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ONLY ONE.

All we ask of each subscriber of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is that he will procure us **ONE** additional subscriber. This can be easily done, and it will go far towards increasing the efficiency of the journal. We are doing our best to put forth a paper creditable to the country, and our friends should make it a point to assist us. Remember that the Dominion should support at least one illustrated paper. Remember too that the "News" is the only purely literary paper in the country. We invite our friends to examine carefully the present number of the paper and judge for themselves of our efforts in their behalf.

NOTICE.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will appear a series of sketches fully illustrating

THE GREAT FIRE

in this City, of Sunday, the 29th, where ten persons were killed and several wounded by the falling of a wall.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 5th. 1877.

THE EXODUS OF OUR PEOPLE.

With the return of the spring season the tide of emigration from Canada to the United States is again setting in. We ought to be used to the spectacle by this time, but we are not, and whenever we witness it, we experience a fresh pain. We saw a whole procession of men, women and children pass through last week on their way to the cars. They were well dressed, provided with well-filled portmanteaus, and seemed quite cheerful. We learn, besides, that numbers of families have recently left their farms and their houses to seek a new home beyond the lines. Crowds will soon be passing through Montreal from other parts of the country, bound for the same destination.

The exodus of our people, like that of the old Israelites who were lured to the banks of the Nile, ought to be a subject of commiseration for every Canadian patriot. It is a slur upon the country, which the Americans themselves are not slow to throw into our faces, and it is, moreover, a misfortune for the poor deluded emigrants themselves.

Time was when Canadians could reasonably expect to do better in the United States than in their native land, but this is no longer the case now, when the American finances are so inflated, when the prices of life-necessaries rule immoderately high, when work is confessedly scarce, and thousands of the best hands are thrown out of employment, and when the prospects of amelioration, instead of brightening, are, in consequence of political complications, getting gloomier day after day.

Let us look at the facts, just as they are. Let our countrymen know the unvarnished truth. How do Canadians get on when once in the States, what is their condition there, how are they treated and regarded? The immense majority of

them live and die the slaves of the Americans. This is the bitter expression we have heard used time and again by emigrants themselves. All the hard work, all the low work is for them. A visit to Lowell, South Adams, Troy and other manufacturing centres is enough to verify the withering truth. Men and women slave there from morning to night, and few of them ever rise above their condition. The young girls especially, once so pure and happy in their quiet villages at home, it is sad and humiliating to know how much they are exposed in the factories. Go to Ogdensburgh and Oswego, and visit the cabins on the water's edge. They are filled with Canadians who do all the drudgery of those cities. Let not the people be deceived by the young swells who return from the States, now and then, with shining beaver, paste jewellery and other gimeracks, swaggering like Bowery loafers, and spouting broken-English slang, learned in the purlieus. If they knew all, they would beware of these youngsters, instead of allowing themselves to be humbugged by the stories they tell of fortune beyond the frontier.

And what do most of these people leave behind them, when they emigrate from the country? They leave good lands, good farms, good situations, good prospects. They leave independence and respectability, to become servants of the stranger, and to be looked down upon as an inferior class, into the bargain. Even if they leave poverty and hard work, it is only to find another species of poverty and harder work. They get discouraged here without reason, but when they arrive there, their discouragement is not lessened, because their condition is not bettered, and, like the Jewish exiles on Babylonian waters, they sigh in vain for a return to their native land.

We commend this matter to the Federal and Provincial Governments. We commend it earnestly, in the best interests of the country. It is no use discussing abstract political questions, and devising schemes of administration, if we cannot insure the prosperity of the masses. It is no use either talking about emigration from Europe, if we cannot retain our own population, keep it at home, give it employment, and afford it chances of getting on. Something must be done thoroughly to arrest this exodus of Canadians towards the United States. In our opinion there is no public question which deserves a more anxious consideration from all classes of the country.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEN. MILES' EXPEDITION AGAINST CRAZY HORSE.—Crazy Horse, with his confederate bands of Ogalalla, Sioux and Cheyennes—the latter under White Bull, Little Chief, and others—had fixed himself for the winter in the gorges of the Wolf Mountains, at the head of Tongue River, Montana Territory. Gen. Miles, Colonel of the Fifth Infantry, commanding at Tongue River, determined to make Crazy Horse change his winter arrangements. With five companies of the Fifth Infantry, two of the Twenty-second, and two pieces of artillery, Gen. Miles marched upon the Indian stronghold, in the end of December last, when the thermometer was twenty-eight degrees below zero. There is not a single cavalryman at Tongue River, though a regiment was ordered there last fall. After a march of eleven days through snow two feet deep—and a pursuit of eight days—several squaws and children were captured, one hundred and twenty head of beef cattle recaptured, and Crazy Horse had to fight. Our engraving, from a sketch by an officer of the expedition, represents the battle on the 8th of January, 1877, in the gorges of the Wolf Mountains, at the decisive moment when the Indians endeavored to flank the troops by occupying a high hill to the left and rear. Having failed to produce much effect on the line in the valley, the Indians, leaving a force dismounted in the timber in front, and on the other side of the river, sufficient to keep the troops in the valley occupied, moved their main force to the left, in rear of the hills on that side, with the intention of occupying the hills to the left and rear. Casey's company (A) was sent to drive them from the first hill to the left. He took the hill under a heavy fire, and had to fight hard to keep it; but he did so, and inflicted heavy loss on the Indians, killing their Great Medicine Man, Hi-no-ton-ka—or Big Crow—and one of the head warriors—a very brave and promising young Sioux, known

to some of the scouts. Another body occupied a hill to the left of Casey, and McDonald's company (D) was sent to drive them from it, which the soldiers did gallantly. Then the Indians massed in large numbers on the highest spur of the main ridge, which commanded the whole position, and took our line, artillery and all, in reverse. Butler's company (C) was sent to take this—the key-point of the position. The company crossed the plain, about half a mile wide, to the foot of the bluff, under a heavy and continuous fire, which was redoubled on the left, when, under the leadership of the captain, it moved up the first rise in double-time. Butler's horse was shot under him. The men, firing, advanced at a run, scaled the precipitous height through snow and rocks and fallen timber, and in a snowstorm took the bluff crowning the height. The Indians gave up the conflict. The Indian loss was 16 killed, including the medicine-man and the chief. The number of wounded is not known, but in front of Butler and McDonald's companies on the hills there were heavy traces of blood on the snow. The subsequent march up the valley also showed traces of blood for miles. The loss of the troops in the expedition was three men killed, eight wounded; three horses were killed, one horse wounded; two pack-mules wounded in the train.

THE TORBAY STAFF.

II.

About this time the major conceived a passion for taming wild beasts and selected squirrels as his victims which he domesticated by inserting his fang into the nose of the little animals, and for this seemingly interesting occupation he constructed a peculiar box—an invention of unquestionable originality. As, upon close examination, we discovered that Mr. Squirrel could enter at one end and easily escape at the other, the result was of course no squirrels, at which the warrior accused us of tampering with his trap. Such accusations proved prejudicial to the box as the following morning it was completely riddled, a load of buckshot having done its work. The major eyed the wreck with tearful eye, and slowly betook himself to his tent to brood over his wrongs. He however soon recovered his equanimity, and we set to work manfully to construct a trap that would securely hold any animal whose curiosity should overcome its discretion, but some evil disposed person or persons had, at great personal risk and inconvenience, deposited therein a skunk, and the major being unacquainted with the peculiarities of that animal, stealthily approached to secure his prize and received a thorough shampooing which caused him to allow the beasts of the field to roam in peace.

The winter was rapidly approaching. Already we had to break the ice of a neighbouring bay before water could be procured. Wild ducks became plentiful and at all hours of the day guns might be heard hanging furiously in every direction, but no game graced our table. The staff shooting was indeed an imposing spectacle; the guns appeared to have charge of the fellows instead of vice versa as those dangerous weapons pointed to all parts of the compass. Frequently I have been compelled to "bring to" suddenly to avoid coming in contact with the muzzle of a loaded gun which projected from a bush. It was astonishing the quantity of powder and shot used with intent to kill. After firing away considerable ammunition, destroying several pairs of boots, not to mention rents to breeches, the destruction of a bird was considered ample remuneration. I can unhesitatingly assert that I have witnessed six men accompanied by a similar number of guns of various dates and dimensions fire, with a deliberation that should have guaranteed unerring accuracy, into a flock of ducks reposing at a distance of thirty yards, with intent to kill, wound or maim, and to be wholly unsuccessful. In fact the birds paid little attention to our murderous designs to which they soon habituated themselves.

Frequently I have heard a report followed by a low and melancholy howl, and upon turning have beheld the gun, the ducks and the sportsman spinning in the air. Many acrobatic feats have I witnessed; in fact the discharge of a gun was invariably the signal for aerial evolutions. I have been most unfortunate myself, having frequently been compelled to perform duties only belonging to gentlemen of the mountebank profession. The major was most fortunate in his shooting, that worthy gentleman having once attacked a ham and made a furious onslaught thereon. The aforesaid ham having been placed upon a tree by the staff, the major—who bye-the-bye was very shortsighted—was observed creeping towards the tree, and when within ten yards, he let drive his piece at the suspended porcine and completely riddling it, he smiled at his success and hastened to secure the spoil, and as the staff indulging in winks and a series of contortions, slowly walked in the opposite direction, he was heard muttering curses innumerable.

Shortly after wounding the ham, the major narrowly escaped being shot whilst enjoying a constitutional on the beach, at which he became so exasperated as to place up a notice requesting the staff when going out shooting, to name the direction they intended taking, also to particularize the time, etc.

The major discarded his gun and took unto

himself a horse of strange but humble aspect, an animal along whose back ran a bony ridge of uncomfortable appearance, and whose eyelids had visibly contracted, and one who long ago had sacrificed all claim to the title of horse. However the latter end of the soldier was apparently constructed of an exceedingly tough material, judging from his utter insensibility to the above mentioned ridge and his unsteady movements when straddled thereon.

One day I remember seeing the major mount his nag which I noticed was hitched to a tree. I communicated the discovery to several others and we stood by watching the warrior applying vigorous kicks to the flanks of his steed and "Donner and Blitzen why you no go" until the poor brute, being unaccustomed to this mode of treatment raised his legs and shot the major over his head into a neighbouring thicket. Loud and unintelligible curses, mingled with low rippling laughter, followed as a matter of course.

Substantial winter quarters were now completed, and on the 21st of December, with the thermometer at zero, we removed our worldly possessions from the tents. It was with difficulty we conveyed our wardrobe through the dense foliage, one gentleman whose luggage consisted of a toothbrush and a bandbox requiring special assistance.

All communication now being cut off, we were compelled to exist on salt fish with occasional doses of beef of a very uncertain age; in fact its being beef at all was an open question, and one on which the staff went into committee. For my own part I should say it decidedly was not beef; it however bore a strong resemblance to leather, especially when undergoing the process of mastication; two pairs of top boots and a similar number of mooseskins fished from out one cask (which the major declared were his and had recently disappeared), strengthened the fact of its being the product of some leather manufactory.

It must be understood that as yet we had no servants, therefore it was necessary to depute one of our number to act as cook, in which capacity the poacher (an individual so named for his having been discovered in critical proximity to the fowl house) officiated. A pudding would generally appear with the currents collected at one end, and we were several times put to the inconvenience of having dinner announced about 8 a. m. We usually breakfasted at six and about two hours afterwards the poacher would emerge from his house, his head inserted in the orifice of a white cup, whilst an apron of the same colour tightly drawn around him displayed a fully developed corporation; he bore in his hand an emblem of sovereignty (a ladle), which he waved in the air, and set his lungs to yelling "Dinner." This irregularity could not be withstood; therefore he was stripped of his honours.

Heavy frosts had now set in, and the staff were busily engaged in endeavouring to become proficient in the art of skating. Difficulties had attended our shooting, but the skating decidedly beat all it was ever my misfortune to witness and participate in. Our first attempts were characterized with grave results, the usual and apparently much coveted position being shooting over the ice on the broad of our backs; however, by dint of indomitable perseverance, we were at length enabled to retain our perpendicular and imagining ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the exercise, in a moment of weakness entered in a game at hockey which resulted in the dislocation of one shoulder (that of the punster, a youthful character whose appreciation was wholly due to the keenness of his wit), one broken arm and several fractures of an inferior nature.

Our Christmas was spent in good old English style, or as near to it as we could possibly come; there were however too many fingers in the pudding which rendered that article unrepresentable.

At 8 p. m. the staff assembled at a table loaded with bottles, glasses and other implements of conviviality; there were numerous demands for the "whisky," the "water," and the "sugar," and other stimulants, the former article receiving special and flattering attention. Sweethearts and wives proposed and heartily responded to. The little band were heavy on the grog and bent themselves to reducing the quantity placed before them, in which laudable act they admirably succeeded.

The Major sang the "Deutschen Vaterland," the "Rhine Wine," and the "Watch on the Rhine." The smiling faces around him were rapidly becoming tinged with a brilliancy that would have defied all Rimmel's soap and balms to produce, and each in his turn huskily piped a ditty.

The Major became very patriotic and again sang the anthem of his country. The staff also became patriotic and "Rule Britannia" effectually drowned the "Deutschen Vaterland."

The Major elevated himself on a chair and made a speech or rather made a great noise, nothing intelligible being distinguished amid the uproarious cheers. I observed the hero of Metz and Strasbourg stagger under the weight of a bottle and head for door through which after a series of "tacks" he drifted. One gentleman more elevated than his companions intimated a desire to demonstrate his pugilistic ability upon any member who should suggest his being conveyed to his apartment, and with a cry of "Hurrah for Ould Ireland" executed a shuffle on the table to the inspiring strains of