sing on, the Marchioness must still continue to charm the public, for she must be Patti again. The Marquis has gambled away her sweetly earned savings, and dame rumour has even pawned her coronet to pander to his gambling proclivities. An Equerry no longer, a Marquis without estates, and a Marchioness without a coronet, are a sorry picture to contemplate. Well, what is Patti's loss will be the public gain, she will not seek the retirement of the lakes of Geneva, so we say, with our hats off:—*viva la Diva!*

When the Prince of Wales was travelling in America we all know his love for balls, but perhaps our readers are not aware what an excellent pedigree he possesses. In Cincinnati, called Porkopolis, a ball was given in honour of the Prince, during which one of his partners happened to be the daughter of a lady of great wealth, but rather Western in ignorance. After the dance and the agitation to the mother's feelings consequent upon the honour conferred upon her daughter, a gentleman, who had been accompanying the Prince in a literary capacity, approached the lady and requested the pleasure of her daughter's hand in the next dance. The fond mother, gently swaying to and fro the gorgeous fan which she held in her hand, and nodding her plumed head in acquiescence, said, "Certainly, you may dance with Augusta. I suppose you know she has just danced with the Prince of Wales, and they do say he's of such a good family!" I think our readers will agree with her that "he's of such a good family."

Did any of our readers ever get sentimental over Harrison's singing of "When other lips and other hearts." Ah! that "Bohemian Girl" immortalized Balfe; what a charming composer he was. England never produced his equal. He is dead! They are all passing away—these men identified with our recollection. Only a few months since, before departing from England, the writer was taking a last look at the wonders of London, and, of course, bent his footsteps towards Westminster Abbey. He entered that wondrous temple, passing by the newly erected statue of Palmerston on the right; he gazed next on the splendid monument to the great Duke of Newcastle, and at the equally grand one that recorded the virtues of a Duchess of Newcastle; he reflected a moment on the terrible downfall of that once great name—in the person of the present Duke; but forward, by all and over the mighty dead of England, he approached the Poets' Corner, and then he halted, for there was a respectful crowd gathered round a space roped off; he approached nearer, and behold there was a pile of bouquets of single blossoms and of *immortelles*. He watched the faces of those present,—there were no words spoken,—he could not read their thoughts, for he knew that they, like him, were dwelling on all that Charles Dickens had done to amuse a world with pathetic stories. Author of Little Dorrit, and creator of genial, kind-hearted Pickwick, and of Little Emily, of David Copperfield,—those are touching tributes paid to thy memory; better than the minute gun, the solemn peal of the organ, or the Dead March in Saul, are those pure, those sweet, those gentle offerings,—showers of fresh flowers; the very spirit which thy works evoked have come back in thy own pure way of teaching!

There will be plenty of books to make genial the winter evenings. All sorts of people are publishing all sorts of books. The author of "Guy Livingstone" has written a new novel, now in press. So has Whyte Melville, Lady Wood, W. G. Crown, Mrs. Brookfield, and Mr. Edward Yates. The Poet Laureate is about to issue twelve brief poems, which are connected by a love story. Mr. Disraeli, Coningsby Disraeli, Lothair Disraeli, is about to be delivered of another,—its character is conjectural. The New Yorkers must be very sorry to think that Nilsson is indisposed; what a calamity to that artist. I wonder whether she has had any tuition of Sims Reeves, that sweet-voiced but conceited and irascible tenor.

Schneider, La Grande Duchesse Schneider, the only Schneider, has been compelled to leave Paris. She was opposed to having *entrées de cheval* for her dinner, disgusted with the vulgarity of the *Garde Mote*, and frightened out of her wits at the idea of one of Krupp's shells bursting in her boudoir. Schneider has, therefore, gone to delight the Pasha of Egypt, whose very existence seems to have been ostracised the past few months. Happy Pasha! Happy Schneider.

What do all the world of beauty, loveliness, and fashion in the Dominion say to the marriage of Princess Louise? Isn't it delightful to talk about? Have not all the fairy tales come true? A Royal Princess—a live one in her own person—is about to give her hand and heart, and with her tongue has

uttered words of love to one of her mother's subjects; but, what is worse than all, he has told her his tale of love too, and then, more extraordinary, the mother has approved of it. Oh, shame; what will the wealthy German Princes say abroad; why there were hundreds of dozens of them for the Princess to pick from; there was the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Swandenburger-Ghutuburg—such a nice young gentleman. Fiel fel what will her brother-in-law, Prince Christian, say—a man who conferred upon England such an unparalleled honour as marrying a Royal Princess? Could he have foreseen this? And then she is the sweetest, fairest flower of the flock. But worse remains behind. The Queen dowager with £10,000 a year, and Parliament £4,000 per annum—now £14,000 per year Mr. Lowe would think a very nice sum to add to one of his budgets?

Who is she going to marry? why a nobleman of splendid descent, a gentleman of spotless character and education, besides being a man of no mean ability; and what the ladies, perhaps, would like to know more, he is decidedly distinguished and handsome. This Marquis of Lorne, if he lives, will be the ninth Duke of Argyll. According to the Peerage Guide, the Dukedom was conferred in 1701; in 1445, Baron Campbell; 1475, Baron Lorne; 1701, Duke of Argyll, Marquess of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount Lochow and Glenilla, Baron Inverary, Mull, Morven, and Tiry; Baron Sundridge and Hamilton, 1778. Now, this is what we should call a pretty good string of titles. Then, by this marriage, she will be connected with the great Northumberland family, with the Sutherlands, the Grosvenors, and that's quite enough. The Queen ensures the loyalty of many a great subject by this marriage, and there may be more political significance in it than people dream of. But let us say it is a love match; that Lorne wooed amid the Scottish Heaths, that he loved her as he saw her wandering around the hills of Balmoral. I am sure the ladies will agree with us in that sentiment as uttered by Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle with such tender pathos—"No ladies and gentlemen, charge your glasses for the bride and bridegroom. Here's to you and to your family, and may you live long and prosper."

A. R.

**A DUKE OF ARGYLL AND ANOTHER ROYAL MARRIAGE.**—The following extract from *Fraser's* will be read with interest at the present time. The Duke of that day, it will be seen, quite willing his Royal mistress should marry a subject, providing she could like him well enough. It was before Queen Mary's unhappy marriage with Darnley, and when Elizabeth wished to get her to marry Robert Dudley, or anybody except a French or Spanish Prince. Randolph, Elizabeth's envoy, was admitted to the Scotch Queen's Cabinet. "It was after dinner, Murray, Maitland, Argyll, and a number of other noblemen were present. 'Now, Mr. Randolph,' she said, kissing, as she spoke, a diamond heart—a present from Elizabeth—which hung about her neck; 'now, Mr. Randolph, I long to hear what answer you have brought me from my good sister. I am sure it cannot be but good. Randolph delivered his message. She listened without interest till he spoke of her recognition, when she became at once attentive. She expected, however, to hear some person named as the husband desired for. 'You have more to tell me,' she said, 'let me hear all.' Randolph answered that his commission extended no further. Lord Argyll approached the bed. 'My lord,' she said to him, 'Randolph here would have me marry in England. What say you?' 'Is the Queen of England become a man?' said Argyll. 'Who is there, my lord,' said she, 'that you would wish me to marry?' 'Whoever your Majesty can like well enough,' the Earl answered. 'I would there was no noble man in England as you could like.' 'That would not please the Hamiltons,' said the Queen. 'If it please God and be good for your Majesty's country,' Argyll rejoined, 'what matter it who is displeased!'"

**NAPOLEON'S COURAGE.**

As for the personal demeanour of Napoleon III at Sedan, writes the correspondent of a London paper, all that were eyewitnesses to his conduct describe it as that of one who either cared not for death, or actually threw himself in its way. On two occasions during the day he was providentially spared being instantly killed. In the midst of the scene of confusion which ensued upon the irruption of the panic-stricken French into Sedan, the Emperor, riding slowly through a wide street swept by the German artillery and choked by the disordered soldiery, paused for a moment to address a question to a colonel of his staff. At the same instant a shell exploded a few feet in front of Napoleon, leaving him unharmed, though it was evident to all around that he had escaped by a miracle. The Emperor continued on his way without manifesting the slightest emotion, greeted by the enthusiastic wisps of the troops. Later, while sitting at window, inditing his celebrated letter to the King of Prussia, a shell struck the wall just outside and burst only a few feet from the Emperor's chair, again leaving him unscathed and unmoved.

A South American artist has challenged the Archbishop of Bogota to fight a duel. The prelate, it appears, ordered from the artist a life-size picture of John the Baptist for his cathedral. When the painting was sent to the church the Archbishop was shocked to observe that John had on a shiny high hat, and a red necktie. The artist refused to remove them, for he said it would spoil the whole tone of the picture, and, besides, it was a correct costume. The Archbishop told him he knew no more about John the Baptist's clothes than a double-nosed pointer about the refraction of light. So there is going to be a fight. The Archbishop clearly is wrong. Suppose J. B. didn't wear a high hat, art must be allowed some latitude, mustn't it, so that the imagination can have play? The artist is an idealist, and we hope he will win a victory for his school, and "pot" the Archbishop.

Lieut.-Governor Archibald has issued a proclamation by which the introduction of spirituous liquors of any kind into the North-West Territory is prohibited, and a fine of not more than \$100 is imposed for their possession or importation. Any person, without warrant, is permitted to confiscate and destroy the casks or other vessels containing the same. By another proclamation the giving or selling to Indians of spirits of any kind is precluded. The laws to this effect will be most-strictly enforced.

**SPORTING.**

**TORONTO HUNT STEEPLE CHASE.**

The steeple-chases over the Carleton Course, Toronto, on the 29th ult., were a great success, and attracted a large number of persons to the ground. The sport was of excellent quality, and the ground was in capital going order. The fences were in some instances pretty stiff, and in one or two of the races the jockies "came to grief," but beyond kissing mother earth in rather an unceremonious manner, and soiling their gaily coloured jackets, no damage was done. The ladies' stand was crowded, and its fair occupants seemed to evince the greatest interest in the proceedings. The Band of the Queen's Own Rifles were in attendance during the day. Sharp on time the first race was called.

**GREEN STEEPLE-CHASE.**—A sweepstake of \$10 each, \$3 forfeit, with \$100 added; for horses that have never started in a race; the property of, and regularly hunted by members of the Toronto Hunt, and to be ridden by members; about two miles.

For the race there were four entries, and all started. The horses got away at the first start well together. At the first fence Von Moltke and Tornado basiked, and were in consequence out of the race altogether. The affair was reduced then to a match between Mary Marshall and Primrose; the latter got over the first fence in fine style, leading Mary Marshall by about a couple of lengths. At the second fence the horses were close together, and in a short time the race appeared to be in the balance. In the last mile, however, Mary Marshall, coming over a fence where Primrose seemed to over-jump herself, went to the front in gallant style and collared her opponent. The run home was a most exciting race, and at one time the result seemed to be very doubtful. Coming down the straight run home, Mary Marshall put on a fine turn of speed, with Primrose close at her heels. The rider of the latter called on the chestnut mare, who answered gamely; but it was evident that Mary Marshall was too fast for her on the flat, and the latter finally won a capital race by about half a length.

**SECOND RACE.**

**OPEN STEEPLE-CHASE.**—Sweepstakes of \$10 each, \$3 forfeit with \$100 added. Handicap weights; about three miles.

There were eight entries for this race, but only six started. The horses got off well together, but at the third fence Nora Kista threw her rider. Citadel then took up the running, closely pushed by Jack on the Green, who cleared his fences in good style. The two had the race to themselves, Nipissing and Raven being out of the hunt, and Citadel finally landed himself an easy winner.

**THIRD RACE.**

**TORONTO HUNTERS' STAKES.**—Sweepstakes of \$10 each, \$3 forfeit, with \$100 added, for horses of, and regularly hunted by, members of the Toronto Hunt, during the present season. Handicap weights. Highest weight not to exceed 12 stone. Gentlemen riders. About two miles. There were five entries for these stakes, and all started—Primrose, Mary Marshall, Brilliant, Bismarck and Dan. After a couple of false starts the horses were got off, Mary Marshall leading, closely followed by Bismarck. Over the first fence Mary Marshall showed her opponents a clean pair of heels, and taking up a strong position was never headed again, although Dan pushed her very closely. The mare finally came in a winner just as she pleased.

**FOURTH RACE.**

**SOVARY OF \$2 EACH, WITH \$20 ADDED.**—for horses regularly used as hacks, and the property of members of the Hunt; ½ mile on the flat—catch weights. Winners of any of the above races excluded.

Although seven horses were entered for the race, only four started, viz., Chit-Chat, Beauregard, Bismarck and Nellie. The event was not a very exciting one, Chit-Chat from start to finish having it all her own way, and finally winning easily, Beauregard being second and Bismarck third. This concluded the day's sport, and the most successful race meeting which has been held in the neighbourhood for some time past.

Messrs. Wm. Copeland and John Shedden officiated as stewards; Mr. John Hendrie as clerk of the course.

Our sketch shows the second race, in which "Citadel" and "Jack-on-the-Green" were the principal contestants. Much credit is due to the members of the Hunt for the admirable management of the day's sport, and for their kind attention to visitors.

**THE CATHEDRAL OF METZ.**—There have been enthusiasts, says a writer in *All the Year Round*, who, forgetting Amlens and Chartres, have pronounced Metz cathedral as the most perfect Gothic work on the Continent. It is certainly beautifully light, and its spire shoots up like a fountain above the forest of carved peaks and fretted pinnacles below. Begun in 1016 by Bishop Thierry, the ghost of that worthy prelate remained restless and repining till 1546, when it was finished. So, after all, even Catholic zeal had its cold fits. The vergers tell you it is three hundred and seventy feet long, and that the spire is of the same height. The nave is fifty-one feet wide, and one hundred and nine feet high. The great stone arc is pierced with innumerable portholes, and these windows were filled in 1526 by Busch of Strasburg with rich stained glass, just in time before the arc became lost. Its beautiful open-work spire, light, as if carved of wood, carries an enormous bell, the very palladium of Metz, weighing about twenty-eight thousand six hundred pounds, and called La Mute. The font, called the Cuve de Cesar, is probably an old Roman tomb. The chief curiosities of the cathedral are the stone thrones of the early bishops, two embossed crosses of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, an embroidered red silk cope, said to be Charlemagne's, and a dragon of pasteboard and canvas, formerly used in street processions, and called Le Gracill. People who want to see the walks and gardens of the esplanade, or the strong redoubt, called the Faute, which can be turned into an island by closing the sluices on the Sille, should mount the cathedral spire, first ascending the clerestory gallery to see the stained glass and the flying buttresses. The view of Metz from the spire is a fine one.

Coloured women are manifestly born to blush unseemly.

**VARIETIES.**

How to get rid of anybody.—Let him a loan.  
"He never-weepes," is the name of Red Cloud's only brother-in-law.

Josh Billings says he prefers the age of laps to the lapse of ages every time.

Not to inquire after each other's "chills" is the height of discourtesy in Indiana.

On the walls of the Tuilleries, in all directions, is written: "To let, because of folly."

The wife of General Uhrich, the defender of Strasburg, is the well-known dancer Taglioni.

General Lindsay resumed his duties at the War Office as Inspector-General of Reserve Forces, on the 1st inst.

A vessel in the British channel lately picked up a live pig seven miles at sea, disproving the popular idea that a pig cannot swim.

The *New Haven Register* has the following "Erratum" in its "Notices to Correspondents,"—"*In* — line, in the article upon Yale College, read, for alum water, *Alma Mater*."

The *Times* understands that an eminent London publisher has offered £10,000 for the exclusive right, for ten years, of publishing the revised version of the Bible now in progress.

The *Record* states that the New Testament revisionists have voted that the true translation of our Lord's Prayer is "Deliver us from the evil one," and not "from evil," as now rendered. They also agree to expunge the doxology at the end of the prayer, as absent from all the earliest manuscripts.

Herr Bleibtreu, a German painter of battle-pieces of deserved reputation, is said to have already commenced, in a quiet nook of one of the palace wings at Versailles, the painting, from sketches made on the battle-fields, of two important pictures, the one representing the Crown Prince of Prussia at Woerth, the other King William at Sedan.

A profitable traffic is done by the inhabitants of Givonne and Bouillon. Large consignments of worthless old arms are sent to them which are disposed of to tourists as trophies of the battle of Sedan. The story is told of an Englishman who bought a flint-lock pistol to take it home, as he said, as a proof of the carelessness of the French Administration, which in 1870 still used the arms of the First Empire.

On October 16, one of four pigeons, taken from a fancier's in the Old Kent Road, London, to France, nearly a month ago, returned home with a message on tissue, dated Paris, October 16. The pigeon is of the Antwerp breed of birds, and had flown several times from Calais, but this was its first journey from Paris.

In Paris, if we are to believe the graphic correspondence of Mr. Labouchere in the *Daily News*, there is still the same overweighing confidence in the final crushing defeat of the German invader as some weeks ago, though with a trifling under-current of diffidence, not to say ill-concealed apprehension.

The British Military authorities have decided to furnish each corps with tools of various descriptions, to enable hand-craftsmen to work at their trades, and others to obtain some skill in the use of them, so that such men as wish to do so may learn a trade, such as that of painter, carpenter, cooper, tin-smith, &c., and be able to obtain employment on quitting the army.

The Crown Prince of Prussia, after a combat before Paris, reviewed his victorious Bavarians, one of whom eyed him with a broad smile. "What is it up, comrade?" asked the Prince. "Why, is it not jolly?" was the good-humoured reply, "to see your Royal Highness just as bestrapped with dirt as we are?" A tap on the shoulder was all the rebuke he got.

A young lady gave a small party recently, and, being in want of a gentleman to complete a set of the lancet, went into the hall, and seeing a nice-looking young man there, insisted on his joining in the dance, though he remonstrated very strongly against it. What was her surprise and dismay to find, at the conclusion of the dance, that she had been dancing with one of the waiters!

Her. is a warning to young men who jeopardise their lives every day. A young man in Indianapolis, Ind., has been under treatment for what is discovered to be lead colic. It was a long time before the doctors found out where he got it, but at last the terrible truth came out. He had been in the habit of kissing a young woman who improved her complexion by the aid of cosmetics. There should be a law passed that women using that stuff should put a sign up "Beware of the Colic." Then a man could go to destruction with his eyes open.

The pen with which Count Bismarck is to sign the treaty of peace is already prepared. Herr Bissenger, of Pforzheim, has manufactured out of massive gold an imitation of an ordinary stout goosequill. The quill itself is polished, in order that it may be more conveniently handled, but the feather closely resembles a real quill, every fibre being represented, while the back of the feather is thickly studded with brilliants, and below them a count's coronet and Bismarck's monogram are engraved. Besides the engraver and maker, two goldsmiths were engaged on it for five weeks.

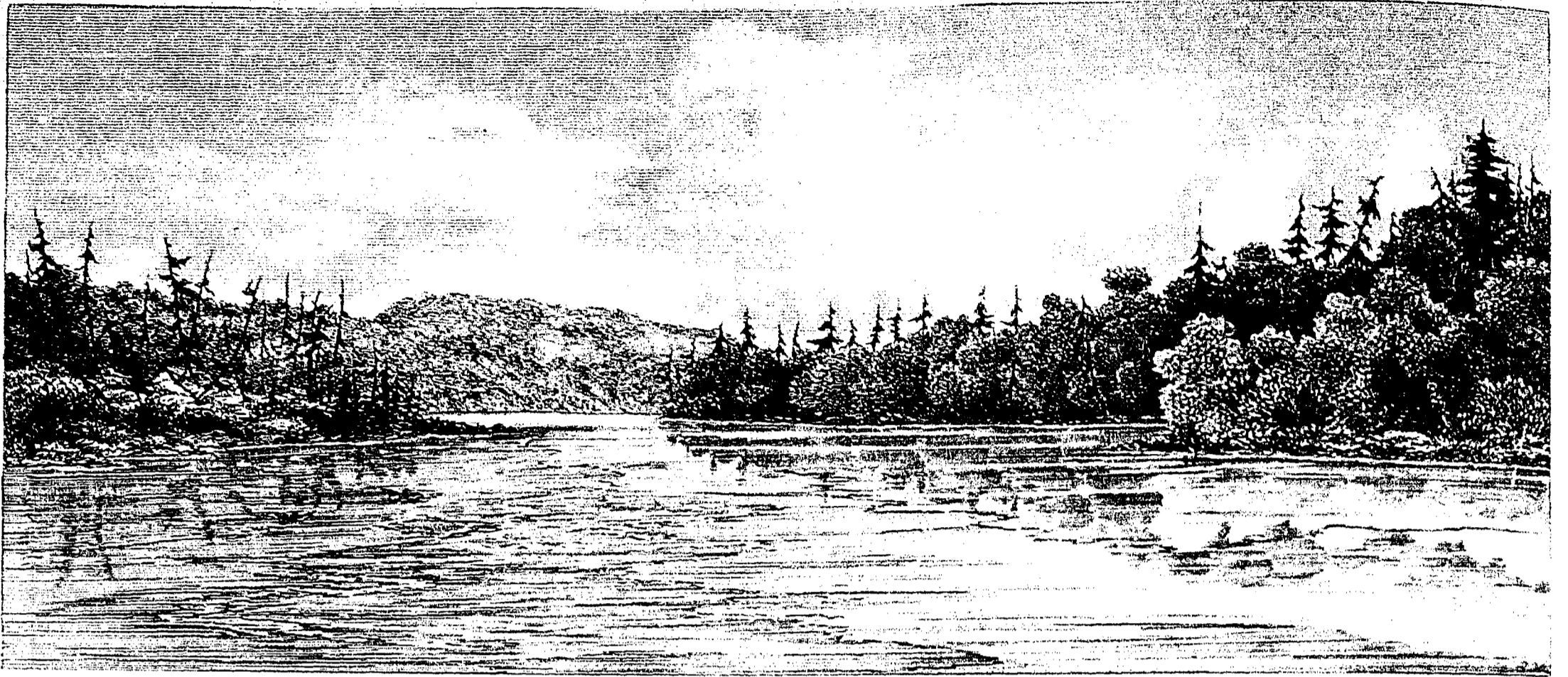
The *Melbourne Argus* of August 13th, says:—"The author of *The Curiosities of Literature* has added some droll instances of printers' misadventures, but none is more comical than one which appeared in the *Argus* of yesterday. Our account of the mayor's fancy ball closed with some lines ending—

Relate the adventures of the night,  
And fly by turns from truth to fiction—  
From retrospection to prediction."

For the last word 'perdition' was substituted, with an effect which our readers can guess.

For the last word 'perdition' was substituted, with an effect which our readers can guess.

With the investment of Paris and the removal of the Emperor, the doom of French rule in the world of fashion seems to be pronounced as completely as that in the world of politics. At least in Germany the imitation of France has come to an end. There is nobody to design the fashions in the French capital, nor have the besieged Parisians time to think of dress. The German hatters, tailors, dressmakers, &c., have therefore made a virtue of necessity, and begun to invent their own fashions. As a first fruit chignons have been sacrificed by the German ladies.



NEEPIGON, No. 5.—VIEW ON NEEPIGON RIVER, LOOKING NORTH, NEAR CAMP ALEXANDER. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.



NEEPIGON, No. 10.—VIEW FROM HIGH ROCK PORTAGE, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE HEAD OF PECHAUNIGUM RAPIDS. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.



NEEPIGON, No. 13.—STURGEON LAKE, LOOKING SOUTH, AT HEAD WATERS OF BLACK STURGEON RIVER. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.

OUR CANADIAN

No. 48.—HENRI GUSTAVE JOLY,  
M.P., M.P.P.

Mr. Joly is the leader, if not the whole body, of the opposition in the local Legislature of Quebec. He is remarkable for his gentle manners, and therefore enjoys the personal esteem of all parties. He represents Lotbinière in both the House of Commons and the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, and in both Houses commands a large share of respect from his fellow-members. Among the public enterprises which he has actively encouraged, the Quebec and Gosford railway deserves prominent mention. In the promotion of this important local enterprise M. Joly has displayed great zeal, and his labours are just now about being crowned with success, as the road is at length completed and to be opened for public travel. The subject of our notice is generally regarded as a mild type of the extreme Lower Canada politician; he has certainly shewn himself, on several occasions, able to rise above the behests of party and to give his vote and influence for what he believed to be the cause of the country at large. One occasion we remember especially, when the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee was the subject of animadversion in the House of Commons, and Mr. Joly took occasion to bear testimony to poor McGee's distinguished, earnest and valuable services in the cause of his adopted country. McGee was not in the House at the time; but those of his friends who heard Mr. Joly in his earnest and impressive tones vindicate his public career from the aspersions that had been cast upon it, will certainly never forget the impartial testimony so generously offered on behalf of their friend. By his devotion to public improvements, and by his manly conduct towards his opponents, Mr. Joly has acquired a reputation that is not circumscribed by party limits. In fact, we believe that he is one of the few members of Parliament who enjoys about



H. J. JOLY, Esq., M. P.

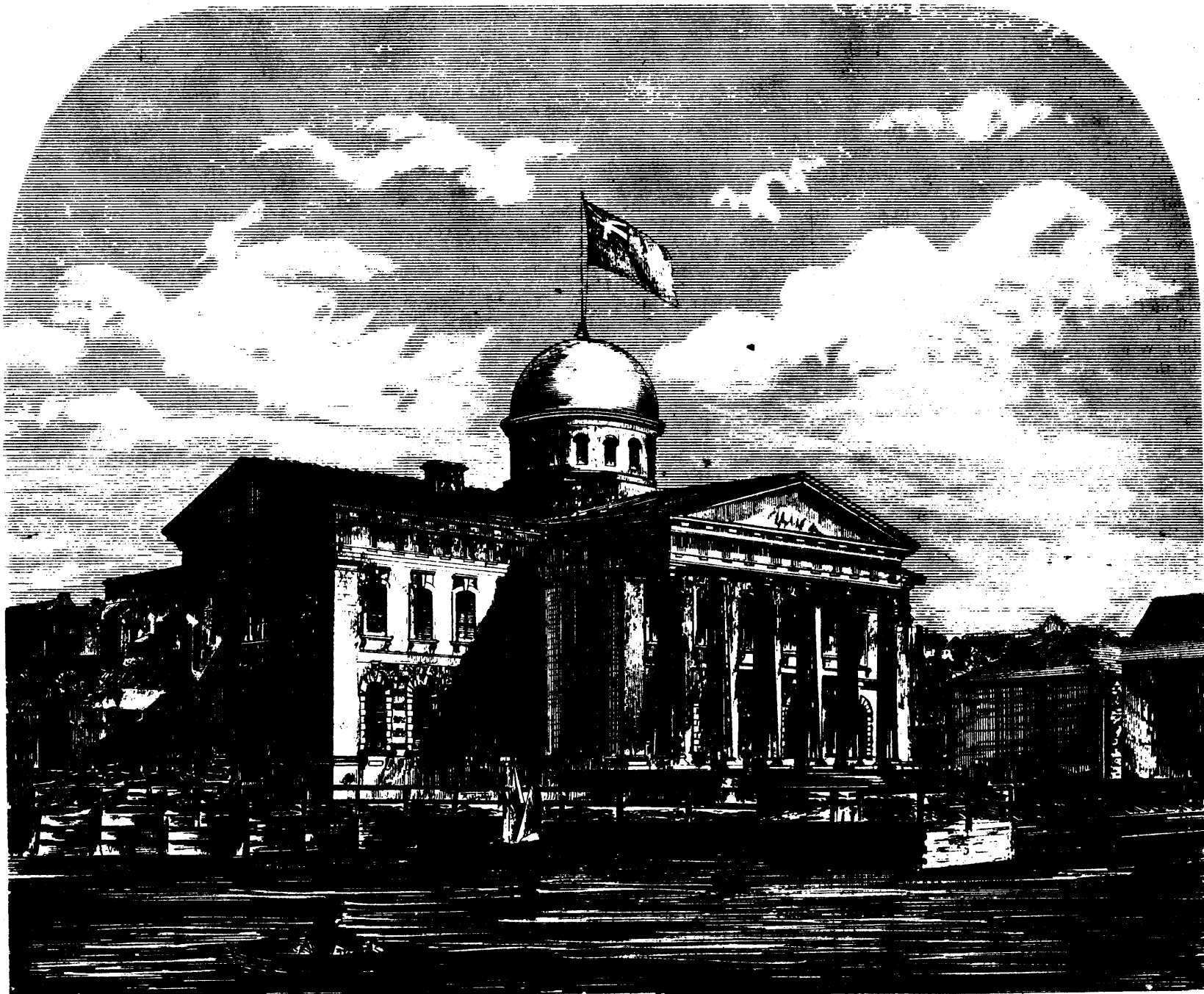
PORTRAIT GALLERY.

equal esteem from both sides of the House. We speak especially in reference to the House of Commons, where, in the work of Opposition, he is surrounded by men who, if not remarkable for their numbers, are at least distinguished for their talents; in the Quebec Assembly M. Joly is about the only oppositionist, and his duties are proportionately onerous. He, however, has proved himself a sincere friend of his province, by the zeal with which he has supported the construction of the line of railway already mentioned, and which will, doubtless, prove a great boon to the City of Quebec and the neighbouring county.

Mr. Joly is the son of the late Gaspard Pierre Gustave Joly, *seigneur* of Lotbinière, and a member of the Legislative Council of Lower Canada. He was born in France, Dec. 5, 1829, and educated in Paris. He was called to the Lower Canada Bar in 1855, and returned to Parliament for Lotbinière in 1861, which constituency he has continued to represent, having been returned, after confederation, for both the Commons and the Local House. Mr. Joly is also Vice-President of the Royal Humane Society of B.N.A., and a Lieutenant in the 1st. Battalion Lotbinière Militia. We believe he practises the legal profession in the city of Quebec, where he usually resides.

The *Athenæum* hears that there will appear shortly a series of twelve brief poems by Mr. Tennyson, which are connected by a love-story, and will be illustrated by as many designs by Mr. Arthur Hughes. The verses will be accompanied by music, the composition of Mr. Sullivan, and issued in a handsome manner as a table-book of the first class in square octavo.

A new article of diet has appeared in the Paris markets, ass's flesh, which is selling at 80 centimes per kilogramme. Fresh water fish and vegetables are abundant, but prices are rising daily.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, QUEBEC.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY  
NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Nov. 20.—	Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity. Cape of Good Hope doubled, 1497.
MONDAY,	" 21.—	Crown Prince of Prussia born, 1840. G. T. R. open to Detroit, 1859.
TUESDAY,	" 22.—	St. Cecilia, V. M. Battle of Breslau, 1757.
WEDNESDAY,	" 23.—	St. Clement, Bp. Battle of Castella Nuova, 1796.
THURSDAY,	" 24.—	Knox died, 1572. Battle of Fort du Quesne, 1758.
FRIDAY,	" 25.—	Gen. Sir Henry Havelock died, 1857.
SATURDAY,	" 26.—	Battle of Beresina, 1812. Capitulation of Kars, 1855.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL SATURDAY NOVEMBER 19, 1870

The ingratitude of Republics has passed into a proverb, and indeed it is not unreasonable to believe that a wise despot should better know how to reward deserving citizens than even the best intentioned Republican community, whose severe theories of the obligations due to the State imply that the pleasure of serving it is ample compensation for the service rendered. We have not seen in modern times, however, any practical illustration of this "more than Roman virtue" among the generality of public men in the Republics with which this generation has become familiar. On the contrary, an impression has grown up that, with a few notable exceptions, neither the mere vanity of being in public life, nor the single desire to serve the country, has been the ruling motive with many of them, but that in fact they have tried to serve themselves and their immediate personal friends. The effect of such a feeling must be to dry up the well-springs of national gratitude, while at the same time it debauches the public sentiment; and hence, without wishing to make unpleasant illustrations, we may appeal to the extraordinary, undignified, and positively irrational claptrap in which some of the foremost public men of the United States not unfrequently indulge, especially just before election times. Where public characters thus court the prejudices, passions, and follies of the people, so many of whom know well that their course is mere partizan humbug, the public respect for public men is very likely to be diminished; and to reserve itself for some particular occasion—probably the funeral of its object—when the community will

"Help to bury whom it helped to starve," and thus make a cheap display of gratitude when it cannot involve any further obligations. Our recollections of the Republic beside us recall several splendid public funerals almost emulating the Pagan system of apotheosis; but it is not on record that very many generous rewards have been given to the public men of the United States, save those which their own *finesse* has enabled them to carve out for themselves.

Canada, being neither a Republic nor a Despotism, has been saved on the one side from the evils of mob rule, and on the other from the dangers that so frequently overwhelm governments depending for vitality upon the success of the one-man power. It is probable, therefore, that her public men, while saved the necessity of resorting to the use of fashionable Republican weapons to maintain their popularity, have not always received that exact apportionment of reward to merit which scrupulous justice would exact. But in few instances has there been wanting some consideration for public services, and in many they have been substantially rewarded before the time when a magnificent *catfalque* and an imposing funeral procession became the only shapes in which public gratitude could manifest itself. In this respect "Britain in America" but follows the example of the parent State and walks side by side with her sister Colonies in other parts of the world. And it appears that as the country has advanced in wealth and population, the appreciation of public service has not declined, but rather been strengthened with the country's growth. During the three years which have elapsed since the Union, and notwithstanding the temporary discontent in Nova Scotia, the North-West troubles, and the "little difficulty" between Ontario and Quebec over the unadjusted balances of their late partnership, there has been great progress in the growth of a truly national feeling, and a considerable advance from the pettiness of the small party quarrels that formerly disturbed the relations of politicians and public men under the Provincial *regime*. These healthy tendencies towards a higher public spirit will be further promoted by every fresh recognition of signal services rendered.

In 1866 the public came forward with great zeal to supplement the by no means illiberal provision of the Government for the relatives and dependents of the men who

fell at Ridgeway in defence of their country. About two years later, a tragic calamity aroused a feeling of sympathy from one end of the country to the other, and again the people and the Government moved in concert to aid the bereaved ones. Only a few months ago we were threatened with a renewal of the scenes of 1866, but this time, happily, the danger was averted without personal loss, and the public gratitude was no less gracefully and appropriately manifested by securing for those of our defenders who merited special distinction, such marks of the royal favour as patriotic men feel honoured in wearing. But "peace has its triumphs," if, indeed, the field of public life may be called a peaceful one; and at the present time there are two, if not three, movements on foot for the purpose of raising a substantial testimonial to as many of our public men. We do not purpose to contrast these projects, or to discuss which and how many of them are at present opportune, though the one which has excited the greatest degree of public notice—that to Sir John A. Macdonald—cannot be called ill-timed, as it is already an assured success. The point to which we desire to direct attention is that Canada is not ungrateful. Her merchants, her wealthy manufacturers and business men, her mechanics, artisans and agriculturalists, flourishing as they are under wise laws and liberal institutions, do not forget those who, voluntarily surrendering the advantages of a professional or business career, have devoted themselves to the study of public affairs, and the arduous duties of statesmanship. The services thus rendered may be either measured by their value in the interests of party, or in the wider light of national advantage. But it frequently happens that the mellowing influences of time remove the traces of party strife from measures that were hotly contested on the narrowest party lines; and that the political measure which at first wears the character of the mere triumph of a faction, becomes, in the light of experience, a truly national benefit. Thus the British people have learned to regard nearly all the great legislative changes effected within the present century, whether by Whig or Tory, Radical or Conservative administration; and Canada, so far, has had no occasion to go back upon any one of the many important alterations that have been made in her constitutional and administrative systems. It is only right that those who have been the leaders in these great steps of advancement should be made sensible of the popular gratitude and esteem.

AFFAIRS are now progressing satisfactorily at Manitoba, and as a consequence trade and general confidence are reviving. The *Manitoban* of the 29th ult. speaks in hopeful terms of the future of the new Province. It says that though Manitoba has just emerged from an almost unparalleled discord of elements, yet men can still be found, of every shade of politics and every section of party, to come forward and coalesce for the common weal. The Lieutenant-Governor has discharged the duties of his office nobly, and with the greatest ability, in reconciling disturbance. The conduct of the people now shows that they can support him, unbiassed by petty jealousies. The Government at Ottawa and the people of Canada may see that the inhabitants of the newly established Province have a sound, substantial substratum of common sense and loyalty, and are willing to work right heartily in carrying out the principles of Confederation. The *Manitoban* supports Mr. Donald A. Smith and Dr. Bird as representatives of the Province in the House of Commons. Mr. Smith is a financier, and a sterling man of business, and is, besides, one of the most influential men in the Territory. Dr. Bird it describes as a native of the country, universally known and respected; a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of sound sense, who will be able to show the folly of raising objections to natives of the North-West.

The scientific societies in England are adopting the postage cards and the half-penny envelopes for cards of meetings. Many small societies will, it is said, by this means save fifteen or twenty pounds a year out of their scant revenues. Would it not be well to introduce these postage cards in Canada? Their success in Austria, where they were introduced a little more than a year ago, has been extraordinary; and during the first day's operation of the law authorizing them in England, no less than 250,000 of them passed through the London post-offices alone. We hope our Postmaster-General will favourably consider the advisability of adopting them in Canada.

THE FILTRATION OF WATER.—To those of our readers who have had their attention drawn to our remarks on the impurities to be found in water, we cannot do better than recommend a means of obtaining pure and wholesome water, free from all animal and vegetable deposit. The Silicated Carbon Filter has already been known for some time in England, and has invariably been favourably spoken of both by the press and by trustworthy medical authorities. Its operation is perfect. It filters in such a manner as to remove all colour, taste and odour, furnishing pure and sparkling water, free from all poisonous matter, and without sediment or deposit of any

kind. A filter has now become a necessity in every household, and the Silicated Carbon Filter will be found to be the most effectual, the most economical, and in every way the most satisfactory. See advertisement in another column by Mr. J. V. Morgan, the agent of the Silicated Carbon Filter Co., 304 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC, SESSION OF 1869-'70. Quebec, Middleton and Dawson.

The last number of the "Transactions"—being Part VII. of the new series—contains, in addition to the annual appendix, five papers on various subjects, read before the Society at different periods of the Session. The first of these is a paper by the President, Dr. W. J. Anderson, entitled "Evangeline," and "The Archives of Nova Scotia," or, "The Poetry and Prose of History." Of this we shall at present say nothing, as it is our intention to refer to it in a future number. The second paper is an essay by the Lord Bishop of Quebec on the "Literature of Queen Anne's Reign," written in an easy, attractive style, and giving evidence of a thorough acquaintance with the authors of the period of which he treats. His remarks on Addison and Steele, and their joint work, the *Spectator*, are especially interesting. Throughout the whole of the paper his reflections are keen, brief, and to the point. A far better general idea of the works and styles of the writers of Queen Anne's reign may be gathered from a perusal of this brief paper, than from a careful study of many of the trashy Histories of English Literature which have lately made their appearance. Lovers of science will also find a treat in these pages in the shape of a paper, by James Douglas, Esq., Junr., on "Recent Spectroscopic Observations of the Sun and the Total Eclipse of the 7th August, 1869," and an account, by Commander Ashe, of "The Proceedings of the Canadian Eclipse Party, 1869." Dr. Anderson gives a valuable addition to the historical literature of Canada in his paper on the "Military Operations at Quebec, from Sept. 18, 1759, to May 8, 1760." With such evidences of Canadian literary ability as are offered in the pages of these "Transactions," we can only regret the absence of any Canadian publication in the form of a Magazine or Review, which would serve for the propagation of knowledge on literary and scientific subjects, and tend to foster a taste for such matters among the people of the Dominion.

THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.—A monthly magazine devoted to original Canadian literature. 75 cents per an. Flint & Vannorman, Toronto, Publishers.

We have received the November and several previous numbers of this new candidate for popular favour. Its aim, to encourage Canadian literature, is a worthy one, and we wish it every success. It contains 24 pages 8vo. in each number, and is therefore excellent value for the very small subscription price.

FABER'S POEMS.—On page 335 of this issue we commence the publication of a review of Faber's poems by Mr. John Reade. It will, no doubt, be read by the the lovers of poetry with great interest, especially as Faber's poetical works are comparatively little known in Canada.

RURAL LIFE, Described and Illustrated in the Management of Horses, Dogs, &c., &c., by J. Sturer, F.R.G.S. James Thompson, Agent, Montreal.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the remaining parts of this valuable and interesting work. This latter portion of the book is even more varied and interesting in its information than the former, as it treats of a great variety of domestic animals, among some of which everybody is almost certain to find at least one favourite, while many will discover information as to the purity of breed, the best mode of treatment, &c., of domestic animals, that will not only interest them, but be of substantial profit. The book is, besides, beautifully embellished, and may be had in parts, or bound in one volume. In the latter way Mr. Thompson will furnish the book on receipt of the price, \$11, free by post or express to any part of Quebec or Ontario. It is not a book for the farmer's fireside merely, but for all who take an interest in rural life, or of the many useful animals which add so much to its pleasure and profit. Mr. Thompson's address is box 390 P. O., or 41 St. Urban Street.

THE WAR NEWS.

The great event of the past few days has been the defeat of the Prussians and the occupation of Orleans by the army of the Loire—that phantom army that has been reported at all sorts of impossible places, and which has at last turned up at the nick of time and acquitted itself in a way that has definitively set aside all the doubts that had arisen as to its existence. Paris and Tours—in fact all France except such parts as are not more immediately occupied in mourning over their losses and attending to the imperious requisitions of the Prussian victors—are in a delirium of delight over the news. And well they might, for the victory at Orleans has been the first substantial success with which the French arms have met since the beginning of the war, and one which, in the present condition of France, was especially needed to inspire her armies with new vigour for the task of expelling the invader.

After two engagements which occurred on the 8th and 9th

at the forest of Marchenoir and at Cailmare, and in both of which they were forced to abandon their positions, the Prussians, under General Von der Tann, some 25,000 in number, withdrew into Orleans, where, it appears, they intended waiting for reinforcements before attempting another attack on the army of the Loire, three divisions of which, the 15th, 16th, and 17th, were drawn up in the vicinity of the city. The French, however, did not wait for the arrival of the reinforcements, which were already marching from Chartres and Chateaudun. General d'Aurelles de Paladine, their commander, commenced a movement evidently with the intention of hemming in Von der Tann's army and compelling him to surrender. Their line occupied both sides of the Loire, on the north from Vendôme to Beaugency, and on the south from Blois la Ferte to Neuve, forming an obtuse angle with its apex at Beaugency. Von der Tann, seeing the position in which he was placed, prepared to retire northwards, but before he could effect a retreat, he was assailed by the 16th corps under Gen. Luussac, and after a severe engagement was compelled to evacuate Orleans. His loss is variously stated; the account given by the French commander places it at 25,000 prisoners, besides killed and wounded, and his own loss 2,000 killed and wounded. A despatch from Tours states that the total Bavarian loss in the three days' battles (8th, 9th, and 10th) was 3,140 in killed, wounded, and prisoners; another despatch from the same place puts it at 500 in the last day's battle. The French papers, however, report that the Germans lost—out of the army of 25,000—10,000 killed, and 1,800 prisoners! The safest estimate would appear to be 5,000, as on the following day Von der Tann's army numbered 20,000. After evacuating Orleans, the Bavarian general retreated unmolested to Toury, a small town about half way between Paris and Orleans, where he was joined by Gen. Von Wittich and Prince Albrecht, with 13,000 men, and by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg with a force of 23,000 men. His total force thus reaches 56,000, while that of Gen. d'Aurelles de Paladine numbers 100,000, with a reserve of 50,000 on the south side of the Loire. However, Prince Frederick Charles, with his victorious army from Metz, to the number of 160,000, had at that time begun his march to Toury, and when last heard from was at Sens. Should he not be able to effect a junction with Von der Tann before the army of the Loire comes up the result may be fatal for the Prussians. Against his 150,000 the 56,000 of the German general can be of small avail; and Von der Tann once defeated, the road lies open to Paris, and the investing line finds itself between the army of 150,000 commanded by Trochu and the victorious army of Gen. d'Aurelles de Paladine.

Around Paris, and in fact at every other point of the scene of operations, little of importance has occurred. On the Swiss frontier the Prussians have advanced as far as Dôle, while the French, in two distinct armies under Garibaldi and General Michel, occupy Autun and Chagny. Belfort, in the Haut-Rhin, is invested by an army of 50,000 men, and further north Prussian armies invest both Thionville and Montmédy. In the north the Prussians are marching upon Lille, and when last heard from were at La Fère.

Throughout the whole of the provinces, since the failure of the negotiations for an armistice, a new spirit seems to have seized upon the people. Everywhere vigorous preparations are going on to resist the Prussians, new levies are being made, fortresses are being garrisoned and provisioned, and a bitter, deadly warfare à l'outrance may be expected. In the western provinces the Breton member, Keratry, is at work enrolling the Bretons and Vendéans, descendants of the Chouans, to whom the rule of the first Republic was so distasteful, but who now rise to a man against the invader. In the north the ex-imperialist Bourbaki is entrenched at Lille, while the cities of Douai and Dunkirk are preparing for siege. In Normandy camps have been established at Beauvais and Gisors, and already the Prussians in this quarter have sustained considerable reverses. In the south Lyons is preparing for defence, while the united armies of Garibaldi and Michel are watching the movements of the German troops in the Doubs, and closely following their advance. News has also been received from the coast that the fleet which had been recalled from the Baltic has been hovering about the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser, and that the bombardment of Hamburg might be commenced at any day.

The only news of the slightest importance from Paris is that the city is not to be bombarded, as it is expected that the supplies within the capital cannot last more than three weeks. The correspondent of the New York World, writing from Versailles, gives the following account of the position of the troops around Paris:—

"I have made a tour around the whole army of investment, beginning at Sartrouville, a point on the Seine, eight kilometres from St. Germain. The army of the Crown Prince holds a double line of entrenched positions, extending from the west to the south side of the city to Chelles, a point on the Marne near the junction of the Strasburg Railway with the river. This line is forty-five miles long, taking in St. Germain, Marly, Versailles, Sceaux, Choisy-le-Roi, and Noisy le Grand. The army of the Crown Prince of Saxony holds the line extending from Chelles around the north and north-east of the city, twenty miles long, and touching Montfermeil, Sevran, Garges, and Saunois. The troops are quartered in all the houses of the villages and some in wooden barracks, and are so scattered that it is difficult to determine their strength. They are apparently so arranged as to be able to concentrate between 60,000 and 70,000 men on any point attacked within two hours, and to concentrate larger forces will require six or seven hours. There is no doubt but that the health of the troops is greatly impaired, the sick lists growing more alarming."

TOWN OF DUNDAS, ONT.

This town, a view of which we give in the present number, is situated in the North Riding of the County of Wentworth, five miles due west of the city of Hamilton. Its site is in a romantic little valley in the township of West Flamborough, which is surrounded, except by a narrow swampy gorge on the north-east corner. Through the valley, from west to east, runs a small stream, which has been of the utmost importance in developing the industrial resources of the town, in the establishment of flouring and saw mills, breweries, factories, &c., &c. The Desjardins Canal, a water channel without locks, runs from the eastern end of the town through the "long swamp" or gorge mentioned, and pierces the Burlington Heights by an enormously deep cut, about half a mile west of the Dundurn property, thus connecting Dundas with

the navigation of Burlington Bay at the head of Lake Ontario. Dundas is a comparatively old town, and was once the rival of Hamilton, or "Port Burlington," as it was first called; but the shipping facilities of the latter, together with its superior connection by gravel roads with the surrounding country, soon gave it the advantage. After the opening of the Great Western Railway, which passes to the north of Dundas on the highlands, the town suffered many years of commercial depression; but trade has long since revived, and it continues to be an important manufacturing locality, on account of the excellent water privileges enjoyed. For its size there is no doubt but that it contains a greater variety of extensive manufacturing establishments than any other town in Canada. It has two newspapers, several handsome churches, and many beautiful private residences on the surrounding heights. Until of late years its progress in population has not been rapid; in fact for seven of the ten years between 1851 and '61 there was rather a decrease. But the restoration of its manufactures has more than made up the population to its highest former figure. It is now estimated at from 3,300 to 4,000 souls.

THE NEEPIGON REGION.

No. 5.—NEEPIGON RIVER AND STURGEON LAKE.

In this number we print three of the Neepigon views. No. 5 mentioned in our issue of the 5th inst., a scene on the Neepigon River (looking North) near Camp Alexander; No. 10, the Northern view from the head of Pechaunigum rapids. These rapids are about seven or eight miles from Lake Neepigon, being the second of the half-dozen on the river; No. 13, Sturgeon Lake, looking South, at the head waters of the Black Sturgeon River. The sketches (11 and 12) on Lake Neepigon will be given next week. The Black Sturgeon River rises from the west side of Lake Neepigon towards the southern end, and runs through ponds and boulder deposits for about five or six miles into Sturgeon Lake,—a long narrow sheet of water, running from North to South about sixteen miles, with a pretty even breadth of from four to five miles. The southern extremity of this Lake is almost parallel with that of Lake Neepigon in lat. 49.30. The Little Sturgeon River rises from the western side of the same Lake about four miles above its southern end, and pursues a course almost parallel with the Black Sturgeon, entering Black Bay, Lake Superior, about six miles west of the latter. After passing from the extreme southern end of Sturgeon Lake the Black Sturgeon flows South by inclining towards the East, through a small lake called Manwahtun or Lake of Five Rapids. One of these rapids is four miles long, and may be easily run in the smallest canoe. There are, altogether, twenty-one rapids on the Black Sturgeon, and the scenery on its banks is very picturesque. Some parts of the country are thickly wooded, with high hills on either side, leaving a tract of fine alluvial soil about a mile and a half wide and fifty miles long on both the eastern and western banks. These tracts were formerly covered with pine, which has long ago either rotted away or been burnt up by the summer fires, and is now succeeded by an undergrowth of birch, thus shewing that the quality of the soil has been improved by the destruction of its former crop. From a hill between two portages (numbered ten and eleven on the map—see page 264, Oct. 22) our correspondent saw some splendid natural clearings admirably suited for agricultural purposes, the soil being rich and of great depth, and the lands well sheltered from the north and north-west winds by a high range of thickly wooded cliffs. The level of this land is from five to twenty feet above that of the river. There is no appearance along the river banks of abrasion from heavy ice "shoves," so that the conclusion is warranted that the break up in spring is not attended with any danger from flooding, the ice suddenly floating gently away. This is also rendered all the more probable from the fact that the current, apart from the rapids, is only about two miles an hour. There is a portage of four miles just above Red Rock, Hudson's Bay post, and from the last rapid the river is navigable for twelve or fifteen miles to its mouth, where there is a low land and a mud bar. As its name implies, the river is well stocked with sturgeon, and there is also an abundant supply of pike. Besides these, it abounds with otter, mink, &c., thus affording an attractive field for the sportsman. The water is of a dark red colour, caused, no doubt, by the large deposits of iron sand in its bed at the northern end. The trees along its banks are mostly large sized spruce, tamarac, cedar, and white birch. A large canoe can cross all the rapids with the height of water in September last. The average breadth of the stream is from sixty to seventy yards, and its depth about twelve feet.

THE GREAT ORGAN, CHICAGO.

The modest City of Boston, Mass., otherwise called the "Hub of all creation," or the "Athens of America," is no longer alone in its possessing a "great organ." Chicago, the Mushroom City of the West, so called, not for any special connection it has with the fungus tribe, but because it has shewn about equal capacity in the way of rapid growth, can now boast an organ which excels anything of the kind in America, except the Boston organ, and even with respect to that many critics have pronounced it superior in many important points, and inferior only in size. Our special reason for noticing the great organ of Chicago, is that it was built in Montreal, by Mr. J. Mitchell, whose reputation as an organ builder is already well established in Canada. The Chicago organ is, however, his master-piece, not because he was not capable of doing as well before, but because he had never been favoured with an order for so vast an instrument. It has been placed in the church of the Jesuit Fathers, and a few weeks ago was tested, for the first time, in the presence of a large concourse of Chicago musical artists, members of the press, &c. The result was not only satisfactory, but gratifying in the extreme, for the keenest critics in the audience were the best pleased. We trust that Mr. Mitchell's merits will not be overlooked by congregations or church authorities, when they require superior musical instruments.

AURORAS ANCIENT AND MODERN.—The aurora borealis has lately shown symptoms of unusual activity at a time when, if we may be permitted to say so, its displays, however beautiful, are calculated to produce an uncomfortable effect on the nervous. Perhaps, if it more frequently honoured us with its presence, we should be less inclined to look at it with an eye of suspicion as a harbinger of evil; but although of late years it has been more common in the European region of the northern zone than in former periods, its visits are, as a rule,

few and far between. In a work by M. de Mairan, entitled "Traité Physique et Historique de l'Aurore Boréale," published in 1754, is given a record of all the observations of aurora from the sixth century down to that date, as far as they appear upon the page of history. The gross number of distinct phenomena enumerated by M. de Mairan amounts to 1,441, distributed as follows:—From A.D. 583 to A.D. 1354, 26 were observed; 1354 to 1560, 34; 1560 to 1592, 69; 1592 to 1633, 70; 1633 to 1684, 34; 1684 to 1721, 219; 1721 to 1745, 961; 1745 to 1751, 28. During the earlier periods a great many instances no doubt occurred which are not recorded, but the high numbers which appear after the close of the seventeenth century seem to point to an increasing frequency of these displays in European localities. Distributed according to the different months in which the aurora appeared, the numbers to be assigned to each are as follows: January, 113; February, 141; March, 202; April, 124; May, 45; June, 22; July 22; August, 84; September, 172; October, 212; November, 153; December, 151. The instances in the winter half-year amount to 972, and those in summer to 469, being nearly in proportion of two to one in favour of the former. A brilliant display took place on March 6, 1716, of which Halley remarks that nothing of the kind had occurred in England for more than eighty years, nor of the same magnitude since 1574. This latter display occurred on November 14 in that year, when Stowe observes that there "were seen in the air strange impressions of fire and smoke to proceed forth from a black cloud in the north towards the south. That the next night the heavens from all parts did seem to burn marvellously ragingly, and over our heads the flames from the horizon round about rising did meet, and there double and roll one in another as if it had been in a clear furnace." The year following, 1575, it was twice repeated in Holland, and Cornelius Jemina, a professor in the University of Louvain, thus describes the second appearance in that year:—"The form of the chasma of September 28, following immediately after sunset, was indeed less dreadful, but still more confused and various; for in it were seen a great many bright arches, out of which gradually issued spears, cities with towers, and men in battle array; after that there were excursions of rays every way, waves of clouds, and battles mutually pursued and fled, and wheeling round in a surprising manner." Perhaps the reason we pay less attention now than formerly to the aurora borealis is that our nerves have of late years received such rude shocks from atmospherical phenomena that we are becoming hardened. Few appearances are more awful than a London fog in November, when from a dark cloud issue cabs, vans, light carts and reckless drivers, who wheel round the corners in a surprising manner, bringing the end of the world to many a hapless pedestrian.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Nov. 15, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

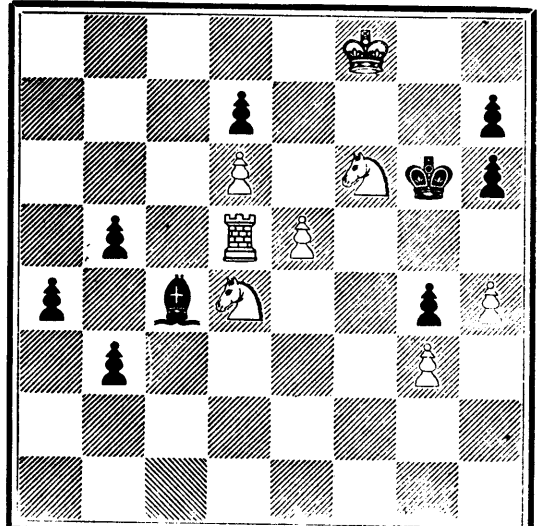
Table with 3 columns: Day, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. and Max, Min, Mean. Rows for Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday.

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

Table with 3 columns: Day, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Rows for Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 21. BLACK.

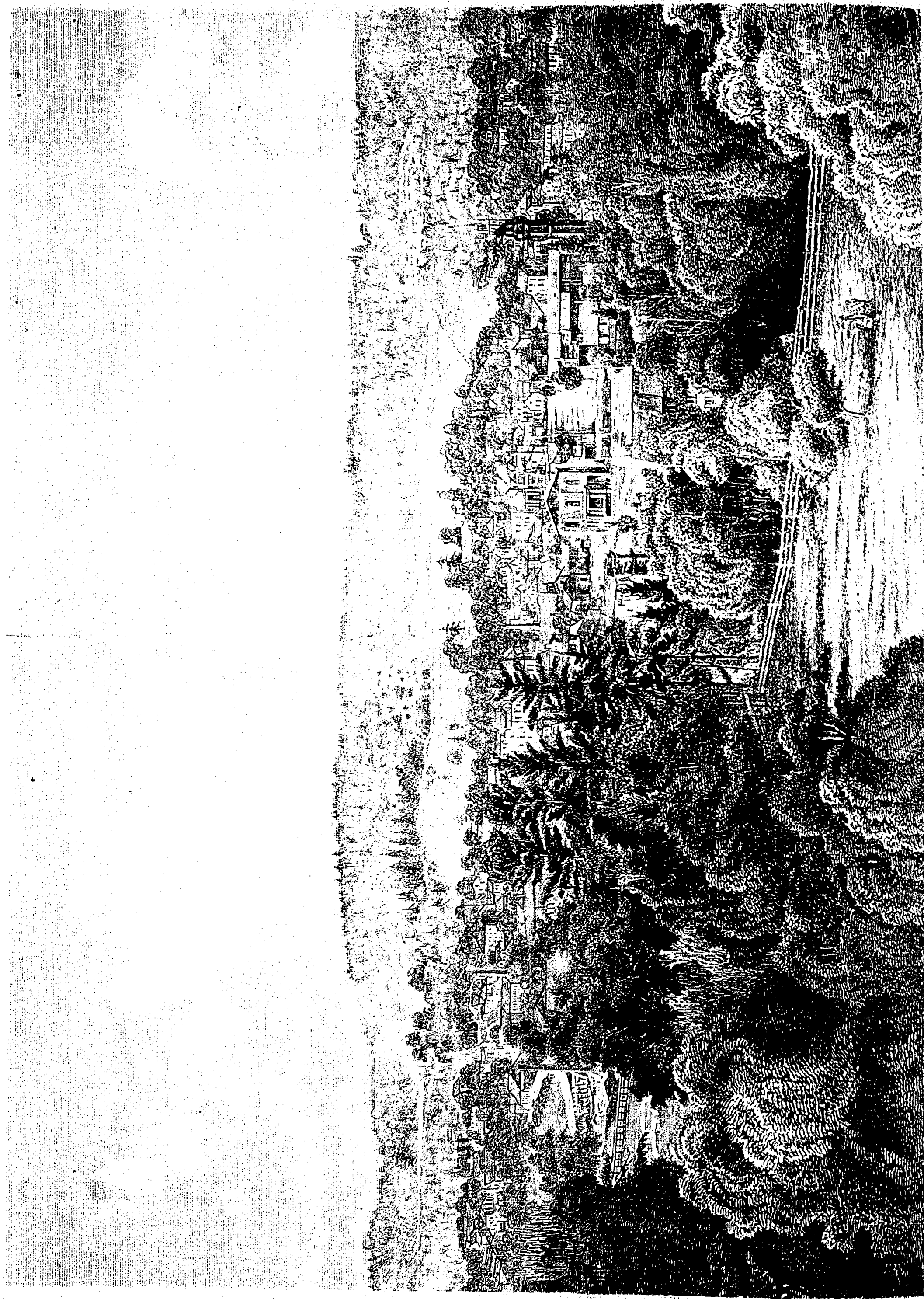


White to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 5.

- White. 1. R. to Q. Kt. 4th. 2. P. takes B. 3. Kt. mates. Black. B. takes R. (best.) Any move.





PENNINGTON, ONT. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. S. BROOKS.



NAPOLEON III AT WILHELMSHOHE. BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

## NAPOLEON III AT WILHELMSHOHE.\*

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

The autumn moon ne'er looked on fairer scene  
Than Wilhelmshe; never poet's dream  
Of all the circumstance of happiness,  
Was brighter than its proud reality.  
Nature and Art (with royal smiles elate)  
Made it a masterpiece of loveliness  
For Kings to dwell in, far from court and camp,  
And all the sleep-expelling cares of state.

There everlasting hills lift up their heads,  
Like giants of the awful early world,  
Unto the face of Heaven, not in disdain,  
But gratitude, and Heaven smiles on them,  
Till the great Rhine takes to his swelling heart,  
The image of their gladness, and is glad  
For Wilhelmshe is the Rhine's sweet child—  
Fairest of many children.

Who would deem  
That sorrow, guilty sorrow, e'er should make  
Its home in such a bosom? Yet within  
The cincture of its marvellous loveliness,—  
Within the splendour of those noble walls,  
There sits a mourner, mourning for the past—  
The cold, dead past—his past—which chills and kills.

To him the autumn moon shews no fair scene;  
If aught,—the sinuous passage of the leaf  
To its unstable grave.

Some months ago—  
A little while it seems—the pretty buds  
Peeped from pre-natal darkness at the world,  
And won unasked-for blessings for the hopes  
Their presence gave. And then gay summer came.  
Now all the trees will soon be stark and bare.  
How like our life! How like thy spring-tide hopes.  
Sad prisoner of Wilhelmshe! Now,  
Like those thin leaves, they've fallen, one by one.

And with those hopes, ah, God! how many hearts  
Have bleeding bowed unto the bloody dust!  
Thou art but one, whate'er thy sorrows be.  
But think of all the sunny fields of France  
Made desolate; of happy homes bereft  
Of love's best treasures; of the widow's pride,  
The young wife's darling, the fond father's joy,  
Slain in the strength and beauty of their days;  
Of burning villages, and ancient towns  
Battered to ruins; of the desperate wail  
Of women with their babes and little ones,  
Houseless and hungry; of the innocent souls,  
Countless, whom thy fierce thirst of power has doomed  
To the dark horrors of a causeless war!

Thou hast escaped the sword; but vulture thoughts  
Fix in thy heart a thousand ravenous beaks  
Until it writhes in anguish. Faces pale  
And mocking haunt thee in thy waking dreams.  
Whichever way thou turnest, they are there—  
The awful faces of the ruthless dead.

The Boulevards! Ah! that was long ago;  
And flattering acclaims had hushed the voice  
That rose from Paris in that winter night.  
Then fell and made its grave within thy soul.  
Now the grave opens and the dead comes forth,  
And conscience hears again that awful cry.

Did some one whisper Maximilian's name?  
Or was it but the wailing of the wind?  
Oh! "Poor Carlotta"—rich in deathless love  
And stainless purity, behold him now  
Who wrought thy darling's downfall, in his doom  
Of pitiless retribution! Those sweet lips  
That murmur plaintively need never curse  
A form so bowed as *that*. Leave him alone!  
In his own heart he bears his punishment.

Sweet pity, touch him in his hour of woe  
With soothing hand! Sleep, give him gentle dreams!  
Religion, bring him solace! Heaven, forgive!  
The good that he has done be hundredfold  
Increased, and may the evil end in good!

JOHN READS.

\* Pronounced *Vil-helms-hoo-eh*.

## THE BABY BRIGADE.

(SEE LAST PAGE.)

Three cheers, three cheers,  
For the little Volunteers!  
Oh what a merry sight it is to see them pass.  
Knee deep in butter cups, and ankle deep in grass—  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, as onward they go,  
Four jolly riflemen all in a row—  
Sunbonnet, felt hat, and tattered hat of straw,  
The funniest shakos that ever you saw!

Three cheers, three cheers,  
For the merry Volunteers!

The flaxen curly Colonel gives the word of command.  
To the stout little Corporal who can scarcely stand—  
And when the bugle sounds, and they march upon their foes,  
The poor little fellow tumbles down on his nose—  
And what with the laughter and the cackling of the geese,  
We're obliged to interfere to keep the Queen's peace—  
And we've smiles, and tears,  
From our gallant Volunteers—

And smiling over all is the toil-worn face  
Of the kindly old veteran that hangs about the place—  
Basking in the sunshine, or resting in the shade  
He dearly loves to drill his Baby Brigade,  
Fondly encouraging the soldier-plays,  
That call to remembrance his own field-days—  
And he gives three cheers  
For his little Volunteers!

L. W. T.

## BLUCHER'S JUDGMENT.

Few were the youths throughout the kingdom of Prussia that were allowed to stay at home in the eventful year of 1813. A far, more terrible, more vindictive than any one that had ever visited the continent of Europe, was raging through the land, and the country could spare none of its defenders. Also the king had called his people to arms by means of that famous proclamation which will be considered for evermore as one of the noblest documents in German history. They were true to the call—old and young; they left their homes, rushed to the colours, took up arms, and never laid them down till they had driven the enemy under the very walls of Paris.

The inhabitants of Silesia, well-known for their loyalty and patriotism, had not stood behind amidst the general enthusiasm. There was not a family in the province that had not contributed its contingent to the national affair; and many a heart was throbbing painfully whenever a new intelligence was spread of another of those dreadful battles which, by riding the country from an odious enemy, threw sorrow and affliction upon many a quiet and peaceful home.

On a sultry summer evening, in the year before mentioned, an old woman was sitting before her humble cottage in the little Silesian village of Burnheim. She had put the distaff aside, and was reading the Bible, which lay opened on her

knees. Whilst she was repeating the holy words in an undertone to herself, her ears caught the sound of quick footsteps, and a long shadow emerged from behind the cottage. The old woman trembled violently: the moment afterwards, her uplifted eyes fell upon the figure of a handsome and well-made lad, in a military attire.

"How are you, mother?"  
She rose, and threw her trembling arms round his neck.  
"God be thanked, my boy, that I see thee again! But how pale and haggard thou lookest." She went on, after a pause: "To be sure, thou must be very tired, and very hungry too!"

She led him in the room to the old arm-chair, and urged him to sit down and repose himself a little, when she herself would prepare him some supper.

"What did he like best? Should she make him an omelet, or roast a chicken? Oh, it was no trouble at all! Dear me, how could he talk of trouble? she was but too glad to do anything for her own dear boy. Yes, she would go and get him a chicken."

The old woman, all bustle and activity, left the room.

The youth did not betray so much pleasure at this hearty reception from his aged parent, as might have been expected. He was restless, and ill at ease; it seemed as if something was heavily weighing upon his heart; and when his wandering eye fell upon the portrait of his deceased father, which was hanging right over the chimney-piece, presenting that worthy gentleman in the stiff uniform worn by the king's *garde du corps* half a century ago, he felt as if the old sergeant was looking at him with a grim frown upon his honest countenance; just as if he experienced a hearty inclination to step out of his worm-eaten, rosewood frame, to seize the old knotted hazel-stick in the corner, with the brass knob at top, and to apply it to the back of his offspring for half an hour or so; as, in fact, he had been in the habit of doing, many a day in his lifetime, some eight or ten years ago. His restless son felt so much overcome by this latter reflection that, when the old woman came bustling in again, after the lapse of some minutes, with the chicken under her apron, she found her own dear boy with his head in his hands, leaning listlessly upon the table.

He sat up when she came in, but did not look at her. The old woman became attentive. In the joy of her heart, she had never thought yet of asking him any questions except those concerning his appetite. Now, it began to strike her that the present period was rather a strange time for a soldier to be on leave of absence.

"Charles!"—No answer.

The old woman trembled violently. She dropped her burden, and walked straight up to him. Her honest, wrinkled countenance was full of anxiety and apprehension. Looking him full in the face, and clapping her hands together, she cried out in an agony: "So help me God, Charles, you are a deserter!"

"I couldn't stand it any longer, mother," uttered her wretched son, in a broken voice, by way of apology.

"You couldn't stand it!" said the old woman, exasperated beyond all measure; "you couldn't stand it! and hundreds of thousands of your brethren do! *Fy*, for shame!" and with her old, honest, trembling hand, she gave him a smack on the face.

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man starting up, with the blood rushing to his face.

"*Fy*, for shame!" she went on, without heeding him in the least, "to bring such a disgrace upon the whole village! What would *he* say?"—she pointed to where the old warrior was hanging over the chimney-piece, whose stern countenance, illuminated by the rays of the evening sun, seemed indeed to assume an unusual expression of solemn indignation. "Sit down, sit down, I say! you—deserter! It shall not be said that your dear father's house, in the village of Burnheim, is a place of refuge for runaways, whilst the whole country is up in arms! Don't you stir, sir! I'll be back in a minute;" and with this the brave old woman left the room, locking the door after her.

She was not alone when she came back about half an hour afterwards; the country parson, the schoolmaster, the country judge, and half a dozen more of the dignitaries of the village were with her. The little room was quite full when all these distinguished visitors had entered it. Charles sat in the old arm-chair, quite motionless, his face covered with both his hands.

The honest villagers had made up their minds at once what to do with the deserter; they looked upon his crime as an ignominy, by which he had not only disgraced himself, but also their community at large, and they were not the men to put up with such an affront. The schoolmaster, who was a politician, and subscribed to a newspaper, having informed them that the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief of the army were but about two days' march from the village, they had resolved at once to escort him thither. The judge proclaimed the young man a prisoner in the name of his majesty the king, and called upon him to follow him to a place of security for the night, as on the following morning they would in a body convey him to his excellency the field-marshal, General Blucher. He rose, and followed them without opposition. When they were all gone, the old woman took up the Holy Scriptures once more; but it was in vain that she strove to read; her eyes grew dim, and the letters were all swimming confusedly before them, so she put it down again, and wept bitterly.

Early on the following morning a strange procession was seen emerging from the little village of Burnheim—four old peasants escorting one young soldier. The country judge, with grave airs, marched ahead of them, whilst the schoolmaster, who had obstinately insisted upon accompanying the expedition, brought up the rear. The prisoner, with downcast eyes and fallen countenance, was walking between the two other patriots; and as he had pledged his word not to make any attempt at flight, they had consented to leave his hands untied. When the expedition, after a day's march, put up for the night in a small hamlet, they were told that all the villages around were crammed full with Frenchmen, so they were obliged to make a long roundabout way; and it was not before the morning of the fifth day after their departure that they reached head-quarters.

"Where is the residence of the commander-in-chief?" asked they of one of the ordnance-officers, who were galloping through the streets in every direction.

"Why, in the chateau, to be sure, where the two hussars were mounting guard on horseback."

When they had entered the yard, they were not in the least

discouraged at the sight of whole scores of adjutants, and orderly-officers of every rank and arm, all of whom seemed to have some urgent business with the commander-in-chief; for no sooner had any of them been despatched, than he was seen mounting again, and tearing away with his horse's belly to ground. It never entered their heads for one moment that the general might consider their own business to be of a somewhat smaller importance, although the schoolmaster argued from what he saw that something of consequence was going on just now. The worthy man was right so far; the commander-in-chief was about to give battle on the following day. When they had been waiting patiently for a couple of hours, and began to feel somewhat tired and hungry, the country judge, conscious of the importance of his mission, ventured at last to accost one of the officers of the general's staff who was passing by with a packet of sealed letters in his hand; but that hasty functionary did not even stop to give ear to the address of the head man of the rural deputation, but merely grumbled something about the propriety of their going to Jericho—or further.

Our worthy inhabitants of Burnheim, however, were not the men to give way so soon and renewed the charge accordingly. This time it was a middle-aged man with a benevolent countenance, whom they made acquainted with their request to see the field-marshal on most urgent business.

"Why, they had chosen their time rather badly, indeed; the general was extremely busy. Couldn't one of the secretaries do as well?"

"By no means; they must see the general himself."

"Was it an information concerning the enemy which they wanted to deliver?"

"O no; something much more important—from Burnheim," added the schoolmaster.

The middle-aged officer with the benevolent countenance laughed, and said he would try. After the lapse of about half an hour, he came back, and beckoned to them to follow. They were ushered into an ante-room, and directed to wait for his excellency.

The door opened after another half-hour's waiting, and an old man with gray hairs, iron-cut features, and bright eyes, entered the room; it was the commander-in-chief, *Old Father Blucher*, as the soldiers called him. The country judge stepped forward, and bowing very low, delivered the speech about which he had been pondering ever since they had left their native place, and which, of course, he thought to be very eloquent. He stated all that has been told already in the course of this narrative: how the deserter's own mother had given information of her son's crime; how they had resolved at once to bring him back to head-quarters; and concluded his address with a hope that his excellency would not be induced to think worse of their village because of one that had rendered himself unworthy of the name of a Prussian. The tears came trickling down his honest cheeks.

The general looked very grave indeed. Those large bright eyes of his roamed for an instant over his rural audience with a strange expression. He knew at a glance what sort of men they were he had to deal with; then his looks rested for a while on the bent figure of the young man, who, with downcast eyes and care-worn face, appeared the very image of misery and dejection. He knew his case to be a hopeless one; deserting colours in time of war is a capital crime, and Father Blucher, with his iron will, was the last man in the world to be trifled with.

On a sudden, the features of the old hero assumed an expression of harshness. Turning round towards the speaker of this singular deputation, he said in a rough voice and in a very abrupt manner: "Mr. Judge, you are an ass."

The villagers started as if they had been stung. After all the anxiety and trouble they had undergone for the cause which they considered to be a just one, they had expected a somewhat more cordial reception.

"But your excellency"——remonstrated the amazed dignitary.

"Hold your tongue, I say; you are an ass. I know better; in Burnheim there are no runaways. And you, my son," he went on with his iron features relenting a little, and with that same strange expression in his large bright eyes, "you will show them to-morrow, on the battle-field, what a Burnheim-man can do; will you not?"

The young man dropped down on his knees, and was stammering a few broken words, which the general did not hear, however, for when the lad rose again with high flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes—a far different man—Blucher had already left the room.

The worthy peasants, whose perceptive faculties were by no means equal to their honesty, began at last to get a glimpse of the general's real meaning. The country judge was the first to throw his cap high into the air, and to give three hearty cheers for Father Blucher; who, with one single word, had extinguished what they considered a stain upon their beloved village, comforted the broken heart of a mother, and preserved a pair of arms for the defence of the country—arms that could not fail to do their duty now.

When they had given vent to their enthusiasm after their hearts' content, and taken leave of the young man, who was carried away by an aid-de-camp of the general's staff, they made up their minds to buy some provisions in the place, and to return again to the village. They had, however, scarcely reached the yard, when they were overtaken by the same middle-aged officer who had announced them to the commander-in-chief, and asked them what in Heaven's name they were going to do now.

"Why, going back again, to be sure. To Burnheim, you know!" elucidated the schoolmaster.

And did they think that his excellency would allow anybody to leave head-quarters without having had a dinner first? He had already given orders to that effect, and they had but to follow this non-commissioned officer here, who would shew them the way.

They needed not to be told twice, we may be sure; and when they were shewn into a kitchen-room, where dinner was served up for them, with a bottle of wine standing before each cover, they felt very grateful to his excellency, and very proud at the same time because of the honour shewn to the representatives of their village. But when each of them found a double Frederick d'or under his plate, their enthusiasm burst out afresh, and many were the healths drunk to the welfare of Old Father Blucher.

When they had all eaten and drunk their fill, and were about to take their leave, they fell in once more with their friend the middle-aged officer, who gave them some advice concerning the best way of reaching their village without run-

ning any danger; for, as he said, the coming day would be an eventful one. He accompanied them through the yard to the gateway, where he bade them farewell, pointing, as he left, to one of the hussars who was mounting guard on horseback before the gate.

By Heavens, it was their prisoner, the boy Charles, now fully pardoned by his excellency the commander-in-chief. How proud he looked, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes! He dared not address them, for he was on duty; but he looked at them, as much as to say: "Wait, and you shall see tomorrow."

Nor was he faithless to the vow. On the evening of the following day, the memorable 26th of August, when the bloody victory at the Katsbach was gained, and the field-marshal rode through the thinned ranks of his men, who greeted him with enthusiastic cheers, he was addressed by the commanding-officer of the 21st Hussars, who reported how greatly the private Charles Fisher had distinguished himself above all the rest, having taken a standard from the enemy, and made prisoner, with his own hands, the commander of the French regiment.

The field-marshal stopped his horse, and taking the iron cross from his own uniform, and affixing it, with his own hands, to the breast of the young man, said, with a cheerful voice, and with that same strange expression in his large bright eyes: "Well done, my son! I knew I was right: *in Burnheim there are no runaways!*"

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

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

BY JOHN READE.

There is a romance of the cloister as there is a romance of the camp, of the mart, and of the hearth. The annals of a lonely heart that seeks out its destiny and its heaven in the shades of quiet contemplation, are deeply interesting to those of kindred aspirations. The possessor of such a heart must not, indeed, expect to find many sympathizers—it is of his nature not to look for sympathy in the crowd of men, as far as the touch of personality with personality is concerned. But the few who fully enter into his joys and sorrows, his hopes, and fears, and longings, amply atone for the loss of the multitude. It is this sympathy that has cheered the solitary thinker and worker in all ages; that made an invincible host of a few poor Galilean peasants; that led St. Paul through all perils and toils, and sufferings by land and sea; that cheered Dante, and Galileo, and Columbus, when the rude world was all against them; that has, in all ages, been the consolation of those who see what most of those around them do not see. No real man can live without sympathy. He who can do so, as F. W. Robertson says in his beautiful sermon on "The Sympathy of Christ," must be either less or greater than man.

It may so happen that the sympathy is not near, it may be that it is of a purely spiritual kind, it may exist only in the eative fancy, in the variety of unseen possibilities, in the judgment of posterity, in the approval of God. But sympathy the heart craves and must have, or—die. Take away all hope of this solace, and it sinks dying in its loneliness. But of all those to whom sympathy is a necessity, he whose actual work is the loneliest of all, needs it most of all—the poet.

He lives and labours in a world of his own, but it is for the real world of human hearts that he collects and treasures the choicest of its fruits, and flowers, and gems.

"He gives the people of his best,  
The worst he keeps, the best he gives."

Not for himself alone did Homer sing of the grand old heroes of the shadowy past; not for themselves alone did Virgil and Dante enter the gloomy shades of death; not for himself alone did Milton, in his blindness, see the gathering hosts of heaven; not for himself alone did Shakespeare wander through every nook and cranny of the human heart.

And he, whose musings we are about to introduce to the reader of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, was intensely sympathetic and intensely yearned for sympathy. Sympathy he found among a few chosen friends, who stood near him in his painful struggle, while many stood afar off. But of the sympathy which he sought and deserved from that vast brotherhood which we call the reading public, although his poems have already run through two editions, we think that he is far from having had his due share. By readers of the faith which he conscientiously abandoned he is comparatively unknown. On the reasons for this neglect we need not dwell.

Into Dr. Faber's history it is not our intention to enter. Suffice it to say that the tenor of his life, both before and after his conversion from the Church of England to that of Rome, which took place when he was about thirty, was pure and simple and retired. He loved the communion of cherished friends, was at home with children and poor people, was keenly alive to the ever varying beauty of nature, and caught from flower and star, from lake and mountain, from the tiny dew-drop and the boundless ocean, a spiritual infiniteness of meaning, that carried his adoring heart to the Great Creator of them all. His prose work, "The Creature and the Creator," by which, among those of his own faith, he is better known than by his poems, is a perpetual well-spring of delight to the devout of any creed. It is, indeed, a key to his whole inner life. He saw God in everything.

It was his "Cherwell Water Lily," if we mistake not, which first won for him a poet's praise in the venerable halls of Oxford. This poem, which is very short, is sweetly and simply meditative. The description of the nightingale's song which

"Lulled the lily to her rest  
Upon the Cherwell's heaving breast."

is very beautiful, and the following lines will, we are sure, find an echo in many a heart:

"How often doth a wild flower bring  
Fancies and thoughts that seem to spring  
From inmost depths of feeling!  
Nay, often they have power to bless  
With their uncultured loveliness,

And far into the aching breast  
There goes a heavenly thought of rest  
With their soft influence stealing.  
How often, too, can ye unlock,  
Dear wildflowers, with a gentle shock  
The wells of holy tears,  
While somewhat of a Christian light  
Breaks sweetly on the mourner's sight  
To calm unquiet fears!"

In the concluding division of the poem he makes, with gentle ingenuity, the water-lily to be the type of filial duty, "of all a daughter ought to be."

"To careless men thou seem'st to roam  
Abroad upon the river,  
In all thy movements chained to home  
Fast rooted there for ever:  
Linked by a holy, hidden tie,  
Too subtle for a mortal eye,  
Nor riveted by mortal art  
Deep down within thy father's heart."

Probably Mr. Faber's best known poem is "The Styrian Lake," which, though short, abounds in passages of subtle thought and tender gracefulness. It is thoroughly Catholic, and might have been written by St. Bernard had he deigned to turn away his longing eyes from the splendours of "Jerusalem the Golden," to the sweetness of the flowers which lay at his feet on this common earth. It was the result of a single day's visit to a lonely lake,

"A most beautiful green lake,  
Buried in a pinewood brake,"

near Mariazell, amid the Styrian Mountains. To this solitude—so runs the legend—came in the twelfth century "a gentle missionary," who made him of black limetree an image of the Mother and her Child, which he "shrined within a sylvan cell." A Cistercian Monk he has come hither from the "cultured bowers" of St. Lambert's "to hallow the green wild." The hermitage becomes the head-quarters of missionary enterprise, and soon the rude surrounding woodmen become the mild professors of the religion of love beneath the teaching of the "kind-mannered monk." The missionary, after a hundred years of labour, passed away to his rest and the little shrine was forgotten. But once Margrave Henry of Moravia, being sick, dreamed that he was healed of his disease by the Mother-maid, "in a cell amid green trees" The scenery of his dream was that of Styria.

"So he came with trusting soul  
And St. Mary made him whole."

Then arose around the consecrated spot church and convent, and the little shrine becomes a goal for pilgrims—emperors and peers and ladies and peasants from far lands.

The poem consists of five parts—"The Lake," "The Legend," "Church Matins," "Margaret's Pilgrimage," and "Earth's Vespers." Throughout the whole the subjective and objective are so intimately blended that it is almost impossible to tell where one leaves off and the other begins.

"Margaret's Pilgrimage" is a little tale, mournful, and yet "not without hope," of three sisters who started together from Vienna on a pilgrimage to the lake. On their way, little Gretchen, the youngest, sickened and died from drinking at a spring while she was heated.

What can be more touching than these lines?—

"Oh what can the sister say  
To the couple far away?  
What will the old burgher do,  
Since those eyes of merry blue,  
The truest sunlight of his home,  
Never, never more can come?  
See! they sing not, but they gaze  
Deep into the jewelled haze,  
And the thought within them swells—  
Mary hath worked miracles!  
And they weep and gaze always,  
As though they were fain to say,  
"Mother Mary, couldst thou make  
Gretchen from her sleep awake."

The "Styrian Lake" is a mine of wonderful wealth and varied beauty. There are gold and gems on every page.

Who has not sorrowfully felt this:

"Often fares it upon earth  
With a long-expected mirth,  
That when hope is strained too much,  
Lo! it shivers at the touch."

But if Mr. Faber touches us with sadness, he has some comfort every ready:

"Deem not thou no grace is there  
Though the rite seem cold and bare,  
Though it be a weary thing,  
A dull and formal offering,  
It may lodge a light within,  
Wrestling with the shades of sin,  
And like frankincense may be  
To think of in our memory."

Mr. Faber never makes us acquainted with any sorrow that is past healing; he does not seem to know the name of despair.

Even the loss of the little sainted pilgrim Margaret is to become in after days a source of pleasure to her now mourning sisters.

"It shall be a joy to think  
How the merry Margaret sleeps  
'Mid the Styrian pinewood steeps,  
Safe with childhood's sinless charms  
In her Mother Mary's arms."

The name of the Blessed Virgin Mary occurs very frequently in this poem in a way to which most Christians, not of the Roman Catholic faith, will probably object. It may be a pleasant surprise to some of these to read Mr. Faber's interpretation of that *cultus* which all devout Catholics pay to the Mother of our Lord. In speaking of the simple peasantry converted by the loving, patient zeal of the hermit of the Lake, he says:

"Love of Mary was to them  
As the very outer hem  
Of the Saviour's priestly vest,  
Which they timorously pressed,  
And whereby a simple soul  
Might, for faith's sake, be made whole."

On these lines we make no comment, further than we think them exquisitely beautiful.

With the theology of the following little thank-offering no one can find any fault:

"Blessed be the God who made  
Sun and moon, and light and shade,  
Balmy wind and pearly shower,  
Forest tree and meadow flower,  
And the heart to feel and love  
All the joys that round us move."

Mr. Faber's cheerfulness is charming—not of the robust or rude kind, which laughs down the little sorrows of the weak—but tender and sympathetic, and irresistibly communicative. He sometimes blames himself for being so happy, but he cannot help it. Yet, that he suffered there can be no doubt. He says:—

"'Tis when we suffer, gentlest thoughts  
Within the bosom spring."

In another place he says:

"Yes, Lord, 'tis well my suffering should be deep."

It was not from want of suffering, then, that he was able to sing a perpetual "Benedicite," but because his soul was purified and exalted through it.

We cannot refrain from giving a few more quotations from "The Styrian Lake."

His idea of the poet's calling is a very high one. In "Earth's Vespers," the concluding portion of it, he says:

"\* \* \* the spirit of sweet song  
Not entirely doth belong  
Unto him who hath been bidden,  
To let it flow through him unchidden,  
And to keep its fountain hidden.  
How should he know all the causes  
Of its gushes and its pauses,  
How it visits the well-head  
Whence it is replenished,  
What it hears, and what it see,  
How it hath its increases?  
Where and whence'er it goes,  
This one thing the poet knows,  
That the spirit, wake or sleeping,  
Is not now beneath his keeping."

Whence, except from out of heaven  
Are the moulds of greatness given,  
And the beautiful creations,  
And the song-like visitations  
Of high thoughts, wherewith we borrow  
Grandeur out of love and sorrow?"

Again he speaks of "Sabbaths of the mind" of the poet,

"When the song of vernal bird  
Like a common sound is heard."

And he tells us that,

"In such times of inward sinking  
Fancy may, perchance, be drinking  
Waters in some holier spirit,  
Out of earth, in Heaven, or near it."

What a fine interpretation this is of Milton's "Thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers."  
Then he puts his idea in another form:

"Who knows  
If in dullness and in calm  
Fancy does not gather balm  
In far fields that bud and swell  
With spiritual asphodel?"

These lines which we have quoted, though especially true of poets, will be appreciated by many who have never dared to write a verse.

Almost all men have the poetic faculty in some degree, and we are all of us conscious at times of a happy mental or spiritual activity that seems to come from some lofty source, and at others of a weary languor, when the soul seems to have flown away to refresh itself at the great Source of its being.

We must now take a loving and regretful leave of "The Styrian Lake," and we hope our readers have not been weary of their pilgrimage.

Mr. Faber was a most prolific writer. The volume before us contains nearly 600 closely printed pages, and we are told in the preface that it consists merely of selections. Mr. Faber, it will thus be seen, has written considerably more than Keats, or Shelley, or Coleridge, and stands, in voluminousness, on a par with, if not above, Mr. Tennyson. We cannot carry the comparison any farther, nor can we think of any poet to whom we could conscientiously compare him.

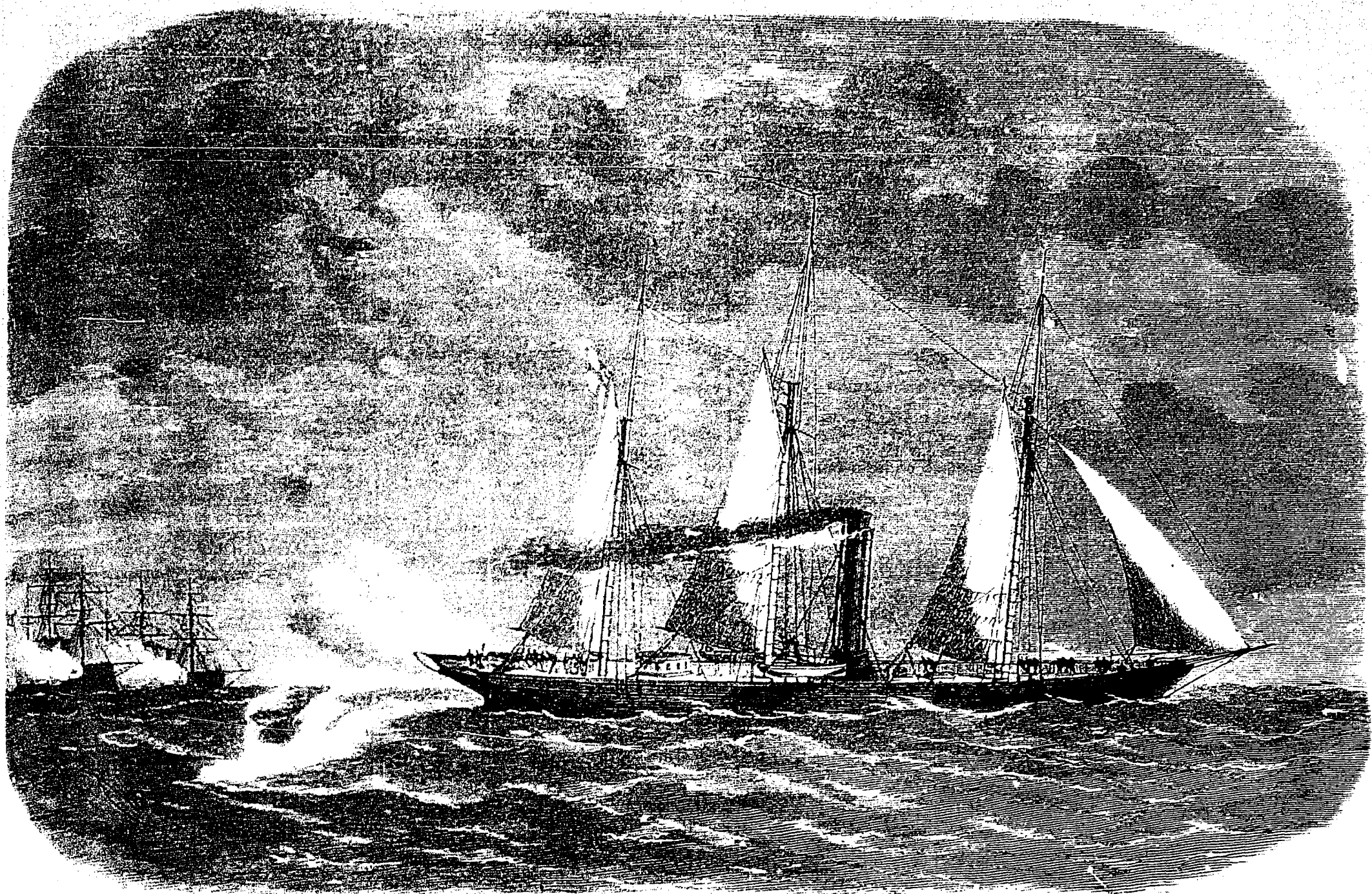
To be continued.

The first mitrailleuses were used, as it appears from old manuscripts, as early as 1344 or 1350, but at that time they figured under the name of organs; this denomination was given them probably on account of the several barrels joined together in a rather primitive fashion, as could not be expected otherwise in those days, when even flint was not yet known for military uses, but pyrites were still employed as inflammatives. We hear of these organs again in 1535, where they were used in the defence of Munster.

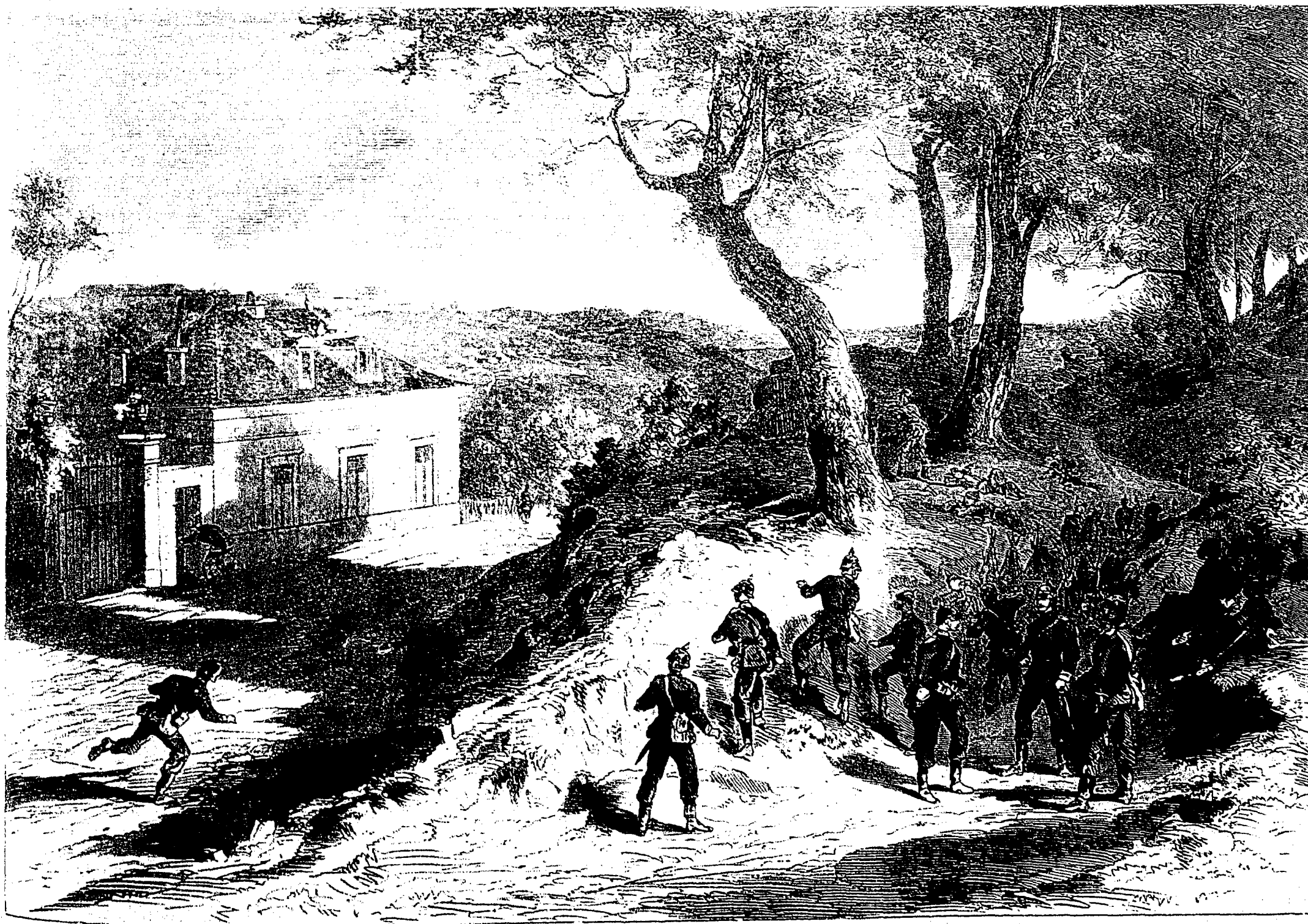
A singular exploit was performed on the battlefield of Sedan by the band of the 59th Prussian Regiment, not with the trumpets and trombone, but with muskets and swords. The bandsmen were left to guard the knapsacks of the regiment during the fight. While thus occupied they observed some hostile infantry and cavalry to approach under cover of the neighbouring wood. The chief bandsman, Muller, did not consider long, but ordered the men to take up muskets—of which there was no lack on the battlefield—and, drawing his sword, he led them to the charge. The French bullets missed their aim, nor did they stop the impetuous attack. The band was victorious; it drove back the hostile detachment, and made thirteen prisoners. The surprise of the regiment on their return may be imagined. It is satisfactory to hear that Herr Muller has been rewarded with the Iron Cross, which he has deserved the more since he and his men have done excellent service in all battles as voluntary bearers of wounded.



THE BATTLE OF MARS-LA-TOUR.



THE WAR—ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE GERMAN STEAM-YACHT "GRILLE" AND THE FRENCH IRON-CLADS.



THE WAR.—THE SIEGE OF PARIS.—SAXON OUTPOST No. 1 BEFORE FORT NOISY.

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# HILDA; OR, THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOBLE.

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 XXIII.

### A DOMESTIC TÊTÉ-A-TÊTÉ.

"Well, Edith! what have you heard? what is the news about Pauline?" Mr. Castonell asked very eagerly as they entered their own house and Mrs. Grant Berkeley's carriage drove from the door.

"The news is not very pleasant," she replied sadly. "Pauline's second husband was my father. All hope of seeing him again is now at an end."

"Then our suspicions were correct," Mr. Castonell remarked in a disappointed tone, throwing himself wearily into a chair and resting his head in a dejected manner on his hand. "How long is he dead?"

"About two years."  
"And she has been married to Mr. Grant Berkeley more than a year—I know they have been living in Montreal that time—her mourning for your father could not be long," added Mr. Castonell with a mocking laugh.

"Pauline did not mourn for him at all. She told me herself she scorned to act a lie by putting on the garb of woe for one she did not regret. She married him for his money—to procure a home for herself and child."

"She is an independent woman! By George, I admire her spirit! I like to see one setting aside the conventionalities of life and daring to be singular."

"She is a woman without either feeling or delicacy in my opinion," Edith could not help saying, this insult to her father's memory provoking her indignation. "I never could have acted so!"

"You! of course not! You and Pauline are too very different women," said Mr. Castonell sneeringly.

The contemptuous look excited Edith's anger, and she said with a bitterness unusual to her:

"You have to thank her for the loss of that wealth you so much coveted. If she had not married my father he would in the course of time have relented, and left his fortune to us."

"He might and he might not! he was an obdurate old wretch!" exclaimed Mr. Castonell angrily. "However, no one can blame Pauline for marrying for a home. How long did she live with Mr. Harrington?" he asked after a short silence.

"About twelve years; they spent that time chiefly in Canada in some secluded residence on the St. Lawrence, a few miles from C—"

"Twelve years! and in a Canadian wilderness, with a brutal cross old man, a husband she despised! Verily! Pauline earned the wealth she now enjoys. She must have a brave spirit to endure it all. The more I hear of this woman the greater is my admiration for her!"

Edith listened to her husband in surprise. How quietly he received the news that Mrs. Grant Berkeley inherited her father's money. A storm of abuse heaped upon the offender's head was what she expected when the truth was made known to him. It had excited in her own mind greater resentment even while listening to Pauline's very plausible account of the affair, but then Edith did not look upon her old friend with Mr. Castonell's admiring eyes.

"Did she say anything of her son?" he asked after a brief silence.

"Yes," Edith answered with animation, a pleased expression lighting up her face. "She says she intends him for Maud's husband, and in that way Maud will inherit the fortune I once looked upon as mine, for Pauline will leave all her money to her son."

"That is certainly a capital idea! decidedly the best arrangement that can now be made!" and there was a sudden brightening of Mr. Castonell's countenance. "Young Mordaunt is older than Maud."

"Yes, more than two years. He is a handsome youth, and tall for his age. Pauline also said she would take upon herself the expense of Maud's education. She wishes her to have every advantage, and learn those accomplishments which our limited means have hitherto prevented her acquiring, I must confess," Mrs. Castonell went on to say, "that Pauline shows great interest in our affairs, and seems inclined to be very friendly."

"I have no doubt of it, and on account of her intentions towards Maud it will be our interest to keep on good terms with her. It will not do to show any resentment now. The evil is done, and the only way to remedy it is

what she proposes, a marriage between Maud and Frank Mordaunt."

The thought now occurred to Edith that if she was to be intimate with Mrs. Grant Berkeley and often seen in her society, it would be well to mention to Mr. Castonell the invidious remarks which Maud had heard about her at school.

"I am afraid Pauline's character is not entirely without reproach," she said with hesitation.

Mr. Castonell, who was leaving the room, stopped suddenly and demanded in accents of surprise what she meant.

"Maud heard that some ladies in Montreal will not visit her because she is a married flirt—a coquette. She also hinted——"

"Is that all?" interrupted Mr. Castonell sneeringly, and what beautiful woman is not a coquette? Is not coquetry part of her nature? You know nothing of this, my poor Edith; the mantle of beauty did not happen to fall on you. If that is all you have heard to her disadvantage it amounts to very little, really nothing."

"Every beautiful woman is not a coquette," maintained Edith boldly, her face crimson with resentment at the cool contempt of her husband's manner, and the heartlessness of his remark. "And from what Maud said I fear it is more than coquetry Pauline is accused of."

"What is it then? Speak out boldly if you wish to traduce your friend."

"I have no desire to traduce her. I did not listen to the gossip Maud had brought from school, because it was no affair of mine, but now I think the matter had better be inquired into."

"There can be no truth in it; it is mere idle gossip," persisted Mr. Castonell. "Mrs. Grant Berkeley will have enemies among her own sex because she is so beautiful, so fascinating, so unlike others—and you women are so envious of each other. If there was any idle rumour about her I should have heard of it. Nothing can be said against her reputation, although she cannot be called a prude, and is like other pretty women, not averse to a flirtation."

"And yet Eva Smith declared her mamma would not visit her," observed Edith. "There must be some cause for that."

"I know the reason why," said Mr. Castonell with a laugh. "Now the matter is explained. It is all owing to jealousy on Mrs. Smith's part. Her husband admires the charming Pauline exceedingly, and his wife, in revenge, sets the tongue of scandal in motion. Mrs. Grant Berkeley is not to blame if she has admirers, and if Smith or others will fall in love with her how can she prevent that?"

This explanation removed Edith's doubts, and she felt glad that there was nothing to prevent the renewal of her former intimacy with Pauline. There was no use in cherishing resentment towards her, especially now when she intended to do so much for Maud. She, the fond mother trusted, would possess the wealth that had been denied to herself.

During this domestic tête-à-tête Mrs. Grant Berkeley had reached home, and in the retirement of her dressing-room was thinking deeply over the events of the day, rejoicing that her meeting with Edith was over, and that it had passed so quietly without any show of resentment on her part. Pauline had dreaded this meeting, fearing that Edith's indignation at being cheated out of her father's fortune would prevent the renewal of their friendship, a thing which Mrs. Grant Berkeley desired exceedingly, not from any affection for Mrs. Castonell, but in consequence of her very great admiration for that lady's handsome husband. It was now nearly a month since Pauline had recognized Mr. Castonell in the gifted preacher she heard one night at Christ Church Cathedral. The discovery that he was living in Montreal produced an exciting train of thought.

The unexpected appearance of this man, whom she had so passionately loved, stirred within her a bitter fount of memory. All the sufferings of the past, caused by the love that was unrequited, rushed back upon her mind, sweeping in upon it a wave of anguish. At the same time the sight of him lit up with a sudden spark the latent fire of passion in her heart hidden beneath the ashes she had years before heaped upon it with the hope of putting it out for ever. But it had only smouldered, and now it burst forth again, threatening to burn as fiercely as ever. This was the reason why she had taken a pew in St. Mark's Church; this was the secret cause of all her kindness to the Castonells—all her professions of friendship for the family.

Long into the hours of the night did Pauline sit alone in her luxurious room, thinking pleasant but evil thoughts and forming plans for the future contriving how she could best accomplish the sinful purpose that filled her mind—the conquest of the heart of Mr. Castonell. That his wife never possessed it she had always suspected, and in the bitterness of her own disappointment that thought had been her only comfort. To-day, in church, her first look at Edith's face confirmed her in this opinion—it was sad and altered expression revealed the want of domestic happiness. No happy wife would wear that dejected look.

Therefore, her conscience need not trouble her about stealing her husband's affections from her former friend, as they had never been hers. That she would succeed in winning Mr. Castonell's love, Pauline did not doubt. She knew her own powers of fascination, and now there was no longer Edith's gold to come between them. That his admiration of her was excessive—enough to satisfy even her vanity—she also knew; his eloquent eyes revealed that at every glance. What she had now to do was to excite his gratitude by heaping benefits upon him and his family. Love would follow. When there was admiration and gratitude it could not be long wanting. Patiently and systematically she intended to go to work, without any compunction for the evil act she meditated. Principle was dead in the heart of Mrs. Grant Berkeley. As Pauline Falkner it had made itself heard, urging her to subdue the love she felt for Edith's husband, but that had been in the freshness of girlhood; then she would have shrunk from the contemplation of the sin she now so quietly meditated. The years of suffering which she had passed through since then, had been a fiery ordeal from which she came out hardened. Time passed on, Mrs. Grant Berkeley progressing in the subtle work of the tempter, never pausing, never faltering in her evil course. In accordance with her plan she overwhelmed the Castonells with benefits—her ample fortune—independent of her husband—enabled her to do this. Their house was almost refurnished in a handsome style, from the parlour to the attic. Mr. Castonell's study was her peculiar care. Valuable additions were made to his library. A softly-cushioned arm-chair replaced the old uncomfortable one in which he had been accustomed to sit while preparing his beautiful sermons. Maud Castonell was sent to a fashionable school, and her wardrobe, as well as her mother's, handsomely replenished. When Edith expressed her gratitude, this friend of the family observed, with a charming smile, "it was now her time to confer obligations." She was only paying back the many presents she had formerly received from Mrs. Castonell. Edith did not suspect Pauline's designs upon her husband. It never occurred to this guileless wife that any other motive but that of kindness prompted the numerous benefits she conferred. The dark depths of such a woman's heart were not for one like Mrs. Castonell to fathom. The veil that hid it from the world was too closely drawn to allow a glimpse of its deep iniquity.

The incumbent of St. Mark's was not so easily deceived as his amiable wife. Vanity, of which he possessed no common share, suggested another cause for Mrs. Grant Berkeley's kindness. He saw from the first her admiration for himself, and ere long suspected her attachment. The idea that such a woman as Pauline,—so beautiful, so fascinating, should cherish a secret passion for him, was very flattering,—particularly gratifying to self-love. This, aided by his own very great admiration for her made him fall easily into her snares. The penchant he had formerly felt for her before Edith's wealth aroused his avarice, gradually revived, and, in time, deepened into a passionate attachment. At first he struggled feebly against this insane passion, but the witcheries of Pauline were too powerful, and helplessly he yielded to the subtle influence of the siren. His love for Mrs. Grant Berkeley was, however, carefully concealed, so far as was in his power to hide it, but her eye quickly penetrated his secret, and through the veil of his guarded manner she saw into his heart—saw her own image there enshrined. She had conquered—he was her slave! What a triumph for the slighted Pauline!

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### DUDLEY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

With deep dejection and a throbbing heart, Dudley took the road to Inismoyne. As he approached the house he looked wistfully up at the windows in front, through which the brilliant light was streaming into the darkness outside, and pictured to himself the richly-furnished rooms within, where Colonel Godfrey and his guests were enjoying all the luxuries of life. Sir Gervase Montague was there a shining meteor in the gay circle—rich, handsome, noble, refined. Oh, how deeply did poor Dudley feel his inferiority to him! how intensely did he envy his unconscious rival! Why should there be this difference, he bitterly thought, between man and man? Why should one possess so many advantages above his fellow. This was the first time that Dudley's generous nature had experienced such envy and discontent; but the demon of jealousy had taken possession of him, and he looked upon life with jaundiced eyes.

Eveleen met him near the house and conducted him by a private entrance to the dilapidated wing she inhabited.

"Will she meet me? did she consent?" he asked, with trembling eagerness, as he followed the old woman.

"To be shure she did! am I not bringing you to her this very minute. Follow me up these stairs," she continued, as they entered the hall already mentioned, into which her own apartment opened. "She's in one of the rooms above; she thought you could spake to

one another there without being overheard, bekase no one ever goes up into that part of the house; they say it's haunted. You're not afraid of ghosts are you?"

Dudley made no answer; he scarcely heard the old woman's question; his every thought was directed to the approaching interview; his mind could take in no other idea now. The stairs were winding and so dilapidated that they bent and creaked with the unwonted weight of Dudley and his companion.

"Step lightly, man alive! don't put your feet down so heavy, or the stairs will give way under us. I'm afraid I'll break me neck afore I have done with this business. There now! Holy Biddy be praised! we are at the top," she added, as they gained the second landing.

Hastily passing along a narrow passage she opened a door at the end and motioned Dudley to advance. He obeyed and found himself in a large unfurnished room lit dimly by a small lamp placed on the high old-fashioned mantel-piece. Trembling with emotion, Dudley looked nervously round expecting to see Hilda, but from the dark shadowy gloom of that deserted apartment no Hilda was seen advancing to meet him. He turned round quickly to demand an explanation, but Eveleen had disappeared, the heavy door was slammed with a noise that resounded through the silent passages, and the turning of the key in the lock informed him that he was a prisoner. He looked around him in blank dismay, too much astonished at first to do anything but gaze at the closed door and listen to the receding steps of the old woman as they echoed in the deep silence which reigned in that remote part of the mansion. Soon recovering himself, however, he dashed against the door, making vain efforts to force it open, while he called loudly on Eveleen, but his cries were unheeded—no answer came to his repeated calls—no sound was heard, save the echo of his own voice reverberating through the deserted room in which he was a prisoner.

"She can never mean to leave me here!" he exclaimed as he walked up and down in wild excitement. "She cannot keep me a prisoner. Bah! the idea is absurd! She dare not do it!" and he laughed as if to assure himself there really was no reason to apprehend anything so dreadful. "Even if the vile hag should think of such a thing, Hilda would never consent to it, no, never!" He knew her too well for that. "But if Hilda should know nothing at all about it!" this thought startled him, "But she must have confided her marriage to the nurse, she had taken her into her confidence, Eveleen would, therefore, inform her young lady of what she had done, and the knowledge of his imprisonment would not be kept from her; in that case assuredly he might expect to be set-free."

In this way Dudley reasoned as he restlessly paced the room, pausing occasionally to listen for Eveleen's returning footsteps. But when one, two, three hours passed, and he was still left alone and a prisoner, he began to have very serious misgivings; the affair was assuming a very gloomy aspect in his eyes, the prospect of a long imprisonment—it might be a lingering death of the worst kind—made even his brave heart sink within him.

It was near eleven o'clock, and Eveleen alone in her own room was sitting thoughtfully before a bright turf fire, her mind so deeply occupied with the events of the day as to banish sleep, so that she felt no inclination to retire for the night.

Suddenly steps were heard crossing the hall, and a light tap at Eveleen's door demanded admittance.

"Come in whoever ye are; and I wonder who it is at this hour of the night. Arrah, is it yourself, Miss Hilda, and I just longing to see you, avourneen?"

"I could not get away before, nurse, and I could not sleep till I told you what happened to-day," Hilda said as she came hurriedly forward. "Oh, Eveleen, he is not gone yet, he is still in the country."

There was a despairing anguish in her voice which went to the heart of the faithful servant of the Godfreys.

"Shure I know it. I saw him meself, but sit down near the fire and warm yerself, darlint, ye're thrembling with the cowlid. Wait, let me stir it up and put another stick of bogwood on the hearth. Bedad! we're almost in the dark, for I let the candle die out. I was just thinking of going to me bed when I heard the knock."

"I am not cold, nurse. It is agitation, misery, that makes me shiver so. Oh what is to be done?" she wailed forth as she sunk sobbing into a chair beside the old woman, her only earthly refuge in this time of trouble.

"Och, whist, alannah! Keep a good heart, it'll be all right yet! I was spaking to him to-day."

"And what did he say?" asked Hilda eagerly.

"He'll not molest you, never fear."

Hilda looked at her in surprise.

"Did Dudley say so?"

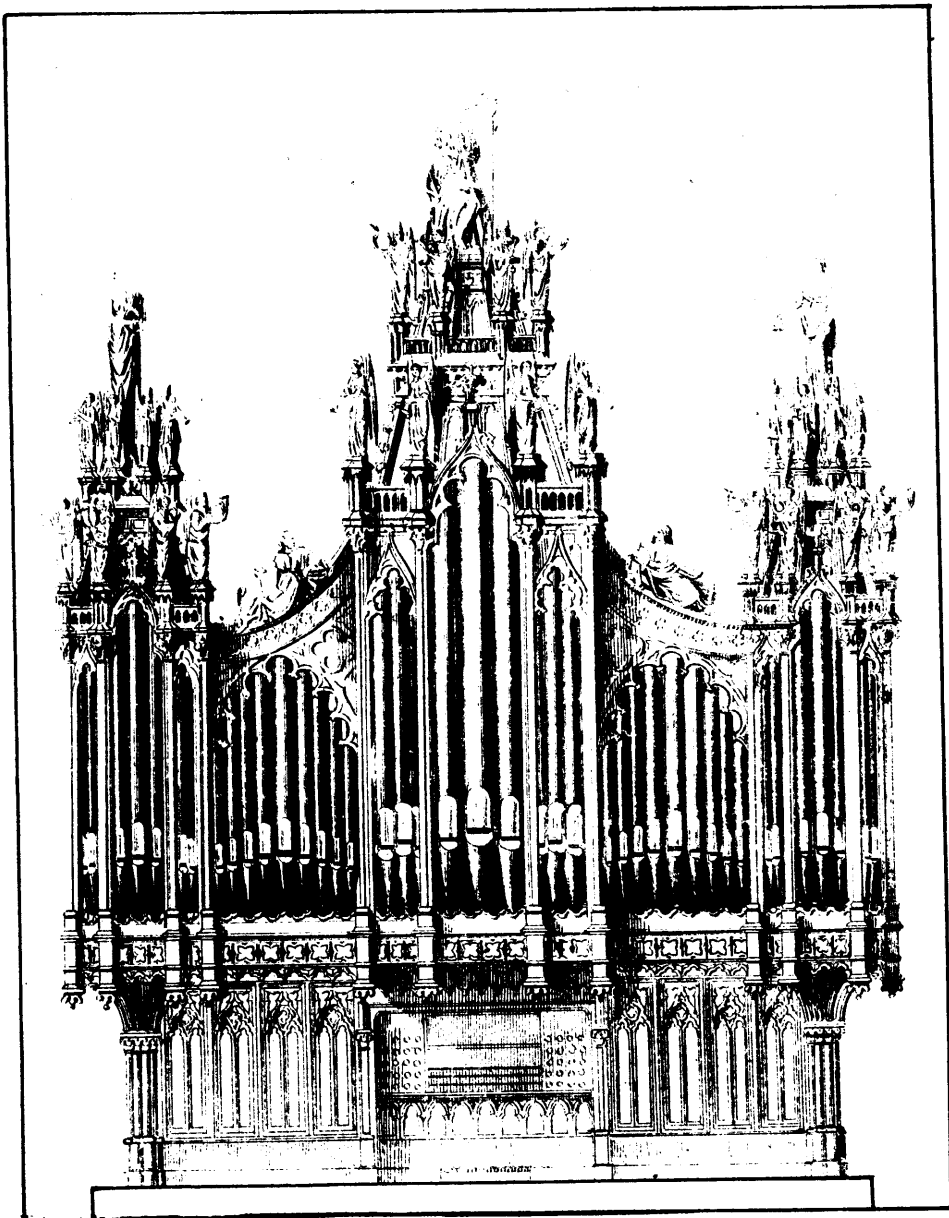
"Not egsactly, but howsomever, he meant as much. He was mad agin you intirely at the first, bekase the parson told him you was going to marry Sir Gervase Montague."

"Mr. Tyndall told him that! How could he say so?"

"Bedad! it's the common report, but I con-





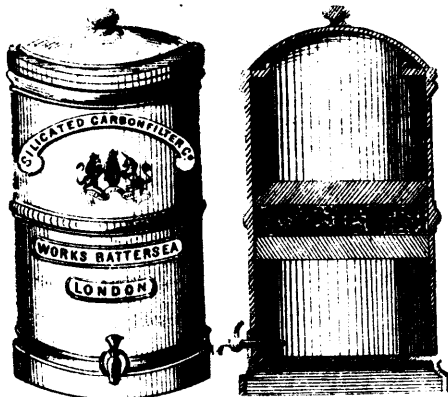


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