

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ROBERT SHORE MILNES BOUCHETTE.

whose portrait we present to our readers in this number, was born at Quebec on the 12th March, 1805. He studied law with that eminent jurist and orator, the late A. Stuart, and was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1826. He accompanied his father, the late Col. Bouchette, Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, to England in 1829 to aid him in the publication of his extensive work on the British Dominions in North America, which appeared in 1831, under the auspices of King William IV., to whom the work was dedicated by special permission.

In the preface of this work Col. Bouchette mentions his son, the subject of this sketch, as a valuable contributor in its literary composition, and we find in the first volume several views which are due to his pencil; among these we would particularize the view of Quebec, in which figures the old *Château St. Louis*, destroyed by fire a few years later.

On the 6th March, 1834, Mr. Bouchette married at Dover, England, Marianne, eldest daughter of Major, the Hon. Herbert Gardner, R.A., and grand daughter of the late Admiral Lord Gardner, who so distinguished himself in the memorable actions of the 30th May and 1st June, 1794, and received the thanks of the House of Commons in 1795 for his conduct off Point l'Orient. Mr. B. returned to Canada with his bride in May, 1834, and on the 27th of July following she died, one of the first victims of the Asiatic cholera which broke out in Quebec that summer.

Saddened by this calamitous event, Mr. Bouchette sought in the excitement of politics some relief from his grief. The famous resolutions of Lord John Russell in the British House of Commons, authorizing the payment of the Civil List out of the Canadian Treasury without a vote of the Legislature, afforded Mr. Bouchette an opportunity of coming out. This he did with earnestness, frequently addressing public meetings, attending political committees, and by establishing a journal, *The Liberal*, printed in both languages, of which he was joint editor and proprietor with Mr. Hunter, a lawyer of acknowledged abilities.

Mr. Bouchette's appearance in the ranks of the Liberals astonished both parties; all his connections and antecedent associations being with the Conservatives or Constitutionalists, as they were then called. His father and his eldest brother held high public offices under the Government, and therefore belonged to the *Bureau-cratic*. Another of his brothers was in the British army (68th Lt. Inf.) connected by marriage with a high Tory family in England. He had himself not more than three years before become allied to a noble English family. In fact, he seems to have flown off at a tangent from the circle in which he had hitherto been politically pent up.

The event that marked the course thus taken by Mr. Bouchette would afford matter for several chapters of the political history of the times referred to. Suffice it to say that they involve his capture in the field at Moore's Corner, wounded; his captivity in the fortress at Isle aux Noix; a detention for seven months within the walls of a prison; a voyage on board of a ship of war, the *Vestal* to the Bermudas, and a forced residence of three months in those islands, under parole, with Dr. Nelson and six other gentlemen exiled by the same Ordinance.

This Ordinance having been declared illegal by the British Parliament, the exiles under it were officially notified that they were at liberty to return to Canada, and on the 3rd November, 1838, Mr. Bouchette and his fellow exiles sailed from Bermuda for the coast of America, and landed at Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, in Chesapeake Bay.

Mr. Bouchette remained in the United States until 1845. In the State of Vermont, where he first resided, he was admitted, as an act of courtesy, to practise in the State Courts, as member of the Bar, the oath of Office only being administered to him: the oath of allegiance was spontaneously given.

The following lines, which are to be found in the album of many of Mr. Bouchette's friends, and which were written whilst he was a prisoner in the Fort at Isle aux Noix, are now inserted as unmistakably expressing his sentiments on the question of loyalty:

## THE WOUNDED CAPTIVE.

The dubious light of grey-eyed morn now breaks  
Through the arched casement of the vaulted room,  
The vet'ran guard to the relief awakes,  
But slumbers still amidst the lessening gloom,  
A strange form upon his mantle thrown;  
He sleeps, but restless sleeps, for oft a moan  
Betok'ning pain or grief in accents faint  
Escapes in sad and sorrowful complaint.  
He is a captive on the battlefield,  
Which Patriot bands were forced to yield;  
Wounded and captured by the loyal foe,  
And hither led to death, chains and woe.  
But hark! melodious sounds the bugle note,  
Thro' barrack, battlement, and moat,  
The Royal Anthem heralds in the morn—  
"God save the King," proclaims the bugle horn,  
While thro' the vault the strain re-echoes deep,  
And gently wakes the captive from his sleep.  
He wakes—the anthem strikes his conscious ear—  
His heart's subdued, he drops a loyal tear,  
And as Britannia glorious seems to rise  
From British ocean into British skies,  
The captive feels how much his Patriot heart  
Bleeds, when thus forc'd to play the rebel's part.  
He loves his liege, yet loves his country too,  
And fain to both would live devoutly true;  
And as he sorrow o'er his country's wrongs,  
His proud allegiance deep the pang prolongs,  
And prompts the fervid prayer: May heaven forfend  
This war in British rupture e'er should end,  
May generous England prove that she is great,  
And right her subjects' wrongs before it be too late  
Fort, Isle aux Noix, 12th December 1837.

neously withheld. Mr. Bouchette, however, resorted to a more ready means of raising an income, and upon the invitation of the Principal of the University of Vermont, he formed classes in French and Italian at the University, to which were soon added others. This course he also followed in Portland, until he determined upon returning to Canada.

During his sojourn in Vermont, he married Miss Caroline Berthelet, his cousin, the daughter of Mr. Henry Berthelet, of Detroit, and niece of the late Olivier Berthelet, a wealthy citizen of Montreal. She died in 1857.

In the summer of 1845, Mr. Bouchette took up his residence in Montreal, and resumed there his professional pursuits as a Barrister with great prospects success. Amongst other important cases in which he was retained was that of the Corporation of King's College, at Toronto, to sustain the charter of that Institution at the Bar of the House. The case was pleaded in French, and the result was a large French vote against the abrogation of the Charter. The case had been eloquently pleaded in English the previous Session, by the Honorable John Hilliard Cameron.

In March, 1848, Mr. Bouchette, was offered by the then Premier, the Hon. Hyppolite LaFontaine, the office of Permanent Clerk of the Crown-Law Department, which he accepted and retained, until 1851, when he was appointed, in March of that year, Commissioner of Customs, under the Great Seal of Canada, which appointment was, after the Confederation of the Provinces, confirmed in May, 1868, under the Great Seal of the Dominion.

He has been a special Commissioner at various times. Among the most important of these Commissions are the following: in 1860 on special service to visit the Ports on both sides of the frontier to enquire into and report upon the working of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States; in 1862 with five other Deputy heads to report upon and carry out the organization of the Civil Service under the Act of 1857; in 1867 as Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition for special purposes in connection with trade and commerce, weights, measures and currency; in 1868 Commissioner with others to report upon the organization and efficiency of the whole of the Public Service of the Dominion and to re-organize it under the new Act.

As Commissioner of Customs, he was *ex officio* a member of the Civil Service Board of which he was the Chairman by election; he was also *ex officio* a member of the Board of Audit.

Mr. Bouchette married again on the 11th June, 1861, Clara Lindsay, daughter of Errol Boyd Lindsay, Esq., of Sous-les-Bois, near Quebec.

Mr. Bouchette's retirement from the office of Commissioner of Customs, under the provisions of the Superannuation Act, took effect on the 1st of January, instant (1875.) After nearly thirty years of Public Service, 24 of which were devoted to the Administration, (under its Ministerial Head) of the large and important Department of Customs—which until 1868 comprised Inland Revenue—Mr. Bouchette has retreated to his native city, Quebec, the old and venerated Capital of Canada, the scenery of which is the pride of its inhabitants and the admiration of travellers.

HON. WILLIAM B. VAIL.

The Minister of Militia is the grandson of an U. E. Loyalist. His father was John C. Vail, of Sussex, N.B., who was a Judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, and a member for King's in the New Brunswick Assembly for upwards of twenty-five years. He was born at Sussex Vale, N.B., 23rd December, 1823, and educated there. Going over to Nova Scotia, he married Charlotte Leslie, eldest daughter of Charles Jones, Esq., of Weymouth, in that Province. Mr. Vail is Lieut.-Col. 2nd Regt., Digby Militia. He was appointed a member of the Executive Council and Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia in November, 1867. On the resignation of Hon. Mr. Ross, Mr. Vail was summoned to the Department of Militia, at Ottawa. For particulars of his life and that of Mr. Fournier, we are indebted to that excellent publication, Morgan's *Parliamentary Companion*.

GRAND OPERA BALL, TORONTO.

The first annual ball of the Grand Opera House Company took place on the 8th inst. The dancing floor occupied all the stage and across the lower portion of the parquette. In the rear of the platform the wall was decorated with bunting, and a scene representing a mountain range, with water-fall, added much to the general effect. The party numbered about 600 persons, a majority of whom were ladies, and the fashion of Toronto may be said to have been represented. The music was furnished by the band of the Grand Opera House, under the direction of Mr. Muller, and, as might be expected, was all that the most exacting devotee of the dance could wish. The orchestra was placed in the front range of seats on the balcony, from which the notes were diffused with distinct sound over whole house. A supper-table was laid in one of the wings, where exhausted energies were renewed from time to time by the wearied dancers. The programme for the floor composed nineteen dances, quadrilles, waltzes, gallops, lancers, and the amusement was continued far into the night. Altogether, this first ball was a success, and our friends in Ontario eagerly look forward to the second.

SARPEDON.

This is the beautiful allegory so well known to students of mythology. Death and Sleep wait

up to Jupiter the body of his beloved son, Sarpedon, slain at the siege of Troy. Those who wish to read more of it, are referred to the XVI. Book of the Iliad.

MARSHAL MACMAHON AT THE OPERA.

This is a thoroughly French picture. Mr. Halanzier, Director of the new Grand Opera House, Paris, goes forward, on inauguration night, to meet the President of the French Republic and the Duchess of Magenta, and conducts them in state through the corridor to their box, holding a three-branched candelabrum in his hand. The tapers are of the purest wax.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

Once upon a time there was a fox named Aleck and a goat named Johnnie. Coming from different directions, they both fell head foremost into a well, called the Manitoba well. They were in a sad plight and anxious to get out of their scrape, but for a long time they could find no means of doing so. At length, after scratching his ears and pulling at his thin beard, the fox conceived a bright idea, and said to the goat: "You have thick wool and long horns. Suppose you set your fore legs against the side of the well, and stretch your body. I will get on your back, then climb to the top of your horns, and thus manage to screw myself out of this ugly hole."

"Agreed," said the goat. "But when once out, you must reach down your paws and draw me out."

"Of course, of course," quoth the fox. The plan was tried. Aleck got on Johnnie's back, laid hold of his wool, climbed to his horns, and reached the top of the well in safety.

Once there, instead of redeeming his promise, he looked down and made game of poor Johnnie.

If there is a better comment on the late Amnesty resolutions of the Government, we should like to hear it.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

For full particulars of these illustrations, we refer to the editorial columns, where we have a descriptive article on the subject.

We regret that the photograph of Mr. Colin Macdougall, M.P., seconder of the address, reached us too late for insertion.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

## WINNIPEG TO OTTAWA IN WINTER.

II.

My last paper was written in the sitting room of the Hudson's Bay Company's hotel at Grand Forks. I finished by arriving at Pembina and a parenthetical allusion to Judge Potter. The evening on which we arrived at "High Bush Cranberry" for that is what Pembina means in the language of the Sioux, there was a motley group of persons assembled in the chief room of Judge Potter's hotel, which by the way is not run by the Judge himself, but by a veteran down-easter named Gorell. The building serves the public in the treble capacity of a hotel, a Custom House and a *refugium desperandum*, for it is there where all the roughs and desperadoes outside of civilization generally bring up. One of the passengers referred to in my previous letter as being bound for Pembina, had not been in the place ten minutes before he was in the hands of the Sheriff and a detachment of the 20th United States Infantry, stationed at the Pembina Fort. This gentleman rejoiced in the name of Deacon. A week previously he had resisted the Sheriff who had attempted to arrest him, on a complaint of assault. He was a bar-tender in a saloon and in the discharge of his professional duty had assisted his "boss" in punching a half a dozen members of the *elite* of Pembina. The Sheriff on that occasion was treated to various indignities, and when he returned with a detachment of United States regulars to assist him to capture Mr. Deacon, that gentleman was *non est* he having taken the stage for Garry. Thither he fled and remained a week until he thought the affair had properly cooled, but the reception he received from the Sheriff, and fixed bayonets on his arrival convinced him that notwithstanding a mercurial depression of 35 minus, the ardor of the officer and the troops had not sufficiently cooled into apathy or forgetfulness. The last I saw of Mr. Deacon was after he had surrendered to the "boys in blue." He was then on his way to the Fort with a pair of bracelets encircling his wrists, and a guard of honor accompanying him. The multifarious duties of Mr. Gorell, formerly of Vermont, and now the Potter House, may be imagined from the surroundings. His hotel is a Custom House, and in it all the trunks are opened and the contents overhauled by the officers. Tie up your trunk as you may, it will be of no use, indeed the more you tie up your box the more the officer will suspect that there is something contraband between the lids. It took me 15 minutes to unloosen the rope on my trunk and while doing so no complaint or protest would soften the heart of the official. When the box was opened he merely lifted the lid touched nothing and said it was all right. That was provoking enough after having undergone the hardship which for 15 minutes I manfully bore. In addition to the officers of the law and Judge Potter's staff, what most do congregate around the store of the Potter House, is the United States regular, and the man that has been discharged from the service, beside the desperado and the outlaw. As it is in Dakota

Territory, and not in Minnesota, the law defier, is there safe enough so long as he does not repeat his offence several times too often. If he has killed half a dozen persons or so somewhere else, and shot at peaceful citizens of Pembina several times without doing any more damage than lifting a tuft of hair or skinning a nose or clipping an ear, he is safe enough from molestation so long as he keeps within the units. When he gets into the decimal scale then the troops are resorted to, or he is quietly given to understand that times are good in Wyoming and Montana and that he had better get for "them parts quicker nor wink." And so must Pembina continue to be the resort of fugitives from justice until Dakota enters the Union as a State. Senator Ramsay of Minnesota has now a Bill before the United States Senate dividing Dakota Territory into two sections North and South, the former to be designated Pembina Territory and the latter Dakota. The measure is understood to be popular. Whatever may be said as respecting the laws of Dakota and their enforcement, the Canadian trader will, however, discover that landlord and citizen will offer him every hospitality and kindness that can be given. The manners may at first seem rude and uncouth, but beneath the exterior of a Western Territorialist, there is as warm and hospitable a nature as I ever experienced at home or abroad. Sunday the 24th was occupied in the journey from Pembina to Grand Forks. The distance is about 75 miles. We left Potter's at four o'clock and reached the Grand Forks at 20 minutes to five in the afternoon. We changed horses three times, and during the whole distance kept in sight of the Red River of the North. It was always within a mile or so of our course, and we could easily trace it by the trees it sustained. To the east of us, all the distance spread out into the boundless prairie. Outside of the stage and the robe it was 30° below, but go down ever so low it was nothing to the pair of passengers who slept soundly the greater part of the whole distance from Potter's to the Grand Forks. KANUCK.

## LITERARY.

THE new work Mr. Gladstone is writing is an essay on marriage, with especial reference to the alleged sacramental character of that institution.

THE dismal announcement is made that Mr. Robert Browning's new poem, entitled "Aristophanes' Apology," is now in the printer's hands, and will very soon be issued by his publishers.

THE admirers of Captain Mayne Reid, the popular story teller, will be glad to know that although he is still on a sick bed, he is gradually approaching convalescence, and preparing another new story.

MURRAY, the noted London publisher, is described by Joaquin Miller as a tall, lean man, bald, with one bad eye and a habit of taking sight at one behind his long, thin forefingers, which he holds up as he talks excitedly and shakes all the time either in his own face or in some one else's.

THE Company revising the Authorized Version of the Old Testament have just held their twenty-eighth session. They were chiefly engaged in considering the suggestions by the American revisers upon their translation of Genesis and Exodus. They afterwards proceeded with the revision of Isaiah as far as chapter 3, verse 9.

DEATH OF CANON KINGSLEY.—He was born at Holne Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor, Devon, June 12, 1819, and was educated at home until the age of fourteen, when he became a pupil of the Rev D. Coleridge, and afterwards a student at King's College, London, whence he removed to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he gained a scholarship and several prizes, taking a first-class in classics and a second-class in mathematics. Mr. Kingsley had mixed much with working men, as may be inferred from his "Alton Locke," and had taken part in various efforts to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, to such an extent as to have earned the name of the "Chartist Parson." He distinguished himself as a dramatic and lyric poet, the "Saint's Tragedy" having been published in 1846, and was the author of several novels. He wrote "Phaeton: Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers," published in 1852; "Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face," in 1853; "Alexandria and her Schools—Lectures," in 1854; "Westward Ho!" in 1855; "Two Years Ago," in 1857; "Miscellanies from Fraser's Magazine," in 1859; "The Water Babies," 1863; "The Roman and the Teuton," lectures delivered at Cambridge, in 1866; "The Hermits," in 1867; "How and Why?" in 1869; "At Last: a Christmas in the West Indies," 2 vols., 1871; and various volumes of sermons. He was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge in 1859, and after resigning that post was made Canon of Chester in 1869. Many of our readers will remember Canon Kingsley, who travelled through Canada, on a lecturing tour, last winter.

## ARTISTIC.

A STATUE of Grattan, is to be erected in College-green, Dublin. The figure, executed by the late Mr. Foley, is 9 ft. high.

THE Duke of Cambacères has purchased Gérard's large picture of the battle of Ansterlitz, from the Rapp collection for 6200l.

A MAGNIFICENT painting by Ribeira (Españoleto) has just been purchased for the Louvre. The subject is taken from the life of the prophet Elijah, who is represented almost without clothing, a band of straw encircling his waist, absorbed in prayer.

It is proposed to erect at Copenhagen a bronze statue of Hans Christian Andersen, who will enter on his seventy-first year in April. The subscription laïzed at a trifling sum in order that, all classes and even children may take part in it.

THE late Jean François Millet, the French artist, died where for years he had lived, at Barbizon, a little village in Fontainebleau. He was the strongest and most individual of the modern school of landscape painters.

M. MEISSONIER, the great painter, has completed a remarkable work destined for a French amateur and which is now being exhibited in Paris. The picture is entitled "Avant la Bataille," and represents a scene of the First Empire. Two superior officers, followed by their orderlies stop an instant to exchange a grasp of the hand. In the background are a number of horsemen under arms.