

Europe and America, following the great circle track, and comparatively little longer than an air line would be. In fact, the distance between New York and Liverpool, by Miramichi, is only 90 miles longer than the direct sea voyage, by the shortest track across the Atlantic. Calculating the land rate of travel at 30 miles an hour, and the sea rate at 12 miles an hour, a passenger or a mail from Liverpool to New York would reach that port via Miramichi in from 25 to 40 hours less time than by the direct voyage, and avoids 700 to 800 miles of a sea voyage.

There have been croakings, of course, against the Intercolonial Railway, but, even in its present unfinished state, it is doing wonders for the coast counties of the Gulf, as well as for the interior of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The very outlay for its construction caused a vast amount of money to circulate all along its line and to-day the people of Northumberland have in the Savings Banks \$250,000, while Restigouche has \$140,000. Towns on the coast will gradually connect with the trunk line of the Intercolonial by means of branch railways, built with their own money, and Miramichi is setting the example in this respect. To secure its position as an ocean port, it purposes building the Miramichi Valley Railway, striking the Intercolonial at the most convenient point.

A NEW RAILWAY.

There has long been a rivalry between Montreal and Quebec. The former has far outstripped the latter, though why this should be the case it is difficult to conceive. Geographically and topographically, Quebec has unrivalled advantages as a shipping port and a commercial emporium. Its roadstead is far superior to that of Montreal, because it is natural, while the other is almost wholly artificial. It has no channel difficulties to encounter, while for dockyards and lying-in basins its facilities are abundant. There is no telling, however, what the future has yet in store for Quebec. When the Intercolonial shall be put in regular working order; when the Grand Trunk shall have renewed its rolling stock on the Richmond branch; when the North Shore shall have been built, and the whole of the magnificent table-land, from the margin of the St. Lawrence to the foot of the Laurentian hills shall have been settled, the trade of Quebec will not only revive, but may run parallel to that of Montreal. There is even more. Rupert's Land will not always be a bleak wilderness. In fifty years from now—nay, by the end of this century, the Hudson's Bay Territory will be open to colonization, and its boundless resources will find their natural outlet at Quebec. That unfortunate Gosford Railroad, which has been so badly treated and made a laughing-stock of throughout the Province, is destined to be one of the main arteries of Quebec life. It needs no stretch of imagination to calculate the possibilities of that line. Let it be pushed as far as Lake St. John, as will now at length be done, and a great acquisition will be made. That will be the first station to James Bay and the heart of the great Moose Territory. Everything cannot be done at once. The few emigrants that come to us at present, prefer the prairie lands of Manitoba or the free grants of Upper Ontario. But in time there will be found thousands of hardy pioneers who will fancy instead the wooded tracts of the Abitibi and the Harricanaw. To reach these they must find a route from Quebec, and to Quebec they must return or send their produce, when the seeds of their toil shall have blossomed and borne an increase.

Such are the sentiments which we have had frequent occasion to express in these columns. We renew them to-day, on the assurance that the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, is fully organized and will be pushed through. From the prospectus which we have received it appears that it is in the hands of a good Company. The

Quebec City Council has pledged itself, by an almost unanimous vote, to obtain power from the Legislature to subscribe an amount of stock, which, though not quite what the Company had asked for, is however, a very liberal grant, and serves to indicate the strong favor in which the scheme is held by the citizens of Quebec.

The Company's line commences in the suburb of St. Sauveur, where the terminus is for the present situated, until the line can be extended to deep water on the St. Lawrence. Then the line runs west and north, through the parishes of St. Sauveur, Ste. Foye, Ancienne Lorette, and others, reaching the Jacques-Cartier River at a point eighteen miles from Quebec. At this place there is good water power, capable of driving many manufactories. Thence by one of two projected routes to Lake St. John. This is a large sheet of water, nearly circular in shape, covering an area of about 700 square miles. It is fed by six large rivers, besides several of minor importance. The Peribonca, which flows in from the North-East, has been explored for 150 miles from its mouth without arriving at its source. The Mistassini, which comes from the North, has been explored for the same distance, with a like result; this river is the route taken by voyageurs to Lake Mistassin, a large lake in the far north, which discharges into the Hudson's Bay. The Chamouchouan, which falls into the Lake from the North-West, is, at a distance of 100 miles from its mouth, still a large river, over 400 feet in width. The Ouatichouan, Ouatichouanish, and Metabetchouan, which flow in from the South and West, are large streams which have been thoroughly explored in connection with the location of this railway. The country around the Lake is said to be equal, if not superior for agricultural purposes, to any in the Province, and is estimated to be capable, with the other tracts traversed by the proposed line, of sustaining a population of 200,000 to 300,000 persons. In that portion alone, there is good land sufficient to serve a population of 75,000 to 100,000 souls. Excellent crops are raised there, including wheat, equal to any grown in Canada, and the climate is milder, the snowfall less, and sowing and harvesting two weeks earlier than in the neighborhood of Quebec.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.

III.

DESERTERS.—FLEEING METIS.—INTERPRETERS.—TYPICAL MEN.—THE LANCERS.—GRASSHOPPERS.—PRAIRIE DUST.—EVENING PARADE.—SABBATH REST.

We were fairly in for it. Until now it had been all plain sailing—fresh horses, plenty of rest, easy stages, and untired bodies. But from this point, the real difficulties of the expedition became apparent. The very keeping together of so vast a caravan, with so many sluggish animals as oxen, cows and calves, through an untravelled country, was bound to be wearisome. Then there was the ride itself over hundreds of miles, which, to the unhardy, was no trifling test of endurance. Add to this that the military regulations had to be severely enforced. No wonder then that the chicken hearted in our band began to make wry faces. It would have been fortunate had they done no more. But this was not to be our luck. At Dufferin thirty or thirty-five of the men deserted the service and took leg bail over the frontier, where, of course, they were safe from pursuit. At the first encampment of ours, two miles from Dufferin, four or five more followed their example. There is no doubt that this had a bad effect on the Force, which, for a few days, was quite manifest, but gradually the distractions of the route effaced it, and we all came to the conclusion that we were well rid of these cowardly fellows, who would have bred trouble at every turn. Later, as I shall tell, the men had reason for complaint in regard to rations and general comfort; but at the beginning, no ground existed therefor. Throughout, the treatment of the men, so far as their officers were concerned, was such as every soldier receives in a campaign.

On the 9th July we reached Pembina river, a sketch of which appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, volume tenth, page 109. It is a muddy stream, the water of which is very bad. The next day we came in sight of St. Joseph, at the foot of Pembina Mountain, where

three persons were killed a few days before by the Sioux. In consequence, the Metis of the whole country were in mortal terror, and we met bands of them fleeing from St. Joseph, on the American side, to Pembina, on the Canadian frontier. There they hoped to be under shelter. Proceeding on our march, we halted at Grant's solitary log house, where a sturdy Scotchman, with his Indian wife and children, sells liquor to wanderers along the border. The officers of the staff bought some milk from him, and, if truth must be told, took a stray glass or two of whiskey, but they gave positive orders that no beverage of the latter description should be given to the men.

It was in the neighborhood of the Grande Coulee that we first encountered the hostility of mosquitoes. We had met them before, of course, but never in the same way. The mosquito of the prairie must be a distinct species in entomology. We had men among us who had travelled in all parts of the world, and who had been pestered by all manner of insects, but they all agreed that nowhere had they seen anything to equal the mosquito of the prairie. I myself, have hunted in the interior of Quebec, and fished in the inland lakes of Ontario, and the visitations of these tormentors I then thought the most intolerable of nuisances, robbing me of fully half the enjoyment of my sport. But the Canadian mosquito is as different from his Manitoban congener, as is the white man from the Indian, the civilized bug from the barbarian. As soon as twilight deepens, they make their appearance on the horizon, in the shape of a cloud, which goes on increasing in density as it approaches to the encounter. At first, a faint hum is heard in the distance, then it swells into a roar as it comes nearer. The attack is simply dreadful. Your eyes, your nose, your ears are invaded. If you open your mouth to curse at them, they troop into it. They insinuate themselves under your clothes, down your shirt collar, up your sleeve cuffs, between the buttons of your shirt bosom. And not one or a dozen, but millions at a time. You can brush them off your coat sleeve in layers. In the Mississippi valley, mosquitoes are ward off by a gauze net. In our Canadian backwoods, the smoke of a big fire drives them away. But up here, they would tear a net to shreds, and put out a fire by the mere superincumbent weight of their numbers. The best proof of their virulence is that they attack animals as well as men. They send a dog off howling with pain. They tease horses to desperation. They goad even the shaggy buffalo as vengefully as the gad-fly vexed the bull of Io. Often in the evening, when our tents were pitched, and we went down to the nearest brook or rivulet to water our horses, hoping that this was to be our last work before turning in for a sweet night's rest, the mosquitoes would rise in columns out of the spongy soil under our feet and begin a regular battle against us. Our horses would rear, pitch and kick. We, ourselves, would be covered with scratches and blood. Our only refuge was to run our horses to their pickets, then hasten to throw ourselves on the ground, and cover ourselves up in our blankets.

On the 13th we halted towards noon, at Devil's Creek, a view of which was published in the tenth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, p. 109. The scenery of the vicinity is wild and romantic, and sufficient of itself to suggest the odd name given to the water course. There is doubtless some Indian legend attached to the spot, but no one could tell me anything about it. At night we camped at the foot of Calf Head Mountain, a round hillock commanding a good view of the surrounding prairies. The next day, we moved to the eastern branch of Pembina river, crossed it and the whole Pembina Valley, pulling up and down very steep banks. When we camped some six miles further on, we found no water, and, to add to our discomfort, a furious wind rose upon the prairie and the night was exceedingly cold.

At this point, however, we were cheered by the arrival of our interpreters. They were six in number, the most magnificent specimens of the half-breed type I ever laid my eyes upon. The smallest of them was over six feet in height, and stout in proportion. The chief was Peter Léveillé, a prairie hero, true to his name. Genthon was a Hercules, weighing two hundred and seventy-five pounds. This man is known all over the prairie country. He was one of Sanford Fleming's guides on his Pacific Railway exploring expedition, and it is related of him that when his horse stuck in the mud, he would raise him out by the tail and propel him forward. Welsh was a Scotch Metis, who understood neither English, nor his father's Gaelic, but jabbered all the Indian languages, Sioux, Cree, Assiniboiné, and weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds, and, though over seventy years of age, had not a grey hair on his head. Poitras was nervous and muscular. Morin was a famous guide, and one of the oldest buffalo hunters in the North-West. Baptiste Pagé was a right good fellow, and a favorite of mine. These six men had been sent in our train by Lieutenant Governor Morris, with six waggon-loads of presents—guns, ammunition, calico, cloth, beads and knic-knacks—to conciliate the Indian tribes through which we had to pass. They did their work successfully and well, and took a prominent part in our expedition. They proved a most valuable acquisition. They alone were worth in sagacity and endurance any twenty of our own men.

On the 15th, we passed two good streams, one called Badger Creek from the number of badger-holes along its banks. We stopped three hours there to allow our horses their fill of the rich,

luxuriant grass. On the following day we had to leave the ox-carts and cattle behind, in order to force our marches a little. Several of the carts broke down over the rough roads and considerably retarded our progress. Some of the sick and lame horses were with them. In order to protect this lagging convoy, as also to watch over our ambulances, a corps of Lancers was organized, a member of which is portrayed in the present number. This force was also to act as scouts. It was composed of twenty-two picked men, under the command of Sergeant-Major Miles. They rendered efficient service throughout the expedition.

After travelling twenty-five miles, we camped at the top of Turtle Valley, where, on account of the high winds, we had to sleep without tents. No grass was to be found. An old stack of the preceding year's hay, left standing on the ground, was portioned out to the horses, but they refused to eat it. Government horses, like Government men, being used to feed well, are apt to become too dainty. We left this ungracious neighborhood early the next morning, pushing our way sturdily without grub until two in the afternoon. This was bad, but we were fated to encounter worse. We were attacked by grasshoppers. The depredations committed by this insect, last year, all through the North-West, especially in the territories of Nebraska and Dakota, are so well known and have been so graphically described in the papers, that I need not dwell upon them. But seeing them at work, as I did, with their modes of attack, and the clean sweep of devastation which they carry on, I can form some idea of the locust plagues of ancient Egypt. I was also vividly reminded of the masterly description of their ravages by Dr. Henry Newman in his novel "Callista," to which I would refer such of my readers as wish to enjoy one of the finest pages of modern literature. As if the grasshoppers were not enough, we were plagued with the prairie dust. The men called it infernal, and that is just the word for it. It consists of ashes and coal powder from the almost yearly burning up of the grass. Everything is covered with this dust in a few minutes. Men look hideous with their smutty faces. There is no use washing while on the march, which, I am afraid, was a great relief to many of the men, who were not too fond of the water in any case. To wind up all our sensations on this day, we saw the prairie on fire in our rear. The spectacle was sublime. The crackling flame, the lurid light, the heavy masses of smoke rolling low at first over the surface of the grass, then mounting higher and higher, till, caught in a stratum of breeze, they veered and floated rapidly to the east, formed a scene of impressive grandeur. The day concluded with the evening parade, a sketch of which will be found on another page of this issue. On Sunday, the 19th July, we found ourselves at Moue River, delineated in the tenth volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, p. 177. We had been just one month on the march, and had just passed the last house between Dufferin and Fort Ellice, 175 miles from the former place. It was a fair month's work that we had done, and we rested contented on the Lord's Day.

(To be continued in our next.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDWIN Booth has been playing in Philadelphia.

LESTER Wallack is to appear at the Boston Theatre soon.

THE farewell representations of Miss Adelaide Philips take place in Boston in May.

LYDIA Thompson is to be the exponent of the delectable "Madame L Archiduc" in London.

A New *bijou* theatre, described as "a coquettish little place," has been opened in the Rue Taitbout, Paris.

CELINE Montaland, of the glorious days of the Grand Opera House N.Y., is playing at the Varieties, Paris.

CLARA Morris made her first appearance in San Francisco *la Camille*, and created the expected sensation in the role in which she is to-day unequalled.

THE cancan flourishes at a Chicago theatre, and, although it is described as more indecent than any thing ever seen in that city, the Mayor is said not only to refuse to suppress it, but to attend the performances.

THE celebrated Danish composer, Professor Niels Gade, has consented to compose a symphony for the Birmingham musical festival. Professor Gade will go to England to conduct the performance of his work.

LISZT has just sent to Hans Richter, director of music at Pesth, for performance, one of his new compositions, a cantata for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, entitled "Les Cloches de la Cathédrale de Strasbourg." The words are those of Longfellow.

M. CHARLES GARNIER, architect of the new Opera House, Paris, has been promoted to the rank of officer in the Legion of Honour, and MM. Jourdain and Louvet to the dignity of knight in the same order, for executive services in the construction of that edifice.

MISS Amy Sheridan having presented "Ixion Rewheeled" at the Opera Comique, London, a critic says that she has been the means of doing more for the destruction of a degraded form of stage entertainment than have any of her contemporaries, and for this, he adds, she deserves thanks.

A SINGULAR discovery was recently made at the Sainte-Geneviève Library, at Paris. In a portfolio, containing several manuscripts, has been found the original copy of the opera "Jonathas," which Charpentier, the author of the music of Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," had composed for the Establishment of the Jesuits, then situated on the spot where the Collège Louis-le-Grand now stands. This piece, of but little value as a composition, serves to distinctly mark the period when profane music was introduced into churches in France in conjunction with sacred. The reverend Fathers caused "Jonathas" to be played in their theatre (for they had one).