

ON BOARD THE "IMPERATRICE" ON }
THE NILE, }
October 27th, 1870. }

MY DEAREST LOUIS:

I wrote to you *en route* upon (word illegible) on the Nile. To tell you that we are enjoying fresh breezes would not be absolutely the truth; but the heat is tolerable, for there is some air, but in the sun it is quite a different thing. Besides I tell you the state of the atmosphere by telegraph. Through the same means I have news of you and of Louis every day; it is marvellous and pleasant to me that I am always fastened to the dear shore by this wire, which joins me to all that I love. I am delighted by our charming journey, and I would like to give you a description of it; but so many other narrators, more learned and clever than I, have undertaken this task, that the best thing to my mind is for me to shroud myself up in mute admiration. I was very uneasy all day yesterday, thinking that you were in Paris without me; but all has gone on well, as I see by the despatch. When we see other nations one judges and appreciates much more the injustice of our own. I think, in spite of everything, that we should not be discouraged, and that you must advance on the path you have inaugurated (*et marcher dans la voie que tu as inauguré*); good faith on concessions that have been made is, I may tell you, people think and say (*on le pense et dit*), a good thing. I hope, then, that your address will be in this direction; the more you will need force in the future, the more it will be necessary to prove to the country that you have (*qu'on a*) ideas and not expedients. I am, since my departure, very far away and very ignorant of affairs to speak thus; but I am firmly convinced that sequence in ideas is true strength. I do not like *coups*, and I am persuaded that one can't effect a *coup d'état* twice in a reign. I speak at random, for I am persuading a man already convinced of what he knows more about than I. But one must say something, if it were only to prove what you well know—that my heart is near you both, and that, if in tranquil days my vagabond mind likes to wander through space (*dans les espaces*) in those of anxiety and disquiet my place is by the side of you both. Isolated from men and business, you breathe a calm atmosphere, which does you good; and, deluded by imagination, I believe that all things go well, because of all things I am ignorant. Amuse yourself; relaxation I believe to be indispensable; one must refresh the moral as one recruits the physical constitution, and an idea constantly dwelt upon ends (*et idée constante finie*) by wearing even the best organized brain. I have experienced this; and if all that has during my life

made the beautiful colors of my illusions fade, I now no longer wish to remember. My life is finished; but I live again in my son, and my true joys, I believe, are those which, passing through his heart, reach mine. Meanwhile I enjoy (*je joui*) my journey; the sunsets (*des couchés du soleil*); the savage nature reduced to cultivation on the banks of a breadth of 50 *mètres*, and behind that the desert with its *décors*—all resplendent in the rays of a burning sun. *Au revoir*, and believe in the love of her who is entirely devoted to you.

EUGENIE.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY FOR 1871.

This well known literary Monthly, the only one of the kind in the Dominion, will be issued for 1871 in a way which will enable new subscribers to begin with that year, as if it were a new series. It will be issued so as to make two volumes for the year, each being for six months, and containing 384 pages with title page and index, as the magazine was issued for the first two years. Formerly, however, the year began with October, but it has since been found more convenient to begin with January; and formerly the volumes were numbered 1, 2, 3, &c., but hereafter the designation will be

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY FOR 1871.

PART I—(January to June, inclusive)

PART II—(July to December, inclusive),

and so on in future years. This will make each year complete in itself, and not necessarily part of a series; but as we cannot print many copies of the first number on chance, and as all would doubtless like to have the year complete, we would urge intending subscribers to send in their subscriptions as speedily as possible, in order that we may know how many copies to print of the January number. There will be at least two serial stories in 1871, and a resumé of the chapters of "Adrienne Cachelé" and "Moth and Rust," which have appeared in 1870, will be given in the first number for 1871, in order that new subscribers may enter upon these stories intelligently.

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