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# Canada and Illustrated News

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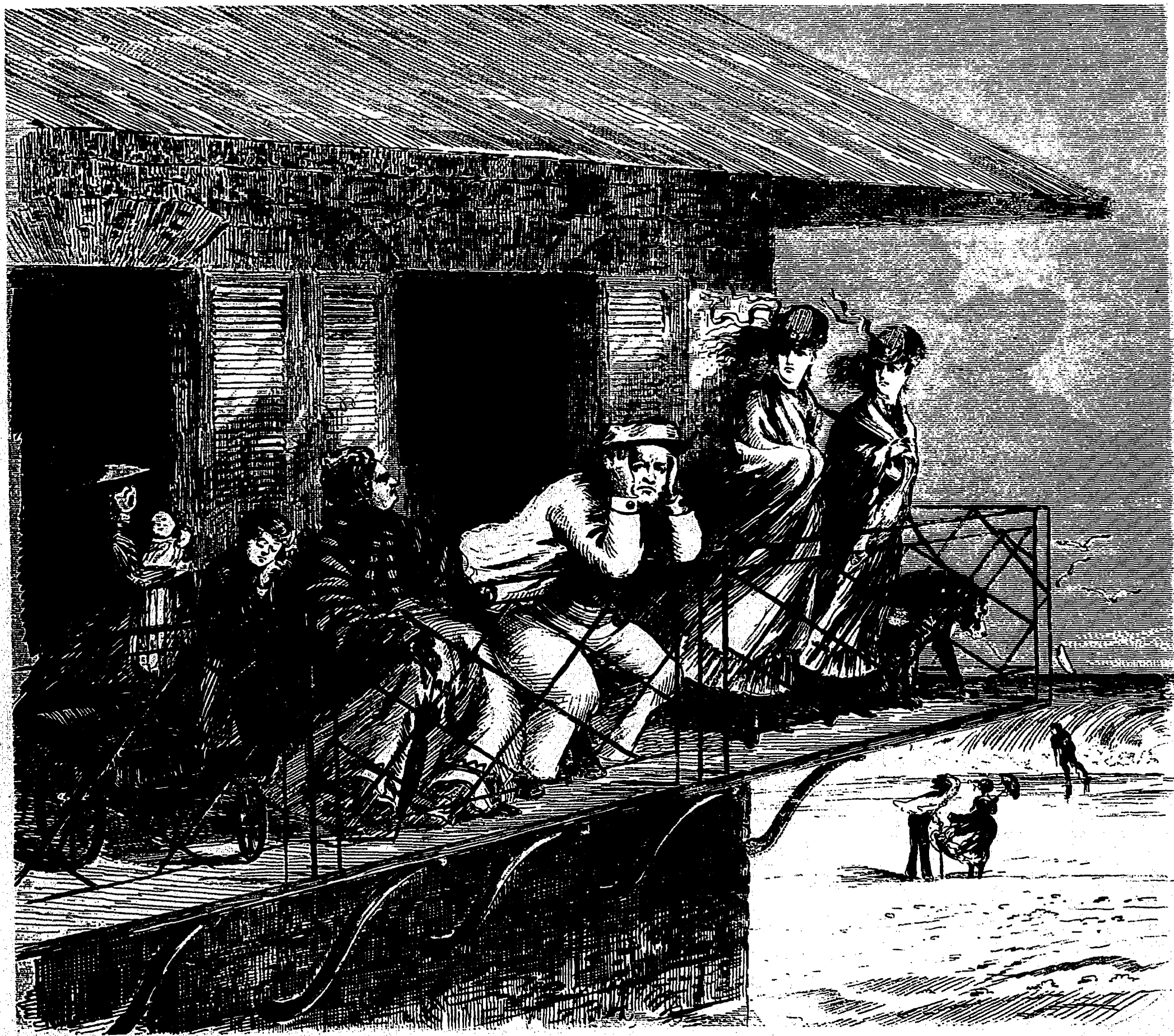
## COMMUNICATION WITH THE RED RIVER.

The subject of direct communication between Ontario and Manitoba has derived a passing additional interest from the modest demands of the Indians which were preferred before Col. Wolseley at Fort Francis, Rainy Lake, on the 4th of last month. At that point fifteen Indians, headed by Chief "Crook Neck," visited the headquarters of the expedition, and having obtained an interview with

Col. Wolseley, the Chief is reported by one of the press correspondents present to have said:

"That he was pleased to see the great White Chief, and he desired to express to him the views entertained by his people on the question of payment for a right of way through their country. He had seen Mr. Simpson, and told him what was required, but desired to repeat it to the Shemogenoche Gitchie Okey man (the soldier great chief) himself. With regard to the expedition passing through they had nothing to say, be-

yond that they expected to receive presents this fall on account of it, but their business lay with the permission desired for emigrants and others to go in. They were prepared to grant a right of way, but the payment for this must be ten dollars a head for each person, man, woman and child; and to prevent the possibility of mistake on the score of children, he lowered his hand to within a foot of the floor. As for presents and provisions, he said that was another thing. Of course his white friends would send these, but in addition to anything of that kind they required ten dollars a head—not three, as Mr.



Pether had offered; but ten dollars a head for man, woman and child,—and down went his hand again to show that the size of the child was not to be taken into consideration when the time arrived for his allotment of dollars."

There can be little doubt but that the Indians will be persuaded to moderate their demands when the Government come to treat with them, but their promptitude in pressing their claim at the earliest opportunity shows that they are keenly alive to their own interests. There must be no attempt made to destroy the cordial good feeling which the Indians now entertain towards the Government; for it will be cheaper to pay a little money to preserve their good nature than to run the risk of reviving in the Lake Superior country the scenes of robbery and bloodshed that have so often been enacted on the plains and prairies of the Western States. But, on the other hand, the Indians should be made to understand that the opening up of travel through their country would confer a positive benefit upon them, even if they gave the right of way without consideration. Settlers coming in would afford them opportunities for trading which they do not now possess, and increase the market for the limited articles of merchandise in which they traffic. Their services would necessarily be frequently called into requisition to assist travellers on their journey, and they would thus command more steady employment at equally as remunerative rates as those they now receive from the few chance surveying or exploring parties which occasionally engage their services.

Circumstances must, however, compel Canada to complete this communication without delay. With the difficulties encountered by the Military expedition this summer, the usual class of immigrants to the new Province could never be expected to cope. But many of these have been removed already; and it does not appear that there are insuperable difficulties in the way of having it ready for next year's influx of settlers to Manitoba; though the better established and less tedious American route will likely continue to be preferred by many, being considered freer from the risks of mishap, and more convenient for the transport of the various articles that make up an emigrant's family outfit. We conclude, therefore, that while parties of young men but slightly encumbered, accustomed to "roughing" it, and fond of adventure withal, will prefer the Thunder Bay route during the late summer months, Canadians will have to depend mainly upon the American route for several years to come.

As a temporary expedient this is no great matter for regret. But every year of its continuance adds to the difficulties of successfully prosecuting the colonization of the great North-West. It is this consideration that should influence the Government to determine without delay, not only the practicability of building a railway to Fort Garry, but also the most advantageous route on which to build it. It is reported that some explorations are to be made in the Lake Nipigon region, and that this, though further north, offers fewer engineering difficulties, and better agricultural lands than the Lake Superior country. It is time now to take effective measures for a thorough exploration, to be followed by exact surveys where necessary, so that the question of route, at least, may receive early and intelligent discussion.

Another important link in the chain of communication with the North-West, the want of which was but recently felt by the Canadian authorities, is the connection of the lakes Huron and Superior navigation by the construction of a canal at Sault Ste. Marie. The American Canal, through which our troops were refused passage in June last, is already complained of as being insufficient for the demands of existing trade, and a new one on American soil is projected. Why not build the new canal on the Canadian side? The situation is said to be much better than on the south side, and the distance is so short that its expense would be but trifling compared with its advantages, some of which would be that it would pay handsomely from the beginning, and make us independent of American favours in passing between the two lakes.

#### KING STREET, TORONTO.

Toronto possesses but two principal streets—Yonge and King. These thoroughfares are the only ones that possess the advantages that combine to make a street agreeable—the only ones that are sufficiently broad, well lit, well paved, and lined with handsome shops. The remainder are either narrow and dirty, with the light of heaven almost shut out, or broad and wretchedly paved, certainly with a number of sufficiently handsome houses, but at the same time with an undue preponderance of common, and generally having the appearance of being laid out on a sand-flat.

But between the two principal streets of the Western capital is a great gulf; not a patent, material gulf of the Curtius kind, but a gulf made by the inflexible laws of fashion and society—a gulf as great as separates Broadway from the Bowers, the Rue de Rivoli from Rue Montparnasse, or Regent Street and Rotten Row from the lumber thoroughfares of Pentonville and the City Road. The buildings on King street are grander and greater than their neighbours on Yonge, the shops are

larger and dearer; and last, though far from being least, King street is honoured by the daily presence of the aristocracy, while Yonge is given over to the business-man, the middle class and the beggar. Among the upper classes there is a performance that goes on daily, that is known among *habitués* as "doing King." It consists principally of marching up and down a certain part of the street at a certain hour—performing, as it were, *ko-tou* to the goddess of Fashion, and sacrificing to her sister divinity of Society. At three o'clock in the afternoon the first stragglers appear on the scene—which extends perhaps a quarter of a mile. These consist principally of young ladies whose proper place should be at school, and young men attired in the height of fashion. By the time these ardent devotees have made a few turns, the regular *habitués* make their appearance, and until six in the evening one side, for one side only is patronized, is crowded to excess. It is rather considered "the thing" to patrol King street in this manner, and of a fine afternoon every one who belongs to the *élite*, as well as many who do not, may be seen perseveringly trudging up and down, no doubt to their own great comfort and to the intense discomfort and dismay of others less smiled upon by Nature or less favoured by their tailors and dressmakers. King street is, in a sort of a way, the great social change, where "everybody" meets Everybody and his wife, where the latest fashions are exhibited, and the last quotations of the matrimonial market exchanged. Would you see the newest styles in hats or pauciers? they are to be seen on King street. Would you know how many young swells are doing nothing for a living? you are sure to find them on King. Would you wish to hear the last imprudence of young Harumscarum, or the progress of Miss Slowcome's engagement? You may be sure that before you have taken half-a-dozen turns, some convenient, intelligent busybody of your acquaintance will have whispered the facts of the case in your ear, all of which he has "on the best authority, Sir." It is on King street that Clelia makes his appointment with Clelia, for their afternoon walk; that Thersites, jealousy-stricken, scowls at Adonis, and that Pomponia depreciates the value of her dear friend Amalthæa's new silk and trimmings. Here Cornelia, the careful mother, brings out her treasures, and exhibits to the public gaze those desirable lots of which she is so anxious to dispose on advantageous terms. While far above all Diogenes in his garret—little more roomy or commodious than the ancient tub—looks down upon the motley throng, notices their petty follies and foibles, and thanks his stars that he is "not as other men are."

#### "AT THE SEA-SIDE IN SEPTEMBER."

Nothing can be more refreshing and reinvigorating than a trip to the sea-side in the hot days of summer. Not only does it give relaxation from the cares of business to the "head of the house," but it braces his nerves for the next season's "operations," makes him feel that he has done a real kindly not by his wife and children, and has put a "nick in the post" which marks him and them out as eligible sharers in the home festivities of the coming fashionable season. To be able to proudly answer the question—"Where did you spend last summer, Mrs. Firkin?"—by replying: "Oh! Mr. Firkin was so engrossed with business until quite late in July that we only had a six week's run to Shiver Point on the Gulf," is sonorous of magnificent humility, and puts the questioned lady quite at ease, even among those who might have had the good fortune to have enjoyed an earlier escape from city life, and a less distant scene of recreation at some of the more modest resorts on the inner St. Lawrence. For Shiver Point is an intensely sea-breezy place, and excessively fashionable, if you only know where it is, and how to go to it. Now, an artistic friend of ours did know where it was and how to get there, and his mind was vividly impressed with the unflinching regularity with which the boarders at Shiver Point Hall, sat it out until bed-time on the balcony, no matter how the wind might blow, or the coming frosts cast their shadows before them by concentrating the bloom meant to adorn two pretty cheeks into the extremity of one pretty nose! It is possible that the painful effort of art which is designed to express and illustrate this extreme devotion to the balcony, even in September, when the cold wind blows harshly, may owe its chief distinguishing characteristics to the deep sympathy of our artistic friend with the distressing situation of the family group which forms his subject. No doubt he has visited Shiver Point more than once, or that he has seen several other water-rings places on this continent, where the visitors believe that whether they go down to the sea in ships, or even by railroad or stage-coach, to enjoy its refreshing breeze, they are bound to sit on the balcony, let the wind blow ever so roughly. It may be thought by some common-place folks that even at a fashionable seaside resort it is not absolutely necessary to brave a sudden change in the thermometer on the balcony when there are cosy, comfortable rooms waiting for occupants; but, bless you! the regular "tourist" is bound to "do" the place in the most approved fashion, so in defiance of comfort and the "cold, cold winds," he faces the blustering breeze. The picture under consideration is a study. There are the two young ladies with chignons flying in distress, and skirts threatening ominously to outline the figure in spite of the resistance of the latest improved patent steel spring hoops, taking shelter behind a monster "dorg," whose melancholy expression suggests that if he cannot "poo-hoo," he would fain "bow-wow" all the attractions of Shiver Point. Next there is paterfamilias, who has ingeniously clutched his ears with his two hands; and, by resting his elbows on the top rail of the balcony, and planting his knees against its side, has so entrenched himself so as to make it certain that no breeze can blow his head from his shoulders. By his side sits materfamilias, blessed by Nature with a "huge rotundity" that no wind could shake; and no doubt she admires the cunning device of her liege lord for keeping all his "pieces" together. Behind her stands, or nods, a little boy, the hope of the house of Firkin, who is so intently trying to find out "what are the wild waves saying," that an unpoetic observer would imagine the lad had gone to sleep. The "nuss gal" with her precious charge ought to have formed a separate picture; at least the pair are a study by themselves. However, by diving into the mysteries of art it may be discovered that the immense oral opening in the facial display of the former is quite as charming an embodiment of practical life as can be found in any other figure in this attractive group. Stupid people might suppose that the Firkins, since the old gentleman's last lucky speculation in butter, had hired a girl to do the crying for the baby, and thereby save the latter from fatigue. Now, such an idea had never entered the brain of the very practical Firkin, or of his unimaginative spouse. Oh no! the fact was, (as our artistic

friend secretly confided to us, which information is private) that the girl, who was comparatively new in the family, had heard so much, before old Firkin could be persuaded to take the trip, of the wonderful benefits to be derived from the sea breeze that she had resolved to have her full share of it. She is, therefore, to be contemplated, in the picture before us, as opening her mouth to its widest latitude for the purpose of drinking in the greatest possible amount of sea air; and not, as might be supposed, merely crying to relieve the baby. As for the baby itself, it is too young to notice other than very near objects, therefore it is lost in wonder at the tremendous contortion of nurse's features. It would be pleasant to say a word or two of the figures on the beach; but who would leave the balcony for the rough sands in such a breeze? And with the tide rolling somewhere, and the figures looking quite plain enough to be allowed to speak for themselves?

#### THE NIEDERBRONN AFFAIR.

Almost the first combat that took place, since the French and Prussian armies came in front of each other, was the cavalry skirmish of the 25th ult., when two Baden dragoon officers were taken prisoners. On the day before a reconnaissance was made in the neighbourhood of Hagenau by Captain Count Zeppelin, of the Wurtemberg staff, and three Baden officers, accompanied by four dragoons. They crossed on Sunday morning to the French town of Lauterburg, cut the telegraph wires at Hundsbach station while the people were at church, passed the day in riding about the country, and were not caught until Monday morning, when they were surprised by a party of French hussars, while at breakfast in a farmhouse between Neuweiler and Niederbronn. A hand-to-hand combat ensued, in which an Englishman named Lieutenant Winslow, in the service of the Grand Duke of Baden, was killed, and the others, with the exception of Count Zeppelin, were taken prisoners. They were brought to the French head-quarters at Metz on the 1st instant, and were confined in an apartment on the ramparts, under the custody of a French gendarme. As they were conducted through the streets, lightly handcuffed, by two grenadiers of the Guard, the townspeople crowded to see them, but no insult was offered to them; and Marshal Leboeuf ordered that they should be well treated in every respect. Their names are Lieutenant von Gubling and Lieutenant von Wechmar. The unfortunate Lieutenant Winslow, who is described as a very strong man, a good rider and swordsman, was cut down after a desperate resistance, and the two Lieutenants, together with the orderly officers, were captured. Only Count Zeppelin, who rode a very spirited horse, made his way through the enemy, though not without receiving many cuts and blows. He brought with him the horse of a French officer which he had captured. On arriving at the Bavarian outposts he was received with loud cheers for his gallant conduct.

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

BY THE REV. J. D. BORTHWICK.

(Continued.)

I.

THE ISLE OF MAN—WHY THIS ISLAND IS SO CALLED.—I was recently pondering over the name of that interesting little island, situate in the Irish Sea, between latitude 45 deg. 4 min. and 54 deg. 7 min. N., and longitude 4 deg. 17 min. and 4 deg. 34 min. W., and over which in former times the Stanleys exercised regal sway. My desire to know more of this interesting spot of earth has been rewarded by a Runie legend which I discovered in Kirk Braddyn. *Druidish*, high priest of the Druids (A.C. 316), left a tradition which was incised on marble by *Snorrelych* the bard. It relates that the island was in long, long ages ago inhabited by monkeys, twelve in number. These were the noblest of the Simian race. Their progeny increased and multiplied; but it was found that the fruits of the island worked a wondrous change in the physical structure of these bipeds. The heel contracted; the hair of the body and face, especially of the females, became less with each generation; and the caudal appendage contracted more and more, until at length each joint of the tail had shrunk into mere scales, and no trace of this prehensile organ could be discovered in the animal exteriorly. This new race assumed thenceforth the name of Man; and although so recently as the time of Caesar the island was called *Mona* (the Milesian or modern Spanish for monkey,) yet, as the birthplace of the human race, the Teutons subsequently named it the *Isle of Man*. As the Scandinavian inscription attributes the denudation of tails suffered by the original inhabitants of *Mona's Isle* to the fruits of the earth, it would be curious to know what fruits they can be which possess so wondrous a quality. From the fact that the cats and some of the poultry of the island have also lost their tails, may be presumed that Grimalkin and Madame Partelet have likewise eaten of this mythical fruit.

The letters I H S V, and I H S, often seen in ancient churches, and on crosses, &c. The first four letters are supposed to be the initial letters of the words which the Emperor Constantine thought he saw in the heavens the night previous to his great victory over heathenism: *In Hoc Signo Vincas!*—under this sign thou shalt conquer. And the I H S are supposed to be a contraction of the Greek word *IHSOUS*—*Jesus*, or the initials of Ignatius Loyola's motto, under a cross (!): *In Hoc Salus*—in this is safety.

We append the following letter which lately appeared:

J. D. B.

To the Editor of the *Gazette*:

Sir,—In Monday's issue of your paper, the Rev. Mr. Borthwick, in commenting upon the meaning given in Appleton's Journal to the mystic letters I. H. S., tells us that he has always taken them to be the initial letters of the words *Jesus Nominum Salvator*. The editor of an old Canadian paper, *The Church*, gives us another rendering of the monogram. He supposes it to be the first three letters of the Greek *IHSOUS*—*Jesus*—and says in support of this hypothesis that, having inspected a collection of the earliest Christian emblems, we found that where any of them bore inscriptions, those inscriptions were in every case written in the Greek language. The loss of the knowledge of the Greek tongue in the Western Church, easily accounts for the Greek *S* (sigma) being corrupted and changed into the character *S*.

E. J. FESSENDEN.

[The retention of the Greek *H* (a long) simply causes confusion. I.H.S. are the first three letters of *Jesus*, and make a common Greek contraction.—ED. GAZETTE.]

The letters M and N in the marriage service of the Prayer Book.—Some suppose that they were merely taken from the alphabet as being the two middle letters, and applied in the same manner as we make use of A and B at the present time. Others suppose their origin in the Latin words *Maritus* and *Nupta*. Y. L., of All Souls, Oxford, says that the only intelligible explanation he ever heard was that they stood for *Nicholas* and *Mary*—St. Nicholas being the patron saint of boys, as *Our Lady* is of girls.

The letters N and M in the Catechism.—Some suppose, as in the marriage service, *Nupta* and *Maritus*. Other again state that they originate from the initials of *Nomen* and *Nomina*—thus N, nomen—M or (N N) nomina.

The letters L, s., d.—The letters L, s., d., and qr. are the initials of the Latin words, *libra*, *solidus*, *denarius*, and *quadrans*, which respectively signify a pound, a shilling, a penny, and a farthing, or quarter. The mark l, which sometimes separates the shillings and pence, is a corruption of the long / (s), arising from the rapidity with which it is made.

The letters on a Guinea.—Explanation of these letters: *Georgius III. Dei Gratia, M. B. F. ET. H. Rex, F. D. B. ET. L. D. S. R. J. A. T. ET. E.* That is, *Georgius Tertius, Dei Gratia, Magnæ Britannia, Franciæ et Hiberniæ Rex, Fidei Defensor, Brunsvici et Lunenburgi Dux, Sacri Romani Imperii, Archi-Thesaurarius et Elector.*

In English—George the Third, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, Arch-Treasurer and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire.

LADY is a word which gives us a most pleasing idea of the customs of our Saxon ancestors. The term is compounded of two Saxon words, *leaf* or *laf*, signifying a loaf of bread, and *dian*, to give or to serve. Now, it must be known that it was the fashion in times of old for those families whom heaven had blessed with affluence, to give away regularly a portion of bread to those poor neighbours who might stand in need of assistance, and on such occasions the mistress of the household herself officiated, distributing with her own hands the daily or weekly dole. Hence was she called the *laf-dy*, or the bread-giver, and, in course of time, the word was abbreviated to its present form. A writer of the last century, in reference to this derivation of lady, observes that "the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable custom that, to this day, the ladies, in this kingdom alone, serve the meat at their own tables." It is to be feared that, in the great manorial families referred to, even this remnant of the old custom is not now very general. It was certainly so, however, in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's time, for we are informed by her noble editor that, in her youth, she received regular instructions in the art of carving or serving meat. And Lady Mary was a duke's daughter. But, changed as such fashions may now be, there are still, we are happy to think, many true ladies in this much-abused world of ours—many generous bread-givers—many who feed the hungry and befriend the friendless.

LARCH.—(A species of pine) so called because first coming from Larissa, a town in ancient Thessaly.

LONGOBARDS OR LONGBEARDS.—Hence Lombardy. The Longobards or Longbeards, who had overrun and taken possession of the great plain of the basin of the Po, retained to some extent their separate independence even under the empire of Germany. They had their own laws and customs, and were in the habit of crowning the Emperor, or whoever else was acknowledged, as King of Lombardy. Hence, too, Napoleon wore the iron crown of their kings. This famed symbol of kingship was deposited in the Cathedral of Monza; it is a broad circle of gold, set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, and was secured in an ornamented cross placed over an altar, closely shut up within folding doors of gilt brass. The crown is kept in an octagonal aperture in the centre of the cross. It is composed of six equal pieces of beaten gold, joined together by close hinges, and the jewels and embossed gold ornaments are set in a ground of blue and gold enamel, interesting as exhibiting an exact resemblance to the workmanship of the enamelled part of a gold ornament now in the Ashmolean Museum, which once belonged to King Alfred. But for those who have an appetite for relics, the most important part of this crown is a narrow iron rim, which is attached to the inside of it all round. The rim is about three-eighths of an inch broad, and a tenth of an inch thick, made out of one of the nails used in the Crucifixion. The crown is said to have been presented to Constantine by his mother; and the sacred iron rim, from which it has its name, was to protect him in battle. And, although this iron has now been exposed more than fifteen hundred years, there is not a speck of rust upon it.

"THOU LIEST."—The great affront of giving the lie arose from the phrase, "Thou liest," in the oath taken by the defendant in judicial combats before engaging in the ordeal of battle.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN.—James I. was the first who united the lion and unicorn heraldically, adopting the latter beast from the supporters of the Scottish sovereigns. The conjunction of these animals on an ecclesiastical vestment on the period of the Reformation, must be attributed to religious symbolism rather than to any heraldic arrangement; the lion typifying fortitude and strength, while the unicorn is emblematical of fortitude and chastity. As such, the former may have reference to our Lord "The Lion of Judah," and the latter may be an emblem of the Virgin Mary. The tradition with regard to the unicorn, that it would never be caught, except by a virgin, and that if its skin was at all defiled it would be sure to pine away and die, is well known.

LYCEUM.—Took its name from having been originally a temple of Apollo Lyceus. It was a celebrated spot near the banks of the Ilissus in Attica (Greece) when Aristotle taught philosophy, and as he taught his pupils while he walked, hence they are called *peripatetics*, B.C. 342.

M

MARKING THE KING'S DISHES WITH THE COOKS' NAMES.—George II. was accustomed every other year to visit his German dominions with the greater part of the officers of his household, and especially those belonging to the kitchen. Once on his passage at sea, his first cook was so ill with the sea-sickness, that he could not hold up his head to dress his majesty's dinner; this being told to the king, he was exceedingly sorry for it, as he was famous for making a *Rhenish soup*, which his majesty was very fond of; he therefore ordered inquiry to be made among the assistant cooks, if any of them could make

the above soup. One named Weston, father of Tom Weston the player, undertook it; and so pleased the king, that he declared it was full as good as that made by the first cook.

Soon after the king's return to England, the first cook died; when the king was informed of it, he said that his steward of the household always appointed the cooks, but that now he would name one for himself, and therefore asking if one Weston was still in the kitchen, and being answered that he was, "That man," said he "shall be my first cook, for he makes most excellent Rhenish soup." This favour begot envy among all the servants, so that when any dish was found fault with, they used to say it was Weston's dressing. The king took notice of this, and said to the servants it was very extraordinary that every dish he disliked should happen to be Weston's; "in future," said he, "let every dish be marked with the name of the cook that makes it."

By this means the king detected their arts, and from that time Weston's dishes pleased him most. The custom has continued ever since, and is still practised at the royal table.

MARRIAGE BY CLOG AND SHOE.—In the registers of the church at Haworth, in Yorkshire, now famous for the place where Miss Bronte, "Currer Bell," lived and died, and also remarkable for the wonderful assurance with which its inhabitants, past and present, have asserted its church to have been founded in the year 600, there occurs an entry giving a list of "marriages at Bradford, and by clog and shoe in Lancashire, but paid the minister of Haworth" the fees mentioned. This is in the year 1733. Haworth is not far from the border of Lancashire. What is the meaning of "marriages by clog and shoe in Lancashire?" In some parts of the West Riding, it is customary to throw old shoes and old slippers after the newly-married pair when starting on the wedding tour. I was once present at a marriage on the banks of the river Holme, at which London, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were well represented, when nearly all present took part in the practice. The moment the carriage which contained the bride and bridegroom, and which was drawn by four splendid grays, began to move off, a score or more shoes and slippers were seen flying after it. The custom is said to be expressive of good luck and prosperity to the newly-married couple. In the forest of Shipton, a few miles north of Haworth, matrimony was subject to a singular toll in the reign of Edward II. It was ordained "that every bride coming that way should either give her left shoe or 3s. 4d. to the forster of Crookryse by way of custom or gnyt-cloys." This and the preceding custom gives the connection with that of clog and shoe.

THE MARSEILLYE HYMN.—When the Prussians and Austrians marched against France in 1792, to restore Louis XIV. to his throne, the National Assembly declared that the country was in danger, and called upon all Frenchmen to enlist under the banners of Liberty to repel the invaders. Marseilles furnished a legion of twelve hundred turbulent spirits, and Lamartine gives a graphic account of their triumphant entry into Paris, on their way to the frontier. Their bronzed faces, with eyes of fire, their uniforms covered with the dust of their journey, their red woollen caps shaded with green boughs, their lack of discipline, and their harsh provincial accent—all struck the imagination of the Parisians with great force. The revolutionary idea seemed impersonated, and to be marching to the last assault of royalty, chanting an air whose notes seem to come from the breast with sullen mutterings of national anger and then with the joy of victory. Since then, when France has been in danger, the *Marseillaise* has never failed to arouse and animate her sons for "Liberty or Death."

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.—Once upon a time there lived an old woman who kept a public house and could not write, and was accustomed to credit her customers with marking a P for a pint of ale, and a Q for a quart. One time she quarrelled with one of her patrons about the quantity drunk, and then originated the saying—for the man told her that hereafter she had better "mind her P's and Q's,"—and hence it passed into a saying.

MAGI.—The Persian worshippers of fire, founded by Zoroaster, who flourished B.C. 1080; his creed was that pain followed pleasure as surely as the shadow the substance, and thus worshipped fire for its power and purity. See Zoroaster.

MAL OF BAG.—It comes from the Greek word *mallos*, a fleece or wool; for long, long ago, the bags were made of the skins of beasts with their hair on, and the name is still continued, though now made of dressed leather.

MAYPOLES AND GARLANDS.—It was a custom among the ancient Britons, before they were converted to Christianity, to erect Maypoles, adorned with flowers, in honour of the goddess Flora; and the dancing of milkmaids on the first of May before garlands, ornamented with flowers, is only a corruption of the ancient custom, in compliance with other rustic amusements.

The leisure days after seed-time had been chosen by our Saxon ancestors for folk-motes, or conventions of the people. It was not till after the Norman conquest that the Pagan festival of Whitsuntide fully melted into the Christian holiday of Pentecost. Its original name is Whittentide, the time of choosing the wits or wisemen to the wittengemotte. It was consecrated to Hertha, the goddess of peace and fertility; and no quarrels might be maintained, no blood shed, during this truce of the goddess. Each village, in the absence of the baron at the assembly of the nations, enjoyed a kind of saturnalia. The vassals met upon the common green around the Maypoles, where they erected a village lord, or king, as he was called, who chose his queen. He wore an oak-leaf, and she a hawthorn wreath; and together they gave laws to the rustic sports during these sweet days of freedom. The Maypole was then the English tree of liberty.

A TEXAS SHIRT.—"Editors," we are told by some writers, "have a first rate time in Texas. The ladies of a town out there have given to the editor of a paper an embroidered shirt, which contains a pictorial history of Texas, including the war with Mexico, the meeting of the first Legislature and also pictures of the fruits and cereals of the State, all worked in worsted. The editor never wore a shirt in his life, and he thought it was a banner for the temperance procession which was to come off the next week. So he made a little speech of thanks in which he said he would 'ding it out forever to the breezes of heaven, that they might kiss its folds, and that until his hand palsied, it should never be trailed in the dust—never.' The ladies didn't understand him; and when he talked about its

trailing, they blushed, and said they were very sorry they had made it too long. But a committee man took the editor aside, and explained the shirt to him in a whisper, and the next day he appeared at his office with the shirt mounted over his coat, and wrote four columns of explanation for his paper. The shirt is much admired by the boys of the town, and whenever the editor goes out for a walk they follow him in regiments, studying the history of Texas and the fine arts off the back of it."

THE EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON THE HUMAN BODY.—Some very interesting experiments have recently been made by Professor Parkes, F. R. S., and Count Wollowicz, M.D., on this subject, these gentlemen having availed themselves of the willingness and zeal of a very intelligent healthy soldier to become the subject of the experiments. The experimenters thus sum up the results of their observations:—"It is not difficult to say what would be excess for him, but it is not easy to decide what would be moderation; it is only certain that it would be something under two fluid ounces of absolute alcohol in twenty-four hours. It will be seen that the general result of our experiments is to confirm the opinions held by physicians as to what must be the indications of alcohol, both in health and disease. The effects on appetite and on circulation are the practical points to seize; and, if we are correct in our inferences, the commencement of narcotism marks the point when both appetite and circulation will begin to be damaged. As to the metamorphosis of nitrogenous tissues or to animal heat, it seems improbable that alcohol in quantities that can be properly used in diet has any effect; it appears to us unlikely (in the face of the chemical results) that it can enable the body to perform more work on less food, though by quickening a failing heart it may enable work to be done which otherwise could not be so. It may then act like the spur in the side of a horse, eliciting force though not supplying it."

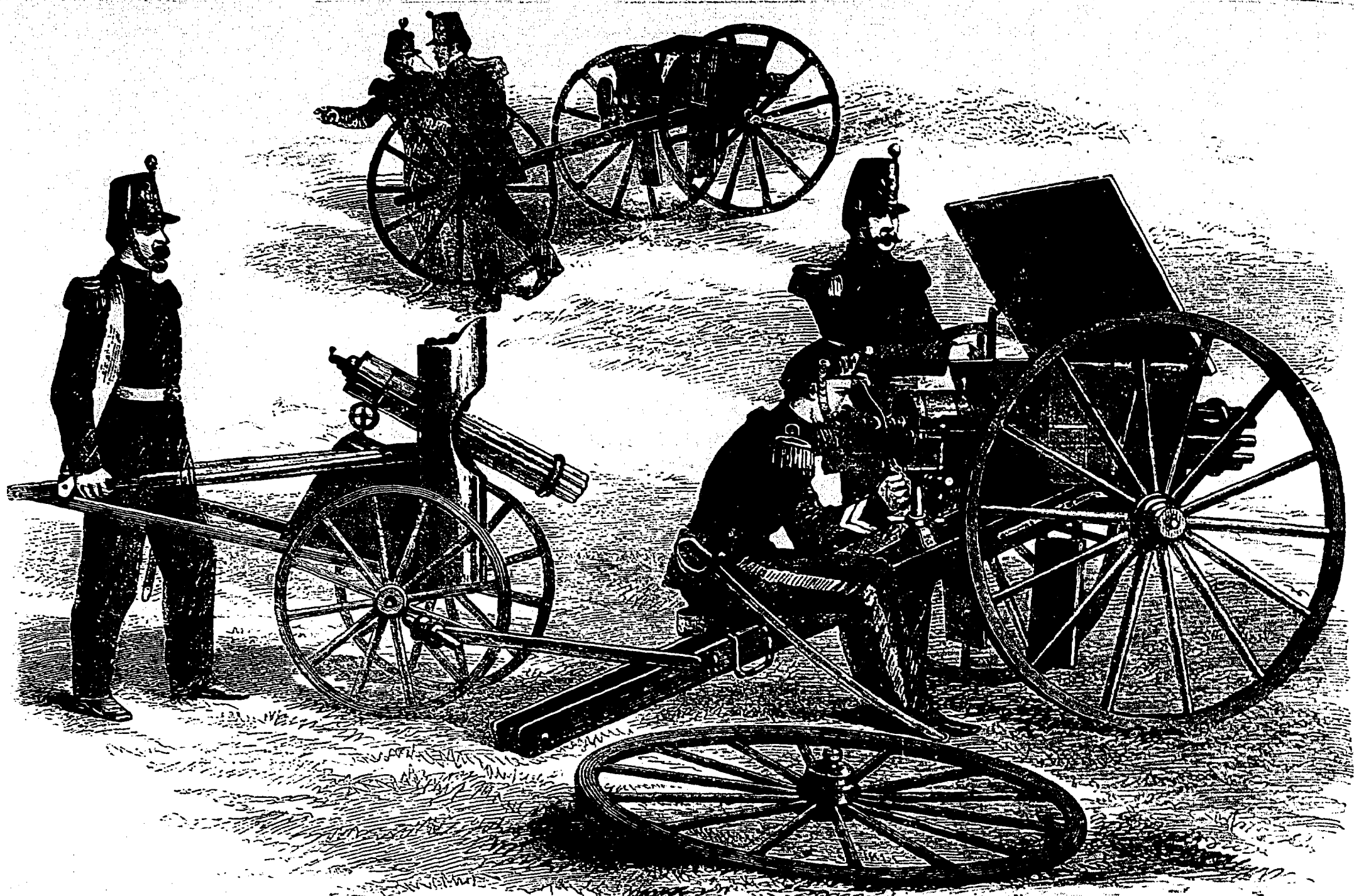
CONSUMPTION SNUFFED OUT.—At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Newcastle, a paper was presented by Dr. John Murray, on "Snuff-taking, and its Utility in Preventing Bronchitis and Consumption," containing much that is no doubt true in reference to the influence of snuff-taking, in so altering the delicate mucous membrane of the nose, where so many colds begin, as to render it less liable to be irritated by the ordinary external causes of catarrh, but containing also much that will be regarded as the result of the author riding his hobby beyond a reasonable limit. However, the facts, as given by Dr. Murray, are curious, and will interest the general reader. He remarks, in the first place, that an habitual smoker seldom or never dies of consumption; and further declares that he has seen the progress of consumption arrested by practising the habit of snuff-taking, which is equally efficient in the case of bronchitis. Dr. Murray says—"By titillating the lining membrane of the nostrils, snuff acts as a powerful derivative and counter-irritant, and its use will tend to preserve the more important and susceptible pulmonary mucous membrane from evil. The sneezing which succeeds the unaccustomed application of the erhrine, or agitates even an old and seasoned nose, when a new titillant is tried, and the cough which is induced when, by chance, some of the lighter particles get into the throat, may be of some avail in effecting the elimination of albumenoid matter (the precursor of tubercle) from the lungs, ere it has had time to fill the air cells and minute bronchi, and coagulate, in like manner, as sea-sickness is believed to do. The majority of medical men, when recovering from a common cold, will take a pinch in order to "speed the going guest." If good to expedite the departure of a cold I have no hesitation in affirming that it will be better still, as an expedient in altogether preventing the catarrh, e.g. if when on a journey you experience a succession of chills, in due time you may expect an attack of bronchitis, an infiltration of pneumonic, or tubercular plasma, or illness in some other form, each tending to reduce the powers of life, and consequently liable to set up consumption in those predisposed. If a snuffer, you relieve the discomfort by having recourse to your box, from which, after gently tapping, you proceed to take a pinch of the agreeable and, in this case, useful stimulant. It is said that in France, where tobacco is grown under State supervision, and manufactured by Government in nearly equal proportions, into tobacco, cigars, and snuff, the health of the ouvriers has been made the subject of official report, of which the following summary may not inaptly be given here:—"The workmen in tobacco factories of the State do not suffer from any disease which the tobacco could be imagined to occasion. On the contrary, the employes seem to have had an immunity from typhus fever, as at Lyons; from dysentery, as at Morlaix; from miliary fever, as at Tonnans; and from cholera everywhere. The majority of physicians to the State factories believe employment among tobacco to be instrumental in preventing consumption in the lungs, and may even restore consumptives to health."

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Aug. 30, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

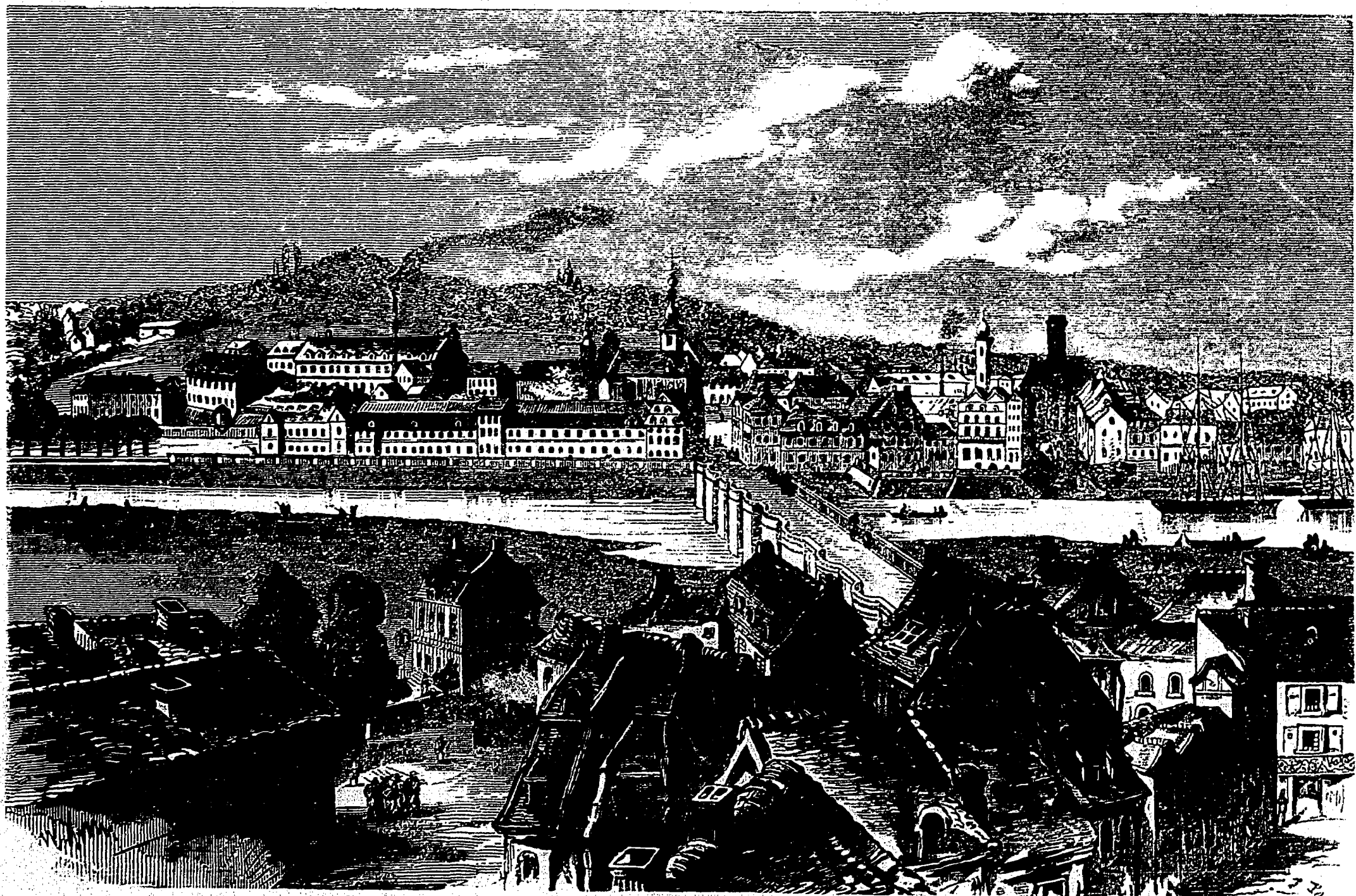
		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	Aug. 21.....	67°	77°	75°
Thursday,	" 22.....	74°	81°	75°
Friday,	" 23.....	60°	67°	63°
Saturday,	" 24.....	61°	63°	66°
Sunday,	" 25.....	68°	76°	68°
Monday,	" 26.....	64°	73°	73°
Tuesday,	" 27.....	66°	72°	69°
		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday,	Aug. 21.....	78°	54°	66°
Thursday,	" 22.....	84°	64°	74°
Friday,	" 23.....	67°	50°	58° 5
Saturday,	" 24.....	70°	44°	57°
Sunday,	" 25.....	77°	49°	63°
Monday,	" 26.....	75°	58°	66° 5
Tuesday,	" 27.....	74°	56°	63°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	Aug. 21.....	30.20	30.16	30.10
Thursday,	" 22.....	29.98	29.85	29.80
Friday,	" 23.....	30.30	30.34	30.39
Saturday,	" 24.....	30.39	30.48	30.38
Sunday,	" 25.....	30.25	30.20	30.05
Monday,	" 26.....	30.00	29.94	29.84
Tuesday,	" 27.....	29.98	29.98	30.04



THE WAR.—THE "MITRAILLEUSE."—SEE PAGE 152.



THE WAR.—THE TOWN OF SAARBRÜCK.—SEE PAGE 152.



THE WAR-DEPARTURE OF THE GARDE MOBILE FOR THE FRONT.—SEE PAGE 103.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
SEPT. 10, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 4.— <i>Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.</i> River Hudson discovered, 1609.
MONDAY,	" 5.—Malta captured, 1800. Lord Metcalfe died, 1846.
TUESDAY,	" 6.—Sir A. T. Galt born, 1817. Hannah Moore died, 1833.
WEDNESDAY,	" 7.— <i>St. Enurchus, M.</i> Dr. Johnson born, 1709. Sir G. Simpson, Governor of Hudson's Bay, died, 1860.
THURSDAY,	" 8.— <i>Nativity of the B. V. M.</i> Montreal capitulated, 1760.
FRIDAY,	" 9.—Fall of Table Rock, Niagara Falls, 1853. Sebastopol taken, 1855.
SATURDAY	" 10.—Mungo Park born, 1771. Canadian Militia officers receive commissions, 1778.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

THE war naturally continues to be the absorbing topic of interest throughout the civilized world. The stratagetic movements of the French under McMahon led to a temporary check of the Crown Prince's march on Paris, and so far enabled Gen. Trochu to complete his arrangements for its defence; hence the impression, which had begun to prevail outside of France, that the capital would fall at the approach of the victorious Prussians has been entirely dissipated. The reticence of both parties, and the extreme measures they have adopted for the suppression of all intelligence of military movements, save those communicated in official bulletins, render an exact appreciation of the actual state of affairs an impossibility; while the flat contradictions hurled from Berlin to Paris, and from Paris to Berlin, make even the grave statements of Royal and Imperial magnates as little to be relied upon as the numerous fictions of the "intelligent contraband" during the late American war. Thus we have had Marshal Bazaine hemmed in at Metz for a week, according to Prussian accounts, whereas statements from Paris aver that all that time his communications had been free, and he was fully prepared to co-operate at the proper time with Marshal McMahon. So with respect to the great battle between Montmédy and Rethel, which the French said, and the Prussians denied, that McMahon had forced upon Prince Frederick Charles on Monday last. It seems, therefore, that misrepresentation is a part of military tactics, and, indeed, to conceal one's own movements, while he tries to discover those of his enemy, is an established policy in generalship. It would be hard to say that when one of the contestants makes a feint to deceive his opponent in the field, he is doing more or less than acting out the deception which, either for the purpose of deceiving foes or stimulating friends, inspires the lying bulletins from headquarters. Both are like Madame's "not at home," when she does not desire her privacy to be intruded upon, and may be as defensible in military, as Madame's "white lie" is in social, ethics. Nevertheless, these contradictory statements are very perplexing, the more so that they are believed, or distrusted, according to the sympathies of those who listen to them.

But already the interest, which at first was centred in the conflict, begins to wander uneasily after its probable consequences. Russia, we are told, cannot brook the further aggrandisement of Prussia, and will insist upon maintaining the balance of power in Europe in the light of her own territorial and dynastic interests. Austria begins to fear that too much Prussian success might lead to further embarrassments for her, and would probably be willing to enter into a general coalition for checking Prussia's advancement. Great Britain can scarcely view with composure the prospect of Prussia's extending her sea coast and becoming a great maritime as well as the greatest military power, hence she is said to be earnestly disposed towards the establishment of peace and the restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*, which Prussia, on the other hand, could hardly be expected to accept while ravaging the heart of the enemy's country, beating back his generals, and actually menacing the safety of his capital. And the dynastic future of France is no less the subject of earnest speculation. It is generally believed that the Empire, which was "peace," has virtually ended in what, for the Emperor, has been inglorious war, though as yet he has certainly given no indication of abandoning the throne. Public opinion has, however, decreed that the future of France lies between the re-establishment of the Republic and the restoration of the Orleanists, and upon this question, as upon the reported facts of the war, sympathy mainly leads the judgment of all who discuss it. In fact, the relative strength of the Republicans and Orleanists is far more difficult to determine than even the military situation from day to day. The accident of an hour might make either party triumphant; but we have

too much faith in the patriotism of Gen. Trochu, Orleanist though he be, and though he has been—according to report—snubbed by the Empress, to believe that he would use his position as commander of Paris to provoke a political crisis for the sake of dynastic interests at the time when his country was fighting for existence. He is not surely the man to perpetrate the blunder, so well described in homely phrase by Abraham Lincoln, of "swapping horses when in mid-stream," and we think that he and the other great captains of France whom the Emperor's misfortunes have forced into the chief positions, in order to save the nation, will devote all their energies to the crippling of the enemy and the deliverance of the country from his tread, before making overtures for a change of rulers.

But, as if these speculations on events depending on the result of the war and the temper of the French people were not enough, a new revelation has been made as to the existence of another "secret treaty." Napoleon is again alleged to be the marplot, and this time he is accused of having secretly bound himself to restore Isabella to the throne of Spain, on the favourable conclusion of the war. This announcement, we are told, has caused great indignation in Madrid. Perhaps it may, but to us it appears on the face of it as one of the silliest of all the secret treaty stories. Had Napoleon had anything to gain by maintaining the Spanish Queen on her throne, his time for interference was either before her flight, or immediately thereafter. That her Majesty would have gladly welcomed his assistance there can be no doubt; that she tried to get it is, we believe, on record; but Napoleon, who is himself a monarch by election, did not see fit then, and would have still less reason now, to reimpose her upon the throne, which, but a short time ago, she had formally abdicated.

Both parties to the contest have made statements to the world as to the time for negotiating a peace, France saying that she will not treat until the enemy is driven from her soil, and Prussia, that the Empire must first be abandoned. These announcements mean nothing more than the strong determination of both sides to humiliate the enemy as far as possible, for neither of them are yet so far out of the reach of European control as to be able to determine, single-handed, either the time or the terms of peace if the other powers should interfere. Russia accepted peace at the close of the Crimean war as soon as she saw that honour could be saved without a further sacrifice of interest. Prussia accepted peace, though flushed with victory, after the battle of Sadowa, rather than risk the consequences which the intended march upon Vienna would have entailed. In fact, nations, like individuals, always accept peace, unless bent upon self-destruction, as soon as they are convinced that neither honour nor advantage can be gained by maintaining the struggle; and there is not the slightest reason to believe that anything more is needed in this contest to secure the same end. The very bitterness of the present warfare, the alleged firing upon ambulances, flags of truce, &c., may induce the interference of other powers, in order to avert that madness, on either side, which is said to precede destruction, for assuredly neither England, Austria, nor Russia will be disposed to permit the serious alteration of the map of Europe for the aggrandisement of either of the belligerents.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the new story commenced in this issue, from the pen of Mrs. Noel, of Kingston, Ont. She is a writer of established reputation, having been a valued contributor to several American serials, and her story of "Hilda," though a long one, is full of incident and interest, and has the additional merit of portraying social life in Quebec, Montreal and other familiar places, at a date not at all remote from our own day. We commend it therefore to our readers as worthy their perusal during the long evenings which are now creeping in; and as a warning to other journals we beg to state that "Hilda" is copyrighted both in Canada and the United States.

Those who have heretofore been casual patrons of the *C. I. News* would do well now to become regular subscribers in order that they may obtain this story complete. We may mention that for the annual subscription of four dollars the publisher will deliver the *News* within the City of Montreal, or prepay the postage to any part of the Dominion of Canada.

Last week, we alluded to the water supplied to this city and the organic impurities which had been found in it by some of the members of the Montreal Microscopic Club. Next week we hope to be able to lay before our readers an illustration exhibiting some of the more dangerous of the living adulterations it contains, as well as a paper by Dr. Baker Edwards, shewing particularly the noxious character of these impurities. This will be followed by another article explaining in a simple and practical form the manner in which the Corporation, at an expense comparatively small in view of the benefits that would accrue, can purify the city's supply of water by a general system of filtration. The subject is one of surpassing impor-

tance to the health and comfort of the citizens, and its thorough discussion may prove beneficial to many other cities throughout the Dominion as well as to Montreal.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Miss Kate Reynolds, who some weeks ago created a favourable impression on the Montreal public, has again appeared at the theatre for the past week in a series of well-sustained characters. The management now announces that Miss Reynolds will appear nightly until further notice. It is not often that such a chance is offered for seeing really good acting, and the public should reward Mr. Bowers' exertions in catering to their tastes, by greeting him with full houses.

It is now reported that the sufferers by the fires in the neighbourhood of Ottawa number about three thousand souls. Very commendable exertions have been made by the citizens of Ottawa for their relief, about \$8,000 in cash, and large quantities of clothing and provisions having been collected. In Montreal, too, vigorous exertions are being made to supply the wants of the unfortunate people.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

THE LIFE OF F. M., H. R. H. EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT, Illustrated by his correspondence with the De Salaberry family, never before published, extending from 1791 to 1814; by Dr. W. J. Anderson, L. R. C. S., Edinburgh, President of the Quebec Historical and Literary Society. Ottawa and Toronto, Hunter, Rose & Co.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

The memoirs of one who occupied so distinguished a position in the history of England as the late Duke of Kent should be read with interest by every English-speaking people. His Royal Highness' history is, to an extent, English history, and any new facts elicited as to his life and character will be eagerly welcomed as additions to the knowledge we already possess of England's great generals and statesmen. To Canadians, particularly, among whom the Duke spent no inconsiderable portion of his life, and to whom he succeeded in endearing himself by his universal affability and kindness, the book before us will be of double interest. We are pleased to find that the task of chronicling the events of the Duke's life—a life, for one in his position, of extraordinary privation and humiliation—has fallen into no less competent hands than those of Dr. Anderson. And we trust that the present volume may be followed by others from the same pen, relating the doings of other personages whose names are dear to Canadian hearts.

In the treatment of his subject, Dr. Anderson has had a great disadvantage to contend with. In his preface he states that having been placed in possession of certain letters of the Duke, after due consideration he determined simply to hold the mirror up to nature—to reproduce the letters, merely filling up the narrative where the break in the connection required it. But the very difficulty which thus arises, and for overcoming which, to our mind, he is entitled to the greatest praise, is the one of which the Doctor seems to make least account. He modestly disowns any credit for his work, and styles himself a "mere amanuensis." It is not often we meet with such modesty in the literary world, and we are pleased to notice it as a good sign of what we may expect from the author. Of course it is a comparatively easy thing, costing at best but a little time and trouble, to collect a number of letters, written at long and short intervals, to bridge over the intervening spaces with facts and dates gleaned from any biographical dictionary, and to publish the whole in the form of a memoir. Such a work could be undertaken by any schoolboy, but the result would be a bare recital of facts, uninteresting, unreliable, and utterly unreadable. What we most admire in Dr. Anderson's treatment of his subject is the masterly way in which he has filled up the narrative—in which, so to speak, he has cemented together the stones of his bridge, making his history a smooth and even road over which the most fastidious and the most careless readers will alike have no difficulty in travelling. The whole is a compact and ably-written history. The transitions from the letters to the narrative are so easy and natural that what might have proved a stumbling-block to the reader, and might seriously have endangered the success of the book, has been entirely avoided in a way that throws the greatest credit upon its author. As a rule, a volume of correspondence does not prove a success, but Dr. Anderson's work is a striking exception to the rule, and on that very account deserves well of the reading public both on this side of the Atlantic and at home. We are glad to learn that the Doctor has received encouragement of the most gratifying nature from the highest sources. Both Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Arthur have acknowledged his work in letters couched in the most flattering terms, and in a way that can leave no doubt as to the success that has attended his labours. Instead of entering at length into the subject of the narrative, we refer our readers to the work itself. It is a small volume, but full of information, and should be found on every Canadian table.

We cannot leave our subject without offering our congratulations to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on possessing a President so able, so energetic, and so devoted to the object they place before themselves, viz: "the prosecution of researches into the early history of Canada, and the recover-

ing, procuring and publishing interesting documents and useful information in connexion with the natural, civil and literary history of British North America," in which researches it has already achieved distinguished success.

THE WAR.

During the past week the position of the Prussian army has been materially changed. The movements of McMahon have been such as to compel the Crown Prince to relinquish for the present his intention of marching upon Paris, and concentrate his forces in the neighbourhood of Metz, and concentrate his forces in the neighbourhood of Metz, and concentrate his forces in the neighbourhood of Metz, where the French general was attempting to proceed to the relief of Bazaine, who, notwithstanding contradictory reports, was still shut up at Metz. The report of Bazaine's escape is now explained as having its origin in the fact that Marshal Canrobert, with one or two divisions, succeeded in getting away after the battle of the 18th. A despatch of the 26th ult., from a Prussian source, states that Bazaine was surrounded in Metz by the Prussians, and was expected to be compelled to capitulate, as he was running short of provisions. His effectual force was estimated at about 19,000 men, while that of the besiegers was computed at 253,000. Add to this that typhus was raging in Metz and some 15,000 wounded men were shut up in the city, and it will be seen in what a perilous position he was placed, if this report is to be relied upon.

McMahon, after his defeat at Woerth, had retreated through the Vosges to the Moselle, to Nancy; thence to Toul, and to Châlons, where he received reinforcements. His object was evidently to bar the advance of the Crown Prince on Paris. The Prince, however, affecting to disregard him, moved on his left flank past Châlons, offered battle, which McMahon declined, retreating to Rheims, and leaving Châlons to the Prussians. At Rheims McMahon was joined by the Emperor, and thence marched north-eastwards to Metz, and south-eastwards to Sedan and Montmédy, between which he is now stationed. His forces are placed at 100,000 really good troops, the remainder being raw. He was now not very far from Metz and would undoubtedly have effected a junction with Bazaine, had not the Prussians suddenly stopped the march to Paris and massed their forces northwards, to surround, if possible, McMahon's army.

The towns which, at the beginning of the week, held out against the Prussians were Metz, Toul, Pfalzbourg, and Strasbourg. It is stated that the siege of Toul has been abandoned, owing to the vigorous resistance of the garrison. Pfalzbourg was still invested by the Wurtemberg army, and the siege of Strasbourg was being prosecuted with vigour. At the close of last week, the garrison of the latter city commenced reprisals, shelled the town of Kehl on the opposite side of the river, and almost entirely destroyed it. On Friday week the position of Prussians was as follows:—One corps of the first and second armies still confronted Bazaine at Metz; the remainder of the besieging force, consisting of some 100,000 men, had been sent forward to reinforce the Crown Prince, their place being afterwards filled up from the reserves. Gen. Falkenstein, with his army, recently occupying Hanover, was also moving down to join the Crown Prince. Three new reserve forces had been formed, one on the Rhine, one at Berlin, and one in Silesia. The Prussian cavalry occupied Doulevant, St. Rémy, Brienne and Château Thiery—in a line from the latter place, 50 miles from Paris, extending in a curve to the south of St. Diziers, the King's headquarters. Nancy, Vitry and Châlons were occupied by Prussian troops, and the King and Crown Prince were marching leisurely on Paris by the way of the Seine and Marne. The whole of the department of the Marne, from Châlons to Vassy, was under the control of the Prussians. A despatch from Berlin thus gives the disposition of the various corps:—There are eighteen corps containing 40,000 men each. The first army, under Steinmetz, has the First, seventh, and Eight Corps at Metz. The second army, under Prince Frederick Charles, consists of the Second, Third, Ninth, and Tenth Corps, and is at Metz. The third army, under the Crown Prince, consisting of the Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh, and two Bavarian Corps, is marching on Paris. The fourth army, under the Crown Prince of Saxony, has the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps and the Saxon and Prussian Guards. The fifth army, under General Werder, has the Wurtemberg and Baden Divisions, and is engaged in the siege of Strasbourg. The sixth army, under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is on the Rhine, and the Seventh army, under Generals Castein and Lowenfeld, is at Berlin. Three of these armies are in reserve.

Such was the position of the Prussian armies when McMahon reached Rehel, on his road to relieve Bazaine by way of Montmédy and Thionville. The march to Paris was instantly discontinued, and the various corps pushed northwards to intercept the junction of the two French generals. The forces in the department of the Aube abandoned their encampments and marched to Pont de Soume Vele, west of Châlons. The troops on their road to Paris deployed from Stenay to Sivry; those around Troyes made for Romilly, south of Sezanne; those around Châlons for Suippe, and those between Stenay and Varennes, in Ardennes, went north-westwards, in the direction of Rehel, by Grand Pré and Vouziers, while a strong force was posted at Dun observing McMahon's left at Stenay. Meanwhile strong Prussian columns were advancing from Lunéville and Joinville to St. Dizier. McMahon's headquarters were at Sedan, and his line extended from Rehel eastwards to Stenay, thus occupying the ground west of the Meuse. He had received a reinforcement of 50,000 men from Paris, and was confident of achieving a great victory over the Crown Prince, whose forces had failed to effect a junction with those of Prince Frederick Charles. French rumours state that a great battle was fought on Sunday the 27th (sic) in which Bazaine and McMahon gained an immense advantage, but they omit to state with what corps the two French generals were engaged. No confirmation of this report has been published. On the contrary, a despatch of the same date says that the French are making great preparations for the reception of the wounded, in the next battle, at Charleville, in rear of McMahon's position. On the morning of Tuesday cannonading was heard in the neighbourhood of Esch, on the Luxembourg frontier, and a despatch from Luxembourg states that 150 Prussians were surprised by 500 French, who were driven back to the frontier. Another despatch from Burgundy dated the same day, says:—The Prussians attacked McMahon's army to-day near Beaumont, (five miles north-west of Stenay) defeated it and drove it back upon the Belgian frontier. "The French camp fell into the hands of the Prussians. The pursuit of the French troops was continued for several miles, and was

at length interrupted by the number of cannon and prisoners which were taken. The extent of the battle-field was so vast that it is impossible to obtain further details at this moment. The Prussians conceived that it was McMahon's aim to gain the frontier to effect a junction with Bazaine's advance on three lines. A telegram from the King to Queen Augusta, dated from Varennes, says:—The Crown Prince has been in action with the 14th, 12th and 17th corps and the 14th Bavarians. McMahon was beaten and driven beyond the Meuse. Twelve guns, one thousand prisoners, and materials of war were captured. On the other hand the London Sun's correspondent telegraphs:—"The French defeated the Prussians here. Fighting is now going on at Amiegny. McMahon retreats, or seems to retreat, on the department of the north."—This despatch bears no date.

The following are the latest despatches received up to the time of going to press:

New York, Aug. 31.—A special to the Herald dated Bovillon, Belgium, Aug. 30, 7 p. m., says:—A fearful battle was fought yesterday by the Prussian armies of the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles, with the forces of Marshal McMahon. Yesterday morning McMahon commenced a general movement towards Montmédy, when he was attacked near Beaumont and driven back, after an obstinate resistance, towards the Belgian frontier. The Prussians occupied the line of the road, and captured a large amount of camp stores. They drove the French from position after position until night closed.

Early this morning the battle was renewed and continued all day. During the night a large number of French reinforcements came up, but they failed to turn the scale of victory. The Prussians were also reinforced largely and attacked in overwhelming numbers. McMahon retreated to Sedan with the remnant of his force.

The slaughter was immense; it is impossible at present to estimate the losses on each side. The Prince Imperial is said to be in Belgium. The population is flying in great terror. The wounded and stragglers of both armies are said to be thronging over the Belgian frontier, where the Belgian troops are massed in considerable force to defend the neutrality of their territory. There is a rumour even that the sixth Leopold Belgian dragoons charged and captured a body of Prussian infantry this morning, after warning their commander to withdraw.

A special London despatch says:—It is said the Emperor has ordered McMahon to resist to the last, and that it is the determination of the French in Ardennes to exhaust every measure for securing time to the defenders of Paris.

While these events are transpiring on the frontier Paris is preparing actively for a siege. Gen. Trochu, the governor of the city, has decreed that all individuals devoid of means of subsisting, and whose presence contributes to the danger of public order, and to the security of persons or property, or whose acts tend to impede the measures of the authorities for the defence and general safety, are to be expelled from Paris. Provisions are being stored in the city, the Bois de Boulogne is filled with cattle for the use of the inhabitants, and the government has taken active measures to prevent any rise in the price of necessaries. A call has been made for a national loan, the lists being eagerly filled up; further conscriptions have been made, the police have been enrolled as a corps of defence, and the National Guard and Garde Mobile have been incorporated with the regular army. A law has been adopted providing for the enrolment of able-bodied men between 20 and 35 years of age, without the liberty of procuring substitutes; and new armies are being raised beyond the Loire and at Lyons. An injunction has been issued ordering all strangers to quit Paris; the hotels are consequently empty, and many of them, together with the palaces, will be converted into hospitals for the use of the wounded. It is expected that the government will remove to Bourges, the capital of the department of Cherbourg, which is now being fortified.

There appears to be but little hope of peace for some time to come. The French authorities announce their determination of prosecuting the war to the last extremity, and declare that no proposals looking to peace will be entertained so long as the enemy is on French soil. The Prussian Government, on the other hand, has addressed a note to all Prussian envoys regarding the flag of truce sent to the French asking a cessation of hostilities to bury their dead, which truce was refused and the flag insulted on three occasions. Prussia, therefore, declares its resolution to offer no diplomatic negotiation to the French people until the empire is at an end.

At sea the French have made some half-a-dozen or more prizes of German Merchant ships. The blockade of German ports is reported to have gone into practical effect on the 19th of August. No naval engagement of moment is yet reported, though, as a matter of course, the mercantile marine of Germany is virtually driven from the seas, the German vessels being nearly all under shelter in the ports of neutral States.

RED RIVER AFFAIRS.

The news from Fort Garry for some time past has not been of a very exciting character. Business generally throughout the Red River settlement has resumed its wonted activity. The terrible grass-hopper invaded only the Scotch settlement, and the Scotch by some singular fatality put in very little or no crops for this year, so that the invader was robbed of his expected plunder and his victims relieved of their usual spring work. In other parts of the settlement the crops are good. There is great demand for tradesmen and machinists in the country. A correspondent of the Montreal Witness says:—"There is a good opening here for tradesmen, especially tailors, shoemakers, tanners, blacksmiths and waggon-makers. There is a growing desire for English shoes among the people. Common store boots sell now at 10s., and the fashionable tailor just arrived from the States charges £3 for making a suit. Of course, the high prices obtained for the above mentioned labor is because there are so few to do the work. A few good tanneries are very much needed in the country, also a carding-mill and small woollen factory. A portable steam saw-mill would pay well, as there is only one mill now in the settlement, which cannot supply anything like the amount of lumber needed. Match, soap, pail, and broom factories also pay well; and a person who understood salt-making, could build up a large business, there being splendid salt springs in various parts of the country, and the salt made by the half-breeds sells at 10s. per bushel." In these and many other things the capitalists of Canada would find profitable investments for their money."

The provisional government held a consultation as to the propriety of resisting the entry of the military expedition, in view of the fact that the long-talked-of amnesty had not made its appearance, but finally concluded that resistance would be useless, and as a compromise the few remaining guards of the redoubtable President Riel turned to plundering the Fort of what little property it contained which was not their own. A sale was also held of some stores belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company and to private parties who were plundered during the winter, and the proceeds are doubtless held to give Riel, O'Donohue, and others, a safe passage to the other side, in case of danger. By the way, Messrs. Ross and Coldwell are reported to have recently made their way to Toronto; now it strikes us that the former was, to a great extent, *particeps criminis* with the Fort Garry executive of last winter, and if there is to be punishment meted out to any, save and except for the execution of Scott, that gentleman ought not to be spared.

Many of the parties to the late troubles have left the settlement, some for the plains, others for the States; and we notice by the letters which occasionally appear in the papers of Ontario and Quebec, written from the settlement, that the feeling of sectarian bigotry is rampant at Winnipeg to a degree that forebodes trouble. The British troops on the expedition, it is understood, are to be recalled at once, and Col. Jarvis, the senior officer of the Canadian Volunteer force, will take the chief command at Fort Garry, as successor to Col. Wolseley. It was expected that the expedition, which left Fort Francis in the first week of August, would have reached Fort Garry by the 20th or 25th of that month. Though all idea of resistance is abandoned, it would be a wise precaution on the part of the Canadian Government to strengthen the small Volunteer force in the new Province, after the withdrawal of the regulars. The work on the road from Fort Garry to Lake of the Woods, at the expense of the Dominion, had a large force of labourers employed during the last two months in order to prepare it for the passage of the expedition. Many more workmen would have been engaged upon it but for the fact that large numbers of the people had left for the plains. Governor Archibald moved forward in the wake of the expedition with the expectation of overtaking it before it reached Fort Garry. Bishop Taché returned by the American route *via* St. Paul. It is probable that Col. Wolseley will in the name of the Queen formally hand over the Government of the country to the Lieut. Governor, after which he will return with all possible despatch to Canada.

Since the foregoing was in type, we learn that Col. Wolseley, with the detachment of the 60th, arrived at Fort Garry on the 24th ult. The fort was closed and a few parties, trying to escape, were made prisoners. Riel, O'Donohue, and about fifty followers, fled about an hour before Col. Wolseley arrived.

The annual Match of the Dominion Rifle Association commenced at Fredericton, N. B., on the 1st inst.

A terrible fire took place at Calais, Me., on Saturday last, destroying large piles of lumber, twelve vessels in the St. Croix, fifty stores and dwellings, Post-office, &c. Fears were at one time entertained for the safety of St. Stephen, N. B., on the opposite side of St. Croix, but the fire did not cross the river.

The Dominion Government have authorized Postmasters and Collectors of Customs and Inland Revenue to receive the copper tokens of the Bank of Montreal, Bank of Upper Canada, Banque du Peuple and Quebec Bank at one and two cents for the half-penny and penny respectively. This is a good move, but should be followed by a complete reform in the copper coinage of the country, so as to render it uniform.

Many will regret to hear that Mr. James W. Finlay, well known as the founder of the *Scottish American Journal*, drowned himself lately in Halifax harbour. He arrived in that city on the 1st of last month, and on Friday, the 5th, his clothes were found on the beach near the North-West Arm, as were also letters that left no doubt as to the premeditation of the rash act. His body was not discovered until last Saturday. In the letters found, the reasons assigned for the suicide were—disappointment through business projects, and inability further to struggle with the world for a living.

The London *Illustrated News*, speaking of the secret treaty, says: "The real truth we believe to be, that Bismarck played with Napoleon and his Ministers while the war with Austria was in progress—held them in hand, as it were, and amused them with vague expectations, so as to keep France neutral; and then, when success was achieved, laughed in their faces, quizzed them about acquisitions in Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, and, finally, flatly refused everything they asked, carefully preserving M. Benedetti's draught treaty to be produced when occasion required, as he foresaw it would be. This explains the whole transaction: not very creditably, it is true, but quite sufficiently."

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—The council of the Royal College of Surgeons (Eng.) have decided for the future to receive certificates of professional education for the fellowship and membership of the college from the following medical schools in Canada, viz: the University of Toronto; the University of Victoria College, Toronto; the University of McGill College, Montreal; and the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston.

INDIA.—An ominous movement is taking place in the Sutlej district, similar in every way to the chuppattie distribution that preceded the mutiny in 1856. For the last two months a circular from the Mahomedans has been passing from village to village in the Jullunder Doab. The paper is called a "Durshutnama," or "Note of Warning;" it is principally religious, but there are a few sentences that imply sedition in it, warning people that there will be a complete change in the rule during this year. The paper professes to come from Mecca, but it has not been traced further than Delhi or Mynpoorie, and there seems every reason to suppose that it has emanated from one of those places. The objectionable feature in the case is the way in which it has been copied and silently passed from village to village.

DIED.

At Toronto, on the 23rd inst., ARTHUR WELLESLEY, only surviving child of Captain and Mrs. Bridgewater, aged 1 year and 8 months.



### THE MONTREAL CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK BUILDING.

The Montreal "City and District Savings Bank" are erecting a new Bank building at the corner of Great St. James and St. Peter streets, from designs of M. Laurent, architect, under whose superintendence the Building is being carried on. The Building extends 32 feet on the former street and 85 on the latter. It is built of Montreal lime stone, and both fronts are to be of corresponding design—great care having been given to their ornamentations, securing them a unique and very elegant appearance. Three of the floors are entirely fireproof, being constructed of iron and brick combined.—The Basement Story, already erected, consists of a bold, massive panelled base, to receive the carved panel pilasters forming the ground story—and continued over the caps with architrave, freize and cornice. The openings between these last pilasters have smaller pilasters, carved caps and bold moulded archivolt and keys. The stories above are to be finished with moulded architraves, side pilasters and carved trusses, surmounted with bold pediments, highly enriched; the plain spaces between to be rustic ashlar on the first, second and third floors, the whole surmounted with enriched cornice and French roof covered with parapet railing. The basement is amply lighted, and convenient access thereto procured by a flight of area stone steps running nearly the whole length of the building. The interior on the ground floor will be used for the Savings Bank Department—the story will be 16 feet high, with enriched coffered ceiling. One speciality of the basement is that it is provided with a large commodious safety deposit safe, entirely of solid granite from the Boundary line Quarries, and continues up the Ground Story for the use of the Savings Bank Department.

The Contractors are; for the Stonework, Messrs. Perrault & Perrault; for the Brickwork, Mr. Jos. Brunet; for the Carpenter and Joiner's work, Mr. J. Bte. Bourgeau; for Plastering, Mr. Frs. Decary; Painting, Mr. D. Laurent; for the iron work, Messrs. W. P. Bartley & Co; and for the plumbing and heating work, Mr. J. Date.

### THE MITRAILLEUSE.

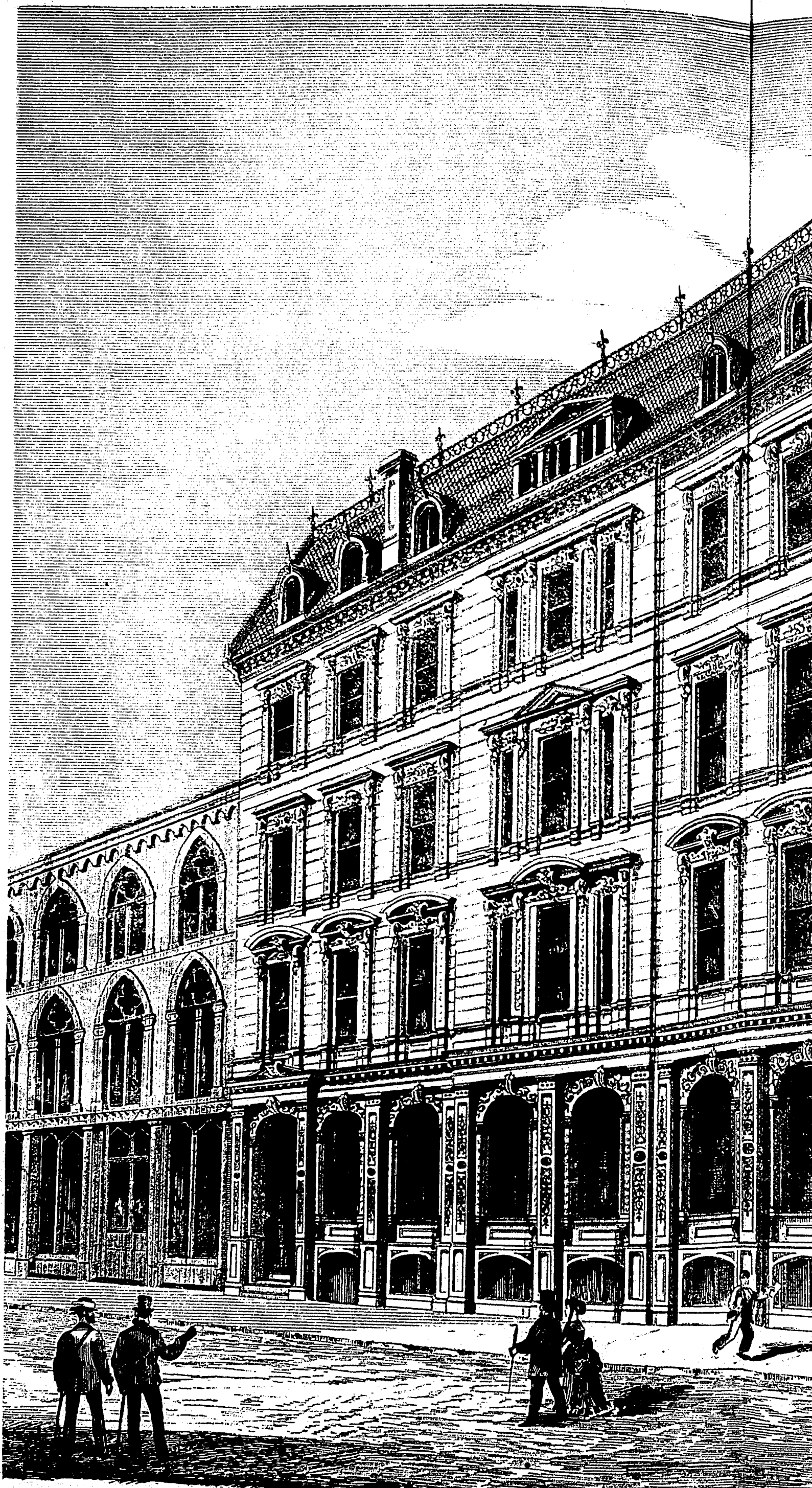
On another page we give an illustration of the manifold gun employed with such dreadful results by the French in the present war. The reader must imagine a many-barrelled gun, thirty-seven barrels all laid together like a faggot of sticks, and soldered fast in that position. They are open at both ends, and behind is a wrought-iron framework to support the breech-loading apparatus. A breech block, containing a separate spring and steel piston for each barrel, slides backwards and forwards behind the barrels worked by a lever. When the breech block is drawn back there is space sufficient between it and the barrels to slip down vertically a plate pierced with holes containing cartridges, one for each barrel. Then the breech block is pressed forwards by means of the lever, and this action both closes fast the back of all the barrels and compresses the spiral springs, so that they are ready to thrust their pistons forward suddenly against their corresponding cartridges and so ignite them but for a certain hindrance. This hindrance is a thin steel plate in front of the pistons, but it is movable out of the way by the action of a handle. As the handle is turned fast or slow, the plate slides out of the way quickly or slowly in proportion, and permits either one piston after another to strike and discharge its cartridge at intervals of any duration, or, by rapid turning of the handle, all the pistons to strike their cartridges so rapidly that the thirty-seven barrels are discharged almost simultaneously—as nearly so as the rifles of a company of infantry ordered to fire a volley. The barrels being practically parallel, the bullets fly pretty closely, and great destruction must occur if the piece be only properly laid on the object. As ten platesful of cartridges, or 370 bullets, can be discharged in one minute, it is evident that nothing could pass a bridge, a doorway, a narrow path, the ditch of a fortress, guarded by mitrailleuses well served and protected. The machine can be easily worked by two men, possibly even by one. But it is too heavy to be conveyed otherwise than on a small carriage, and a carriage involves horses. It is not supposed that it can meet and master a field gun. It occupies a place between field artillery and infantry.

### SAARBRUCK.

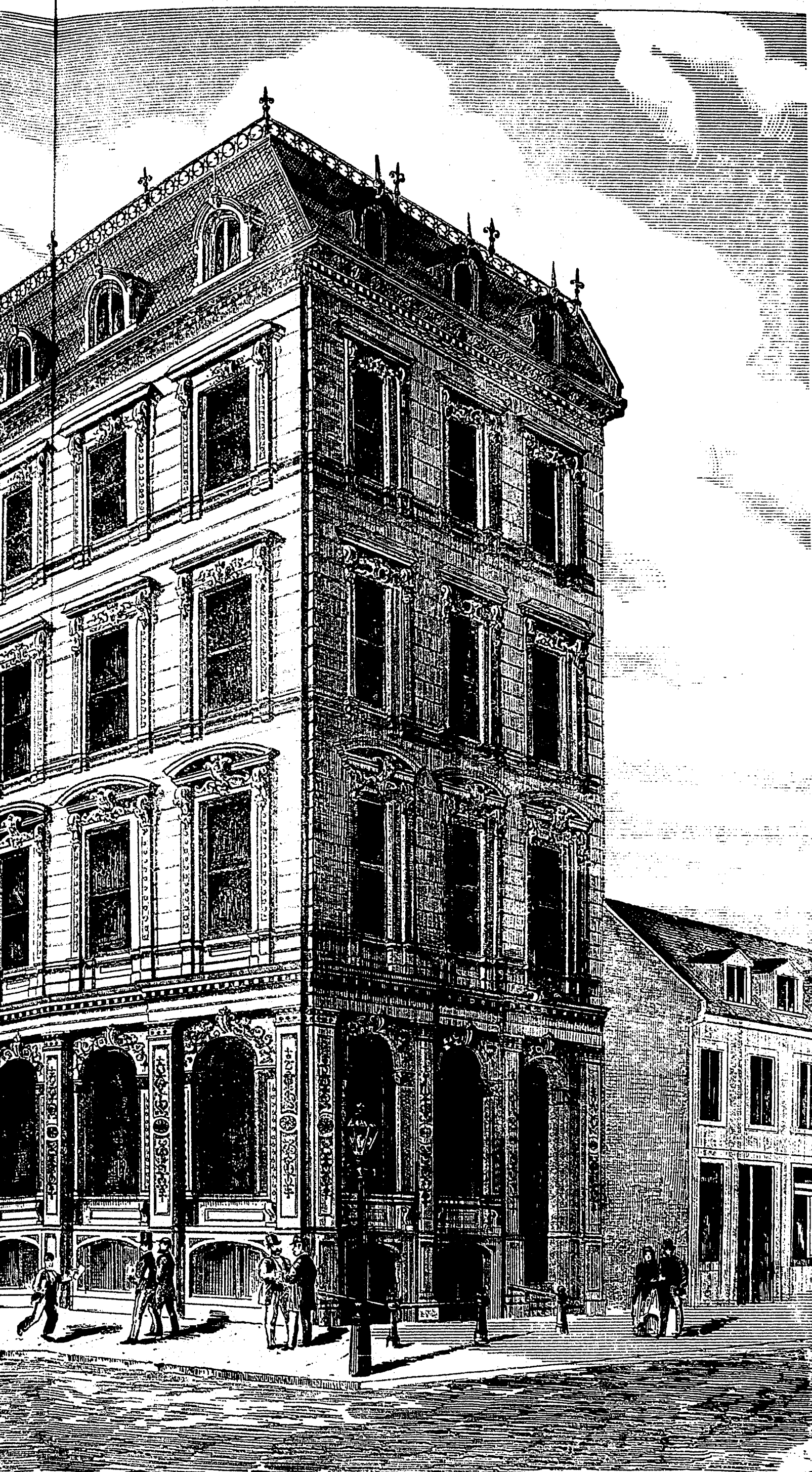
To those who are in the habit of travelling on the Continent, Saarbruck is well-known as a most unwelcome halting-place. It is here that travellers between Metz and Spire have to undergo that unpleasant operation that still, in this enlightened age, exists on the frontiers of almost every European country—a searching at the custom-house. The town itself is situated on the left bank of the Saar, 40 miles south-south-east of Treves; on the opposite bank of the river, and connected with it by a large stone bridge, is the suburb of St. Johann, in which is the railway station of the German line, connecting Saarlouis and Treves with the railways from Mayence, and those of Baden and Bavaria. The town is of no little importance, as the whole country in this neighbourhood as far as Forbach is extremely rich in coal, which is shipped from Saarbruck to Treves and the towns on the Moselle. Large iron manufactures also exist here, and the population of the town amounts to 14,000.

Saarbruck is not without historical associations. It was founded as early as the tenth century, and became a dependence of the town of Metz under the Emperor Henry III. Subsequently it was governed by its own counts, until, in 1380, it came by marriage into the hands of the family of Nassau. It was afterwards fortified, and suffered severely in the wars with France. The present town, however, has nothing to show to prove its antiquity. It consists of two or three very long, straight streets, running parallel to the river. The houses are mostly two storied, with high-pitched, tiled roofs. All the buildings are comparatively recent, and were erected on the ruins of the old town which was destroyed by fire in 1676.

Our view of the town is taken from the suburb of St. Johann, looking over the river into Saarbruck, and, farther back, on a broad hill, wooded at its summit, known as the heights of Spicheren. It was on this hill that, on the 31st ult., the French troops took up their position with the view of bombarding Saarbruck. On that day, Saturday, they commenced the attack, but, being in but small force, were easily repulsed. On the Tuesday following, the real attack was made and with success. From their position among the trees on the top of the hill, the Emperor and his son—"Louis and I"—viewed the engagement, and while Louis was occupied in picking up



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE MONTREAL CI



MONTREAL CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

the stray bullets that fell around him, the grim soldiers alternately wept and wiped their eyes. But all this is changed now; and Louis, having received his "baptism of fire," has been sent away out of danger to amuse himself with his bullets, while his imperial father endeavours to regain his lost prestige.

#### DEPARTURE OF THE GARDE MOBILE FOR THE FRONT.

The scene along the whole route taken by the Garde Mobile on their departure from Paris was one continued ovation. It must be remembered that this force, which corresponds in many particulars to our own volunteer force, is composed entirely of private individuals of every rank and social status; rich and poor, employer and employee combine alike to swell its ranks. So it can be understood that when the order was issued for the mobilization of the Garde Mobile every family was more or less affected; and the whole city turned out to greet with enthusiastic demonstrations the amateur soldiers who, for the sake of their country, were leaving behind their families and their homes for the hardships and dangers of a campaign. To the cries of *Vive la Mobile*, and the notes of the everlasting *Marseillaise* and the Hymn of the Girondins, the men marched to the Aubervilliers station. Here the last greetings were exchanged between the men and their families. Here and there were little groups of lovers, husbands and wives, mothers and sons, looking upon one another perhaps for the last time, and bidding each other a passionate farewell. Their partings over, the men disappeared through the iron gate of the station, and as the last passed through, the crowd gave a deafening cheer.

The Garde Mobile were to be stationed at Châlons, where they were to perfect themselves in drill before being led to the front. Unfortunately, in the great camp itself, no arms could be found for them, and they were put through their drill much like schoolboys, with broomsticks for guns, and laths in lieu of swords. Food was also not so plentiful as it might have been, and the Mobile ran a great risk of being starved to death before the time came for their march against the enemy. Under such management, and subjected to such treatment as this it is not astonishing that the young soldiers mutinied and demanded to be led back to Paris. There, at all events, though there are no arms for them, they need not be afraid of starving, and they may wait patiently until the Chassepots that have been ordered in Birmingham are ready, when they will have an opportunity of proving their prowess, and re-establishing their reputation.

#### SPEED OF THOUGHT.

When it comes to the relation of mental action and time, we can say with Leibnitz, "Calculus," for here we can reach quantitative results. The "personal equation" or difference in rapidity of recording the same occurrence, has been recognized in astronomical records since the time of Maskelyne, the royal astronomer, and is allowed for with the greatest nicety, as may be seen, for instance, in Dr. Gould's recent report on transatlantic longitude. More recently the time required in mental processes and the transmission of sensation and the motor impulse along nerves have been carefully studied by Helmholtz, Fizeau, Marey, Donders, and others. From forty to eighty, a hundred, or more feet a second are estimates of different observers, so that, as the newspapers have been repeating, it would take a whale a second, more or less, to feel the stroke of the harpoon in his tail. Compare this with the velocity of galvanic signals, which Dr Gould has found to be from fourteen to eighteen thousand miles a second through iron wire on poles, and about sixty-seven hundred miles a second through the submarine cable. The brain, according to Fizeau, takes one-tenth of a second to transmit an order to the muscles, and the muscles take one-hundredth of a second in getting into motion. These results, such as they are, have been arrived at by experiments on single individuals with a very delicate chronometric apparatus. I have myself instituted a good many experiments with a more extensive and expensive machinery than I think has ever been employed, namely, two classes, each of ten intelligent students, who with joined hands represented a nervous circle of about sixty-six feet, so that a hand pressure transmitted ten times round the circle traversed six hundred and sixty feet, besides involving one hundred perceptions and volitions. My chronometer was a "horse-timer," marking quarter seconds. After some practice my second class gradually reduced the time of transmission ten times round, which had stood at fourteen and fifteen seconds, like that of the first class, down to ten seconds; that is one-tenth of a second for the passage through the nerves and brain of each individual; less than the least time I have ever seen assigned for the whole operation; no more than Fizeau has assigned to the action of the brain alone. The mental process of judgment between colours (red, white, and green counters), between rough and smooth (common paper and sand-paper), between smells (camphor, cloves, and assafetida), took about three and a half tenths of second each; taste twice or three times as long, on account of the time required to reach the true sentient portion of the tongue. These few results of my numerous experiments show the rate of working of the different parts of the machinery of consciousness. Nothing could be easier than to calculate the whole number of perceptions and ideas a man could have in the course of a lifetime. But as we think the same thing over many millions of times, and as many persons keep up their social relations by the aid of a vocabulary of only a few hundred, or, in the case of some very fashionable people, a few score only, of words, a very limited amount of thinking material may correspond to a full sense of organs of sense and a good development of the muscular system. The time-relation of the sense of vision was illustrated by Newton by the familiar experiment of whirling a burning brand, which appears as a circle of fire. The duration of associated impressions on the memory differs vastly, as we all know, in different individuals. But in uttering distinctly a series of unconnected numbers or letters before a succession of careful listeners, I have been surprised to find how generally they break down in trying to repeat them between seven and ten figures or letters, though here and there an individual may be depended on for a large number. Pepys mentions a person who could repeat sixty unconnected words forward or backward, and perform other wonderful feats of memory, but this was a prodigy. I suspect we have in this and similar trials a very simple and mental dynamometer which may yet find its place in education.—Dr. Helmes.

## GERMAN NATIONAL WAR SONG.

The following is a translation of the new Rhine song, which, set to an inspiring tune, has on the Prussian side fast become the "Marseillaise" of the present war.

## DIE WACHT AM RHEIN, (THE RHINE WATCH.)

A roar like thunder strikes the ear.  
Like clang of arms or breakers near.  
"On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!  
Who shields thee, my beloved Rhine?"  
Dear Fatherland, thou needst not fear.  
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,  
The flash darts forth from every eye,  
For Teutons brave, injured by toil,  
Protect their country's holy soil.  
Dear Fatherland, thou needst not fear.  
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

The heart may break in agony,  
Yet Frenchman's thou shalt never be.  
In water rich is Rhine; thy flood,  
Germany, rich in heroes' blood.  
Dear Fatherland, thou needst not fear.  
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

When heavenward ascends the eye  
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high:  
We swear to guard our dear bequest  
And shield it with the German breast.  
Dear Fatherland, thou needst not fear.  
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

As long as German blood still glows,  
The German sword strikes mighty blows,  
And German marksmen take their stand,  
No foe shall tread our native land.  
Dear Fatherland, thou needst not fear.  
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

We take the pledge. The stream runs by:  
Our banners, proud, are wafting high.  
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!  
We all die for our native Rhine.  
Hence, Fatherland, be of good cheer,  
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

## MY GODMOTHER'S STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

When September came round again, the month so sorrowfully marked in my poor friend's calendar, I was very glad that circumstances concurred to remove us from the neighbourhood where the terrible event had happened. Some friends of mine had recently settled in Eldersley, and pressed me to take a lodging near them for a time. Margaret was always accommodating and anxious to promote the pleasures of others, and indeed, in this instance, there was everything to recommend the place to her own feelings—Captain Cameron being quartered in the town, and the wedding-outfit being more easily procured there; for it was now a settled thing that the marriage should take place in the middle of October. Margaret had wished it to be delayed for another year; but her lover's regiment was under orders for Canada, and her dread of a separation from him came to the aid of his own earnest entreaties. She had been most cordially received by his family; had paid a long visit, in the course of the summer, to his Highland home; and was to meet one of his young sisters in Eldersley. Margaret's health and spirits were now recruited, and her past grief and present happiness alike exercised a softening influence over character and manner, which marvellously increased her beauty. Her father, her ponies, her garden, and her music, seemed to have sufficed her till she saw Henry Cameron. Then her heart woke to fuller life, and concentrated itself upon him. I have already said that he was well calculated to win a young girl's affections; yet thoroughly liking him as I did, the more I saw of him, the more I vaguely felt he was not exactly the man I would, if I might, have chosen for her. It was impossible to imagine Margaret leaning upon him for strength and guidance. Loving him as she did, she would probably never find out her own superiority; but I plainly foresaw, that in any difficulty or perplexity, should such occur, it would be the part of her clearer intellect and firmer will to unravel or to decide. But I need hardly say I never hinted at this to her; had I done so, it would have been a death-blow to our friendship, for she firmly believed her Henry a very hero for greatness of character, and her spirit delighted to bow down before him, as before a being in all points nobler, wiser, stronger than herself.

Biddy was less tolerant of her young mistress's illusion—not that she ever ventured to breathe the real sentiments of her heart in her presence, for fondly attached as the faithful creature was, there was about Miss Moore a certain unconscious loftiness of manner which a little awed the Irish temperament; but of me she stood in no awe whatever, and I often heard her mutter her sincere belief that "the devil was in it all, surely; the wedding-dress ordered before the rape was brown, and the young mistress so taken up with the captain, before the wild waves were tired of tossing the master to and fro out there in the salt sea." Indeed, Biddy was always thinking of her master now, partly through contrariness and a general preference for lugubrious subjects, not uncommon among her class—partly, too, because of a vision she had had. When we moved to Eldersley, I had left her behind me for a fortnight; and as she was passing by the Acton gate, on the top of the coach, early in the morning, on her way to join us, she had, she protested to me, seen a countryman prowling about, who "favoured" Mr. Moore most strangely, and who, she more than suspected, was no living flesh-and-blood countryman, for all his homely dress, but her master's ghost. Of course I attached very little importance to poor Biddy's vision, and there was no need to caution her not to say a word on such a subject to Miss Moore. So the tale had gone out of my head altogether, when, about a week after her arrival in Eldersley, she came to me the first thing in the morning, with the same look of horror I remembered so well that fatal day a year ago, declaring, so sure as she was sinful woman, that she had seen the master's ghost again! I really was out of patience with her at first; but there was a solemnity about her manner which I could not meet with ridicule, and I thought it better to treat the subject gravely, and try to dispel rather than to silence her evident terror.

It seemed that the evening before, when the carriage came to the door to take Margaret, Captain Cameron, and me, to spend a few hours with my friends, Biddy had stolen out into the area, "jist," she said, "to see the tail of the young mistress's dress, and her small, little feet as she got into the carriage." We were less punctual than usual, so that she had to wait, and was looking about her, when her attention was arrested by the very same countryman she had seen before near

the Acton gate. He was standing at some little distance from the house, with the light from the lamp-post falling full on his face, and his eyes steadily fixed upon the door. He had a large beard, she said, and his hair was long and gray; but, so sure as she lived to tell it me, it was her lost master! While she stood there, benumbed with horror, the door had opened, and Margaret had come out, leaning on her lover's arm, and, with a merry little laugh at some remark of his, had jumped into the carriage. The man by the lamp-post gave a slight start forward, and, shading his face with his hand, watched the carriage roll away. When it was out of sight, he walked once or twice up and down before the house, looking up at the lighted windows, and then disappeared. I tried to convince Biddy that she had been deceived by some singular likeness; that her quick Irish imagination, dwelling of late so much upon her master's image, had conjured it up in the gloomy indistinctness of the October twilight. But she was in no way to be shaken.

"Do you think that I, who lived fifteen years in the master's service, would not know his ghost? I saw his sad eyes and his illigant white hands, and I'd swear to him among a thousand. It's the love in his heart for his young daughter as has brought him back to look on her. Oh, ma'am dear, but it's awful to think of, and never so much as a mass said to quiet his poor restless soul! Sure and I'll spake to Father Carroll, when we git back; for all the master was a Protestant, may be there'll be power to help him. I'll pay my wages down in masses."

"Biddy," I said, "I implore you never to breathe to mortal ear what you have seen—what you think you have seen, for I will not believe yet but what you are mistaken. Biddy, I know you love your young mistress; I know I can trust you; if you are right—but God grant you be not right—it is no ghost, it is the wretched man himself, and there—there will be ruin and misery indeed." And I tried to make her understand the folly of which his reappearance would prove her master guilty, and the destitution to which Margaret would be reduced by its exposure. This last clause made a deep impression, and I saw plainly that the secret was safe. But as to the fraud against the insurance company, Biddy's native district had passed into the hands of some institution of that nature, and a hard, inexorable landlord it made; so, "Draught them insurances—serve them right!" was the conclusion come to on that head by the honest creature, who would not herself have stolen a pin.

Evidently, indeed, her mind was relieved of its horror; but, oh, what a weight she left upon mine! Could it indeed be so? I recalled the circumstances: the body never found, the desperate embarrassment, the heavy policy; I recalled the strange obstinate habit of bathing, the agonised farewell implied in last night's embrace to his daughter, the absolute ruin which his death at that juncture averted. There was, indeed, a frightful possibility that Biddy might be right; if so, what would be my duty in the case? If silent, I lent myself to a fraud—I was a party to deceiving Margaret; I left her standing on the brink of a precipice. Yet I myself had not seen Mr. Moore; surely I had no right, acting upon the report of an ignorant and fanciful Irishwoman, to agitate his daughter's mind at this crisis of her life. Again, was it my part to watch this unhappy man, who had been a kind friend to me; to denounce him, to expose him to punishment, to ruin his daughter's prospects? Surely not. I must endure—so it seemed to me—endure in silence the horrible suspense; my best comfort the certainty that the unhappy father—if, indeed, it were he—would not again run the risk of discovery. He had seen his child, seen her bright and happy, and on her lover's arm; he knew the success of the desperate game he had played; this would suffice him; he would return to the obscure scene of his own dishonourable existence, wherever it was, and would never be seen, never be heard of more. Biddy was safe as the grave; this mystery, whether fact or fancy, would burden no heart but hers and mine. But the whole of that day passed over me in terror. It rained heavily, and Margaret did not go out; that was a relief. But she never approached the window without my heart being in my mouth. I longed to get out of Eldersley; but what reason could I assign for a move before the time fixed upon? Margaret's quick eye soon discovered my depression and anxiety, and redoubled her tender affection. I feigned severe headache, and kept her as much as possible with me in my own room, which did not look upon the street. But day after day passed, and I began to hope the danger was over. The *trousseau* was prepared, the presents pouring in; we were to leave on the morrow.

How well, through all these years, I can remember that last day! Isabel Cameron—a merry school-girl—had come to spend it with her future sister, and the two were busy discussing some details of bridal costume in Margaret's room, which opened out of the drawing-room in which I sat. The door was thrown wide open. I could hear their merry laughter—every word they said, and watch their light figures moving to and fro. A selection of wedding-wreaths had been sent from the milliner's, and Isabel insisted upon trying the prettiest on with the bridal-veil, and bringing Margaret in to shew her to me. I shall never forget her in her strange attire as she stood there in the doorway. The deep mourning-dress, which she had never laid aside, clung closely to her tall rounded figure; the bridal-wreath was hardly whiter than the broad smooth forehead; the lace veil hung round in soft heavy folds; her eyes were cast down, her little hands meekly crossed over her breast—she seemed half-ashamed of her own beauty. The tears ran down my face as I looked at her, but Isabel laughed highly at the "fair victim," as she called her—then putting her arm round her waist, ran on:

"But, after all, we need not pity her, Mrs. Malcolm. Though she looks so quiet, I believe she is very happy at the bottom of her heart."

Margaret suddenly looked up. "Happy!" she exclaimed—"oh, too happy, I sometimes fear!"

The warm colour rushed into her cheek—her eyes shone, her whole form seemed to dilate, as for a moment she stood there, preternaturally beautiful, with the glory round her of her great happiness. Meanwhile, Isabel's quick eye had glanced out of the window of the next room. "Oh, do look, do—there is that odd-looking man again! I noticed him as I came in, and there he is still staring up at these rooms. Look, Margaret," and she dragged her to the window. I rose—I would have stopped her, would have spoken, if I could. The next moment, I heard Isabel exclaim:

"Why, Margaret, you are ill—you are fainting!" and I rushed forward just in time to receive the sinking form into my arms.

"The excitement has been too much for her," I said. "I

beg, dear Miss Cameron, that you will leave her alone with me. I know her constitution; I have seen her suffer in the same way before."

I had great difficulty in persuading the young girl to go away. My poor Margaret! This time she had fainted away indeed. I took the wreath and veil from the death-like head; I darkened the room; I waited till consciousness should return. Not once did I glance out of the window to see whether the wretched cause of all this was there still; I would not be a witness against him. Margaret's fate should be in her own hands only. She came very slowly to herself, then opening her eyes, looked round her in horror.

"Hush, my darling," I said. "You have been over-excited; you must not speak just now." She passed her hand over her forehead—her mind seemed confused. I told her she must lie down and rest, and be quite quiet and undisturbed.

"Henry," she whispered—"I must see Henry."

"Yes, darling, you shall. You know he will be here this evening as usual—you will be better then."

"I cannot wait," she said piteously. "I must see him now—now. You must send for him at once."

"Margaret, give yourself time to recover your calm, your presence of mind."

"No, no—send for Henry at once—I must see him now."

There was no help for it, then. I wrote a short note to Captain Cameron; told him that Margaret was far from well, and urgently wished to see him. Before half an hour was over he came in, flushed and anxious.

"What had happened? What was the matter? Was she ill?"

I could tell him nothing—could give him no comfort; I could only summon Margaret and leave them together.

Their interview seemed to me endlessly long; but it was not an hour by the little clock that ticked on evenly in the room where I waited before I heard Captain Cameron rush down stairs and out of the house. Soon after, I went and joined my poor friend. Oh, the change a few such hours make! I should have known her; all colour faded from the cheek, all light from the eye—the very gloss from the rich hair was gone. Her features were set and rigid. I found her in her own room putting up veil and wreaths. As I entered, she said in a voice the calmness of which pained me more than wildest sobs could have done: "These must all be returned; they will not be wanted. My marriage with Captain Cameron is broken off. Do not question me. You will come with me at once to the insurance office, will you not? My father is not dead?"

"Oh, Margaret," I pleaded, "not to-day—it is too late. Oh, give yourself a little time."

"To-day—this moment, while I have strength."

Her manner awed me; I could not refuse her. We went through the dreary bustle of the streets to the heart of the city, not speaking one word, but her hand from time to time convulsively grasping mine. What was there that I could have said to her? She was braver, firmer, better altogether than I. She had never for a moment doubted where her duty lay. When we reached the office, it was about to close, but upon inquiry, we found the manager was still there, engaged in conversation with one of the directors, to whom both Margaret and I were well known—a fatherly benevolent man, whose presence was some slight comfort to me even then. He started at the sight of her face, and expressed his fear that she was ill. Waiving the inquiry, she proceeded to state, still with the same preternatural calm, that she had reason to believe herself not entitled to the sum of £20,000 realised by the policy on her father's life, and that she wished to take immediate measures for transferring it into the hands of the company; adding, that in the event of their sustaining no loss, she presumed no measures would be taken against the one who had been so unhappy as to perpetrate a fraud.

The astonishment her words and manner excited was of course unbounded. But for the corroboration of my presence and my grief, I do believe they would have thought her insane. The director seemed to feel most deeply for her, and nothing could be kinder than his conduct. It was arranged that the lawyer who had drawn up her marriage-settlement should call at the office the following day, and that immediate measures should be taken for liquidating the whole claim that the company might have upon Mr. Moore. When this was over, we drove back, still silently. On reaching our house, I ventured to implore her to take some refreshment, some rest.

"Not yet," was her reply. "I must watch for my father."

I then told her that another besides herself had seen him, and suggested that she should write a note, and trust it to Biddy, who would keep most faithful watch, and could give it unobserved into Mr. Moore's hands, without causing him so great a shock as her sudden appearance would do. "But, Margaret," I said, "Mr. Moore may not return—may never return. This morning, when you saw him, he must have seen you start as you recognised him. You forget that his dearest wish is frustrated by his re-appearance. Some longing to look upon you has brought him back again and again; but now is it likely that he will run any further risk of discovery?"

"He will return," she said. "He saw me grow pale, and fall back—he will be uneasy about me."

We rang for Biddy. I had had no time to prepare her, but I could trust the tact of her affectionate nature. Meanwhile, Miss Moore had written her little note, and gave it me to read. It was only a few words: "Come back, dear papa, to your Maggie. All is known, but all is safe, and all is settled. I will work for you, and love you. I have no one else to live for now."

Biddy came in very grave, for she guessed how matters stood, and curtsied to the young mistress.

"Biddy," she said, "my dear father is alive; I have seen him, and so have you. Will you watch for him, and give him this?"

"Sure, miss, and I will watch well; and when it gets dark, I'll slip out of the house, and walk up and down through the night. I'm thinkin' the master will may be not come agin till 'tis late."

Margaret reached out her hand. "He was good and kind always, Biddy, till trouble came, and then he did not rightly know what he said or did. He suffered very much; you must only remember that."

"Why, thin, miss, dear, what else should I remember? Sure, and it's He only who made us as knows the love that was in the master's heart for you, from first to last. And may our Lady of Sorrows herself look on ye night and day, for

yours is the noble nature intirely, and the tender, too." And for a moment Biddy's tears fell fast on the little marble hand, and then she stole away.

Long and anxious was Biddy's watch that night and the next; but she never saw Mr. Moore. I felt persuaded that he had sailed to some foreign land; and would willingly have prevailed upon Margaret to leave Eldersley, but she would not hear of this. She implored me to remain with her in the lodgings for one other week, and had a short advertisement inserted in the local as well as the London papers, intelligible enough to her father, should it meet his eye. As for herself, she would sit all day at the window, hidden by the curtain, but able to command a long reach of the street. She hardly ever spoke to me, but she would wring my hand, and when I kissed her sweet pale face, the tears would sometimes gather in her eyes, but she never relaxed the intenceness of her gaze. I could hardly get her to eat enough to support life; she seemed to be in a sort of trance. Early in the morning, this watch would begin, Biddy always within call, and ready to rush out at a moment's notice; and as soon as the streets grew dark, Biddy began to pace up and down. This had gone on for some days, and we were sitting one morning, silent and sad, when Henry Cameron suddenly rushed in. I rose to leave the room, but he would not let me go.

"Stay," he said, "stay, and plead for me."

And then he flung himself down by Margaret's side, and seizing her little hands as they lay listlessly in her lap, he kissed them again and again, while his whole frame quivered with his strong emotion. It was some minutes before he spoke.

"Margaret, I cannot part with you; I have tried it. I cannot live without you, Margaret. I thought I could the other day, when you were proud and cold. You made no allowance for the shock it was to hear all at once of this; you despised me for thinking of your fortune, thinking for a moment that matters might be hushed up. Perhaps you were right—God knows! But I thought, if you had loved me more, your path would not have seemed so clear to you. I thought there was nothing for it but breaking our engagement off. But I cannot lose you—I can bear poverty, anything with you. We'll leave the country. I can exchange into some other regiment. We can go to India. I don't care where, so you go with me. Your unhappy father—I don't want to speak a harsh word of him, Margaret—his disgrace can never touch you. You will never hear of him more; to you he'll be as one dead. I don't care what my own family say. I care for nothing but to have you for my own—my Margaret, my own wife—mine for ever." And winding his strong arm round her waist, he raised her from the chair where she sat, kissed her hair, her lips, her throat, and clasped her to his heart again and again, as if he never would part with her more.

At length she patiently disengaged herself from his grasp; and I could see her face. Its colour and roundness had returned, the soul's life was again there.

"You love me, Henry?"

No answer, save a look into her eyes, and a long kiss on her fair forehead.

"You love me?" she said again. "I want to hear the words once more."

"I love you, Margaret. So sure as God above hears me speak, I believe no man ever loved woman more."

"You are willing to marry me, a portionless girl, and the daughter of a dishonoured man; willing to brave poverty and disgrace for my sake?"

"You are my life, Margaret; I cannot part with you. If we are poor, we'll struggle on together, and we shall be happy in spite of all."

"You can bear the world's sneer, Henry? This is no hasty impulse, that one day you may repent; you have counted the cost?"

"I have, Margaret. Night and day, since we parted, I've thought the matter over. I may have been an expensive, thoughtless fellow hitherto; I can change my habits; I can do without society, friends, everything but you."

"He loves me," she said—"he loves me!" Then turning to me: "You hear it; he loves me. He is generous and true." And again that ineffable beauty came into her face.

Henry Cameron looked at her as if, even to him, its radiance was new. "And you love me, my Margaret? You forgive me—you consent?"

"I?" she said—"I love you, Henry?" And she laid her head down on his breast, and passed her fingers through his curling hair. It was a pretty picture, as I saw it through my tears, and thankful was I to believe that Margaret might yet be happy. But it did not last long. When next she raised her head, she was doudly pale, and her voice quite changed. "Forgive me, Henry," she said. "I have been selfish; but I wanted to be happy once more. I had so suffered; I had doubted of your love; I had thought poorly of you. Now, I have been happy. I know that I am dear to you—your poor Margaret herself, and not her fortune; and my love has all its old pride! And now, I can bless you, and there is no bitterness in this great anguish of bidding you farewell for ever! Hush! hear me to the end. My father—hush!—whatever he may be, he was tender always to me, and would have bought my happiness at the loss of his own soul. I must save my father; I must seek him till I find him. I shall find him; I shall work for him in some foreign land; there, no one knows that shame hangs on the old man's name. He, too, has suffered—his hair is grown white—my poor father."

I could not resist interposing. "Dear girl, if, as I fully believe, all your efforts to trace your father prove vain, surely you will not wreck Captain Cameron's happiness as well as your own?"

"I shall find him!" she said, in a tone that silenced me by its calm authority.

"And you can give me up, then, Margaret? You have not a thought for my happiness; you sacrifice me to your father thus. This is your cruel resolve?" exclaimed her lover.

"This," she said, "is my unalterable resolve."

The young man's face grew very dark. His ardent love was but a great selfishness, and he overlooked her suffering in his own. Long and vehemently would he have pleaded with and reproached her, but that I implored him to spare her the further conflict, for which her deadly paleness shewed that she was quite unequal, holding out to him hopes of a change of purpose, of another interview, but in my secret heart having no hope of either. As he turned to leave her, the grandeur of her nature seemed to flash upon him, and he came back and

knelt at her feet. "You are an angel," he said. "I never could have been worthy of you; but I shall never love another woman!" Calmly the poor girl bent down and kissed him on his forehead. The clinging womanly fondness to which she had yielded herself up so lately seemed to have changed into the holy pity of an angel indeed. From that moment she had done with earthly happiness.

And still no sign of Mr. Moore! It was now a fortnight since the terrible day on which his daughter recognised him; but she never gave up her firm conviction of his return. Her instinct was a true one. One night, Biddy saw him creep stealthily along the street, and stand still under the lamp-post, looking up at the window. The faithful creature's grasp was on him at once, and though he struggled hard, he could not shake her off. She implored him by the lost love and happiness of his young daughter—by the laughter of her childhood, and her weeping now—by the tears he had himself shed at the grave of the wife who bore her to him: she told him that Margaret had given up lover and fortune for his sake, and would he take from her life as well, and leave her alone in the world, the orphan of a living father, without a duty to bear her up against her sorrow? In short, she prevailed over the weak man's strongest purpose; and that night, when the rest of the household were asleep, she let him in, and he hid his face on his daughter's breast.

Two days later, they left England for the continent. The sale of her mother's jewels and her own trinkets brought in a sum sufficient to defray all that Margaret owed in Eldersley, and to provide for her father and herself till she could obtain pupils. Of these, her rare musical talents rendered her secure. Biddy positively refused to leave her young mistress. She had enough, she said, to pay her passage, and plenty of clothes, as good as new, for years and years to come. She could not be bothered with wages, would not know what to do with them. "And sure, miss, dear, the master will be wanting some one to look after him; and may be he'll find it a comfort to scold some one, as he used to, in them furrin parts. And is it cooking ye want? Sure and I've not been out and in of the kitchen of one of the mal ginty for so long without giving an eye to see how things get done. Anyhow, I'll cook a dale better than them furriners; and it's going with ye I am, to the end of the world, so sure as my name is Biddy Daly, and yours is written in heaven, Glory be to God!"

They settled in Berlin. Margaret had soon more pupils than she could well undertake, and she herself played at morning concerts, in this way realising a tolerable income. Her own letters were loving but short. She never complained; but I could perceive only too plainly that her spirits never rallied, that she was resigned, but cheerful and hopeful no longer. The great trial is the hourly trial. The very energy required for the prompt decision nerves against the pain. The right hand cut off, and cast from us in a moment of generous enthusiasm, seems not so terrible; it is the after-smart, the sick reaction that is so hard to bear. Never by tone or glance to reproach those for whose sakes we have stripped our own life bare; never to believe that duty had been best undone, and selfishness more blessed than self-sacrifice—not many of us are capable of this. Perhaps even Margaret was not. Biddy's letters, with their marvellous spelling, were invaluable to me, for they gave details I should never have otherwise obtained, of admiration and love laid at the beautiful girl's feet. Biddy thanked our Lady that the young mistress was not one to demean herself by lookin' at a furriner, even if she'd had any heart to give; but sure hers broke that day Captain Cameron laid his last kiss on her lips, and the angels took it to keep and mend in heaven. But these letters contained too many a dark hint respecting "the master's ways," that gave me a sorrowful insight into the daily struggle my poor Margaret was called upon to bear. It lasted rather more than fifteen years—yes, fifteen years. Then Mr. Moore's health began rapidly to decline. Weak and unworthy as his life had been, the pathetic beauty of his last days was all that Margaret afterwards remembered. He bore his sufferings with unflinching patience, and they seemed to ennoble his nature. His penitence, humble hope, and love for her, shone out very brightly towards the end, and he died blessing her for having saved him. That was her reward. Soon after, she returned to England. Youth and beauty were indeed gone, but might there not be happiness to come so intense as to restore both? Henry Cameron had never married; I could not help hoping they might meet again, when his regiment returned from the West Indies. But he died there. Margaret had not been in England a year before I received a black-edged letter in an unknown hand. It was from the colonel of his regiment, and enclosed one from Captain Cameron. I opened it with trembling hands. Only a curl of his rich brown hair, and the words, "For Margaret—my dear!" We never now breathe his name. She who has borne so much cannot bear that emotion. But I know that curl has lain on her heart ever since, and will be there when they lay her in her coffin.

With her father's extravagant ways, it was not likely that she could have saved money at Berlin. I implored her, on her return to England, to come and live with me, but I believe mine was an injudicious wish, and she steadfastly refused. I daresay her enforced occupation has been, and is a blessing to her. Biddy is with her still in her little Bath lodging—an old woman now, and disinclined to move—and, as you know, Miss Moore gives lessons, is the regular music-teacher, indeed, at a young ladies' school. Every summer she pays me a long visit; every summer I think she grows more cheerful. Formal and cold you thought her? I cannot judge? I see my former Margaret still through what years have made her—but I declare it's nearly dinner-time; I must go and call her.

**AMERICAN ETIQUETTE.**—The *Saturday Review* has lately seen a book which aspires to a higher level than the common manuals of etiquette. It attempts to raise the subject of which it treats to its proper connection with health, morals, and good taste. "We think," says our contemporary, "that any such attempt must necessarily fail. Such a book is useless except as an indication of the character of the American society for which it purports to have been written. But for this purpose such a book is valuable. As the author politely says, there are some charming American women who, though endowed with every other personal attraction, are destitute of that fulness essential to the perfection of the female form. He advises these ladies, instead of grieving over an organic defect and resorting to useless and injurious means to remedy it, to console themselves with their natural fineness of structure and lightness of movement, and the use of such resources as are furnished by a skilful toilet. Translated into plain language, ladies who have the misfortune to be scraggy are advised to

have recourse to padding. They may also try regular habits and a generous diet as a means of gaining flesh. Ladies and gentlemen alike are desired to take notice that the use of a comb, or even its habitual carriage in the pocket, is irreconcilable with all nicety of manners, as we think it is. The English books on etiquette are sufficiently absurd, but we do not remember meeting in any one of them with a suggestion of the possibility of finding "decent people" deliberately combing themselves at a table common to many guests. We are tempted to ask, if this be decency, what must be indecency in America? . . . If we were to take this book as an authority, we should say that the commercial aristocracy of New York was incurably vulgar. People who grow rich in London usually struggle with more or less success to get into society which they think better than that in which they were born. We laugh at the absurdities often exhibited in these attempts, but they are on the whole beneficial to those who make them. The vulgarity of the London tradesman is for the most part offensive, and without hope of mitigation. The people who keep shops, unless they keep the largest class of shops, are excluded from the society of the people who do not keep shops, and their manners are therefore formed entirely in their own circle. The daughters of a thriving tradesman may be sent to a good school, where they acquire a polish which soon rubs off when they are returned to their homes and hear the conversation of their brothers and receive the attentions of their brothers' friends. The sons of a thriving tradesman are perhaps the most offensive animals in creation. They are incurable, unmitigated snobs. But the commercial class in London which does not keep shops finds as it grows rich opportunities of entering society which is able to avoid vulgarity without the help of manuals. And, unfortunately, there is very little of such society in New York. This at least seems to be a fair inference from the publication of a book upon decorum."

**AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.**—A Dissenting chapel was lately built, upon the front of which a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred, for accuracy, to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur; but unfortunately, to the scandal of the society, he transcribed the whole verse: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

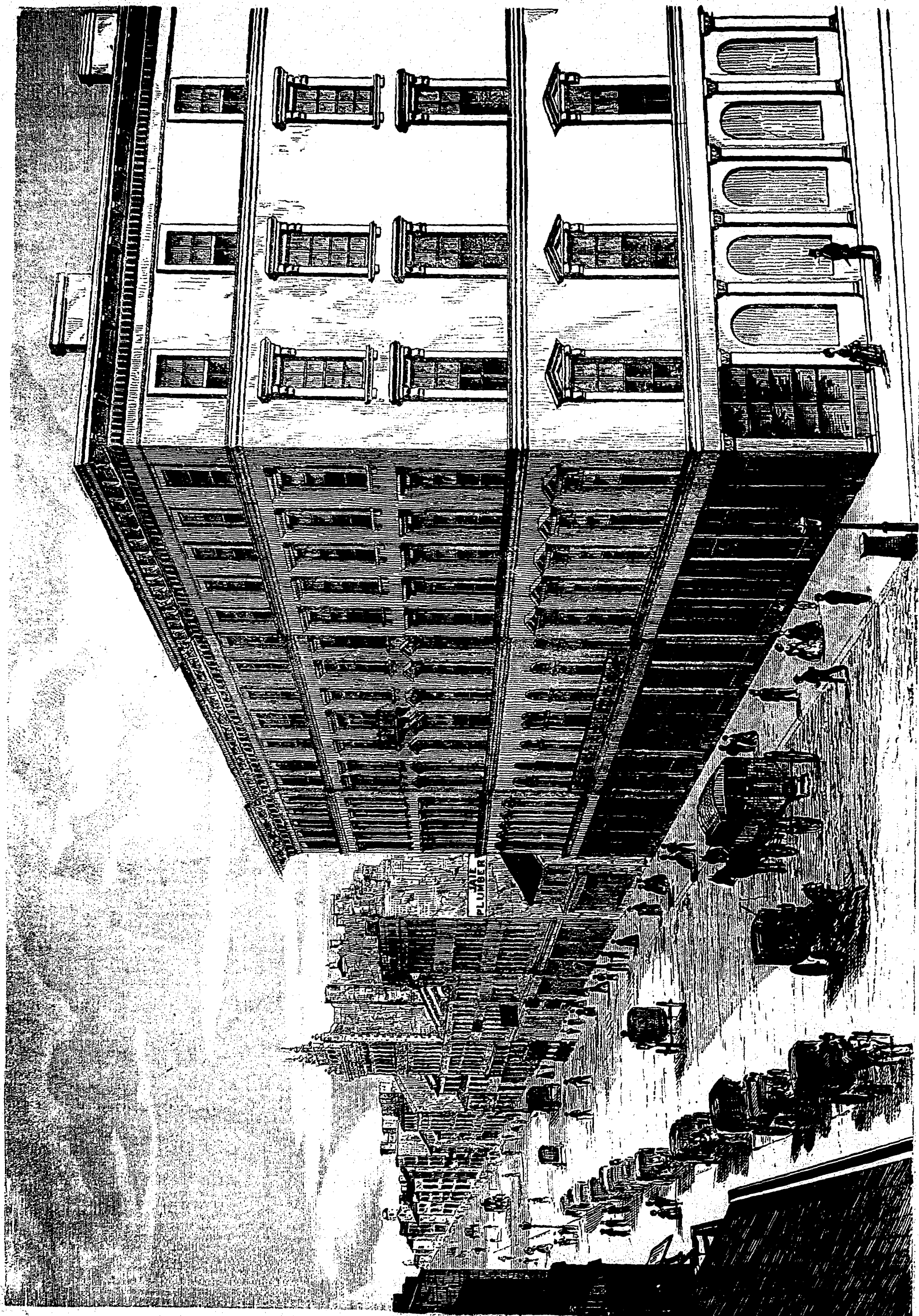
**A CHINESE BILL OF FARE.**—The following comes to us as having been the bill of fare of a dinner given by the Chinese in Paris at Thord's. We give it, without comment, for what it is worth: "*Premier Service*—Hien teou kio (anchovy toast, with a pigeon's egg on the top), pe tsan hoa (cauliflowers with pickles and spices), hoa seng (pistaches), ku tee (pasteque—don't know what it was), yen ono tung (swallow's nest).—*Second Service*—Tchao tehu pay ko (sides of pork with hard-bake), nien jo tchao teou kio tse (beef and veal, with haricot beans, garlic, and onions), tsing sse ky ton sse tung (lard as an omelette), leang ky jo pien (cold fowl and cucumber), pe ku jo pien (cold cat's meat), ya oey (duck with vinegar sauce), pe ko hoen yen ono (boiled pigeon and nutmegs), chong tsay tchao mean jo (small bits of beef seasoned with cockcomb dried and powdered over it).—*Wines*—Bordeaux and Champagne."

**SELLING EGGS BY WEIGHT.**—It has long been urged that eggs should be sold by weight, instead of by count. There can be no doubt that the great difference in size, a difference which is growing more and more marked by increased care in breeding, fully warrants the proposed change. *Twice a Week* says that the average of a great number of hens' eggs, weighed at random from time to time, in the market, is two ounces, or 1½ pounds per dozen; but the difference in consequence of breed or feed and care makes the range from 1½ to 2½ ounces, so that if eggs are 45 cents per dozen the buyer would, on the average, pay 30 cents per pound, but by paying the same price per dozen and taking those larger or smaller than the average, he may get his eggs at 40 cents per pound or pay but 16½ cents per pound for them. For an article of as great consumption as eggs the difference is too great to be thought a trifle, and a little care will save many a dollar in the annual marketing outlay. Some people might think it small to stand and pick out eggs, but there is nothing wrong or little about it. In fact, it is the duty of every housekeeper to do so, and let it be once understood that either only the large eggs will be taken, or a less price paid for small ones, and dealers will find it necessary to sell by weight.

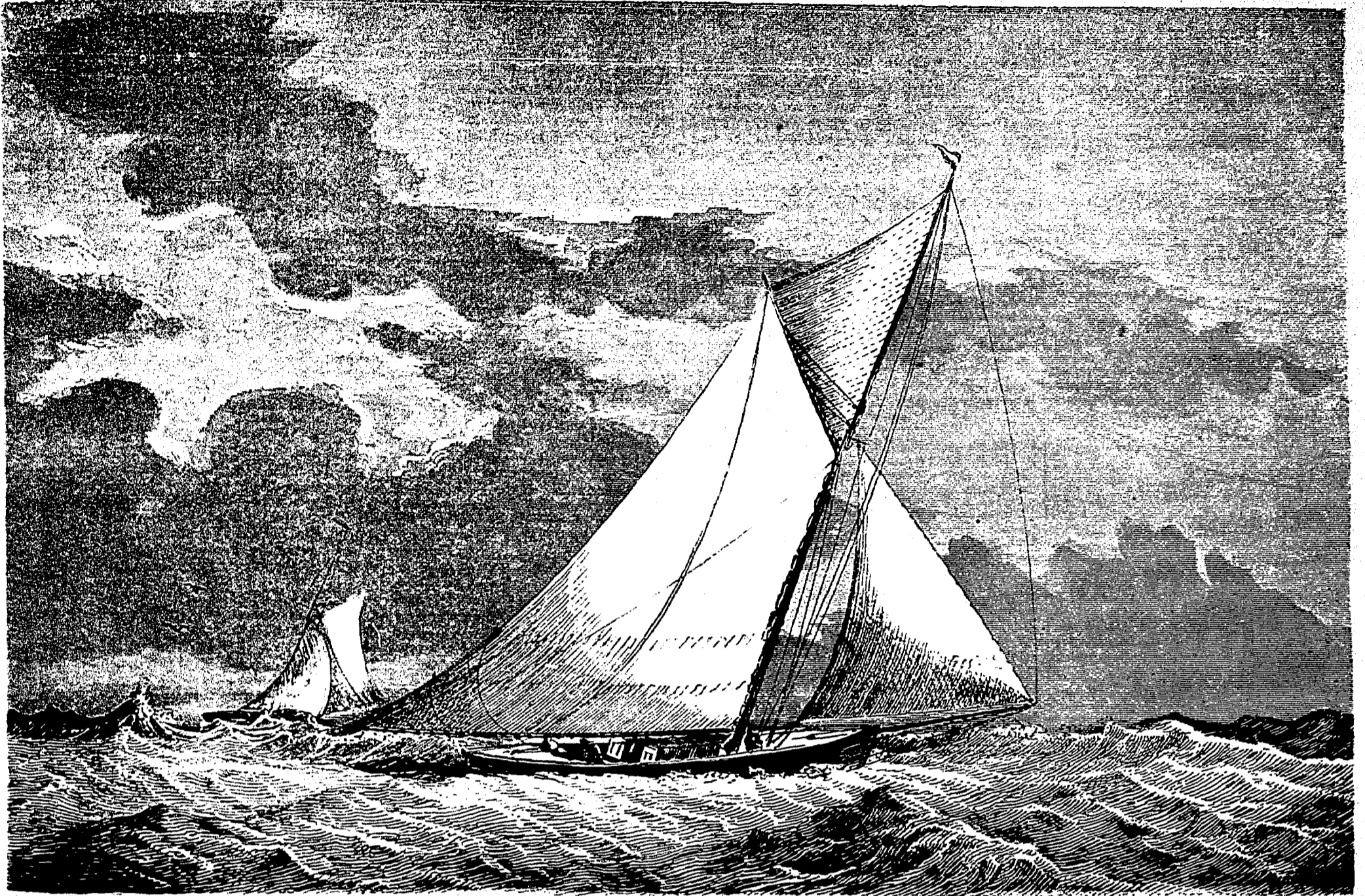
As to the difficulties in the new system, the *Poultry Bulletin*, which advocates the weight system, says "Fractions of a pound can be as easily calculated as in meat, cheese or other commodities, of which it is almost impossible to make the exact weight wanted, yet which are always sold by weight, and no difficulty found in the transaction."

**PLANTING TREES ON SLOPES OF RAILWAY EMBANKMENTS.**—A London paper advocates planting the slopes of railway embankments with trees, adducing many arguments in support of the plan. Among the points made is that the roots of trees, at least those which do not penetrate with a straight tap-root, possess the property of binding together and giving cohesion to the slope through the surface-soil of which they permeate and interlace. Nothing is more common in Scotland than, where there is a steep slope, more especially if it consists of what is called "travelled" earth, to find it closely planted, with the object of guarding against land-slides. There is still another argument which, if rather a far-fetched one, is entitled to count for a trifle. Were embankments clad with trees, a train might indeed leave the rails, but when the trees are fairly being "precipitated to the bottom of a lofty embankment" it might be possible for a railway carriage to get "up a tree," but it would be difficult for it to go "down a hole."

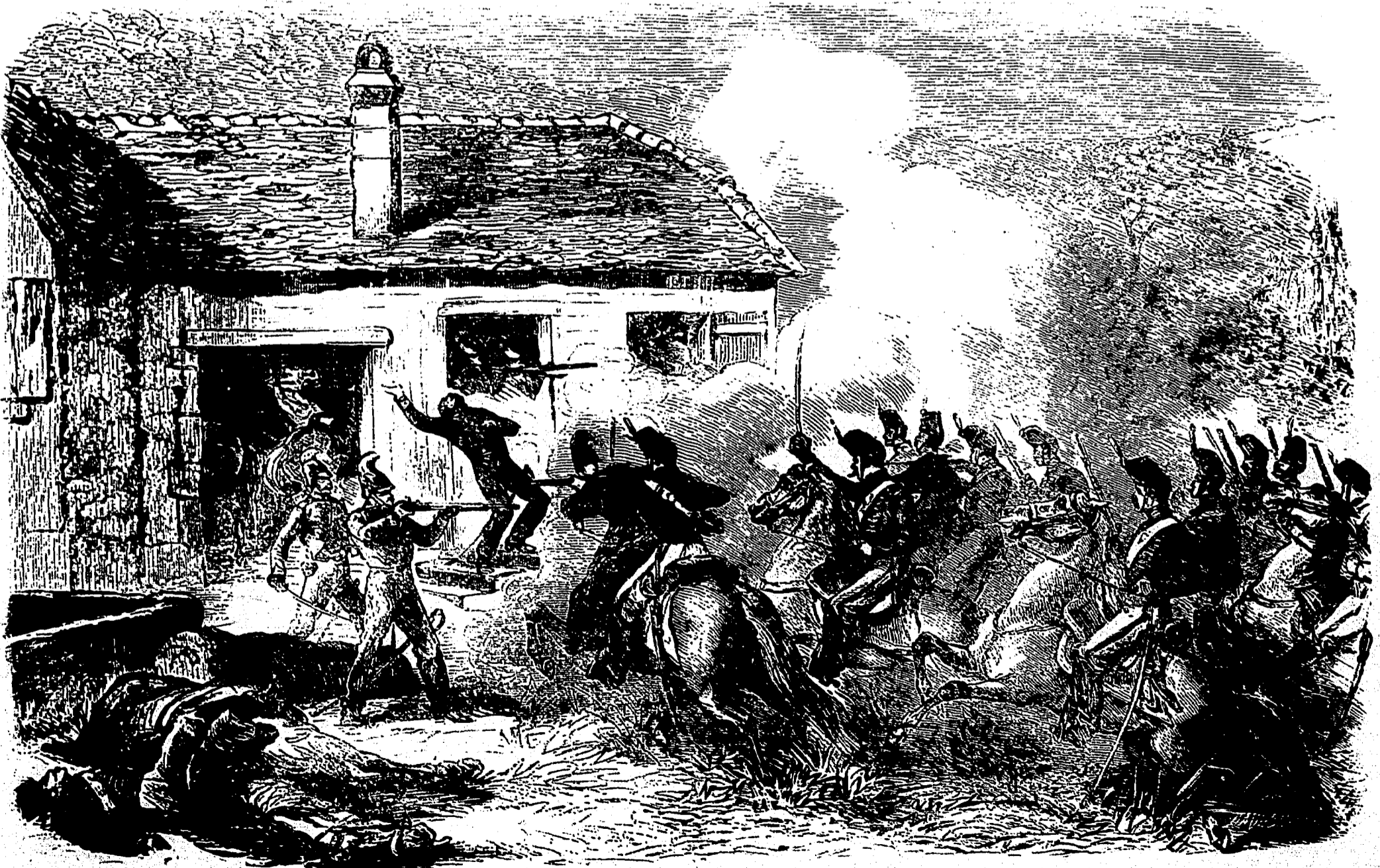
Josh Billings thus speaks of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited; "John Rogers' revolving, expanding, uncerimonious, self-adjusting, self-contracting, self-sharpening, self-greasing, and self-righteous horse-rake is now and forever offered to a generous publik. These rakes are az eazy to keep in repair az a hitching post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broad cast in a ten aker lot of wheat stubble. These rakes can be used in winter for a hen roost, or be sawed up in stove wood for the kitchen fire. No farmer of good moral karakter should be without one, even if he has to steal one."



KING STREET, TORONTO. From a photograph.—See p. 146.



THE "IDA," WINNER OF THE COBOURG YACHT RACE, AUG. 17.—SEE PAGE 130, No. 9.



THE WAR.—SKIRMISH AT NIEDERBRONN.—SEE PAGE 146.

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## HILDA; OR, THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

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

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE CONFLAGRATION.

The gloom of a starless night hung densely over the harbour of Quebec, shrouding its forest of masts and the commercial portion of the city skirting the base of the lofty promontory, while it wrapped in its ebon drapery the frowning fortress above, with its lengthened line of massive fortification.

Suddenly through the Egyptian gloom there shot up into the midnight sky a column of red light, and the cry of Fire! Fire! resounded through the silent streets. Soon a startling peal rung out from the Hôtel Dieu, and ere long another and yet another metallic tongue began to tell the fearful tale and summon the sleeping population to the scene of danger.

In the attic room of an humble hotel in the Lower Town, a young man and his wife were sleeping their first sleep in the New World, having that day arrived in the city of Quebec from Liverpool. Roused by the deafening clangor of the bells, the young man sprang from his bed in sudden fright, for the crimson glare of the fire shone so brightly into the room that he at first supposed the hotel was in flames.

"By George! it is a grand sight," he exclaimed, as his eye took in the fire-illuminated scene.

The fire was in the Lower Town along the wharfs. Several large warehouses were in flames. One containing turpentine and oil was burning with irrepressible fury. The ruthless element was spreading rapidly, shooting up intensely brilliant jets of flame, and shedding a fitful splendour on surrounding objects. The shipping in the harbour seemed bathed in crimson light, while high above the burning buildings, brought out prominently by the red glare, was seen the amphitheatre of houses crowning the steep front of the promontory. Even the tall spires of the various churches in the Upper Town caught and reflected back the vivid brightness, and the citadel itself in all its frowning grandeur might be seen looming up darkly into the ebon sky.

"What a splendid bonfire to celebrate our arrival in Canada, Fanny!" the young man gaily continued, addressing his wife, as she, also awakened by the bells, joined him at the window.

"Oh, Lewis, the fire is quite near us," she exclaimed in alarm. "It will reach the hotel."

"And suppose it did, what have we to fear? The trunks containing all our worldly goods could be easily removed."

There was the bitterness of discontent in the young man's tones, which fell painfully on the ear of Fanny.

"Regretful already, Lewis!" she said reproachfully. "I feared it would be so. Man cannot make sacrifices and not repent of them afterwards!"

"There you wrong me, Fanny!" broke in Lewis earnestly. "No poverty could make me regret what I have sacrificed to gain you. I feel our poverty only on your account. Were I alone I could bear it without repining. But when I think of the humble lot I won you to share, its many privations and anxieties, I cannot help rebelling against Providence, which doles out to some a pittance, and gives to others no better than they are—the wealth that renders life a blessing. Why should there be this difference between man and his fellows?"

"But there is a better time coming, Lewis," said Fanny hopefully. "In this large commercial city you cannot fail of getting employment, and that is all we ask. The means of support will make our lives happy enough. We can do without wealth, Lewis."

"Wealth is not to be despised, and for your sake I hope one day to possess it, dearest. In such a country as this, where fortunes are often made, the expectation is not visionary; but I must leave you for awhile alone, Fanny. I must go out and try to be of some use to those suffering by the fire. A man should not stay at home with such a sight as that before him!"

When Lewis reached the scene of the conflagration he found a dense crowd assembled, many of them assisting in removing various articles from the buildings threatened by the flames, but the most part among whom were many women, who were merely looking on enjoying the excitement of the scene. There must be something peculiar in the constitu-

tion of the female mind, which gives such sights so great an attraction for the daughters of Eve. It may be curiosity, or perhaps a morbid fancy for what is awful as well as grand; but did any one yet see a large fire when there were not many women among the spectators?

Every possible effort was made to subdue the conflagration. Several fire companies were on the spot, untiring in their exertions; but still the devouring element held on its way unchecked, the flames spreading with dread rapidity.

Shortly after Lewis joined the crowd, a new sense of danger thrilled the hearts of the spectators, and made them tremble for their own safety. The warehouse just attacked by the fierce flames was said to contain some casks of gunpowder landed that day from a vessel alongside the wharf. This circumstance had been overlooked until the merchant to whom it belonged arriving suddenly at the scene of the fire, proclaimed the terrible fact, and offered a large reward to anyone who would assist him in rolling the casks into the water. The danger was imminent; the crowd fell back appalled, and an indescribable scene of confusion ensued. Lewis heard the reward offered. A very large sum it appeared to him. Could he but win it? then what a new start in life he might make. Poverty with its many evils would be left behind, and the goal of prosperity might yet be won.

Impelled by these thoughts, he was the first to volunteer to undertake the dangerous work. Not a moment was to be lost. Already the fire had attacked the roof of the building, in the ground floor of which the powder was stowed. Hastily the merchant to whom it belonged led the way to the spot. With cool intrepidity these two men now set themselves to the hazardous work they had undertaken, and commenced to roll the powder casks along the wharf into the water, the only safe way of disposing of them at such a time. A breathless silence reigned through that dense throng of men and women, who, jammed up in the narrow streets, found it impossible to follow their first impulse and flee from the threatening danger. The fit en minutes employed in removing the casks seemed as many hours not only to the numbers looking on and holding their very breath in terror, but to the undaunted merchant himself and the young man who shared his peril.

As the last cask of powder was rolled off the wharf the roof and upper storey of the warehouse fell in with a loud crash, sending up a dazzling column of flame from the mingling fire-masses, and now the pent-up feelings of the crowd burst forth into one long exultant cheer, expressing their intense feeling of relief.

"What is your name, my brave fellow?" asked the merchant, turning to Lewis, as they stood together on the wharf silently contemplating the burning building they had so recently left.

"Tremayne" was the reply in a low guttural voice, for now when the danger was past and the excitement which had sustained him over, the reaction left him nervous as a woman. He now realized the risk he had run and the peril which had threatened his beloved Fanny as well as others, for if an explosion had taken place the hotel in which he had left her must have been destroyed.

"Have you been long in Quebec?" was the next question the merchant asked.

"I only arrived yesterday."

"You are seeking for employment, I presume. What can you do? Can you write well? I can offer you a place in my counting-house. Would that suit you?"

"Just the situation I want!" said Lewis eagerly.

"Besides, the reward you so nobly earned will be yours."

"I do not want any reward for saving life," said Lewis proudly. "Now that you offer me employment I shall have a means of support, and that will be sufficient recompense for the help I have given you."

"If you despise money in that way you will never be rich," was the merchant's observation; but the pleased smile with which he regarded Tremayne showed that he had made a favourable impression.

Some troops from the garrison now arrived, and set themselves to check the conflagration by pulling down buildings likely to be attacked by the flames, and in this way the fire was at length subdued.

Lewis Tremayne was one of the last to leave the scene of that night's destruction. The rosy light of a July morning was breaking over the City of Quebec, when he returned to the hotel where he had left his wife. The changed expression of his face, now beaming with happiness at the good news he had to impart, struck her forcibly the moment he entered their humble apartment.

"Fanny! the cloud of adversity is breaking up and the bright sunshine is gleaming through it!" he exultingly exclaimed, as he threw himself into a chair at her side and drew her fondly towards him.

She listened with delight to his account of the merchant's offer to take him into his counting-house, but her fair young face paled as he spoke of the peril that had so recently threatened their very existence.

"Oh, Lewis! to think we were in such danger and I knew nothing of it, sitting here looking with so little concern at that dreadful fire!" and she shivered at the very recollection of the danger they had so narrowly escaped.

"Well, it is all over now, dearest, and instead of harrowing up your feelings by picturing what might have occurred, let us talk over the pleasant change in our prospects which last night's fire was the means of effecting."

"Yes! how unexpected is this good fortune! how happy we shall be, Lewis! no more carking cares to disturb our peace. And what a sensation this noble act of yours will make in the city! your name will be in all the papers."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Lewis Tremayne, fervently. "Only think of the consequences, Fanny!"

"Oh, how stupid of me not to think of that! they would then learn where we were!" and the bright expression faded from the handsome face. "What if they should find us out, Lewis?" and Fanny's blue eyes turned with anxious enquiry towards her companion.

"You may well look aghast at the very thought, darling! Disgrace, ruin, nay, something still worse, would assuredly follow such a discovery!" said Lewis Tremayne, moodily, and his face reflected back the startled expression of his young wife's. "But we must not alarm ourselves," he continued, rallying his spirits and trying to smile away his fears. "Fortunately, my name is not known, and if the incident concerning the powder should be mentioned in the public papers, I shall be spoken of as a stranger, merely an emigrant."

And Lewis was right. That day's papers did certainly mention the incident connected with the fire in which he bore a conspicuous part, and speak in high terms of his bravery, but no name was given, therefore the fears of Mrs. Tremayne were happily removed.

In the course of the day, Lewis called at the counting-house of his new friend, and was received as a clerk—with a good salary—in the firm of Berkeley & Co., Quebec. His business talents and unwearied attention to the duties of his new situation confirmed the favourable impression he had made on Mr. Berkeley. Before the expiration of one year he was advanced to the lucrative office of confidential clerk, then, in the course of time, he became junior partner, and finally, he so gained on the good will and affections of the merchant that at his death he bequeathed to him his wealth on the sole condition that he should change his name and assume that of his benefactor, with which conditions Tremayne willingly complied.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE BERKELEYS.

A STARLESS September night, when a sharp easterly wind was driving the quickly-falling rain in the face of the few pedestrians whom necessity or pleasure brought out in such unpleasant weather, the hour was eleven, and the scene a brilliantly-lighted room in a handsome residence in Montreal. On one side of the glowing coal-fire, his slippered feet resting on the low fender, sits an elderly gentleman of pleasing exterior, whom the reader may easily recognize for Lewis Tremayne, or Berkeley, as he has been for some years named. Shortly after the death of his benefactor he removed with his family to Montreal. He is now reading a lengthy account of the late desolating gale which swept over the British Isles, in which, as a merchant, he is particularly interested.

Mrs. Berkeley occupies the opposite side of the fire, her matronly figure reclining more comfortably than gracefully on a low couch. During their prosperous career time had touched very lightly the merchant and his wife. Fanny's beautiful face retained much of its comeliness, and there were no grey hairs yet visible in the brown tresses so carefully arranged beneath her fashionable cap. The face of Lewis, too, had few lines either of care or sorrow. One could easily see that he was one of those fortunate men to whom life seems given for enjoyment. Whatever cause he had for anxiety and discontent when he arrived in Quebec, a long life of happiness and prosperity since, had hushed all repining and banished anxiety from his mind.

Near Mrs. Berkeley sits Mark, her youngest son, just entering on manhood, but still looking boyish in spite of a carefully cultivated moustache of very light hair. At the centre table beneath the brilliant gas-light, Claribel Berkeley, the eldest daughter, is busied with some fancy work, while on a tabouret at her father's knee nestles the pet and the beauty of the family, Therèse, a young girl of fourteen summers.

The silvery tones of a small French clock striking the hour of eleven made Mr. Berkeley look up from his paper in surprise.

"Bless me! is it so late and the train not in yet, something must have delayed it," he said, rather anxiously.

"The train will be in by midnight," observed Claribel, "John heard so at the office this evening. It was delayed at Cornwall from some cause unknown."

"A collision with the up-train, perhaps," remarked Mark, with a sly glance at his mother.

"Heaven forbid, and your cousin on board!" exclaimed Mr. Berkeley, in dismay.

"N'importe! so that we only get rid of her,

*n'est-ce pas, ma mère,*" he whispered, bringing his boyish face in contact with the maternal ear.

Mrs. Berkeley gave him a reproving glance. "That would be too dreadful!" she answered, in the same low tones. "Much as I feel annoyed at her coming here, I should be sorry if anything like that occurred."

"Had not Therèse better go to bed?" suggested Mark. "It is past her usual time. Late hours are injurious to children."

"Children, indeed!" echoed Therèse, indignantly; "you don't look so old yourself in spite of that apology for a moustache that doesn't even darken your lip. If I were you, Mark, I would dye it."

"Mind your own business, Miss!" retorted Mark angrily, his face flushing scarlet from wounded vanity.

"Mark is right! it is time for you to go to bed, child," said Mrs. Berkeley, who always took her younger son's part in these contests between him and his sister.

"But, ma, you said you would let me sit up to-night till cousin Hilda came," pleaded Therèse.

"You can see her to-morrow. I did not think the train would be so late."

"Ah, mamma, do let me stay! mind you promised! did she not, papa?" and the blue eyes turned appealingly to Mr. Berkeley.

"Do let the child remain, Fanny. It will not be long now till the cuts arrive," and the fond father laid his hand caressingly on the wavy curls of his favourite child, who nestled nearer in her grateful love for his interference.

"Lewis, you spoil that girl by your constant indulgence. I can do nothing with her."

"I think all share in spoiling her," observed Mark, with asperity. He had not yet forgotten his sister's ill-natured allusion to his moustache.

"Except yourself, Mark, I owe you nothing on the score of indulgence," and Therèse looked defiantly at her brother.

"I am the only one who takes the trouble to correct your faults. Everyone else lets you do as you please."

"And I wish you would follow their example."

"Always at dagger's points, you two!" said Mr. Berkeley, reprovingly. "I wish, Mark, you would be less severe with your sister. Remember she is only a child."

"A very precocious one, you must allow!" she hits you hard sometimes, I am afraid," said Mr. Berkeley, laughing—takes you down a little, does she not?"

"You will be sorry for encouraging her in her pertness," said Mark angrily, as he observed the titter with which this remark was received.

"You must not be too saucy, Therèse," Mr. Berkeley continued, looking down steadily on the really beautiful face which was turned up with an arch expression to meet his gaze. "Mind! I will not encourage pertness or ill-nature."

"Not encourage it, indeed! and what is laughing at her but encouragement?" exclaimed Mark, angrily.

"Well, she is not always to blame. You are often severe with her, Master Mark. A little more kindness would disarm her childish raillery. Take it in good part, or else do not be the first to provoke the sarcasm that wounds too deeply."

Mark, somewhat discomfited, walked about the room, whistling "the Mabel Waltzes." He sought in this way to calm his irritated feelings.

"I wonder what cousin Hilda looks like! Is she pretty, papa?" asked Therèse, breaking the silence that followed.

"I really cannot say, Therèse, I have not yet seen her. Her mother was, I have heard, very handsome; she probably resembles her."

"She'll cut you out, Therèse! She will be the beauty par excellence of the Berkeley family!" said Mark, with a provoking smile.

"How old is she, pa?" continued Therèse, only noticing her brother's remark by a contemptuous grimace.

"I do not know, my dear."

"About the same age as Claribel, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Berkeley.

"The same age as Claribel!" repeated Therèse. "You must mistake, ma! Claribel is six years older than Mark."

"Claribel is no such thing! Who told you my age?" demanded Miss Berkeley, fiercely, dropping her work and glaring on her young sister.

"Ha! you'll catch it now, Therèse," laughed Mark. "You have touched a sore part there, Mignonne! You must have been peeping into the family bible."

"So I was," said Therèse, carelessly. "Pa let me look at all our ages when he was reading it last Sunday."

"Ma! I thought the record of family births was not submitted to the gaze of every one," and Claribel looked daggers at her mother.

"And it is not, my love. It is carefully locked up in your father's escritoire."

"And only taken out on Sundays when he reads the bible," broke in Mark, with an impertinent grin.

"Very carefully indeed!" observed Claribel, indignantly, "when Miss Therèse has learned our ages by heart and will not have the discretion to keep them to herself."

"And what matter if she does tell your age, Claribel?" asked Mr. Berkeley, looking in surprise at the flushed angry face of his eldest daughter. "Are you not still young?"

"Young at twenty-seven?" observed Mark, spitefully. "Why, pa, what antediluvian notions you have! Girls are old maids—quite antiquated at twenty-seven, now-a-days."

"You talk like a silly boy, which you still are!" broke from Mr. Berkeley, provoked out of his usually placid manner. "When I married your mother she was—let me see—she could not have been less than—"

"You need not publish my age," interrupted Mrs. Berkeley in angry tones.

"Bless me, Fanny! and what does it matter now if I do tell your children your age when we were married?"

"Let us change the subject, if you please. Ladies' ages are never alluded to in good society."

"Well, I am sure I do not care who knows my age."

"But you are not a lady, pa," laughed Therese.

"Well, I never thought women were so silly, women of a certain age especially," said Mr. Berkeley, with a sly glance at his wife.

"At what age does vanity cease to affect the female mind, I wonder?" he added mentally, as he rose to leave the room after looking at the clock, the hour hand of which pointed to half-past eleven.

"Are you going to the station?" asked Mark.

"Yes, the train must be in soon."

"The night is unpleasant, allow me to go instead of you. I can take care of *la belle cousine*," Mark was fond of using the few French phrases he knew.

"I must go myself. Your cousin will probably recognize me from my likeness to her father, Fanny," he added, addressing his wife, "give directions to have some hot coffee ready when I return. Hilda will find it refreshing after her journey."

"One would think she was one of his own children, instead of a poor relation," chimed in Claribel, to whom the arrival of a pretty cousin younger than herself was not pleasant.

"What! envious already, Bel? how will it be when *la belle cousine* goes into society and eclipses Miss Berkeley?" and Mark broke into a provoking laugh.

"That she can never do," remarked Mrs. Berkeley decidedly. "She may be prettier than Claribel, but she has not her style, and that is everything in fashionable society."

"And how do you know she has not?" asked Mark quietly.

"Because she has been brought up in poverty, and has lived among an inferior class of people all her life."

"But her mother was a lady; would she not teach her daughter refinement even in the poorest circumstances? And allow me to tell you, *ma chère mère*, that there are many girls in this city who are not in what you call society, and who yet look more lady-like than Claribel herself. I do not say they are stylish looking, for that requires the aid of French millinery, which they cannot afford, but they have that appearance of a lady which no amount of dress or fashion can bestow."

"You are thinking of Blanche Osbourne, the pretty sister of papa's confidential clerk, I suppose, Mark," said Therese, with an arch smile. "She goes to the cathedral on Sunday evenings; and now that accounts for your sudden fit of devotion. Well, I do admire your taste, Blanche is certainly very elegant looking, and no doubt ma would like her for her daughter-in-law. But I suppose the wedding will not come off until that obstinate moustache allows itself to be seen."

Mark made no reply, contenting himself with darting a menacing look at his young tormentor.

"Is it not annoying that papa should insist on receiving that girl into his family?" Claribel continued, "brought up among low people, she must be vulgar and unrefined."

"What a sensation the Berkeley's country cousin will produce in our circle," said Mark.

"She will live in retirement for some time," remarked Mrs. Berkeley. "Her deep mourning will oblige her to do that."

"And during that time you can teach her the usages of society, and polish her rusticity," added Mark with a mocking laugh.

"Why did cousin Hilda live with low people? was not her papa our papa's brother?" asked Therese.

"But he was the poor brother, simpleton, can't you understand?" replied Mark. "Every rich man has poor relations. Uncle Paul didn't happen to meet with a wealthy old merchant to help him to make his fortune. Papa is the lucky one of the Tremaynes. According to all accounts they didn't hold their heads so high in the old country."

"Who has been giving you this information, Mark?" asked his mother with a startled look.

"An old man called Banks, a porter in the counting-house, who knew papa years ago when he was not the wealthy Mr. Berkeley."

"Where did he know him? was it in England?" The tones betrayed great anxiety, and a look very much like fear grew into Mrs. Berkeley's still comely face.

"No, in Quebec. Banks was also in the

employment of Berkeley and Co. when pa was taken into the firm."

"And does papa retain in his service a man who can be impertinent?" asked Claribel, haughtily.

"No; old Banks was dismissed for drunkenness, and it was to revenge himself he abused the Tremaynes. Those who rise in the world have sometimes to listen to unpleasant truths. For my part, I do not see why we should be so proud, and look down on others as good as ourselves for no other reason than because they are poorer." Mark, on account of his penchant for pretty Blanche Osbourne, felt quite disgusted with the airs his family gave themselves.

As the French clock was striking the hour of midnight, Mr. Berkeley returned from the station accompanied by his niece.

"Vulgar or not, our cousin is a splendid-looking girl," was Mark Berkeley's whispered observation to his mother as they advanced to meet their unwelcome guest.

She had taken off her hat and shawl, and her fine figure and beautiful face were fully revealed by the blaze of light which fell upon her from the crystal gaselier, beneath which she was standing in the entrance-hall. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, but that mourning was of expensive material, and made in the most fashionable style. There was no appearance of poverty to shock the pride of the Berkeley's, and owing to this circumstance their reception of her was more cordial than it otherwise would have been. On entering into conversation with her, she was found to be neither vulgar nor unrefined. Besides, she was well educated and had been a governess, therefore she could superintend Therese's education, and be made useful in that way. On the whole, it would not be quite so unpleasant as it first seemed to have this orphan niece domiciled in their family. So thought worldly-minded Mrs. Berkeley, reconciling herself, like a sensible woman, to an evil that could not be helped, for her husband, whose will was law, had insisted on offering a home to the only child of his deceased brother.

To be continued.

Knees that the Crispins are constantly down on—Chinese.

A gentleman of Oswego, being saved from drowning, the other day, rewarded his preserver with a five cent piece. Probably it was as much as his life was worth.

In the life of every woman there are two grand epochs at which she is willing to tell her age—when she is sixteen and when she is one hundred.

A New Haven editor recently wrote an elaborate article about his *Alma Mater*, but was astounded to find it appear in the paper as "Alum Water."

An Irish sailor visited a city where he said they had copper-bottomed the tops of the houses with sheet lead. Perhaps it was the same who saw a white blackbird sitting on a wooden mile-stone eating a green black-berry.

A good joke is told of two Portsmouth drummers: While passing a house in Virginia, they observed a very peculiar chimney, unfinished, and it attracted their attention. They asked a dozen-haired urchin standing near the house if it "drawed well," whereupon the aforesaid urchin gave them the stinging resort: "Yes, it draws the attention of all the fools that pass this road."

A traveller who demanded his trunk at the Baltimore depot before all others, and was told by the Irish baggage master that he must wait his turn, turned upon the baggage-master with, "You're an impudent dog!" To which he of the trunks replied: "An faith, ye are a monkey, and its a great pity that, when we two were made bastes, ye wasn't made an elephant, so that ye could have yer blasted trunk under yer nose all the time."

A clergyman in a certain town in Massachusetts, having occasion to call in the services of a brother minister, tendered to him at the close of the day the usual fee for preaching, which in those days (it was before the war,) was ten dollars. Such a sum for such work was then thought good pay; but on this occasion the man seemed slow to take it, and finally said, while putting it in his pocket-book: "I talked to the Sunday Schools nearly half an hour, and besides I had some conversation with an impenitent sinner on the steps of the church, and I thought fifty cents more would be about right."

A MIGHTY LEVELLER.—The late Lord H—, a great Yorkshire peer, used to as sert that it did "a swell a world of good to go to London. Here, he would say, it is all "my lord," and "as your lordship pleases," and every one I meet makes me a bow, and so forth, but so soon as I'm in Oxford street the butcher's boy brushes against me, and wants to know why the d—l I don't get out of the way, and the cabman cries out, "Now, you old fool, where are you going to?" if I'm slow in getting over a crossing." London is a mighty leveller.

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Apply at the Company's Office, 59 St. Francois Xavier Street.

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, (to be endorsed, "Tender for work on the Cornwall Canal") will be received at this Office until the evening of FRIDAY, the 3rd of SEPTEMBER next, for Repairs to the Wharves at the Upper and Lower entrances of the Cornwall Canal, and at the Town of Cornwall.

Specifications can be seen at this Office, or at the Office of the Canal Superintendent, Cornwall, on and after TUESDAY, the 2nd instant, where printed forms of tender, and other information, can also be obtained.

The names of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each tender.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,  
Ottawa, 25th August, 1870. 10b

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tenders for work at Coteau Landing," will be received at this Office until the evening of the 2nd of SEPTEMBER next, for the construction of a Mooring Pier at Coteau Landing.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office, or at the Machine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after FRIDAY, the 2nd day of SEPTEMBER, where printed forms of tender and other information can also be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each tender.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,  
Ottawa, 25th August, 1870. 10b

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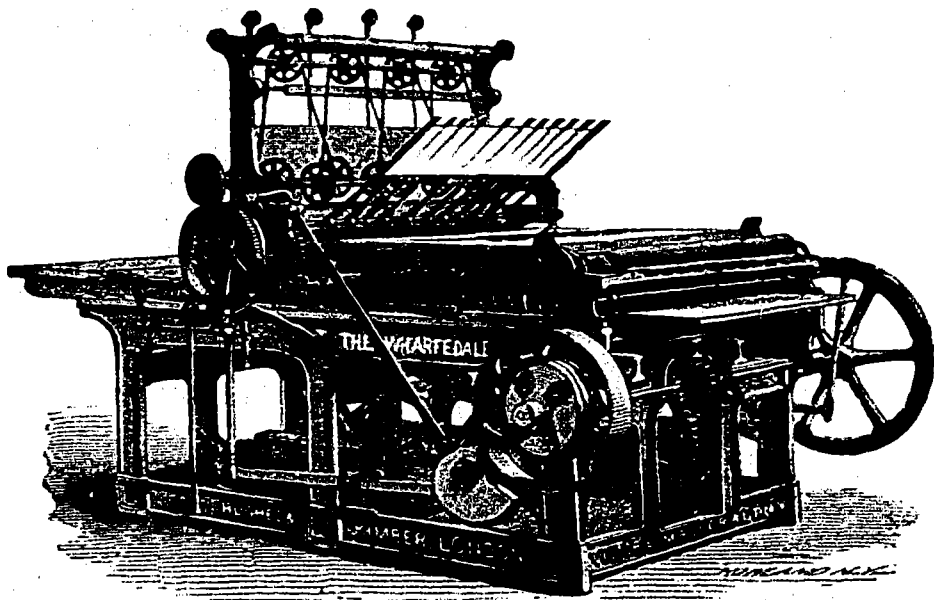
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