

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
JANUARY 28, 1871.

SUNDAY,	JAN. 22.—Third Sunday after Epiphany. St. Vincent. Lord Byron born, 1788.
MONDAY,	" 23.—William Pitt died, 1806. Duke of Kent died, 1820. Castle of Saint Louis, Quebec, burnt, 1834.
TUESDAY,	" 24.—St. Timothy, Ep. Frederick the Great born, 1712.
WEDNESDAY,	" 25.—Conversion of St. Paul. Robert Burns born, 1759.
THURSDAY,	" 26.—St. Polycarp, Ep. Sydney, N. S. Wales, founded, 1788. Doctor Jenner died, 1823. P. O. Money Order system introduced, 1855.
FRIDAY,	" 27.—Selection of Ottawa as seat of Government announced, 1858. John Gibson, R. A., died, 1866.
SATURDAY,	" 28.—Charlemagne died, 814. Peter the Great died, 1725. Bonaparte sailed from Elba, 1815. Battle of Alival, 1846.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871.

We are sure that none of our subscribers will quarrel with the regulation respecting postage introduced by the Publisher at the beginning of this year. Five cents a quarter—twenty cents a year—is a trifle to each subscriber, but if one has to pay the postage for many thousands, it becomes a very serious item. Believing that the paper is really good value for the money—\$4 per annum—and, as besides, we intend almost immediately to present each of our subscribers with a beautifully coloured Chromo-Lithograph, worth half the subscription money, we feel confident that our patrons will cheerfully assume the very trifling obligation of paying postage, which, to them individually, will be a small affair, though, in the aggregate, it amounts to perhaps more than the salaries of two first-class artists. The means thus saved will be cheerfully expended in further improving the paper, which is intended, and, we hope, destined, to be a welcome guest in every Canadian home.

In this issue we publish two letters written by Mr. Moylan, the Canadian Emigration agent stationed at Dublin. Many of our Canadian readers know Mr. Moylan personally; those who do not are aware of his long connection with the *Canadian Freeman* and the part he has taken in defence of Canadian loyalty during the trying years through which our young country has just passed. Mr. Moylan's first letter is addressed to the Premier, Mr. Gladstone, and the second to the editor of the *Dublin Freeman*. The latter needs no special notice, as it is merely a commentary on the first. But the letter to Mr. Gladstone opens up a theme of surpassing importance to every man whose interests are bound up with the fate of this country. Mr. Moylan strikes a note that already had found an echo in Canada, even before his letters reached this side of the Atlantic. He points out, forcibly and frankly, the danger to this country with which any new stimulus to the Yankee-Fenian movement is charged, and he says truly that the conditional pardon of the Fenian prisoners and their enforced deportation to the United States, will but tend to revive the Fenian conspiracy there, and menace Canada with fresh dangers. No man who understands Canadian affairs and knows something of society in the neighbouring Republic, will doubt for a moment that Mr. Moylan is right in his conclusions. Fenianism was dead. The complete failure of the last raid had killed it. Its leaders were at daggers' points. Even the untimely liberation of the few rascals imprisoned, for shame's sake, at the instance of the American Government, did not revive the drooping cause of the I. R. B. But now we have a British Minister, the optimistic, theoretical, Gladstone, sending out new chiefs to reinvigorate the conspiracy!

We do not share in all of Mr. Moylan's fears for Canada. On the contrary, we believe that, even with the new blood which a dilettanti British Cabinet has infused into it the Fenian swindle is too rotten to work us serious mischief; that we can hurl back its misdirected and undisciplined hordes as we have done twice before. But the crime against this country is none the less. Mr. Gladstone made a fatal mistake when he counselled the Queen to give the conditional pardon to these so-called political prisoners. Modern society has adopted a very lenient creed in respect of political offenders, and governments, hunting for popularity, have bowed to the new doctrines, and adopted them as part and parcel of the ethics of administration. Perhaps this is all right; but the scoundrels who provoke so many otherwise inno-

cent people "to sin," might possibly be dealt with in a harsher manner with far more advantage to the State and greater benefit to the community at large. When men forfeit their lives, why should they not pay the penalty? Patriots they are! Of course! But such patriots as make the babe hungry and the young wife a widow. Such a batch of patriots Mr. Gladstone has let loose upon Canada, and no greater crime was ever committed by Prime Minister of England. Gladstone's philosophy seems to have incapacitated him for statesmanship. He proposed for Ireland poor McGee's admirable receipt of "Justice;" might he not apply the rule to Canada? Yet, is it justice to us to give new leaders to the Fenian conspirators of the United States? Is it justice to us to send out red-handed the roughs who have brought terror on the British Government, that they may with an almost inexhaustible supply of material harass the most loyal dependency of the Crown? If Fenianism be rotten in the States; if O'Donovan Rossa fail to resuscitate the expiring cause; if O'Neil or some other tatterdemalion does not lead a crowd of rowdies against us, next summer, assuredly the fault will not be that of Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet. The letter courteously returned to Mr. Moylan in reply to his is eminently satisfactory as regards Ireland; but how does it read respecting Canada? Surely it would have been better that the wings of these blatant patriots should have been clipped by unconditional pardon, or that they should have been held to serve the full term of their richly earned punishment, rather than that they should have been sent adrift to reorganise the lawless horde of marauders which the patriotism of our country has twice hurled from its shores. Mr. Moylan deserves the thanks of every patriotic Canadian for the frank assertion of our rights, and for exposing the truculent, and very cowardly policy of the British Cabinet in exposing Canada to fresh dangers, merely that a few insignificant agitators should be removed from Ireland! The transaction on behalf of the British Government is ill-considered, unkind, and to the last degree cowardly. It is the imputation conveyed by the last word that ordinarily agitates an Englishman's blood up to the boiling point, but, during the last five years, every man bearing the British name has had many occasions for hanging his head because of the pusillanimity of the Imperial Government. After Mr. Gladstone's many exhibitions of weakness, his repeated lowering of the flag, his crawling to foreign powers, checked only once by the brusquerie and latent Tory instincts of a Granville, one is almost tempted to wish for a return to power of the Government of that precious, but now well-worn "widow's mite," Earl Russell! Lord John and Palmerston in their day sent nobler, less guilty, and more honourable Irishmen to a penal settlement; men who were guilty of no murderous, death-contriving secret plotting; but who, in the open light of day, went into a manly, if a somewhat Quixotic and utterly hopeless, rebellion. The same Ministers, after the lapse of a decent time, made the misguided prisoners welcome to return from a penal British retreat, to their native land, but they banished none from off the British soil, or from beyond the protection of the British flag. And Gladstone, the brilliant scholar, the accomplished orator, the earnest-thinking man, the hope of the rising minds of the Empire, proves himself less of the true Statesman than the two accomplished masters of *finesse* we have just named. The letting loose of the Fenian prisoners in America is a mistake of the gravest kind, and we only hope it may not work mischief to Canada. But if it should, the gifted, earnest, well-meaning, but not always wise, leader of the Imperial Government, will surely have to carry a large share of the blame.

CAMPBELL'S COUGH LOZENGES.—We have tried a box of these excellent lozenges and find them very effectual in relieving irritation of the throat and promoting expectoration. They have the commendation of several prominent members of the medical faculty and are, in slight attacks of cold, not unfrequently prescribed by practitioners who know their merits. Being manufactured by Mr. Campbell at the Medical Hall from a receipt approved by physicians, they may always be used with the confidence that they are neither inert nor hurtful.

READINGS FROM AMERICAN AUTHORS.—A treat is in store for the lovers of American literature. Dr. Augustus Rawlings, well-known in England as a public reader, and whose fame has extended across the Atlantic, gives a public reading of selections from American authors in St. Patrick's Hall on Tuesday evening next. The selections will comprise "The Beautiful Snow," by John I. Watson; Poe's "Raven," and others from the works of Longfellow, J. Russell Lowell, O. W. Holmes, N. P. Willis, John G. Saxe, Artemus Ward, Hans Breitmann, and other American authors of repute. Dr. Rawlings' long connection with the world of literature, his intimate acquaintance with his authors, as well as his versatile powers, will, we are sure, procure him a complete success.

NEW MUSIC.

Among the recent publications of the enterprising Boston publishers, Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., we notice the following, which are all commendable—
Frühlings Lieder Walzer, "Spring Song Waltzes," by Jos. Gungl. One of the most exquisite pieces of dance music ever written.
 "Thoughts of Home," by Chas. Wels. A sweet reverie, full of harmony.
 "Seneca Schottische," by T. Barnes.
Oh! Padre. "My Father!" Trio for male voices, from "William Tell," by Rossini.
 "Lothair." The incident of the rose, in Disraeli's novel, well versified, and set to music by G. W. Martin.
 "My Darling Wife and I," for Alto or Bass. Music by Thos. H. Howe.
 "You Know How it is Yourself." One of Lydia Thompson's favourite songs, by Jos. Panac.
 "Little Mischiefs," song by M. Keller.
 The two last are especially lively and pleasing.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE WAR.

The bombardment of Paris continues with unabated vigour and there appears to be but little doubt that the city must ultimately surrender. Not only have some of the forts in the outside line of fortification been silenced, but the Prussian shells are falling into the city causing great loss of both life and property. The capitulation has now become a mere question of time, dependent only on the powers of endurance of the besieged under the hardships they are now forced to undergo. Meanwhile the Germans are gradually pushing forward their works,—and extending the range of their fire into the very heart of the city. A despatch from Versailles states that the fire from Clamart, the most important as well as the most active of the Prussian batteries to the south, and from St. Cloud, and Meudon to the south-west, commands a maximum range of three and three quarter miles, throwing shells as far as Neuilly, the Porte Maillot, the Avenue de l'Impératrice, the Rue du Roi de Rome, the Champ de Mars, the Luxembourg, the Invalides and down to the Porte Bicêtre. All beyond, that is to say north of the Seine, is said to be beyond range, though, on the other hand the Prussian artillery state that with the aid of their glasses they have followed shells as far as the Place de la Concorde. Several sorties have been made by the French from the forts on the south, but in every case they proved ineffectual. The soldiers inside the city are asking for peace, but both Vinoy and Trochu declare that they will hold out until the last. Large fires are said to be raging within the outer walls of Paris on the north side of the city.

In the west a terrible and decisive battle has been fought near Le Mans between the army of the Loire and the combined armies of Prince Frederick Charles and the Duke of Mecklenburg. The army of the Loire was utterly routed, and Gen. Chanzy has been compelled to retire upon Angers. In the two days' fighting, the 10th and 11th, the French lost 15,000 men and several pieces of artillery. In the north the Germans occupy Fécamp and Dieppe, where they exacted heavy requisitions from the inhabitants. Peronne has capitulated, and Arras and Givet have been summoned to surrender. A large German army is being formed in the eastern departments, which is to be under the special command of General Manteuffel, and will include the corps of Generals Von Werder, Tastrow, and others. Manteuffel will be replaced by Von Goeben in the command of the army of the north. A battle was fought on the 9th instant near Rougemont, in the department of the Doubs, the result of which remains doubtful, as the victory, according to the usual custom, was claimed by both sides.

EUGENIE.

Whatever may be said in history of the Third Napoleon, then is but one verdict that can be passed upon his wife. True to France, true to the people by whom she was surrounded, true to the trust that at the last supreme moment, when her husband, knowing more perhaps, than he dared to tell; left her Empress Regent on the very surface of a hissing volcano, she has acted throughout—the highest embodiment of physical creation—the part of a noble, unselfish and trustful woman. Not France would she surrender for her husband; nor would she surrender her husband for France. She clung to all until all was lost; and now, in her English home, she has the proud satisfaction of receiving the best blood of Britain as her kind and sympathising guests. What she did for the poor; how she led and multiplied the fashions to give work to the starving needlewomen are all facts well known to the public. Her life was one of devotion, not to religion alone, but to the tastes of a fickle-minded people, and she worked in the cause she had made her own with a zeal that needs no praise.

Eugénie Marie de Guzman, Countess of Têba, was born on the 5th of May, 1826, being the daughter of Donna Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, of Oloseburn, Countess dowager of Montijo, whose father was the English Consul at Malaga. It is from the paternal side, on her mother's branch of the family, that her Scottish descent is traced, but she has a Castilian descent of which half the petty sovereigns of Europe might well be proud could they only claim it with decency. Her sister was married to a lineal descendant of the Royal House of Stuart, and though she espoused no such Royal blood she had at least in a worldly sense what seemed a higher destiny. On the 29th of January, 1853, her marriage with Napoleon the Third was celebrated, after the demolition of obstacles in the way, which perhaps only he knew how to remove; and since that time until the fatal 4th of September she has been the happy genius of the Tuilleries. High though her station was in life, she did not disdain to visit the poor cholera patients in the hospitals in 1865, and perhaps the recollection of this and other noble deeds smooths the bitterness of the enforced exile she is now doomed to endure. She has at least the consolation of sharing her banishment with her son Louis, who, by all accounts, is a kindly and noble youth, just such a one as would be likely to delight a mother's heart.