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# Evening Illustrated News

Vol. II.—No. 25.]

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A STREET NUISANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

## THE PROVINCIAL ARBITRATION.

It was an exceedingly unfortunate circumstance that the Provinces should have disagreed upon the proposition for settling accounts between them; and it is still more unfortunate that the Legislatures should undisguisedly assume antagonistic sides. In Quebec the only difference of opinion appears to be as to the degree of condemnation in which the award of the two arbitrators ought to be held; in Ontario there seems to be some slight doubt as to the legality of the award; but as the Government sustains it, it may be presumed that it will be upheld with all the force which Provincial authority can give it.

But it cannot be supposed that the arbitration was intended to lead to a breach between the Provinces. On the contrary, the scheme of settlement was expressly framed to avoid this; and lest there should be danger of antagonism the whole subject was postponed until after the accomplishment of Confederation, so that all the parties to the affair should be placed precisely on the same footing; and that they should have, so to speak, no authority to which to appeal. What may be the fate of the address from the Legislature of Quebec praying His Excellency the Governor-General to set the award of the Ontario and Dominion Arbitrators aside, we do not pretend to say. To our view the matter presents as near a case of dead-lock as can well be imagined. The arbitrators, as appointed under the 142nd section of the Union Act, had seemingly absolute authority, the only questions being whether a simple majority could carry an award, and whether two could act in the absence, or after the resignation, of the third. Ontario has sustained the two arbitrators in affirming both propositions, while Quebec backs the third one in denying them. The antagonism could not well be more marked.

But who has authority in the premises? Will the Dominion Government presume to enforce the award? Can it legally impose upon the Province of Quebec a judgment to which its representative was not a party? Let it be remembered that the Provinces did not go into the Court of Arbitration as common suitors, appearing simply by counsel, and under obligation to take such verdict as the Bench, from the law and the evidence, might pronounce. It was solely an equitable arrangement, the very essence of which consisted in the mutual consent of the parties. It is vain to say that such could not have been the case, as thereby there would have been no guarantee for a settlement. We say there is no settlement, and herein is the whole difficulty. No party to the arbitration was under obligation to abide by the award; the act is perfectly silent as to the finality of the judgment; and the presumption therefore is that both parties should have been satisfied as to the justice of the award before its acceptance by either. It may be said that there is no guarantee for a settlement at all upon such terms; but the very object of appointing the arbitration was to procure a settlement that would have been mutually satisfactory; that is such a settlement of the debts and assets as both parties would have accepted. The Dominion arbitrator was not an umpire, but merely a third arbitrator, to assist the other two in arriving at a correct judgment; and it seems difficult to understand why the Dominion, which was but one of three parties to the arbitration, can have power either to reject or enforce the award. It has accepted the responsibility of holding the account against the old Province of Canada in suspense until the Provinces, according to the terms of the Union Act, decide as to the proportion of liability which each will assume. There is nothing in the law giving any one of the three Governments concerned power over the others; nor any two of them power over the third; so that, unless a mutual understanding can yet be reached, it seems that nothing short of fresh Imperial legislation can remove the unpleasant hitch. For the present it matters little whether Judge Day was right and the other arbitrators wrong, or the reverse; the fact is, that the Board of Arbitration was broken up before the award was made; or if this be denied, then it must be conceded that one of the parties to the arbitration withdrew from it before its conclusion, and now refuses to abide by the verdict; and further, that there is no law to compel it to submit. In this state of the question there is much cause for moderation in argument on both sides; and we think an excellent opportunity for the Province of Ontario to volunteer a review of the whole case. In a dispute, the limits of which are so strongly defined by geographical lines, it is quite possible that there may be something, and in fact a good deal, which honour on either side could safely concede; and we are quite sure that the people of both Provinces are not only anxious for a friendly settlement, but particularly desirous that they shall come out of the affair without even the appearance of having desired an injustice to the other. But at present it would be a mere waste of time to discuss the character of the award; we have first to determine whether it was pronounced by a com-

petent tribunal, for that is the real question—and that question we do not think the Dominion Government has any power to answer. Unless the Provinces can be induced to make an amicable settlement, we do not see any escape from the difficulty except in fresh legislation, and it would be a misfortune to have to resort to that.

## TORONTO VIEWS.

On pages 392 and 393 will be found four small views of Toronto buildings reproduced from the photographs taken by Mr. O. Thompson, and published by him in his series of views entitled Toronto in the Camera.

The first of these is the Bank of Toronto, a handsome building on the north-west corner of Church and Wellington streets. The bank was founded in 1856 by a number of persons engaged in the produce trade, and from small beginnings has risen to an important position. It was at first located on Church street, occupying the premises then just vacated by the City Bank of Montreal, which it occupied until 1863, when it removed to the present building, which was erected from designs by W. Kauffmann, Esq.

The Ontario Bank building stands on the north-east corner of Scott and Wellington streets, extending 34 feet along the latter and 88 feet on Scott street. It was erected in the spring of 1862 from designs by Joseph Sheard, Esq. The building presents a handsome substantial appearance, and is considered one of the most beautiful architectural ornaments of the city. It is designed in the palatial style of Italian architecture. The ground floor externally is rusticated on the pillars and groins of the windows and doors, vermiculated alternately, and terminated by an enriched lace-band having a scroll worked on it. The arches of the windows, which spring from the pillars, are also vermiculated and have boldly carved leaves on the key-stones, some of them having classical heads in full projection. There are piers at the angles, running the whole height of the building, which are also ornamented with vermiculated rustics. There are three stories to the building, rising to a height of 50 feet. The ground-floor is occupied by the offices of the bank, and the rest of the building is devoted entirely to the use of the manager, who resides on the premises.

The Masonic Hall buildings are situated on Toronto street, next to the Post Office. Their elaborately finished front recalls to mind somewhat of the exterior of the stately Cathedral at Milan, to which city its style of architecture is said to be peculiar. The richness, variety and beauty of the numberless perpendicular lines, carry the eye at once upwards to their entire height, and give a lightness and elegance to the whole structure.

The buildings were erected in 1857-8, by the enterprising firm of A. & S. Nordheimer, and take their name from the ancient order of Free and Accepted Masons, whose hall and lodge rooms occupy the whole of the upper story. On the ground-floor there are four extensive shops, the fronts of which are fitted up with ornamental cast-iron columns. The window-sashes and shutters are also of iron. The whole of the upper part of the front is carried out in richly carved Ohio freestone. The main entrance to the upper part is in the centre, where a wide staircase leads to the spacious halls above. These halls run the whole length of the building, and divide the first and second floors into handsome double offices. The entrance to the Masonic Chambers is by a separate staircase. These consist of an ante-chamber, armoury, coat, chapter, supper, and encampment rooms. The buildings are 102 feet front by 75 deep, and are five stories high; the centre part is six. They are amply provided with every convenience for public offices and mercantile purposes. The architect was Mr. William Kauffmann. The cost of the buildings and site was \$100,000.

Cooke's Church, or Free Presbyterian Church, stands on the corner of Queen and Mutual streets, in the eastern part of the city. It was erected from the designs of William Thomas & Sons, architects, in 1857-8, and was opened for public worship on the 25th of July, 1858. It is of white brick, in the Lombardian style of architecture, and is of a plain but substantial character, the chief ornamentation being in brickwork, with a projecting corbel table to eaves and gables. The building is 102 feet in depth, with a frontage of 55 feet. The flanks are divided by large flat buttresses into five bays, having windows of two lights each, with semi-circular heads, corbels, and architraves in ornamental brickwork. The front has three divisions with towers on each angle, and boldly projecting entrance porch. The angle towers are each 14 feet square, and are 110 feet in height from ground to tops of spires. The spires are of wood covered with shingles painted with fire-proof paint, slate colour; the towers are divided into separate stages with ornamental and corbelled brick strings, with a projecting cornice and four large pinnacles at base of spire. The church has sitting accommodation for nine hundred and fifty persons.

## SANDERSON FALLS.

In our last issue we gave a view and description of the Labelle Falls, on the North River. We give this week a view of the Sanderson Falls, a portion of the same rapids as those wherein the Labelle Falls occur. The description which appeared last week is equally applicable to the present illustration.

## A STREET NUISANCE.

"Cabby" is an institution in every city, and sometimes he makes himself offensive by collectively crowding on the sidewalk, to the great annoyance and interruption of passers-by. Montreal is not by any means the only city victimized in this way; on the contrary, we believe that, considering its dimensions, it is perhaps as free from such nuisances as could well be anticipated. But those who have occasion to pass by the south side of Victoria Square; those who have business about the Place d'Armes; those whose vocations call them by way of Chaboillez Square, the Champ de Mars, the crossing of Mountain with St. Antoine Street, &c., must know that the cabman nuisance is a substantial one in Montreal, and ought, if possible, to be abated. A slight understanding between the policemen and the cabmen would adjust the whole matter. Suppose "cabby" were told that he has no exclusive right to the whole sidewalk; suppose he were even warned that he had to surrender it to foot-passengers; and that in case he should happen to forget what was his duty, why, that the "bobby"

would lug him off to the lock-up. We are quite sure that the most moderate interference on the part of the police would stop the insolent, over-bearing conduct of the cabmen, as it is only because they are allowed to do so without remonstrance that any trouble is given by them.

## THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA AT WORTH.

Few generals have ever possessed to a greater degree the confidence of their soldiers than does the Crown Prince of Prussia. His open countenance, his engaging demeanour and his frank hearty manner never fail to make a favourable impression upon all who come into contact with him, and it was a wise choice that old Von Moltke made when he selected the Prince for the command of the army of the South—composed of Badenese, Bavarians, Wurtembergers and Hessians. Another general might have found it difficult to handle such a mixed host with sufficient tact and impartiality to prevent the kindling of private rancours and petty jealousies; and the Prince has no small thing to boast of, that throughout, from the time he first came into action at Weissenburg, until his arrival before the walls of Paris, not even the slightest symptom of disaffection has made its appearance in the ranks of his victorious army. With all the men of every nationality under his command, the Prince is a great favourite. Never was this more thoroughly proved than after the fight at Worth, when the Prince addressed the troops, thanking them for their loyalty and courage. A storm of cheers greeted him when he concluded, and the men gave themselves up to the wildest enthusiasm. It is to be hoped his popularity will not diminish after three months of idleness before Paris.

## THE DEFENCE OF PARIS—GUNBOATS ON THE SEINE.

The weakest side of Paris, so far as artificial fortification is concerned, would seem to be the north-west, in the wide interval between the fortress of Mont Valérien, overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, and the forts about St. Denis, due north of the city. But a double reach of the Seine, in its windings around the peninsula of Courbevoie, Puteaux, and Asnières, just opposite the suburbs of Neuilly and Clichy, seems to offer good natural facilities for defence. The piece of ground nearly inclosed by the river on this side must have been crossed by all visitors who have travelled to St. Germain, or to Havre or Dieppe, by the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest; and they will be enabled to comprehend the usefulness of a few gun-boats on the Seine below St. Cloud. There is quite a little fleet of such vessels. One of these gun-boats is about the size of one of the Thames steamers which ply between the bridges, but much broader in the beam in proportion to length. She is iron-plated, and the deck is also covered with iron. She has what a sailor would call a "forecastle," which rises above the level of the rest of the deck; and it contains two guns, which point forwards in a line with the keel, with a slight training limit to each side. Having two large helms and double screw, she is intended to turn rapidly so as to face her foes. There are six small projections on each side of the fore-castle; these are probably shields covering loopholes for musketry. Such a craft will be difficult to hit by artillery, and difficult to hurt even when hit; she can keep the middle of the stream, and the banks will be dangerous with a flock of such "canards" on the river.

## BEHIND THE DIPLOMATIC SCENES.

A pamphlet by M. Sidney Renouf has just been published at Tours, under the title of "M. Thiers et sa Mission en 1870," which is said to be inspired by M. Thiers himself. M. Renouf takes up the relations between France and Prussia at the time when Count Bismarck was ambassador at Paris. The Count flattered the vanity and fancies of Napoleon, and, while leading him to suppose Prussian support might be obtained for his schemes, endeavoured to impress him with the strength and importance of that nation. At Biarritz he said to the Emperor, in his blunt way, "To speak plainly, we are a couple of wolves; let us carry off a sheep each, and afterwards settle about the skins." While declining to commit himself to any compact, Napoleon agreed not to interfere between Prussia and Austria, and at the same time permitted an alliance between Italy and the former intended to paralyze Austria. After Sadowa Napoleon's policy became fitful and incoherent—one day extremely bold, next day timid to cowardice. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, then Foreign Minister, advocated a vigorous policy, but was constantly checkmated by Count von Goltz, who obtained a private interview with the Emperor, and persuaded him to grant all he wanted. It was in this way that Napoleon was reconciled to the absorption of Hanover and the other States by Prussia. Afterwards, at the urgent instance of M. de Lhuys, the Emperor agreed to a note being sent to Berlin demanding territorial compensation for the aggrandizement of Prussia. The King flatly refused, and Baron von Goltz, in a private interview with Napoleon, soothed him down and secured the withdrawal of the demand before M. de Lhuys could discuss the matter with his Sovereign. The Minister resigned when required to sign the despatch developing the theory of the *trois tronçons* afterwards published with M. de Lavalette's signature. The recent use to which Count Bismarck put the French note asking for compensation, in order to place France in a false position before Europe, is well known. But this was not the only Prussian purpose it was made to serve. When the Bavarian Premier, M. Von den Pförten, came to Berlin to beg pardon for entering, before the war, into an alliance with Austria, Bismarck showed him M. Drouyn de Lhuys' note, in which the Bavarian Palatinate was demanded. "There is what you may hope to obtain," he said, "through the protection of the Tuileries." He then read him a copy of the King's answer, and of Goltz's despatch, telling of the Emperor's easy retraction. Pförten was dumbfounded. In his terror at finding himself deprived of his last hope of a foreign alliance, he concluded the military treaty before he left the room, in which South Germany became the *point d'appui* of Prussia.

The Luxembourg question was, it appears, brought before the Emperor by a "person of the lowest social grade," who then had great influence with the King of Holland. This individual communicated to the Emperor, through one of his chamberlains, that the King of Holland would be glad to sell the Duchy, and the Emperor at one jumped at the offer. Unfortunately the bargain was prematurely disclosed by one of Benedetti's indiscretions. The Emperor after rashly entangling himself in this scrape, found he was not prepared for war, and thought himself fortunate when peace was secured.

through the good offices of Lord Stanley. France had to pay for the inconsiderate conduct of her rulers 107,000,000 £, which war preparations cost her, without counting the supplementary bills presented later to the Chamber.

It will be remembered that on July 15 M. Ollivier refused M. Thiers's request for the publication of the despatch relative to the insulting conduct of the King of Prussia at Ems, which was said to be the cause and justification of the war. The despatch was, however, submitted to a committee of nine deputies, of whom M. Thiers was one, and it is asserted in this pamphlet that M. Benedetti's report gave textually what passed between him and the King, who handled the Emperor and Empress severely. "The Emperor was completely carried away by a violent sentiment of anger in reading this despatch; this was the cause of his resolve to declare immediately a war which, as we have seen, neither had its source in an attack on the dignity of France nor in French interests being menaced, but in the *amour propre* of the Emperor, who was personally wounded by what the King of Prussia said against him and the Empress to M. Benedetti."

DISAGREEABLE TRUTHS.

A New York paper thus bewails the moral degradation of the rising generation:

"The *Scientific American* calls attention to some striking deficiencies in the make up of our City. It says:

"There is, perhaps, no large city in the civilized part of the world in which such utter scientific destitution prevails as in New York. However much the citizens may hunger and thirst after scientific knowledge, we have no public place in the City where their wants can be supplied. There is no museum of natural history, no collection of mineralogy and geology, no accumulation of models of machinery, no zoological garden, no technological collection for the free use of the people."

"True as the above is, it seems to us less remarkable and far less deplorable than a kindred deficiency. Our boys, for the most part, are not learning trades, nor qualifying themselves for any practical, productive career. We believe more of our youth are tending bars and billiard rooms than are learning mechanical trades. Quite a number are trying to be clerks and book-keepers—at least twice as many as can ever find steady employment in those pursuits—but the men who dig our cellars, lay our brick, do our carpenter work, finish and furnish our houses, were nearly all born in Europe and are regularly recruited from that Continent. It seems to us that fewer Americans by birth are working as mechanics in our city than there were twenty or thirty years ago, and that far fewer of our boys are serving an apprenticeship."

"But the gravest aspect of our social condition is the multiplicity and rapid increase of youth who have no regular pursuit, or, at least, follow none. They hang about grogshops and billiard-rooms, drinking and smoking, and avowing their purpose to become politicians. Some of them have been set to work at trades, but have thrown down the trowel, the adze, the jack-plane, and deliberately addicted themselves for life to what they consider politics. They are always ready for a horse-race, a game of ball, a target excursion; but they do not average an honest day's work each per month, and seldom achieve a new suit of clothes save on the eve of a contested election. In short they are a bad lot of loafers."

"Though they expect to live out of the public, not one of these fellows ever suspected that it might be necessary for him to seem honest, moral, and decent in order to succeed in his chosen career. On the contrary, they are universally libertines, gamblers and tipplers, or only fail to be for lack of means. They glory in target excursions; they swell Democratic processions; they begin to vote at sixteen or seventeen years of age; and are re-elected repeaters by the time they are twenty. If there is any vice with which one of them is not familiar, be sure that he is intent on its early acquirement. It was from such a crew that Catiline mustered the forces with which he advanced to sack and devastate Rome."

"What shall be done to transform these young reprobates into honest, virtuous, useful, respected citizens? What must be our future if our future Tweeds are to be backed by thrice the number of these embryo ruffians that afflict us to-day?"

Thus profanely does the *Pall Mall Gazette* discourse concerning certain Ritualistic practices now under discussion in England:

Mr. Charles Walker, who announces himself as "Acting Cæremoniarus," meaning, we suppose, stage-manager, of St. James' Chapel, Brighton, is very anxious that Mr. Purchas's reasons should be known for wearing the "biretta," that mysterious little cap about which an important lawsuit is now being carried on. Mr. Walker is author of the "Ritual Reason Why" and has paid great attention to these subjects. The result of his researches is a conviction that there is nothing symbolical of "the glory of the priesthood" in the biretta, the great object of which is to keep the clergyman's head warm. Mr. Walker, however, does not explain whether the biretta is superior in this respect to all other kinds of head-gear, or why, if no special meaning is attached to it by Mr. Purchas and his friends, they should not try a glengarry or one of those nice travelling caps with flaps for the ears, by way of change. Hitherto many credulous persons have been labouring under the delusion, which Mr. Walker now explodes, that Dr. Stephens knew something about ecclesiastical law, vestments included. It appears Dr. Stephens does not know what the "zucchetto" is. It is not, as he supposes, the external framework, but the inner skull-cap which fits the head, and which is not necessarily or by any means universally buttoned to the biretta which encloses it. These are certainly tremendous issues, and we hope the great button question will be fully considered by the Privy Council.

MACHINE FOR MICROSCOPIC WRITING.—A correspondent of the *London Times* writes:—"The most extraordinary machine in the exhibition is the one for microscopic writing. This enables a person to write in the usual way, and to duplicate his writing so small that it is invisible to the naked eye, yet with a powerful microscope every line and dot can be seen. The inventor claims that with his instrument he can copy the entire Bible twenty-two times in the space of an inch. With one of these machines, a private mark can be put on bills, that the forger can neither perceive nor imitate, but that the bank clerk, knowing where to look, can at once detect."

WHY WIVES FADE.

How many pale, lifeless women you see in the West—and in the East, too, for that matter. Young, fresh looking women marry, and in five or ten years you can scarcely recognize them, while their husbands look as well as on the day of their wedding. One cause of this is complicated house-keeping. When a man undertakes a business, he finds learned men ready to assist him: he knows what there is to do, and secures help accordingly. A young woman goes to house-keeping very often without any help at all, or perhaps with one awkward girl, like the wife in this respect. There are three meals to get every day—that means cooking—and then comes the dishes to be washed after each meal. It would take about forty-five pieces for breakfast and supper, and seventy for dinner for a family of five—one hundred and sixty-five pieces to be carried from the kitchen to the dining room every day, washed and carried back. If you have six rooms in your house there is one to be thoroughly swept and cleaned daily, besides brushing up the others, making beds, bringing in wood and carrying water.

Twice a week there is a bread-baking, twice a week yeast-making, one day washing, one day ironing, pantries and safes to be washed out once a week, dairy work to be attended to, besides innumerable jobs in the way of preserving, jellymakings, picklings, curing hams, putting down pigs' feet, looking over apples twice in the winter, and making hoghead cheese, mince-meat, a thorough house cleaning twice a year, then sewing on dresses, aprons, shirts, drawers, gowns, &c., by the dozen.

Then supposing the housekeeper has a baby—an average six months old baby, that weighs about eighteen pounds. Suppose she has this child in her arms thirty times a day (a cross infant is taken up more frequently), and often she is obliged to work with the right arm whilst carrying the burden of a baby about with the left. Who is it that says there is nothing in gymnastics equal to the endurance of a mother's arms. Even when the day's labour is accomplished, and she goes to bed, she still holds her baby, and does not sleep soundly for fear of rolling on it or its getting uncovered; she must attend to its wants several times in the night, and must be in a constrained condition for fear of disturbing it.

I have heard women say they would give almost anything for a night of undisturbed sleep, "with no care on the mind." Then in the morning up and at it again. Don't you see why women get pale, and why sometimes a little cross, and how their husbands wonder that their wives don't look pretty and dress well and entertain them as they did before they were married?

The wives don't reason on the matter; they think it all men's fault, and then they turn cross, so things go at sixes and sevens—and this is the place where woman's rights should be taken hold of. I don't think voting would help that very much; woman's labour should be made a study. In the first place, men must realize that it is a great labour to keep house. A great many women sink down under the weight; then every body says:—"Poor thing! she always was a weakly, good-for-nothing creature!" and the "poor thing" has been doing more for the past ten years than two women ought to have done.—*Et.*

HOW TO CHOOSE TEAS.

Tea being so important an article in a grocer's stock, if, indeed, it is not the article upon which his success in business depends, the question, "How to Choose Teas" must be one of peculiar interest, not only to the wholesale and retail dealer, but also to the consumer. There are various methods employed in choosing teas: the eye, the nose, and the taste must all be used to form a correct opinion of the sample before you. Every grocer is presumed to know the tastes of his own trade, and in choosing teas this must always be borne in mind. A good tea shows evidence of a careful preparation after picking; it should be nicely rolled and delicately dried; when infused, the leaf should unroll itself with freedom, and show fresh and green—not a yellowish or dark brown hue, which is a sign of old tea. The infusion should be clear, without any floating scum, the appearance of which denotes adulteration.

To judge of teas in their dry state, place the samples upon pieces of tea paper; breathe deeply upon them, then apply the nose and take a long inhalation. A choice article will have a rich, sweet, aromatic odour; if damaged, a musty smell. By continued practice, the different peculiarities of the samples can easily be distinguished.

Tasting is the only reliable and satisfactory manner of testing teas. Use as many cups as there are samples to be tested, then weigh equal portions of each and place in the cups; next fill them up with water just brought to the boiling point. The usual time allowed for drawing is from three to five minutes: the manner in which the leaf unrolls itself should be carefully noted. The leaf of a good tea should be bright, tender, and of a soft feeling; that of inferior qualities is dark and tough. When sufficiently cold, begin at the end, and proceed in rotation with the tasting process. This is done with a spoon, by sucking in the liquid sharply against the palate, and then expectorating the same. As the taster proceeds, he discovers some which he thinks will suit the tastes of his customers; these are pushed beyond the range of the others, and with these he proceeds in the same manner. Some teas will have a fine flavor and yet lack strength, while others, possessing strength, are devoid of the requisite flavor; by mixing the two, the result will combine both strength and flavor. A good quality of tea should feel firm, crisp and hard; an inferior quality, soft, spongy, light, and bulky for their weight. Evenness in size of leaf is desirable, as is also freedom from stock and dust, the less dust in tea the better it is, and the fine grades should be entirely free of it.—*Am. Grocer.*

LEMON JUICE IN DIPHTHERIA.—Dr. Revillout, in a paper presented last summer to the French Academy of Medicine, asserts that lemon juice is one of the most efficacious appliances for diphtheria, and he relates that, when a dresser in the hospital, his own wife was saved by this timely application. He got three dozen lemons and gargled her throat with the juice, she swallowing a little at the same time, in order to act on the more deep-seated parts. The doctor has noted numerous cases of complete success obtained by this method of treatment.

A Chinese thief having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him the next day to be shown how to wind it up.

VARIETIES.

The beautiful Fountain des Innocents, in Paris, has been bomb-proofed with clay and plaster to protect it from Prussian shells.

A Coroner in Massachusetts says he is called upon to hold more inquests upon bodies of persons run over by railroad trains, in the month of November, than in any other month in the year.

Among the regimental flags captured by the Germans at Metz, and which are now deposited in the arsenal at Berlin, are several bearing the inscriptions of Marengo, Wagram, Lutzen and Solferino.

The *New York Commercial Advertiser* says:—"The cable of 1866 is stuttering badly, and the cable of 1865 has entirely ceased working. Ananias was struck dead for lying, but the cable is only struck dumb."

There are 11,000 diamond diggers in South Africa. The diggings continue to yield profitable results. One diamond recently found weighed 88 carats, and the owner was offered for it \$110,000 on the spot.

The Duke of Norfolk, premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England, has become engaged to be married to the Princess Margaret of Orleans. The Princess, who is but twenty-four years of age, is a daughter of the Duke of Nemours.

A couple of men, brethren of the same secret society, were travelling together, and the purse of one of them giving out, he nonchalantly proposed to share that of his comrade, but met with a flat refusal. "Why not share your purse with me? Ain't we brothers?" he asked. "O yes; but then, you see, our purses ain't sisters."

A correspondent at Glass, Aberdeenshire, states that there are in that parish a son, mother, grandmother, great grandmother, and great great grandmother, being five generations all alive together. Not long ago there were other five individuals here related as above, and a photograph of them was taken in one group.

The *Rocky Mountain Herald* publishes a long account of the ruins of an ancient city just discovered in the mountains by an exploring party, and believes that the relics date back many thousand years. It says that the ruins are almost impossible to get at, which probably accounts for the fact that none of the ambitious Indian agents have heretofore stolen all that were worth anything as curiosities.

The City Fathers of Louisville passed an ordinance, entitled "An Ordinance to protect Ladies on the Street." It is a rather remarkable kind of a law. The young fellows who gaze at women on the street, either out of sentiment or impudence, are to be fined by the worthy magistrates of that extraordinary city. No provision, however, seems to be made for the punishment of ladies who look at gentlemen. The Mayor of the city vetoed the ordinance on the ground that it is rather the man who does not admire female beauty on whom the vengeance of the law should fall, and that if such an ordinance should be enforced the city government would have to be indicted under its provisions.

It is reported that great "hilarity" was manifested at Prussian head-quarters at the defeat of Von der Tann and the Bavarians. The poor Bavarians and the Austrians have ever been a standing joke for the Prussians, who consider themselves so much smarter. The idea has, however, it appears, come into the minds of the Bavarians that they were let in for the thrashing they got, and it was an arranged thing to leave Von der Tann in the midst of the mass of troops, which it was well-known at Prussian head-quarters existed round Orleans. It may, however, be an expensive game to play, for the Bavarians were before disgusted at much that they were made to suffer, and the last report is that Count Beust has gone to Munich to talk over the future attitude of Bavaria. Very significant of what will be the issue.

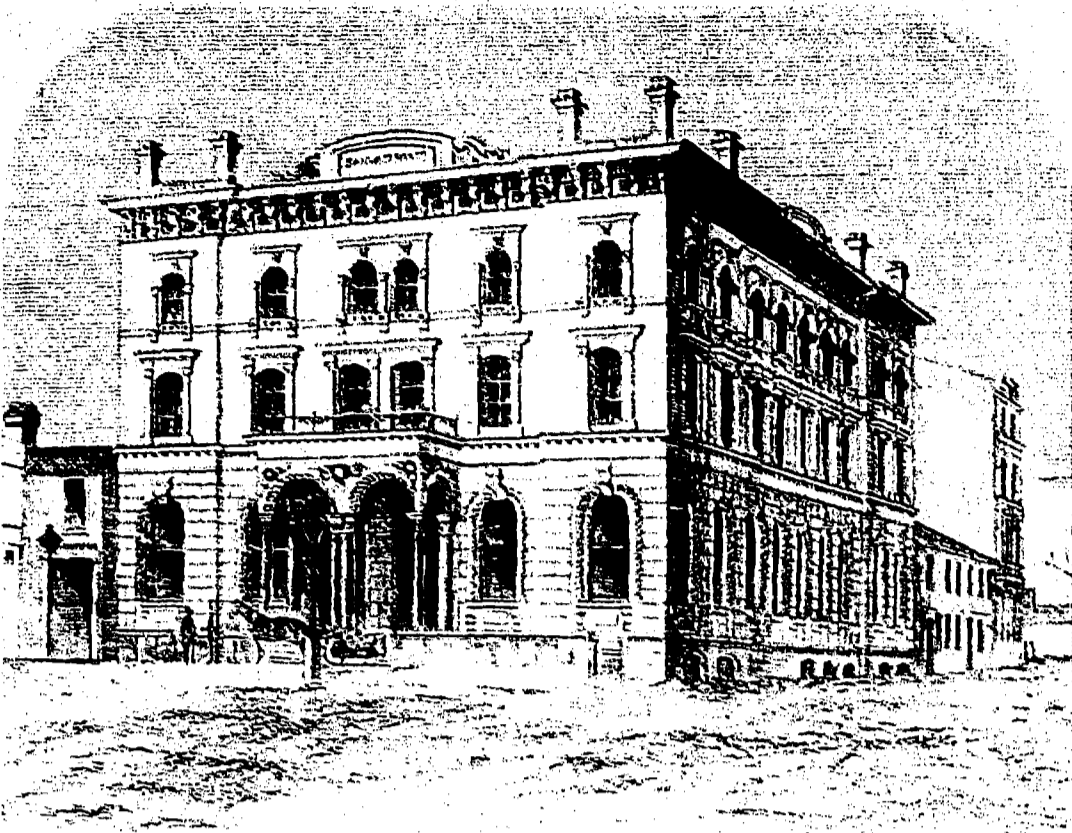
The *Iberia* informs its readers that the Duke of Aosta is descended from the Great Jaime I, the Conquistador, King of Aragon, and therefore entitled to be considered a scion of the true blood royal of Spain. The descent is thus traced:—Jaime I, King of Aragon; Isabel of Aragon, 1262, married to Philip III, of France, whose son Charles, Count of Valois, died in 1325, leaving his son Philip IV, of France, deceased 1350. His son, John II., died in 1364. John, Duke of Berri, his son, died in 1416, his daughter having married Amadeus VII., Count of Savoy. The remainder of the genealogy is simply through the counts, dukes, and kings of Savoy and Piedmont to the present time.

The clever correspondent of the *Sheffield Times*, at Versailles, writes of the English that have been able to leave Paris:—"And finally, although I give this last information 'under all due reserve,' one and all, simple, gentle, bagman, barrister, artist, banker's clerk, and groom, all agreed that the incivility and incapacity of the British officials in Paris was something fearful to behold. If it had not been for the kindly intervention of Mr. Washburne, who had sufficient tact to persuade the French that it was well to let a hundred or so hungry Englishmen leave a place where their services could only be applied to the diminution of the stores, our countrymen would never have got away from the besieged city at all. As it is, it is not pleasant to think that they have had to come with American passports."

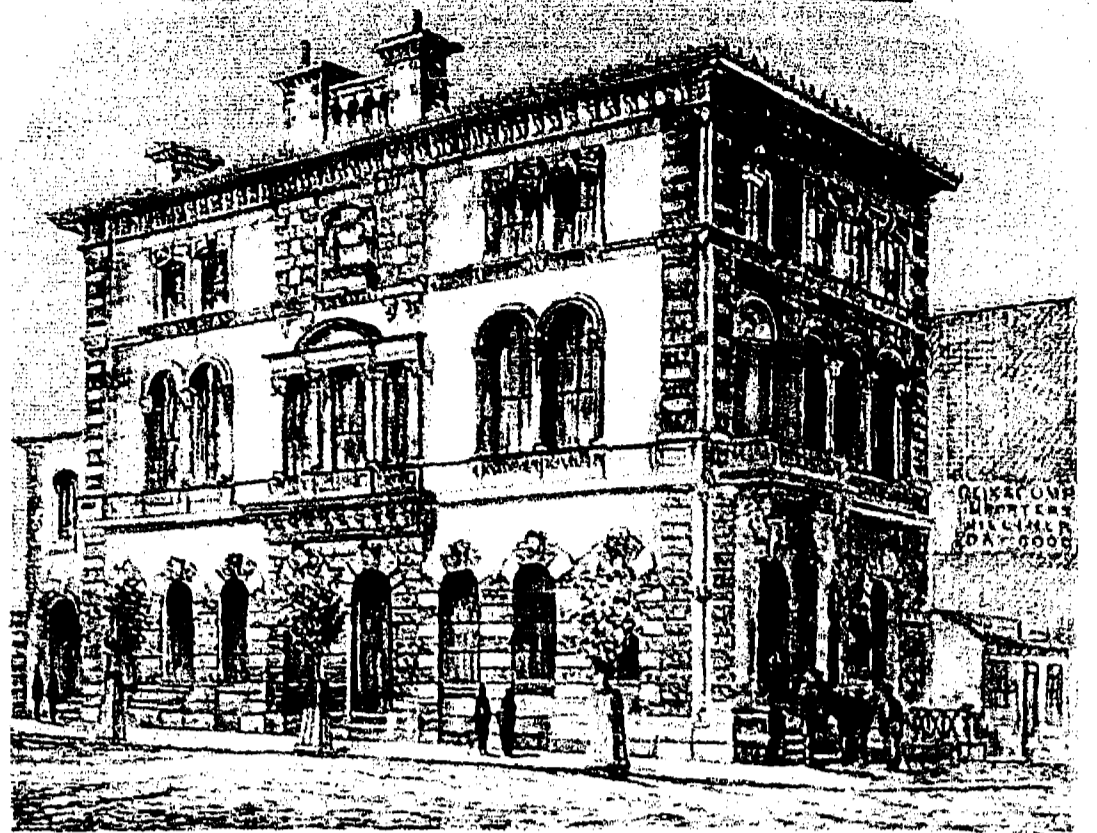
A rather unusual, if not an altogether unprecedented, coincidence occurred in connection with a marriage ceremonial celebrated at Loith, Scotland. In the registrar's certificate, attested by the minister performing the ceremonial, the following names, identically the same, and yet all describing distinct individuals, are recorded, viz:—

- Bride's name..... Robina Robertson.
- Bridegroom's name..... Robert Robertson.
- Bride's father's name..... Robert Robertson.
- Bridegroom's father's name..... Robert Robertson.
- One of the witnesses, a cousin of the bride's..... Robert Robertson.
- The other witness, a nephew of the bride's, being..... Robert Robertson Mearns.

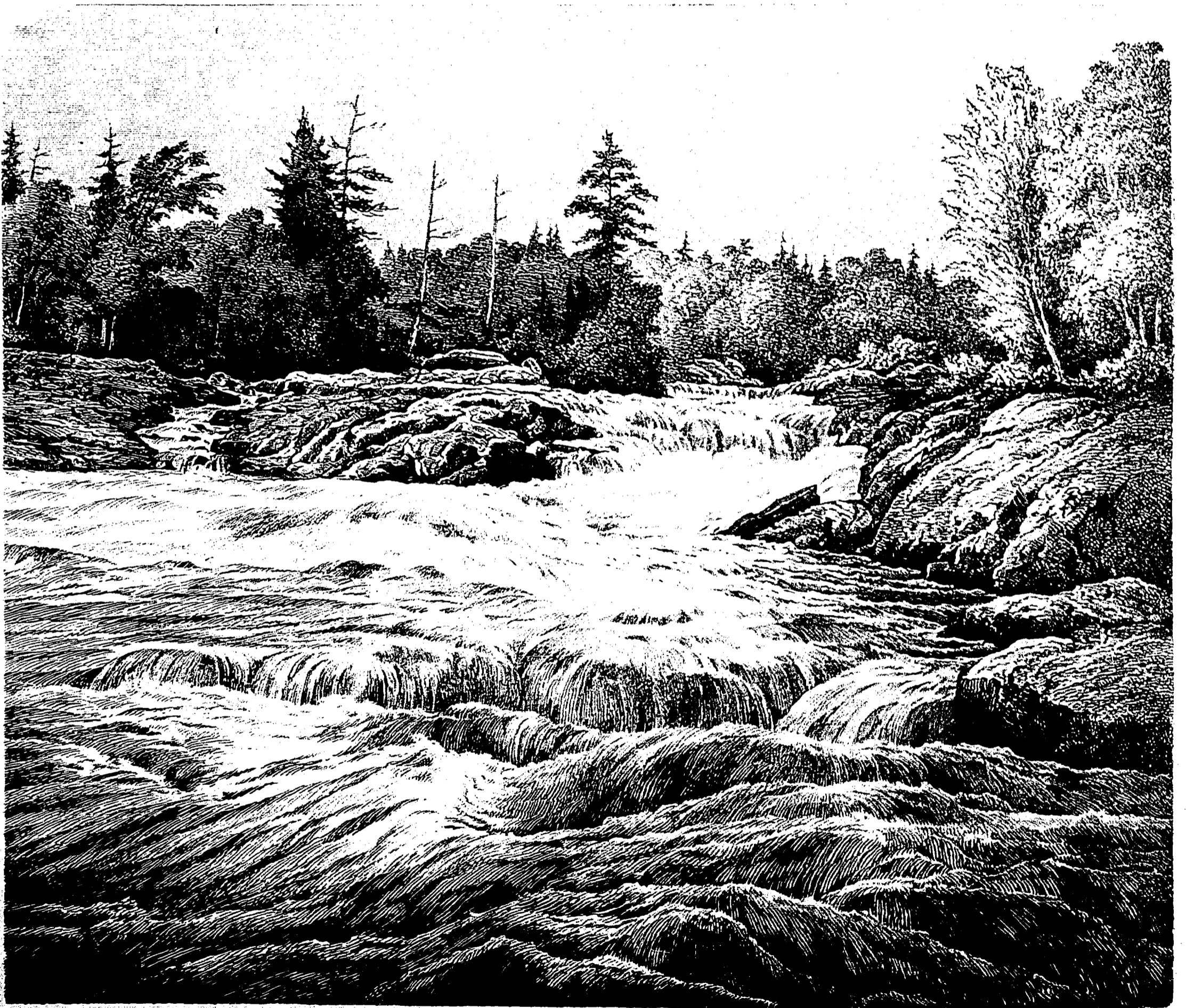
Thus there are the six usually requisite names essentially the same, and the distinctive family addendum of the latter name may perhaps only serve to make the similarity the more marked. It may be stated that there is no relationship between the family of the bride and that of the bridegroom.



BANK OF TORONTO, TORONTO.



ONTARIO BANK, TORONTO.



SANDERSON FALLS, ST. JEROME.

No. 51—THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. J. BOUCHETTE,

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF LOWER CANADA.

One of those acts of national ingratitude of which history unfortunately records so many instances, may very justly be charged to the Province of Lower Canada in its treatment of the late Joseph Bouchette. The wrong so palpably done to him may, however, yet be partially repaired by honestly compensating his heirs for the loss inflicted upon his estate through the bad faith of the Legislature. For wise and obvious reasons the law has imposed the statute of limitations to bar the interminable perpetuation of claims as between individuals; but the State is not supposed to die, and the injustice which, through prejudice or misconception, it may work in one generation, it is competent to atone for and repair in another. In this belief the heirs of the late Surveyor-General of Lower Canada have appealed to the Government and Legislature of the Province of Quebec for redress of the injury done to him whose estate they rightfully inherit, and we cannot believe, with the facts of the case before us, that they will be allowed to make their appeal in vain. The spirit of fair play is too strongly ingrained in the hearts of the people to permit of the suspicion that they would look on approvingly upon the withholding of a stipulated remuneration for services fully and faithfully rendered. Yet the unpleasant inference would remain that the contrary is the fact if the prayer of the petition of the heirs of the late Mr. Bouchette be left unanswered.

When question is made of the services to the country of the late Mr. Bouchette and the manner in which they were required, the occasion seems a fitting one to present his portrait to our readers, and to recite a few facts concerning his life, as well as the particular circumstances under which the claim now being urged for settlement first originated. Mr. Bouchette was the son of Commodore Bouchette, of the Provincial Navy, and was born in 1774. His father was a native Canadian, who, like the majority of the inhabitants of



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. JOSEPH BOUCHETTE,  
SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF LOWER CANADA.

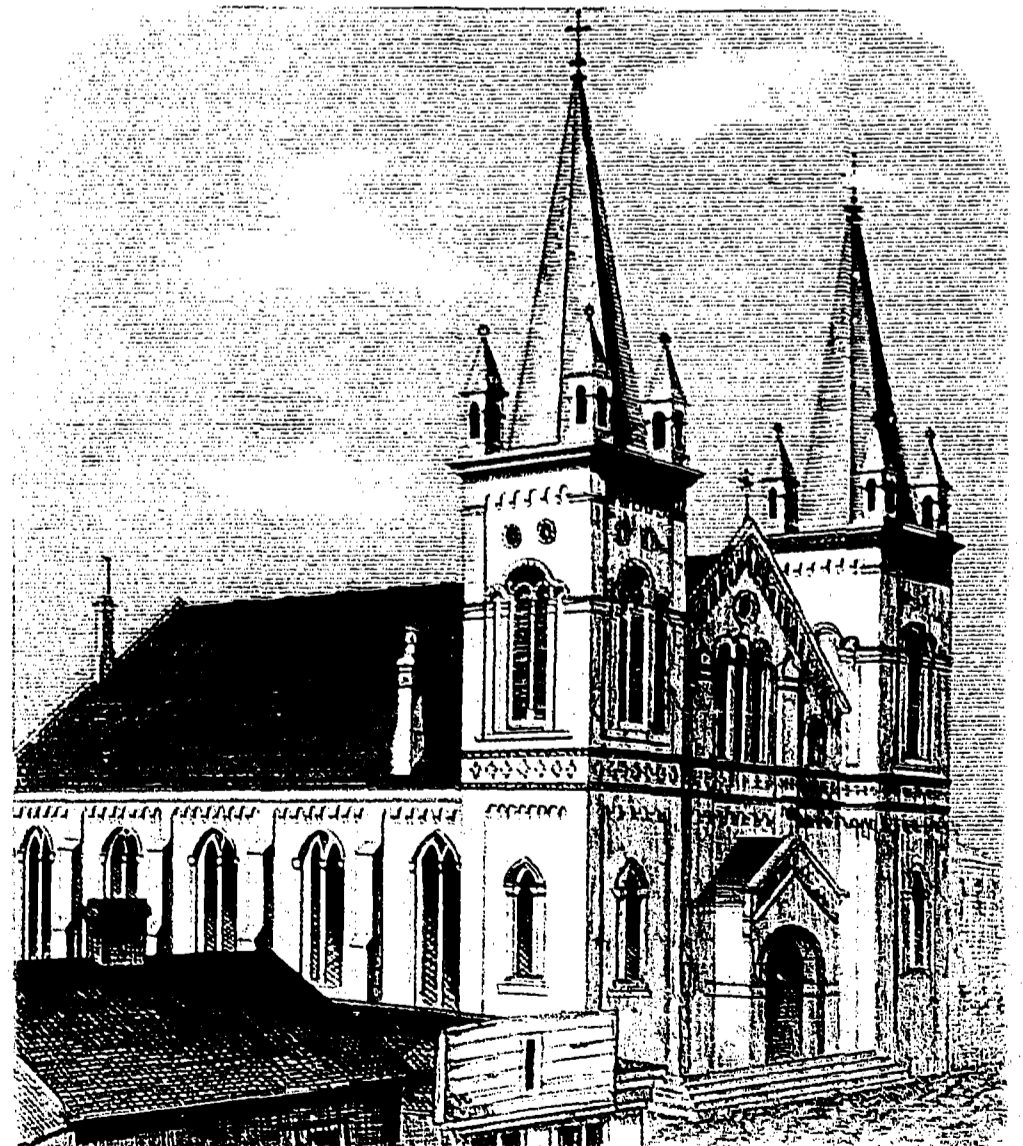
the Province, transferred his allegiance to the British Crown on the cession of the Colony by France. Joseph Bouchette, like his father, served in the Provincial Navy, and won considerable distinction by his gallantry and enthusiasm. His service on the water was not of very long duration, however. He entered the Provincial Naval Service in 1791, and performed some special missions with signal success; and on the death of his uncle, Major Holland, then Surveyor-General, B. N. A., in 1800, he was appointed Deputy-Surveyor-General for Lower Canada. In the following year, under the king's sign manual, he was appointed Surveyor-General for the same Province. During the rebellion of 1812-13, Mr. Bouchette, having by that time risen to the rank of Colonel in the Militia, raised a corps called the "Quebec Volunteers," which, however, he was not permitted to command, his exact topographical knowledge of the country commending him for the discharge of more delicate and important duties. He was appointed to carry despatches from head-quarters to Sir Roger Sheaffe, commanding in Upper Canada, and also, as Mr. Fenning Taylor says: "he was instructed to reconnoitre as he went, to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy, and generally to report on the defensive state of the frontier." In these important and confidential duties Col. Bouchette was eminently successful, thereby heightening the esteem in which he was already held in official quarters, as well as by the public.

Mr. Bouchette then had in earnest contemplation the publication of full and accurate maps of the whole country, but the undertaking was too great for the means of a private individual, however enthusiastic. He, therefore, petitioned the Legislative Assembly for assistance in the work; his petition was referred to a Select Committee, which reported favourably to the House; the report of that Committee was referred to Committee of the Whole; and on the 23rd February, 1814, the House, in Committee of the Whole, adopted the following resolution:—

"Resolved, that it is the opinion of this Committee that a sum of fifteen



MASONIC HALL, TORONTO.



COOKE'S CHURCH, TORONTO.

hundred pounds currency be employed under the direction of Commissioners to encourage and aid Joseph Bouchette, Esquire, to publish the Topographical and Geographical Maps of the Province."

In the summer following, Mr. Bouchette proceeded to England, and commenced the publication of those splendid maps and works which bear his name, and which, even at this distance of time, and in spite of the vast progress of the country, are still referred to as standard authorities. But the fact is, doubt was never thrown on the value of Mr. Bouchette's works, their great utility here, and the credit they reflected on Canada in England has never been called in question. But they were published by Mr. Bouchette, acting on the faith of the resolution just quoted, and, as it turned out, at a ruinous loss to him. The following session, 1815, he received an appropriation of £500 as the work was progressing, and surely he had a right to suppose, as everybody else must naturally have believed, that this payment was made on account of the vote of £1,500 sanctioned, though not passed, the year previous. He continued to prosecute the work so creditable to his genius, and so honourable to Canada, until he brought it to a successful issue; but, as we have said, at a vast drain on his private means. He therefore applied to the Legislature for what everybody would be disposed to call the "balance due." On March 4, 1819, the committee to whom his petition was referred, reported that they found he had executed the maps, &c., "under the patronage of the Legislature," and that he was entitled to be reimbursed for "a part of his loss." Another report, the following year, acknowledges the obligation of the Legislature in the premises, but still no action was taken. In the session of 1819, 15th March, a Special Committee of the House of Assembly reported, at considerable length, on Mr. Bouchette's petition, admitting his claim, but recommending that instead of the money recompense mentioned in the resolution of 1814, Mr. Bouchette should receive a grant of Crown Lands. On the 17th April following, an address was passed to the Governor, praying that such grant should be made. The matter appears to have rested there until 1821, when, on the 28th February, the following message was received by the Legislature:

"DALHOUSIE, GOVERNOR."

"The Governor-in-Chief calls the attention of the House of Assembly to the importance of the Geographical and Topographical Maps, made by Joseph Bouchette, Esquire, Surveyor-General, who states to have sustained a considerable loss in publishing them.

"The Governor-in-Chief is of opinion that Mr. Bouchette's claim is just and reasonable, but does not approve of remunerating him by a grant of land as was proposed by the address of the Assembly of the 17th April, 1819. The Governor-in-Chief therefore trusts the House of Assembly will enable him to meet that claim."

In response to this message the committee to whom it was referred, promptly reported that Mr. Bouchette should receive the sum of £1000, "as well to indemnify him for the losses he hath sustained in the publication of his maps, as to encourage talent and useful undertaking in the Province." On the 14th February, 1827, a Special Committee of the House made a similar report, recommending the payment of the sum named. Yet the Government refused to make the appropriation, and Mr. Bouchette was actually cheated out of his "wages." It is needless to follow the subject further: the Legislature promised Mr. Bouchette £1,500 for a certain work: he performed that work to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, yet he only received £500. The remaining £1000 is a debt due since 1815, and ought now to be paid, principal and interest, to his heirs. On this point, we think, there is no room for discussion.

In spite of all difficulties, Mr. Bouchette got out his works, which were dedicated, by special permission, to His Most Gracious Majesty King William IV; and to this day they endure as a monument of his genius, and a most convenient and reliable authority for reference. Mr. Bouchette continued to hold the office of Surveyor-General of Lower Canada until the Union, and died in Montreal, April 9, 1841, in the 67th year of his age, and was buried in the church of Notre Dame. As Mr. Fenning Taylor says: "Among the peaceful dead who sleep beneath the pavement where the living worship, there are few to whom Canada is more indebted for valuable and meritorious services than the gifted subject of our sketch, the genial, the gallant, the enthusiastic Lieut.-Col. Joseph Bouchette!"

## OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

NEXT week we purpose presenting to our subscribers a DOUBLE NUMBER containing three or four original Christmas tales by Canadian writers, and a profuse display of artistic pictures, grave and gay, after the best masters, suitable to the season. New subscribers for next year will be supplied, on request, with the December numbers of the *News*, including the Christmas number, free of charge; and next month, a handsome presentation plate will be added. The present is, therefore, a very favourable opportunity for subscribing, and we appeal with confidence to our friends throughout the country to aid us in extending the circulation of the *News*. After one year's experience, Mr. Desbarats, the proprietor and publisher of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, has the utmost confidence in its permanent establishment as one among the many institutions of our young and rising country; but to give his hopes the early returns they deserve, it seems proper that the many friends of the paper in all parts of the country should, at this season, make an extra effort to extend its circulation. Both in illustration and letter-press it is intended to make the *News* still more attractive than it has been heretofore; and we are glad to be able to assure our readers that the very largely increased patronage which we have received within the past four or five months, not only warrants us in making the pledge, but will very much encourage us to redeem it, to the full letter of the bond.

MONTREAL, 15th December, 1870.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Dec. 18.—Fourth Sunday in Advent. Lord Elgin's Administration closed, 1854.
MONDAY,	" 19.—Pitt, first Premier, 1783. Fort Niagara captured, 1813.
TUESDAY,	" 20.—Gray born, 1716. Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald born, 1812.
WEDNESDAY,	" 21.—St. Thomas, Ap. J. M.
THURSDAY,	" 22.—Pilgrims lauded at Plymouth, 1620.
FRIDAY,	" 23.—Newton born, 1642. Abdication of James II., 1688.
SATURDAY,	" 24.—Peace of Ghent, 1814.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1870.

The policy foreshadowed in President Grant's Message, the substance of which we gave last week, is not one with which Canadians have any particular reason to be gratified. It is not alone that the President affirms the Monroe doctrine in its integrity, and suggests several schemes for giving it practical effect in various directions; not alone that he predicts "in the natural course of events" the supreme dominion of the Republic over the whole Continent and the islands adjacent, for with these predictions we have long been familiar, and, to say the most of them, they have ceased either to astonish or frighten us. But when the President assails the Canadian Government for two acts of purely internal policy, with neither of which has he or his Government any more to do than with the police regulations of London or St. Petersburg, it looks as if he had resolved to force a quarrel upon us, or at least to make an occasion which might be used at any future day. It is difficult to judge how much of a President's Message is written for *bucombe*, and how much as an earnest exposition of a policy firmly resolved upon. But of this much we may be certain, that American demands will go the full length of British concessions, so that sooner or later the questions between the two countries will have to be met in some other mode than by the mere temporising which for the past four or five years has been such a notable feature in the diplomatic intercourse between them.

It was supposed that the illustrious General Ben. F. Butler had gained the ear of President Grant, and hence his threatening attitude towards Canada. But apparently Mr. Grant was only trying to steal some of Butler's thunder, for the last-named gentleman is now announced as a candidate for the Presidency on the "Alabama" claims platform, strengthened by a Canada annexation plank, and possibly by another favouring the absorption of "Mexico." To the active politicians, the wire-pullers and partymen, it must be confessed that Butler's programme has several features to commend it. The "Alabama" claims have been a standing grievance for several years; and the rumoured project of England's sending Mr. John Bright to Washington to settle these and other matters in dispute, is not likely to be productive of satisfactory results. A statesman Mr. Bright may be, but there is very little reason to believe that he would make a successful diplomatist, especially when dealing with the American Government, which, whatever may be its shortcomings in other respects, has always been able to outwit England in treaty negotiations. There is little hope that any initiatory steps taken by England towards bringing about a settlement will lead to a satisfactory result; for American politicians have a personal interest in the preservation of such live issues, and the danger is that each party in trying to outbid the other for the popular favour may commit the Republic to a course which, though all parties might deplore, none of them would be strong enough to change.

A noticeable feature in the President's Message is the tone of reproach in which he speaks of Canada, both with respect to the fisheries and the navigation of the St. Lawrence. On the former subject it is quite likely that a mistake was made by Canada in failing to enforce its full rights when the Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated; but its title was promptly asserted to the fisheries, and the Americans were invited to share in them upon terms which were certainly far from burthensome, which were in fact scarcely just to our own people when the American tariff was taken into the account. The other grievance, that of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, is purely sentimental. Canada claims only the right to her own canals, and has never refused the passage of an American vessel through them. It is to the interest of this country that the trade of its canals be as large as possible, and though it cannot be expected to abandon its right to its own property, nor even to conceal its knowledge of the advantage which the use of it may be to its neighbours, still there is no danger that any foolish policy will be adopted, whereby only mutual injury would be inflicted.

It does not seem, however, that President Grant is disposed to recommend an equally liberal course. In fact he argues that unless the Canadian "pretension" (to the enjoyment of her own property) is surrendered, then the existing bonding regulations for the transit of dutiable goods through the United States to Canada should be abolished. This would be a great inconvenience undoubtedly; and to certain important enterprises a very heavy loss. But it would be a far greater blow to Portland and some other of the Atlantic cities of the Republic than to any portion of Canada. Even now it is to be remembered that this country possesses several sea-ports open throughout the year; and that the means of communication between them and the most inland points will soon be ample. Every day, therefore, lessens the danger to be feared from the threatened policy of President Grant in this particular, and it is to be hoped that time will be at least equally efficacious in proving its folly. The Canadian authorities have had the merit of moving very slowly in the matter of the fisheries, and of not even moving at all regarding the navigation of the St. Lawrence. Four years have passed since the abrogation by the United States of the Reciprocity Treaty. By that act they forfeited the privileges which, for eleven years previously, their fishermen had enjoyed in our waters; yet a petty license, which American fishermen disregarded, was all that Canada sought to impose in lieu of the continuance of these privileges, and it was not till this year they were withheld. It is also well known that the Dominion Government took no step in this important matter without being advised by the Imperial authorities; and that even in the interpretation of the regulations the utmost liberality has been shewn to the Americans.

In the face of these facts it is difficult to believe that the President was doing more than speaking at his party when he spoke of Canada, but if Gen. Butler goes into the market against him, and each tries to outbid the other in anti-Canadian threats, it is not difficult to believe that a somewhat unpleasant state of feeling might be excited. So long, however, as President Grant adheres to his pledge of "honest and fair dealing," there is nothing to fear from him, and as for Gen. Butler, there is yet a long way between him and the Presidential chair. He has no hope of a nomination except from the Republicans, and they will hardly put him forward as their standard bearer.

## THE WAR NEWS.

The operations during the week have been slight, and up to the time we go to press there has been no news of any serious engagement. It would appear from recent despatches that the defeat of the army of the Loire was complete. General Paladine's army of 200,000 men was utterly routed and compelled to retreat upon Tours, leaving in the hands of the Prussians 10,000 prisoners and 77 pieces of artillery. The Prussians are marching in the direction of Blois, with the intention of surrounding Tours and already the *Gazette* has announced the removal of the Government to Bordeaux. Yet entirely ignoring these plain facts, M. Leon Gambetta, in accordance with his usual policy of withholding the truth, has issued the following circular:—"The situation of the army is good. Heavy reinforcements of artillery are arriving, and the forward movement will soon be resumed. The opposition attempting the circulation of false rumours to discourage and demoralize but their assertions may be confidently denied. After their defeat the army of the Loire moved along the left bank of that river in order to meet the army of the East, 60,000 strong. The two will then combine and march upon Fontainebleau. During the retreat the rear guard was considerably harassed by the Prussians, who attacked in force on the 6th, and compelled them to hasten the retreat. On the following day, Wednesday, the 7th Prussian division attacked the French near Meung, and beat them after a sharp fight in which they captured 250 prisoners, one gun and a mitrailleuse. On the 8th the Duke of Mecklenburg defeated the 3rd French army corps in the same neighbourhood, and again on the 10th.

Within Paris matters remain *in statu quo*. Ducrot and Trochu are both outside the walls, and it is said that preparations are being made for a grand sortie. Ducrot's army occupy a position between Meisy, Creteil and Charenton, protected by the guns of Fort Charenton.

In the north Manteuffel has been pushing forward to Havre with a view to occupying the city, in order to be able to obtain provisions by sea. Late reports state that the rumour is afloat to the effect that the seaport has already been occupied. In the south west the siege of Belfort is progressing vigorously. The Prussians attempted to storm the place, but were driven off with great slaughter, one regiment being entirely cut to pieces in the attempt.

There have been reports of negotiations pending for an armistice, but these have been contradicted by Gambetta. Some other members of the Government who are violently opposed to him and anxious to conclude the war, have been, it is true, attempting to make negotiations, but discovering the scheme Gambetta threatened them with arrest, when they promised to abandon the undertaking.

## THE RIGI RAILWAY BRIDGE.

One of the grandest triumphs of mechanical skill ever chronicled in the annals of engineering has been achieved during the past year in Switzerland. Some three or four years ago three engineers of Zurich conceived the idea of constructing a railway up the rocky sides of the Rigi-Culm, for the purpose of conveying tourists to the summit of the mountain, 5500ft, above the level of the sea. The idea certainly was not a new one among the scientific community, for it had already been started by Mr. Marsh, of Chicago, the originator of the Mount Washington railway, and already in 1866, about the time

When the Rigi scheme was first broached, it had been satisfactorily demonstrated that a railway having a grade of as much as one in three was not only possible but perfectly practicable.

The starting point of the road is Vitznau, a small village on the edge of Lake Lucerne, nearly opposite Mount Pilatus. From here the train runs up a gradual incline, through tunnels hollowed in the solid rock, across breakneck chasms, the incline gradually increasing until it reaches 1 in 4, the steepest grade throughout the whole line.

The engine is placed below the car and retains this position both in the ascent and descent. It has an upright boiler and horizontal cylinders. Its ordinary speed is about equal to the trotting of a horse.

The car is oblong, much the shape of an English railway carriage, but with seats upon the roof as well as inside, arranged so as to retain a horizontal position on the steepest grades. The car has accommodation for eighty one persons.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GENERAL DUCROT.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

SIR.—In the war summary of your last number, you refer to Gen. Ducrot as the officer who broke his parole at Sedan. I am aware that this charge has been extensively circulated through the press, but the General has written a defence, which, so far as I know, has not been published in this country.

General Ducrot states that he would not in any way be a party to the capitulation of Sedan. He did not deliver up his sword, which he sent to Paris through a trusty aide-de-camp; and he refused to sign a paper whereby he would oblige himself not to serve against Prussia during the war.

These facts are given by the General in a letter to Trochu, who replied that he needed no such statement to vindicate the character of one whom he knew so well.

General Ducrot is one of the noblest officers of the French army. For forty years his name has been enrolled in its annals. Before impugning the honour of such a man, should we not look for better testimony than that of the *Kölnische Zeitung*?

I am, &c., AMERICAN.

December 11, 1870.

THE FARM

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

SIR,—Ever since its organization, our Local Legislature has made great efforts to encourage colonization and emigration. It has spared neither time nor money to secure to our Province these two important elements of progress.

For years back the establishment of truly model farms, where farmers could have constantly before their eyes examples of the most profitable and best managed farms, has been the greatest desire of our most enlightened and public-spirited men.

The Council of Agriculture has honoured me with a request that I should visit as many counties as possible, for the purpose of giving lectures on agriculture, and of explaining, when necessary, the regulations passed by the Board relating to these competitions between farmers.

much pleasure in meeting all persons interested in the matter. But as it is impossible to pass through every parish, I beg leave to use your columns to ask the assistance of all your readers, and especially those from the country, in this work, which can be truly called a national one.

To remove any possible misunderstanding as to the conditions of these competitions, allow me to state that next year every Agricultural Society shall offer five prizes, viz.: \$50, \$40, \$30, \$20, and \$10, for the best managed farms in the County.

All members of the County Society, whose farms exceed 50 acres, and who grow at least one-half acre of root crops besides potatoes, have a right to compete both for the parish and for the county prizes.

It strikes me that local and other Municipal Councils might also vote a comparatively small sum, which would no doubt tend to stimulate efforts, and secure in consequence better farming practices in their locality.

As the rules which judges must follow in making their awards are of great interest, you would confer a favour by reprinting them.

I remain, &c., EDWD. BARNARD, jr., Editor of La Semaine Agricole.

BARBAROSSA.

THE FAMOUS GERMAN LEGEND OF REDBEARD.

This old fancy of the German balladists has assumed new interest from its being revived by German journalists, on occasion of the unification of the Fatherland, just now about to be finally consummated.

The ancient Barbarossa, the Kaiser Frederick. Lies spell-bound 'neath the earth, in a castle damp and bleak.

He is not dead, but liveth, though he stirs not night or day. For sleep has set her sizenet on his lashes long and gray.

He walketh there as boldly as in his lordliest prime. And will return among us in his own good time.

The chair is ivory-mounted which the Kaiser sitteth in. The table is of marble whereon he rests his chin.

His beard, no longer flaxen, has turned to fiery red. And through the table groweth whereon he leans his head.

In dreams his brow he noleth, and his eye, half open, blinks. And through the long drawn cavern at his faithful pigmy winks.

In dreams he tells the pigmy: "Go, look abroad if still Then ceest, O dwarf, the ravens loud fluttering on the hill.

And if the ancient ravens still hover darkling there. Then must I slumber spell-bound 'on for a hundred year."

JOHN LESPERANCE.

"GENERAL" CLUSERET.

The Pall Mall Gazette gives the following account of this somewhat notorious character:

"We obtain some particulars of the career of the soi-disant "General" Cluseret from a German Correspondent's narrative, supplemented by American sources of information. Cluseret originally held a commission in the 8th French Chasseurs, but appears to have seen no service. He was compelled to leave the army shortly before the Italian campaign of 1859, having been charged with complicity in the intrigues of Italian refugees in France.

General, who, we earnestly trust, is just now throwing his full energies and tried powers into the very practical business of reorganizing that Turkish army among which Lothair last saw him.

CHESS.

The game we present below (recently contested in the Quebec Chess Club) excited considerable interest among the amateurs of the sister city.

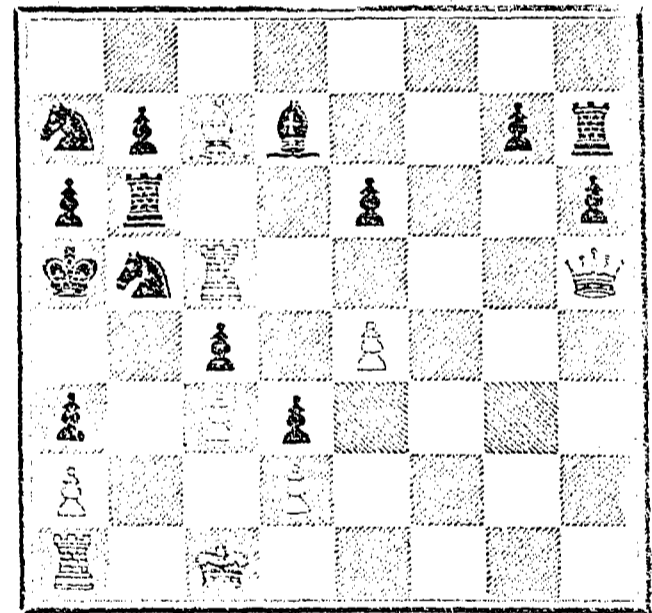
GIUOCO PIANO.

- White. Mr. C. G. (of Montreal Club.) 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. Castles. 5. P. to Q. R. 3rd. 6. P. to K. R. 3rd. 7. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 8. P. to Q. 3rd. 9. B. to Q. 2nd. 10. K. Kt. to R. 4th. 11. B. to R. 2nd. 12. Kt. takes B. 13. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 14. K. to R. sq. 15. P. to K. B. 4th. 16. R. takes P. 17. Kt. takes Kt. 18. Kt. to Kt. 4th. 19. R. takes R. 20. Q. to K. B. 3rd. 21. P. takes Q. 22. K. to Kt. 2nd. 23. R. to K. sq. 24. P. to Q. 4th. 25. Kt. to Q. 3rd. 26. P. to Q. B. 4th. 27. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 28. P. to Q. B. 5th. 29. Q. P. takes P. 30. P. takes P. 31. Kt. to K. 5th, ch. 32. Kt. to Q. B. 4th. 33. K. to B. 2nd. 34. R. to Q. B. sq. 35. K. to his 2nd. 36. Kt. to R. 5th. 37. P. takes B.

The game was drawn after several more moves. Black has had a slight superiority in position; we leave our readers to determine whether or not it was sufficient to ensure a victory.

PROBLEM No. 23.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Monday, Dec. 12, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 4 columns: Day, Date, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Rows include Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday for Dec 6-12.

Table with 4 columns: Day, Date, MAX., MIN., MEAN. Rows include Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday for Dec 6-12.

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

Table with 4 columns: Day, Date, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Rows include Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday for Dec 6-12.





THE WAR.—THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA



F PRUSSIA AT THE BATTLE OF WOERTH

"NOT LOOSE YET."

(See last page.)

Some fifteen years since Europe watched  
A bloody bout of "Bait the Bear";  
Baiters and baited were well matched,  
And hard the knocks both had to share.  
At last the baiters won the fight,  
And left the bear in evil plight.

With fangs knocked out, claws rent away,  
And lacerated ears and muzzle torn,  
Licking his bleeding wounds he lay,  
Spout, scoured, and sore, faint and forlorn:  
Too weak to struggle, as they past  
A rope about his shoulders vast,

And hugged him, a reluctant heap,  
In spite of idle snarl and growl,  
Up to a stake that, planted deep,  
Defied sharp claws and armed jowl.  
To tear up, pull down, or gnaw through,  
And bound him with a chain thereto.

Since that time Bruin's wounds have healed,  
His fangs and claws have grown again;  
The fur, once from red gashes peeled,  
Has grown o'er scars that still remain,  
Till Bruin feels, with strength renewed,  
Old hankering for the Turkey brood.

But each move on his would-be prey  
Reveals the cheek of post and chain:  
In vain he tugs, to wrench away  
The post, his tether gnaws in vain.  
The stake is strong, the chain is sound,  
And Master Bruin firmly bound.

But lo, at last, a chance appears!  
The Gallic cock o'er-mastered lies,  
On broader wings through wider spheres  
His friend the German eagle flies.  
Who stays his efforts to be free?  
The British Lion! What is he?

A poor, old, toothless, fangless brute,  
Big-boned still, but no longer strong,  
Crippled by sleeping at the root  
Of Evil, lazily and long,  
Prying its golden fruitage far  
Beyond the dusty palms of war.

"He will not lift his helpless head,  
He will not open his sleepy eye,  
To sidlers through the post I shred,  
And make the chain in finders fly.  
Turkey's his friend; but there it ends:  
He doesn't fight to save his friends.

So Bruin gave his post a tug,  
And Bruin gave his chain a shake,  
And roared—frow Dnieper unto Bug,  
"Take heed, all! The great Bear's awake!  
He doth hereby ignore his chain,  
And doffs it, ne'er to don again!"

The British Lion heard him roar,  
And raised from 'twixt his paws his crest,  
And checking a suspended snore,  
His sleepy bulk to speech addressed—  
"Ignore your chain! I wish you joy!  
But you've to get it off, my boy."

"And ere you do that, brother Bear,  
You'll have to square accounts with me,  
As well as with our old friends there,  
Eagles of Austria, Italy,  
And last, not least, Dame Turkey here,  
For whom your love is so sincere,

"That, with your will, you'll never rest  
Till she is fast between your paws,  
Safe 'neath their shield as in a nest,  
If she don't run upon your claws.  
If Turkey this don't seem to see,  
No wonder it's not clear to me.

"We tied you up to keep her safe,  
When your affection waxed too warm:  
Against the chain how'er you chafe,  
That chain is still 'twixt her and harm.  
Remember, tray, how'er sharp set,  
My worthy Bear, you're NOT LOOSE YET!"—Punch.

THE POETRY AND HUMOUR OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

Continued.

*Couthie*, well-known, familiar, handsome, and agreeable—in contradiction to the English word *uncouth*—

"My ain *couthie* dame,  
O my ain *couthie* dame:  
Wi' my bonnie bits o' bairns,  
And my ain *couthie* dame."  
—Archibald McKay: *Inglewale Lilt*.

*Crone*, an old woman, a witch—Worcester, in his Dictionary, derives this word from the Scottish "croon"—"the hollow muttering sound with which old witches uttered their incantations." A possible derivation is from the old word *crine*, to shrink; of which the preterite was *crone*, shrunken. If this derivation were correct, *crone* would mean a shrunken, withered old woman.

*Croodle*, to coo like a dove: "a wee *croodlin'* doo," a term of endearment to an infant—

"Far ben thy dark green plantin shade,  
The cushet (wood-pigeon) *croodles* amorously."  
—Tannahill.

"A wee thing, mine ain thing,  
A pledge o' love most true,  
A bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,  
Wee *croodlin'* doo."  
—Mackay's Songs.

*Croon*, to hum over a tune, to prelude on an instrument—

"The sisters grey, before the day,  
Did *croon* within their cloister."  
—Allan Ramsay.

"Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,  
Whiles *crooning* o'er some auld Scots sonnet."  
—Burns: *Tom o' Shunter*.

"Plaintive tunes,  
Such as corpse-watching beldam *croons*."  
—*Studies from the Antique*.

*Darg* or *daurk*, a day's work—

"You will spoil the *darg* if you stop the plow to kill a mouse."—*Nor-thumbrian Proverbs*.

"He never did a good *darg* that gaed grumbling about it."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Monie a sair *daurk* we hae wrought."  
—Burns: *To his auld Mare Maggie*.

"The good man fallen asleep after the day's *darg*."—*Times' Notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition, March 18, 1870.*

*Ding*, to beat, or beat out. A remnant of this word survives in the English "din"—a noise produced by beating; and in the phrase "ding, dong, bell!"—

"If ye've the doil in ye, *ding* him out wi' his brithor. Ao doil *dings* anither."—*Scots Proverbs*.

"It's a sair *dung* (boaton) bairn that manna greet."—Allan Ramsay.

*Dinsome*, noisy, full of din—  
"Till block or studdie (stithy or anvil) ring and reel  
Wi' *dinsome* clamour."  
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

*Dirl*, a quivering blow on a hard substance—  
"I threw a noble throw at ano  
It just played *dirl* upon the bano,  
But did nae mair."  
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

*Dool*, pain, grief, dolefulness—  
"Of a' the numerous human *dools*  
Thou bear'st the groe."  
—Burns: *Address to the Toothache*.  
"Though dark and swift the waters pour,  
Yet hero I wait in *dool* and sorrow,  
For bitter fate must I endure  
Unless I pass the stream ere morrow."  
—*Legends of the Isles*.

*Douce*, of a gentle or courteous disposition; from the French *Jour*, sweet—  
"Ye daintie deacons and ye *douce* convenors."  
—Burns: *The Brigs o' Ayr*.

*Dour*, hard, bitter, disagreeable, close-fisted, severe, stern—  
"When biting Boreas fell and *dour*,  
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower."  
—Burns: *A Winter Night*.

*Dowie*, gloomy, melancholy, forlorn, low-spirited—  
"It's no the loss o' war's gear  
That could see bitter draw the tear,  
Or mak our hardie, *dowie*, wear  
The mourning weed."  
—Burns: *Poor Mairie's Elegy*.  
"Come listen, cronies, ane and a',  
While on my *dowie* reed I blaw,  
And mourn the sad untimely fa'  
O' our auld town."  
—James Ballantine.

*Dree*, to endure, to suffer—  
"Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,  
And *dree* the country clatter (talk)."  
—Burns: *Here's his Health in Water*.  
"He *drees* the doom he etled for me."  
—Scott: *Rob Roy*.

*Drumly*, turbid or muddy (applied to water), confused, not clear.—This beautiful word would be a great acquisition to the English language. All its English synonyms are greatly inferior, both in logical and poetical expression. The word appears at one time to have been good English, though not to be found in the poets, as appears from the following passage in a French and English grammar of the year 1623—

"Draw me some water out of this spring,  
Madam, it is all foul, *drumly*, black, muddy!"  
"Oh, boatman, haste! put off your boat,  
Put off your boat for golden monie:  
I'll cross the *drumly* stream to-night,  
Or never mair I'll see my Annie."  
—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.  
"When blue diseases fill the *drumly* air."  
—Allan Ramsay.  
"They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When dismal grew his countenance,  
And *drumly* grew his e'e."  
—Laidlaw: *The Demon Lover*.

"I heard once a lady in Edinburgh objecting to a preacher that she did not understand him. Another lady, his great admirer, insinuated that probably he was too deep for her to follow. But her ready answer was, 'Na, na!—he's no just deep, but he's *drumly*.'"—Dean Ramsay.

*Eerie*, gloomy, wearisome, full of fear—  
"In mirkest glen at midnight hour  
I'd rove and ne'er be *erie*, O;  
If through that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie O."  
—Burns.

"It was an *erie* walk through the still chestnut woods at that still hour of the night."—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A. Trollope.

*Eyrie*, an eagle's nest,—from the Gaelic *eirigh*, to rise—  
"The eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar-tops their *eyries* build."  
—Milton.  
"Tis the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven  
From his *erie* that beacons the darkness of heaven."  
—Campbell: *Luchlin's Warning*.

*Ferlie*, a wonder; to wonder; wonderful—  
"Who hearkened ever alike a *ferly* thing."  
—Chaucer: *The Reeve's Tale*.  
"On Malvern hills  
Me befel a *ferly*."  
—*Piers Ploughman*.  
"The longer we live the more *ferlies* we see."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

*Fey*, fated, bewitched, unlucky, doomed—  
"Let the fate fall upon the *feyst*."  
"Take care of the man that God has marked, for he's no *foy*."  
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"We'll turn again, said good Lord John;  
But no, said Rothiemay;  
My steed's trepanned, my bridle's broke,  
I fear this day I'm *foy*."  
—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

*Forgalther*, to meet—  
"Twa dogs  
*Forgalthered* ance upon a time."  
—Burns: *The Twa Dogs*.

*Gale*, to sing; whence the English "nightingale," the bird that sings in the night—  
"In May begins the gowk to *gale*."  
—Allan Ramsay: *The Evergreen*.

*Glamour*, enchantment, witchcraft, fascination—  
"And one short spell therein he read,  
It had much of *glamour* might,  
Could make a lady seem a knight,  
The cobweb on a dungeon wall,  
Soon laistry in a lordly hall."  
—Scott: *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

"Soon as they saw her waul-fair'd face,  
They cast their *glamour* o'er her."  
—*Johanna Fan, the Gipsy Laddie*.  
"Ye gipsy-gang that deal in *glamour*,  
And you, doop read in holl's black grammar,  
Warlocks and witches."  
—Burns: *On Captain Grose*.

*Gloaming*, the twilight—  
"When ance life's day draws near its *gloaming*."  
—Burns: *To James Smith*.  
"Twixt the *gloaming* and the mirk, when the kye cam hame."  
—The Eitrick Shepherd.

*Gowan*, a daisy—  
"Far dearer to me are you humble broom bowers,  
Where the blue bell and *gowan* lurk lowly unseon."  
—Burns.  
"The night was fair, the moon was up,  
The wind blow low among the *gowans*."  
—Mackay: *Legends of the Isles*.

*Growth*, appurtenance—  
"And ploughmen gather wi' their *growth*."  
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

*Gramarye*, magic—  
"Whate'er he did of *gramarye*,  
Was always done maliciously."  
—Scott: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.  
"The wild yell and visage strange,  
And the dark woods of *gramarye*."  
—*Idem*.

*Grew*, or *grue*, to fear greatly—  
"I never see them but they gar me *grue*: it's no for fear—no for fear  
—but just for grief."—Scott: *Rob Roy*.

*Gruesome*, highly ill-favoured, disagreeable, horrible, cruel—  
"As day, as Death, that *gruesome* earl,  
Was driving to the ither ward (world)."  
—Burns: *Voces to J. Rankine*.

*Gurly*, to growl; *gurly*, boisterous, stormy, savage, growly—  
"The lift grew dark and the wind blew sair,  
And *gurly* grew the sea."  
—*Sir Patrick Spence*.  
"Waesome wailed the snow-white sprites,  
Upon the *gurly* sea."  
—Laidlaw: *The Demon Lover*.

"There's a strong *gurly* blast blawing swell frae the south."  
—James Ballantine: *The Spook-Spidder*.

*Hadden grey*.—In the glossary to the first edition of Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," 1724, "*hadden*" is described as a coarse cloth. *Hadden grey* is, therefore, coarse grey cloth. It was usually home-made by the Scottish peasantry of the Lowlands, and formed the material of their working-day clothes—

"What though on hamele fare we dine,  
Wear *Hadden grey*, and a' that;  
Gie's foals their silks, an' knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that."  
—Burns.

"If a man did his best to murder me, I should not rest comfortably until I knew that he was safe in a well-ventilated cell, with the *hadden grey* garments of the gaol upon him."—*Trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte*, *Daily Telegraph*, March 28, 1870.

*Hoody*, softly, honestly—  
"*Hoody* and fair gangs far in a day."  
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.  
"Oh that my wife would drink *hoody* and fairly."—Burns.

*Hk*, each, as "tk ane," each one; or *tk*, that same; used for the designation of a person whose patronymic is the same as the name of his estate—such as Forbes of Forbes—*tk*, Forbes of that *tk*. This Scottish word has crept into English, though with a strange perversion of its meaning, as in the following—

"We know, however, that many barbarians of their *tk*, and even of later times, knowingly destroyed many a gold and silver vessel that fell into their hands."—*Pale Mall Gazette*, January 24, 1870.  
"Matilda lived in St. John's Villas, Twickenham; Mr. Passmore in King Street, of the same *tk*."—*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 8, 1870.

*Ingle*, the fire-side; *ingle-nook*, the chimney-corner—  
"His wee bit *ingle* blinkin' bonnie."  
—Burns.

*Joe*, the clang or boom of a large bell—  
"Now Chinkurabell  
Began to *joe*."  
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.  
"And every *joe* the kirk bell ried."  
—Baeham.

*Kain*, from the Gaelic *caim*, tribute, tax, tithe, payment in kind—  
"Our laird gets in his racked rents,  
His coal, his *kain*."  
—Burns: *The Twa Dogs*.  
"Kain to the king!"  
—*Jacobite Song* (1715).

*Keek*, to peep, to pry, to look cautiously about—  
"The robin came to the wren's nest  
And *keeked* in."  
—*English Nursery Rhyme*.  
"Stars dianna *keek* in,  
And see me wi' Mary."  
—Burns.

"When the ted (fox) is in the wood, he cares na how many folk *keek* at his tail."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.  
"A clergyman in the west of Scotland once concluded a prayer as follows:—'O Lord! Thou art like a mouse in a drystone dyke, *aye keekin'* out at us frae holes and cranies, but we canna see Thee.'"—*Rodgers's Illustrations of Scottish Life*.

*Kelpie*—  
"He shall stable his steed in the *kelpie's* flow,  
And his name shall be lost for evermo'."  
—Scott: *The Bride of Lammermoor*.  
"What is it ails my good hay mare?  
What is it makes her start and shiver?  
She sees a *kelpie* in the stream,  
Or fears the rushing of the river."  
—Mackay: *Legends of the Isles*.

*Kepp*, to catch, to receive—  
"Ik oowlep cup shall *kepp* a tear."  
—Burns.

"Ikks blade o' grass *kepp* its ain drop o' dew."—James Ballantine.  
*Kevil*, a lot; to cast *kevil*, to draw lots; from the Gaelic *gabhail*, pronounced *gual*, a portion of land done by cattle in ploughing—  
"Let every man be content with his ain *kevil*."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"And they coast keville them amang  
Wha should to the greenwood gang."  
—Cospatrik: *Border Minstrelsy.*

**Knave, a knoll, a hillock:—**  
"Ca' the yowse (pows) to the knave."  
—Allan Ramsay.  
"Upon a knave they sat them down,  
And there began a long digression,  
About the lords of the creation."  
—Burns: *The Teu Dogs.*

**Lane, the condition of being alone:—**  
"I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghost."  
—Burns.

**Lave, the residue, the remainder, that which is left, or, as the Americans say in commercial fashion, the "balance":—**  
"I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,  
And never mair't."  
—Burns: *To a Mouse.*  
"First when Magpie was my care,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't."  
—Burns.

**Laverock, the lark.—This word, so pleasant to the Scottish ear, and so entirely obsolete in English, was used by Chaucer and Gower:—**  
"She made a wondrous noun,  
Sometimes like unto the cock,  
Sometimes unto the laverock."  
Gower: quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary.*  
"Why should I sit and sigh,  
When the wild woods bloom sae briery,  
The laverocks sing, the flowerets spring,  
And a' but me are cheery."  
—Buchan's *Songs of the North of Scotland.*

**Leal, loyal, true, true-hearted; "the land o' the leal," i. e., heaven:—**  
"A leal heart never hed."  
—Scottish Proverb.  
"I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,  
I'm wearing awa'  
To the land o' the leal."  
—Lady Nairne.

**Lift, the sky—that which is lifted above the earth; whence, by a similarity of origin, heaven—that which is heaved, or hoven up:—**  
"When lightnings fire the stormy lift."  
Burns: *Epistle to Robert Graham.*  
"It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,  
But by my tooth she'll wait a wee!"  
—Burns.

**Lin, or lins.—This termination to many Scottish words supplies a shade of meaning not to be expressed in English but by a periphrasis; as *westlins*, inclining towards the west. *Ablins*, perhaps; from *able-lins*—inclining towards being able, or about to become possible. *Backlins*, inclining towards a retrograde movement:—**  
"The *westlin* wind blaws loud and shrill."  
—Burns.  
"Now frae the east neck o' Fife the dawn,  
Speel'd *westlins* up the lift."  
—Allan Ramsay: *Christ's Kirk on the Green.*

**Linn, a linnet:—**  
"Dr. Norman Macleod mentioned a conversation he had with a Scottish emigrant in Canada, who in general terms spoke favourably of his position in his adopted country. "But oh! sir," he said, "there are no linnets in the woods.""  
—Dean Ramsay.  
"The word *linnet* conveys to my mind more of tenderness and endearment towards the little bird than linnet."  
—Idem.

**Low, to burn, to blaze, to flame:—**  
"A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,  
Filled fou' o' *low* brimstone."  
—Burns: *The Holy Fair.*

**Lgast, grey.—from the Gaelic *lath*:—**  
"His *lgast* hairlets" (locks of thin grey hair).  
—Burns: *Cottar's Saturday Night.*  
"Twa had mantles o' auld black,  
But ane in *lgast* hung."  
—Burns: *The Holy Fair.*

**Malison, a curse.—The twin-word *blessison*, a blessing, has been admitted into the English dictionaries, but *malison* is still excluded, although it was a recognised English word in the time of *Piers Ploughman* and Chaucer:—**  
"Thus they serve Sathanas,  
Marchands of *malison*."  
—*Piers Ploughman.*  
"I've won my mother's *malison*,  
Coming this night to thee."  
—*Border Minstrelsy.*

**Marrow, one of a pair, a mate, a companion, an equal, a sweetheart.—This word is beautifully applied to a lover or wedded partner, as one whose mind is the exact counterpart of that of the object of his affection. It appears in early English literature, but now survives only in the poetry and daily speech of the Scottish people:—**  
"One givoe or shoe is *marrow* to another."  
—*Lauderdale MSS.*; quoted in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary.*  
"And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my winsome *marrow*,  
Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the braes o' Yarrow."  
—Wordsworth: *Yarrow Unvisited.*  
"Thou took our sister to be thy wife,  
But no'er thought her thy *marrow*."  
—*The Dowie Deans of Yarrow.*  
"Mons Meg and her *marrow* three volleys let flee,  
For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."  
—Sir Walter Scott.  
"Meddle with your *marrow* (i. e., with your equal)."  
—*Scottish Proverb.*  
"Your *aeu* are no *marrows* (i. e., your squint)."  
—Allan Ramsay.

**Macis, the singing thrush.—Spenser, in the following passage from his "Epithalamium," seems to have considered the *macis* and the thrush to be different birds:—**  
"The thrush replies; the *macis* doesant play."  
In Scottish poetry the word is of constant occurrence:—  
"An eccentric divine discoursing on a class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration: "Ma freons, it is impossible for a *moderate* to enter into the kingdom of heaven, as far as we (now) to sit on the top o' a thistle and sing like a *macis*."  
—*Illustrations of Scottish Life.*

**Mirk, dark:—**  
"A man's mind is a *mirk* mirror."  
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts Proverbs.*  
"Twixt the gloaming and the *mirk*, when the kye came hame."  
—The Ettrick Shepherd.

**Mools, from mould—earth, the grave:—**  
"And Jeanie died. She had not lain i' the *mools*  
Three days ere Donald laid aside his tools,  
And closed his forge and took his passage home.  
But long ere forty days had run their round,  
Donald was back upon Canadian ground—  
With earth and gowans for his true-love's grave."  
—Donald McLeod: *All the Year Round.*

**Raid, a warlike invasion on horseback into an enemy's territory; from *ride*. This word has only lately been admitted into the English dictionaries; but has long been common both in books and conversation.**  
**Raz, to reach, to stretch; *raught*, reached:—**  
"Never *raz* aboon your reach."  
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts Proverbs.*  
"And ye may *raz* Corruption's neck,  
And gi'e her for dissection."  
—Burns: *A Dream.*

**Rigwoodie, old, lean, withered:—**  
"Withered beilams, auld and droll,  
*Rigwoodie* hags."  
—Burns: *Tam o' Shanter.*

**Rouse—old English *rouce*—to praise, to drink a toast or a health:—**  
"Rouse the fair day at e'en."  
—*Scotts Proverbs.*

**Rowan, the mountain ash.—This tree, or a twig of it, was supposed, in the superstition of Scotland, to be a charm against witchcraft. Hence the phrase, "Aroint the, witch," in Shakespeare (who never corrected his proof-sheets), is supposed to be a misprint for "a rowan-tree-witch." The word occurs in no author previous to Shakespeare. There is an old Scottish couplet which lends countenance to this supposition:—**  
"Rowan-tree and red thread  
Mak' the witches tyme their speed."  
**Rowe, to roll or purrl like a stream, to wrap up in cloth or flannel:—**  
"Where Nith runs *rowe* in' to the sea."  
—Burns: *Song.*  
"Hap and *rowe*, hap and *rowe*,  
Hap and *rowe* the fustie o't."  
—Burns: *Song.*

**Routh, plenty, abundance:—**  
"A *routh* o' rhyme to rave at will."  
—Burns: *Scotch Drink.*  
"He had a *routh* o' auld knick-knackets."  
—Burns: *Cyprian Grove.*

**Scouth, room, elbow-room, space:—**  
"And he get *scouth* to wield his tree,  
I fear you'll both be paid."  
—Ballad of Robin Hood.  
"By break of day he seeks the dowie glen,  
That he may *scouth* to a' his morning len."  
—Allan Ramsay: *Postlude on the Death of Matthew Prime.*

**Scrog, a stunted bush, furze; *scroggy*, abounding in underwood, covered with stunted bushes or furze like the Scottish mountains:—**  
"The way towards the site was stony, thorny, and *scroggy*."  
—*John Ruskin.*

Sir Walter Scott, when in his last illness in Italy, was taken to a wild scene on the mountains that border the Lago di Garda. He had long been apathetic, and almost insensible to surrounding objects; but his fading eyes flashed with unwonted fire at the sight of the furze-bushes and scrogs, that reminded him of home and Scotland, and he suddenly exclaimed, in the words of the Jacobite ballad:—  
"Up the *scroggy* mountain,  
And down the *scroggy* glen,  
We darena gang a-hunting,  
For Charlie and his men."

**Shaw, a small wood, a thicket, a plantation of trees. This word was once common in English literature. It still subsists in the patronymics of many families, as *Shawes*, *Aldershaw*, *Hanshaw*, *Hackshaw*, *Hackshaw* (or *Oakshaw*), and others, and is used by the peasantry in most parts of England, and every part of Scotland:—**  
"Whither ridest thou under this green *shaw*?  
Said this yeoman."  
—Chaucer: *The Friar's Tale.*  
"In summer when the *shaws* be shene,  
And leaves be hie and long,  
It is full merry in fair forest,  
To hear the sweet birds' song."  
—Ballad of Robin Hood.

**Sib, related; of kin by blood or marriage:—**  
"He was *sibbe* to Arthur of Bretagne."  
—Chaucer.  
"He was no fairy born or *sib* to elves."  
—Spenser.  
"A boaster and a liar are right *sibs*."  
"A' Stewarts are no *sib* to the king."  
"It's good to be *sib* to siller."  
—Allan Ramsay's *Scotts Proverbs.*  
"We're no more *sib* than sieve and riddle,  
Though both grew in the woods together."  
—*Cheshire Proverb.*

To be continued.

The reconstruction of the Strasburg Library is making rapid progress. Besides the united action of the academies and booksellers of all Germany, there are single gifts pouring in of no small value, prompted occasionally by sad enough motives. Thus the well-known scholiarch Landfermann, of Coblenz, has offered his own entire library, the result of many years' careful collection, chiefly rich in philology and history, and containing not a few rare works no longer to be had in trade, to the civil commissary Von Kuhlweiter, as a contribution towards the new Strasburg Library. He had hoped, he adds, to leave these books some day to his son (Johannes Landfermann, a most promising young historian) that he might use them after him. But he had gone down in the trenches before Metz, and the professor did not know what better purpose these books could serve now than the one he has under the circumstances destined them for.

FLAVOR AND RELISH IN FOOD, ESSENTIAL.

From the Scientific Press.

Too little consideration is generally given to the importance of flavor and relish in food; although no close observer has failed to notice that a little food, well relished, will go further in sustaining the system, than so much badly cooked or so imperfectly flavored that it cannot be eaten with a relish. Frenchmen are smaller eaters than people of other nationalities, because they pay more attention to the relish or flavor of their food.

A common failing in flavoring food, arises from over-doing the thing. A very little nutmeg, for instance, will flavor a dish, when a very slight excess will spoil it—Nature's flavors are exceedingly delicate.

Taste and appetite in the natural man, before the senses become vitiated by abuse, is a pretty sure safeguard to the stomach. Just so instinct is almost infallible in governing animals in the selection of their food—perhaps always so in those which have never been domesticated. We should never allow ourselves to eat anything disagreeable to the taste; food so taken will be but poorly appropriated by the system. Articles which require cooking, should be considered *done* just as soon as they have their flavor most perfectly developed. Eaten under such conditions, they afford the greatest possible amount of nutriment.

A pound of fried meat, says one who has studied up the matter, will not afford so much nutriment as a pound of broiled meat. Who does not recognize the vast superiority of flavor and relish in the one over the other; and yet how many people will put up with their fry, and—*dyspepsia*!

Scientists call the principle which gives relish to food and drink, *osmazome*. This principle is very volatile, and may be entirely driven off by over-cooking. It is found in everything we eat or drink. When, by over-cooking, the "taste," or the *osmazome*, is gone, we try to replace it with various flavors and condiments; hence certain mixed and re-cooked meat, some kinds of sausages, etc., are made more palatable by the addition of condiments.

A person would undoubtedly starve to death in a very short time, with plenty of food before him, if it was so cooked and re-cooked so as to entirely remove all the *osmazome*, or smell, as it may be called. His stomach would soon get such a loathing for it, that although it might be forced down by the pangs of hunger, still the system would refuse to appropriate it.

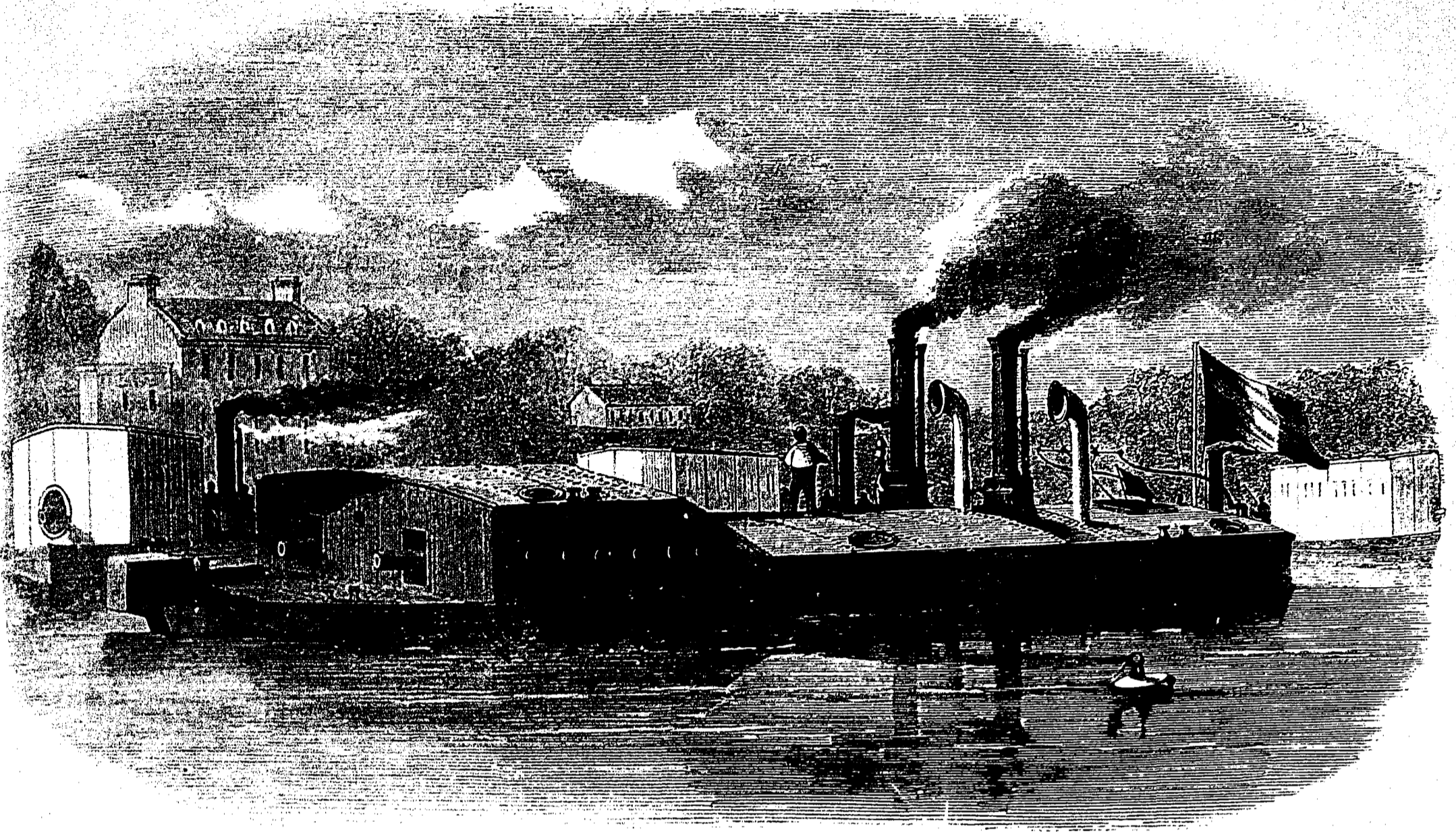
An experiment of this kind has been tried upon a dog, which was shut up with plenty of good food before him, from which, however, the *osmazome* had been so carefully extracted by cooking and re-cooking, that although the muscle and fat-making elements were left, still it had neither taste nor smell. The result was that the dog gradually pined away, until starvation was so imminent that the experiment was considered conclusive, when proper food was placed before the brute to nourish and restore him.

These things show the importance of good palatable food, properly cooked.—Even the manner of serving up food is important in this respect. Who, especially with a poor appetite, does not relish his food better when it is placed before him in a tempting, tasteful manner. Even the white cloth, and graceful manner of serving the table, add to the relish, and in just so much increase the actual nutritive power of the food. Who has not realized the fact that when food is not relished, the stomach is oppressed by its contents remaining undigested, until a little relish—either liquid or solid—is added to aid digestion. A good laugh or story, or pleasant company will also set the digestive organs thus arrested, once more to work. One will relish his food better when taken with genial companions, than when eaten solitary and alone, or in a mixed unsocial company.

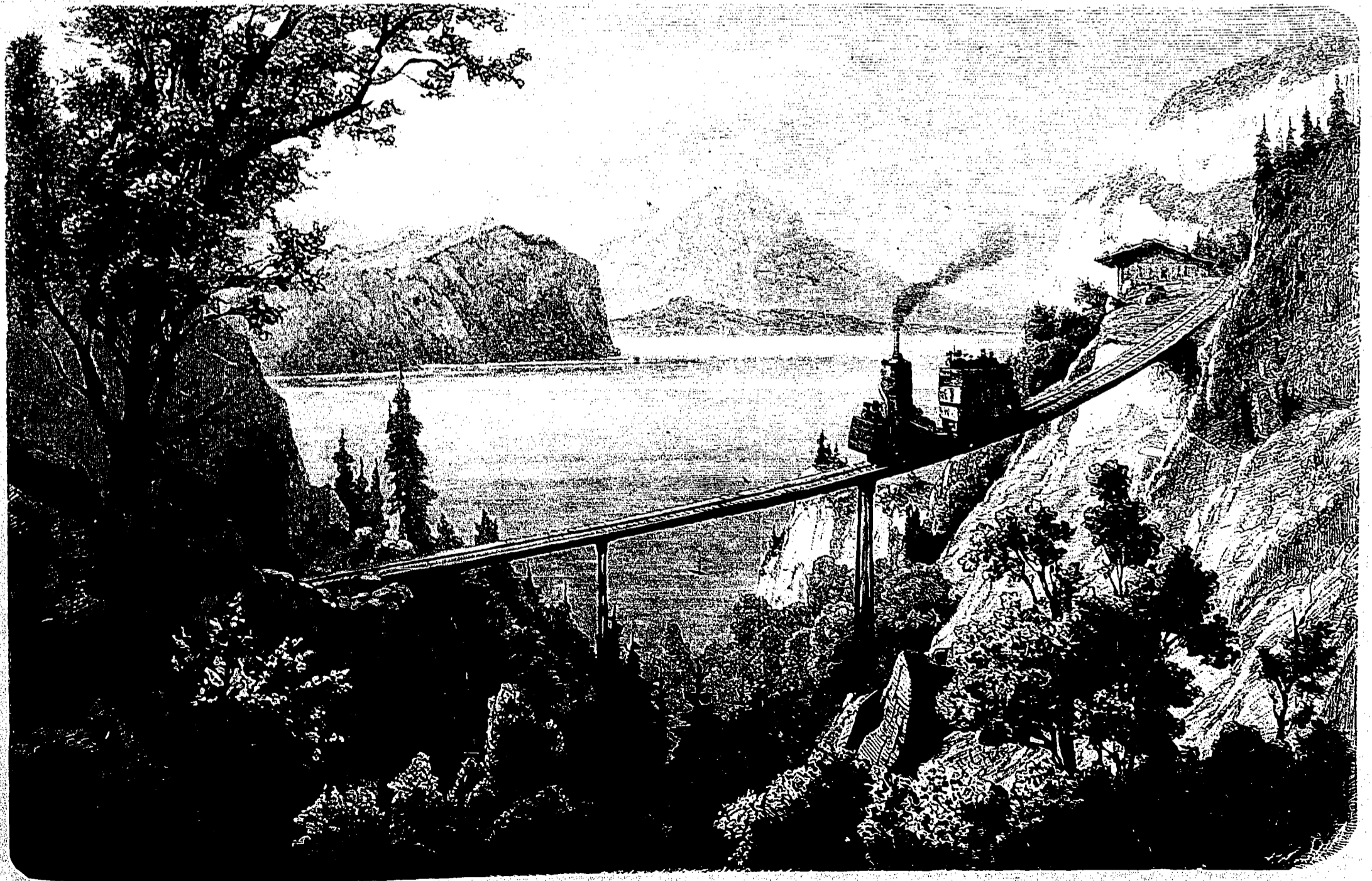
THE DEAD MAN'S CANDLE.

A resident at Ningpo writes to *Once a Week*: "The credulity and superstition of the Chinese know no bounds; a striking instance of the former having just been the main cause of the terrible Tien-Tsin tragedy and the universal disquietude that pervades every part of China—ninety-nine out of every hundred Chinamen firmly believing that foreigners in general, but the Roman Catholics in particular, kidnap children for the sake of their eyes, hearts and other parts to be used in compounding a potent drug. The following horrible story has been related to me as a solemn fact by a Chinaman, who declares that he was an eye-witness of the latter part of what is here written: "Some years ago when the Tai Ping rebels were devastating the most fruitful provinces in China, a novel plan was invented for discovering the money and other treasure concealed by the terrified merchants and people on the first warning of the approach of the rebels. Some ingenious Tai Ping thought within himself that as men are all devout worshippers of gold and silver, something composed from man would, in all probability, be more efficacious than anything else in discovering hidden treasure, without putting men to the pains of pulling down each separate brick of any suspected place to get at the coveted hoard. He therefore seized the first prisoner he could lay hands on, and quietly proceeded to cut him up and put him into a large cauldron, wherein he was allowed to simmer until a sufficient coating of oil had collected on the surface; this was carefully skimmed off, and then a roll of cloth was spread out and soaked in the human oil, after which it was tightly rolled up and converted into a torch. The rebel then lit his torch, and, in a fever of expectation, started in quest of a likely house. Having found one to his taste, he entered, and slowly waved the torch in all directions, intently watching the flame, which shortly commenced flickering—like a man's fingers clutching at gold! The rebel was overjoyed at this sight, and felt sure that this was a sign that treasure was concealed exactly where the torch flickered; he accordingly set to work and pulled down that part of the wall, and sure enough there discovered a goodly hoard of silver. This plan was afterwards universally adopted in the Tai Ping camp, and became so notorious that on an imperial officer—in whose suite was my informant—taking one of the rebels prisoner, he questioned him as to the truth of the report, remarking, at the same time, that he could not possibly believe it. The prisoner declared that such was their method of discovering hidden treasure. Whereupon the officer replied that, as the prisoner persisted in vouching for the truth of the report, he would do himself the pleasure of testing its truth or falsehood on his person. The prisoner was immediately killed, cooked, and converted into a torch, and used with the greatest success!"





THE WAR—DEFENCE OF PARIS.—GUNBOATS ON THE SEINE.



BRIDGE ON THE RIGI RAILWAY.

Registered in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.

# 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 XXXI.

BLANCHE OSBURNE.

LATE in the afternoon of a glorious day in July, when the summer sun was pouring a flood of light and heat upon the city of Montreal and its environs, Blanche Osburne, returning from her daily round of visits to her numerous pupils, turned off from Sherbrooke street and began the rather steep descent of Rue St. Dominique. Slowly and wearily the graceful young music teacher moved along the dusty sidewalk of the narrow street until she reached a cottage of somewhat striking appearance. It was newly built of brick, the bright red of which contrasted strongly with the freshly-painted green shutters and verandah. It was situated a little way off the street, and shaded by an elm tree, placed in the midst of a small parterre in front. Around the slender pillars of the covered verandah, which extended on either side of the street door, innumerable climbing roses were mingling their bright scentless corollas with the white blossoms of the clematis and the pink and purple flowers of the sweet pea.

Opening a small gate Blanche Osburne entered the *parterre*, and ascending the steps of the veranda, threw herself wearily into a low rocking chair, placed very temptingly inside the French window, which was open to admit the air redolent with the sweet scent of the flowers. How delightfully refreshing after her hot walk was the shade of that elm tree to Blanche Osburne! How glad she was to find herself once more at home in that cool little parlour into which the warm summer sun never penetrated! Taking off her hat she threw it on a table near her, and leaning back in the easy chair she gave herself up to the enjoyment which the rest and shelter from the intense heat were calculated to afford.

What a pretty picture she made as she reclined there, her cheeks flushed with the heat adding a brilliancy to her blue eyes which they sometimes wanted; her luxuriant golden hair, not arranged in the prevailing fashion, in a chignon, but falling in soft natural curls, fastened off the fair young brow by a band of blue ribbon.

"What! already returned, Blanche! I did not expect you back for an hour yet."

It was an elderly lady who spoke, or, perhaps, we should say woman, judging her according to Thérèse Berkeley's ideas, for she was plainly dressed in a widow's garb. There was something singular in her appearance. Her figure was below the medium size, and remarkably slight in its proportions. Her pale face was very homely, with a disfiguring mark on one cheek. There were traces of suffering in that face which gave a look of age that years had not imparted. She was about fifty-five. She looked seventy. She was seated knitting in a cushioned fauteuil at the end of the small but handsomely furnished room which Blanche had entered so unceremoniously. She had been dozing as the girl entered, and just now woke up to see her with surprise in her accustomed seat in the window.

"I did not give my usual number of lessons to-day. And that enabled me to return earlier, and thank goodness I am home, for the sun is scorching!"

"You do look heated and weary, love. It is hard work attending pupils from house to house, but I hope you will have done with it some day, darling."

"What excitement there is still in town about this elopement!" Blanche resumed after a short silence. "At every place I go to it is the subject of conversation; my pupils will talk of nothing else. I have learned all the particulars of this sad affair. One does pick up so much gossip going to different houses!"

"And what more have you heard?" eagerly inquired her aunt, whom we shall call Mrs. Osburne. She was always ready to listen to the scraps of news which her pretty niece brought home every day from the homes of her several pupils. "Just to think of the wickedness of that Mr. Castonell!" she continued with pious indignation, "and he appearing to be such a saint! Such a beautiful preacher too! who would ever have supposed him such a hypocritical villain as he has proved himself to be!"

"Mr. Grant Berkeley has returned from Europe, aunt! he arrived to-day quite unexpectedly. It seems he received an anonymous letter which made him hurry home, and that home he found desolate! The family must be in great trouble about him—this elopement is such a sad, disgraceful affair! They are much

distressed on his account. Neither Miss Berkeley nor her cousin, Miss Tremayne, would take their singing lessons to-day."

"Miss Tremayne! did you say?" broke in an excited manner from Mrs. Osburne.

"Yes; Mr. Berkeley's niece, who has just come from Ireland."

"Is she a daughter of his sister's?" the tones were full of eager curiosity.

"No; I think not; her mother was an Irish lady—a real lady of the old country you know, aunt."

"Yes; I understand, a lady by birth. But how is she his niece? She cannot be a brother's child, for the name is different, and you say her mother was not his sister."

"I really do not understand; I have heard Thérèse Berkeley call her cousin."

"Then she is perhaps a niece-in-law connected by marriage."

"She may or may not be. I never inquired; it is no affair of mine," said Blanche carelessly.

"Why are you so anxious to know, aunt," she added wonderingly.

"Because her name startled me."

"Why? did you know any one of that name?"

"Yes, to my bitter grief I did years ago," and Mrs. Osburne bowed her head on her small thin hand, and for a few minutes seemed lost in painful thought.

"How much that Mr. Grant Berkeley is to be pitied!" Blanche resumed, returning to the subject of the elopement.

"How does he bear his wife's desertion?" asked Mrs. Osburne.

"It has almost driven him frantic I have heard. I was at his father's house to-day when he arrived; he drove there from his own home in Sherbrooke street to learn the particulars of the incoherent story his servants told him, and never shall I forget the grief-stricken, despairing expression of his colourless face. He was very much attached to his wife. She was so very fascinating as well as beautiful; she seemed to captivate every one who came within her influence. Castonell was not the only one in Montreal who lost his heart to the beautiful Mrs. Grant Berkeley."

"It is strange her husband did not hear the news before he reached home," Mrs. Osburne observed thoughtfully.

"It is, but as it is now some days since the elopement the papers have ceased to mention it, and from no other source would he be likely to learn it before reaching home. Few persons would wish to give him such information."

"Had he no suspicion of his wife's attachment to this man?" asked Mrs. Osburne, for whom the affair seemed to possess much interest.

"People say not. You know, aunt, Mr. Grant Berkeley is rather too fond of gambling. Much of his time was spent in the billiard-room; therefore, he was in a great measure ignorant of Mr. Castonell's frequent visits at his house. Mrs. Grant's son, young Mordaunt, has suddenly disappeared—gone, it is said, in pursuit of his mother."

"For what purpose?"

"To try and induce her to abandon the bad man who has beguiled her from her home."

"He may as well spare himself the trouble. Such women are not easily reclaimed after such a step. I knew a case something similar to that in which neither of the guilty pair repented or ever turned from the evil way into which passion tempted them to wander. This news has pained me, Blanche. It has recalled sad memories of by-gone days," and again Mrs. Osburne's head was bent to hide the emotion which this stirring of the bitter waters of memory caused.

"And the wife of this bad man," she continued after a short silence, "has his desertion left her destitute? She is to be pitied most. My sympathy is more with her than with Mr. Grant Berkeley who, from your account, seems to have neglected the wife he has lost, although I do not say that is any extenuation of her guilt."

"Mrs. Castonell does not want friends in this great trouble, aunt. She is much liked, and even strangers feel an interest in her affairs. She is going to open a school for young ladies, and Mrs. Smith—her particular friend—has recommended me as music-teacher."

"That will give you too much to do, Blanche. You will have to give up some of your private pupils if you accept this engagement. You know Stephen does not wish you to work so hard."

"I know that, aunt but Stephen must not have all the burden of the family on his shoulders. Berkeley & Son do not give him a salary adequate to his services, and without my help we could not live so comfortably. Besides, aunt, I want to get that new piano. It would be such a comfort to have a fine instrument instead of that used-up one we bought at auction when we came here. I have set my heart on purchasing one of Nordheimer's best pianos, and now this engagement at Mrs. Castonell's will soon enable me to gratify this wish."

"Well, dear, do as you like. I only hope your health will not suffer."

"Berkeley & Son are coming down in the world I am afraid, from the rumors I hear about them," Blanche continued, "and if

their pride did get a fall, few would be sorry, I am sure."

"Then they are not liked?" Mrs. Osburne remarked interrogatively.

"The family are not," Blanche replied.

"They are too pretentious—to use a word which, though not in the dictionary, is very expressive—I have heard it said that they treat with haughty neglect their former friends who have not been able to keep pace with them in the race for wealth."

"Why do you think their affairs are embarrassed, Blanche?"

"Every one says so! and the retrenchment in their expense, and retirement in which they have been living since Miss Berkeley's marriage prove it to be true. Then Mrs. Grant Berkeley's extravagance and her husband's gambling have also contributed to involve them in difficulties."

"Is this niece of Mr. Berkeley's, this Miss Tremayne, dependent on her uncle—a poor relation, I mean?"

"Oh no, Miss Tremayne is an heiress, she has a large fortune left her by her grandfather, Colonel Godfrey. She is a beautiful young lady, that Hilda Tremayne!" Blanche continued, in tones of admiration, "and so unassuming, with such pleasant manners. She is so elegant-looking, too. Looks like a queen, and yet without pride. How different from her cousin, Thérèse. Oh how weary I am of the airs such girls give themselves!" and the ruby lip of the young music-teacher curled with disdain as she thought of the superciliousness of Miss Thérèse Berkeley and other such *parvenues*.

"But is it not near tea-time, aunt? What can keep Stephen? Ah! here he comes," added Blanche joyfully, as a young man was seen opening the garden gate.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. BERKELEY'S CLERK.

STEPHEN Osburne, like his mother, had been forgotten when the gift of beauty was sharing, yet the pleasing expression of his plain face redeemed it from ugliness. His figure was tall, slight, and angular, with a stoop in the shoulders—from constantly sitting at the desk—which did not add any grace to his appearance. He was past thirty, having nearly completed half the three score and ten years allotted to human life, yet he looked younger, which was probably owing to his light hair and fair complexion.

"Is tea ready, dear mother?" he asked, hastily entering and throwing himself wearily into the fauteuil, which she vacated on his appearance.

"It has been waiting some minutes," she answered, as she opened a door leading into another apartment, where a tea-table was spread with a tempting repast. A dishful of raspberries garnished with green leaves, with the usual adjuncts of cream and sugar, delicious hot buns, and home-made cake with iced butter.

"What makes you so late this evening, Stephen?" Mrs. Osburne asked, as she seated herself at the tea-table, and began to pour out a cup of fragrant hyson, which she knew her son would feel so refreshing after his long walk from the counting-house of Berkeley & Son.

There was no immediate answer, and an angry expression clouded Stephen's face.

"Let me eat these good things in peace, first, then I will tell you all about it, mother."

Something unpleasant then had occurred, which Mrs. Osburne and her niece waited anxiously to hear. Stephen eat his supper apparently lost in disagreeable thought, and the meal passed almost in silence.

"It was all owing to that young scamp, Mark Berkeley!" Stephen at length exclaimed, finishing his last cup of tea, and throwing himself back angrily in his chair.

Blanche gave a little start at the mention of Mark Berkeley.

"What's the matter, Stephen? You seem unusually excited."

"And have I not cause when Mr. Berkeley all but accuses me of appropriating a missing sum of money?" he asked, with a bitter laugh.

"You, Stephen! how dared he suspect you," and the scarlet of resentment mantled on Blanche Osburne's polished cheek.

The pale face of Mrs. Osburne grew still more pallid from apprehension.

"Oh do not look so frightened, dear mother," said Stephen, tenderly. "You know it amounts to nothing. He hardly dare accuse me of it. My character is too well established."

"But who can have taken the money?" asked Blanche. "If it is missing, somebody has stolen it, that is evident. But who is the thief?"

"Mark Berkeley, of course! No one else could have taken it!" Stephen answered promptly, with a defiant look at Blanche.

"Why do you suspect him?" she asked, indignantly.

"He was in the counting-room when I gave his father the parcel of money I had just brought from the Montreal Bank. It was a considerable sum, and it was needed to pay pressing debts. Berkeley & Son are hard up for

money, these days. Immediately after I put the money down on his desk Mr. Berkeley was called out by one of the clerks, and when he returned the money had disappeared, and so had Mark Berkeley."

"Then he must have taken it," observed Mrs. Osburne, who was listening with deep interest.

"There is no doubt of it," Stephen answered, decidedly; "and yet his father seems to lay the theft at my door."

"But he did not accuse, Stephen."

"No, not exactly in words; but it is evident that he suspects me strongly. He will not be willing to admit that his son would commit such an act."

"Are you going back to the counting-house again this evening?"

"I must, as we are very busy. I suppose I shall be there till nine o'clock, or perhaps later."

"The missing money may be found during your absence," Blanche remarked, hopefully.

"No fear of that! Whoever took it will keep a fast hold of it."

"Was there any one else in the room but you and young Berkeley?" Mrs. Osburne inquired.

"No."

"And after Mr. Berkeley was called out, did you not observe what his son did?"

"His son left when he did, and at the moment of his leaving he dexterously contrived to pocket unseen by any one the parcel of bank-notes."

"You speak very confidently, yet you cannot prove this," Blanche said, rather scornfully.

"It must be so! how else could it be gone? I did not steal it!" said Stephen, almost fiercely.

"You" exclaimed his mother. "No one will suspect you, Stephen! Do not fear that."

"I do not know," he remarked, with irritation. "People will be more likely to impute the theft to me than to Lieutenant Berkeley, of the Canadian Rifles; he is somebody and I am only Stephen Osburne, clerk with Berkeley & Son. The decision of the world is generally in favour of the rich man in such cases. 'The poor is hated of his neighbour,'" and Stephen laughed bitterly.

"But every knows that you are upright and honourable—that your conduct is without reproach," urged Mrs. Osburne, proudly. "And besides," she added, "have you not said that this young Berkeley is rather dissipated?"

"Yes; he is said to be a fast young man," Stephen observed, ill-naturedly glancing at Blanche. "That would probably tell against him."

"That would not convict him of theft," said Blanche, boldly; and I do not believe he took the money, Stephen," and the blue eyes turned defiantly on her cousin.

"Oh, of course, you won't believe anything ill of Lieutenant Berkeley," he answered, with subdued anger. "Perhaps you think I took it, Blanche."

"You know I do not. But I think there must be some mistake, and that it will turn up—"

"In some miraculous manner, I suppose," interrupted Stephen, with a mocking laugh. "Well, we shall see," and he was moving towards the door, when stopping suddenly, he asked:

"Do you know that Grant Berkeley has arrived?"

"Yes; I saw him to-day; he looks miserable. Have you heard who wrote the anonymous letter which brought him home?" Blanche asked, eagerly.

"How should I hear?" and her cousin smiled at the silly question. The writers of such letters seldom make themselves known. Mr. Grant Berkeley leaves town to-night by the train for New York in pursuit of the fugitives, having learned something of their whereabouts. He is not the man to sit down quietly under such a wrong as Castonell has done him."

"Do you think there will be a duel, if they should meet? Do you think Mr. Grant will challenge him?" asked Blanche.

"He will shoot him deliberately wherever he sees him, without going through the form of a challenge. He will not be withheld from this act by any religious scruples, for Grant Berkeley is minus of any devotional feeling. He does not even possess that respectable kind of religion which most people exhibit on Sundays; he is never seen at church. Castonell's life is not worth much, I tell you, when Grant Berkeley is on his track. And I do not blame him if he does shoot the villain who has robbed him of domestic happiness!"

"Stephen!" said Mrs. Osburne, reprovingly. "how can you utter such a sentiment!"

"Oh, mother! you feel as a woman—a good woman feels on this subject! You would, I suppose, say, 'leave the wretch to God's vengeance. He will repay;' but men think differently, and in my opinion Grant Berkeley is justified if he does take the life of Castonell. Consider what he has done!"

"I cannot see how one crime can justify another," remarked Mrs. Osburne, gravely.

The remainder of the evening was spent by Mrs. Osburne and her niece, anxiously awaiting the return of Stephen. As the clock was striking nine his quick well-known step

was heard approaching the house. A minute afterwards he had passed through the garden and entered the room where the aunt and niece were sitting anxious and sad.

"It is all right," was the joyful answer. "Mark Berkeley was obliged to refund the stolen money."

"Did he acknowledge the theft?" she asked, in a low faltering voice.

"He did not; he pretended it was merely a practical joke; he had taken it to give the old man a start."

"And you believe him, I hope?"

Blanche felt much relieved by this explanation.

"Not if he would have kept the money if he dared. Of that I feel convinced! I know Mark better than you do, Blanche."

"I cannot agree with you. I believe him incapable of such dishonourable conduct as you attribute to him," she replied, with great spirit.

"Did he return the money of his own accord?" asked Mrs. Osburne.

"No, indeed! catch him returning it unless obliged! Mr. Berkeley, it seems, on considering the matter, suspected he had taken it. He therefore went straight to the barracks and accused him boldly with the theft. It was not till then the young scamp thought fit to return it, and pass it off as a joke. When I returned to the counting-house after tea Mr. Berkeley met me with the pleasing information that the missing money was found and that Mark had taken it to give us a fright."

"And did Mr. Berkeley believe this?" asked Mrs. Osburne.

"I fancy not; but he laughed at the joke. He would try, of course, to screen his son from blame. However, it will make us more careful in future not to leave money in the way of Mr. Mark Berkeley."

"You are too severe on him, I think," remarked Mrs. Osburne. "You are too uncharitable, Stephen. Gay young fellows are fond of playing practical jokes. I dare say he never meant to keep the money."

"He never did, aunt! depend upon it! Stephen is always glad to say an ill word of him."

"And you are always ready to stand up in his defence!" retorted Stephen, as he lit a cigar and he stepped out on the verandah to enjoy it, pacing moodily up and down.

To be continued.

When a man and a woman are made one the question is: "Which one?" Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before the matter is settled.

The editor of a Maine paper says he has a pair of boots given him which were so tight, that they came very near making him a Universalist, because he received his punishment as he went along.

The following poetical will was filed recently in a surrogate's office at New York:—"Unto my beloved wife— All my worldly goods I have in store I give my beloved wife and hers for evermore. I give all truly; I no limit fix. This is my will, she my executrix."

Howard Paul gives this advice to young men who fancy they are gifted with literary talents:—"Write without reward of any kind until some one offers pay. Apply to all the magazines and newspapers, and if nobody offers pay within ten years, the candidate may look upon this circumstance with the most implicit confidence as a sign that carrying literature between two boards in the gutter, or some gentle employment of that sort, is his nearest chance of being allied with the productions that are to be found in the library of the British Museum."

ORIGIN OF THE PICNIC.—It is hard to say when this species of entertainment became fashionable, but we have an account of a very distinguished picnic that took place more than two centuries and a quarter ago, on the birthday of Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. Mainwaring, in a letter to the Earl of Arundel, dated November 22nd, 1618, says: "The Prince's birthday has been solemnised here by the marquises and lords which found themselves here; and (to supply the want of lords) knights and squires were admitted to a consultation, wherein it was resolved that such a number should meet at Gamiges, and bring every man his dish of meat. It was left to their charge what to bring; some chose to be substantial, some curious, some extravagant. Sir George Young's invention bore away the bell; and that was four huge brassy pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sarages, all tied to a monstrous bag-pudding."

It is believed that the word "picnic" really arose from these pigs, and the word was then and still should be in polite society picnic and sarages.

Some of our readers must be interested in the fact that a not very distant cousinship exists between the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. Indeed, for a Scotch cousinship, it is rather near than otherwise. The first Lord Campbell, of Lochow, married the Lady Mary Stewart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, granddaughter of Robert II. and niece of Robert III. She would have been styled

a Princess if she had lived in our day. A much nearer but hardly so honourable alliance was that of the Marquis's ancestor in the sixth generation with Lady Mary Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Moray and great-great-granddaughter of the Regent Moray, Queen Mary's step-brother. Lord Lorne is also descended from the Royal Family of England; his mother's ancestor, Sir John Leveson-Gower, having married Lady Catherine Manners, one of the descendants of Anne St. Leger, Lady de Ros, niece of King Edward IV. But still this is not blood Royal, and the marriage we so much approve of is between a peer and a Royal Princess. A great many noble houses can show even a better Royal descent—the Scarborough family, to wit, from Alfred the Great.

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JOHN LANGTON, Auditor. Per J. SIMPSON, Assist. Auditor.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT, Ottawa, Dec. 9, 1870. 2-25c

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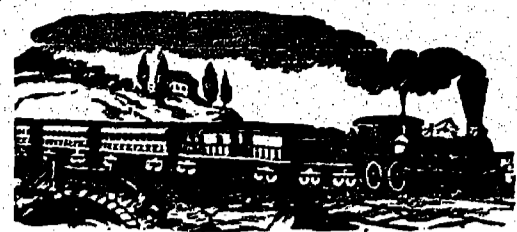
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C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870. 2-21-zz

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