

A FOREST SCENE.

This week we give an illustration of a forest scene in Canada—an Indian encampment in the backwoods. In their expeditions, which often lead them through desolate forests, several miles from home, the Indians have the art of rearing, with great expedition, temporary abodes. On arriving at their evening station, a few poles, meeting at the top in form of a cone, are covered with bark, fastened by strips of tough rind. This forms their shelter for the night.

The fire is built in the middle of the hut, and the smoke, after filling the upper part of the chamber, escapes through a hole in the top, causing little inconvenience to the natives, who, within doors, never think of any position except lying or sitting.

The furniture in these native huts is exceedingly simple. The chief articles are two or three pots or kettles for boiling their food, with a few wooden plates and spoons. The former in the absence of metal, with which the inhabitants were unacquainted, were made of coarse earthenware that resisted the fire, and sometimes of a kind of soft stone, which could be excavated with their rude hatchets. Nay, in some cases, their kitchen utensils were of wood, and the water made to boil by throwing in heated stones.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

Had any one acquainted with the state of French affairs at the commencement of last year, been at that time suddenly cut off from all means of communication with France, and denied all possibility of learning what was going on in that country of political change, and then as suddenly restored to a knowledge of the then political state of the country, he would have felt inclined to discredit his senses. He would have almost been tempted to exclaim, "this is a new heaven and a new earth." And certainly the change which has come over the aspect of affairs is no unimportant or slight one. Who would have believed, a year ago, that the commencement of 1870 would see a ministry in which neither Rouher, nor Persigny, nor Baroche, nor Roquette would have a place? And, stranger still, that this reform should take place in a manner so new—without tumult or disturbance of any kind. On the first day of the new year, when the Emperor, in his speech to the members of the Corps Lgislatif, talked of relegating a portion of the responsibility by which he was burdened to the representatives of the country, few thought that his words had so full a meaning. And when he desired M. Ollivier to select the men whom he thought most capable of forming a homogeneous Administration, and more than that, assented to the advice of his Premier, the surprise manifested was unbounded. In acting as he has done, the Emperor has taken a most important step; for, in fact, he has laid aside his personal power and confided the interests of the country to a Parliamentary Cabinet.

The two parties represented in the new ministry are the Right Centre or moderate Imperialists, and the Left Centre or moderate Constitutionalists. Ollivier himself, of whose life and opinions we gave a sketch last week, had of late attached himself to the moderate Imperialist party. The Right Centre claims but two members besides the Premier in the ministry, M. Daru and M. Buffet. After the *senatus-consultum* of the 8th September, it will be remembered that three parties—the Extreme Left, the Left Centre, and the Right Centre—respectively issued their manifestations. The demands of the Right Centre now represented in the cabinet by Ollivier, Chevandier de Valdrme, Louvet, Maurice Richard, Segris, and Talhouet, were in brief—a peaceful policy towards foreign states; at home representative government, a faithful application of the parliamentary system, electoral reform, trial by jury in cases of infraction of the Press law, and liberty in matters of education. In addition to these reforms, the Left Centre demanded the right of originating measures in the Corps Lgislatif, and the election of the mayors by the municipal councils. Such was the double programme, the fusion of which produced the cabinet of the 2nd of January; and thus far it has not disappointed the expectations of those who hoped for the introduction of a liberal system of administration combined with a firm preservation of order. As time passes, the Ollivier ministry appears to be consolidating its strength, and while it has evidently nothing to fear from the Republican party, now falling into disrepute by its own excesses, the chances are growing in favour of the ultimate confirmation of the Emperor's assertion on New Year's day, that by casting off a part of his load, he had better qualified himself for the remainder of his journey; or in other words, by the great constitutional changes he has introduced, he has strengthened the Imperial dynasty.

Most of the ministers chosen by Mr. Ollivier are young for statesmen. The Marquis de Talhouet, Minister of Public Works, is 49. He was one of the deputies who, in 1851, protested against the *coup d'tat*, and, along with the Comte Napoleon de Daru—now Minister of Foreign Affairs—was imprisoned at Vincennes. The Comte de Daru was named after the first Napoleon, who was his godfather, and Josephine was his godmother. M. Chevandier de Valdrme, Minister of the Interior, is a wealthy land-owner in the department of the Meurthe. He is a Director of the Strasbourg Railway, and member of several learned societies. M. Buffet, Minister of Finance, is a man of great talent; he was Minister of Agriculture under the Republic of 1848, and sat in Faucher's Ministry of 1851. M. Segris, Minister of Public Instruction, is a retired barrister; and M. Louvet, Minister of Agriculture, is the head of a banking firm at Saumur. M. Maurice Richard, for whom has been created a new office, the Ministry of Fine Arts, is a particular friend of M. Emile Ollivier. General Lebeuf and Admiral Rigault de Genouilly retain their places as Ministers of War and Marine. M. Parieu, late Vice-President of the Council, is President of the Council in the new Cabinet. In this number we give the portraits of these newly selected constitutional advisers of the Emperor, hardly any one of whom would have been named outside of France a few weeks ago as a man of extraordinary distinction. Yet their administration, in the face of grave difficulties, has been, so far, remarkably successful, and the Emperor may fairly congratulate himself as well on the wisdom of his choice in selecting M. Ollivier to form the new ministry, as on the statesmanship displayed by the Government in giving effect to the recently proclaimed policy.

A youthful negro is in the Albany penitentiary, for selling a dressed cat for a rabbit to one of the first families in New York.

GENERAL NEWS. CANADA.

Edgar Flynn, a messenger in the Ottawa Post Office, has been caught purloining money from the night-till. For some time previous sums of money had been missed.

The Reformers of Perth gave Mr. Blake, M. P. for South Bruce, a complimentary dinner at Stratford on Thursday last. The dinner to Mr. Sandfield Macdonald came off at Cornwall on the same day.

George Moses, an Indian belonging to the Seneca Tribe, and living on the Tonawanda Reservation, died on Tuesday evening, Jan. 20, 1870, aged 111.

The Great Western Railway Company has very liberally decided that, hereafter, half-fare tickets will be issued to all clergymen travelling over their line.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company have commenced booking through to China and Japan, *via* the Grand Trunk, Michigan Central and Union Pacific Railways, and Pacific Mail steamers from San Francisco.

The Governor-General will issue his proclamation immediately, as authorized by law, ordering that American silver shall only be a legal tender at rates mentioned in the Finance Minister's circular; half-dollar, 40 cents; quarter, 20 cents; and so on for the other coins, after the 15th of April.

A child, named Thomas Jordan, died at Ottawa on the 3rd inst., in consequence of morphia having been administered to him, instead of quinine, by Dr. Phileon, of that city. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of accidental death, in consequence of poison having been administered by mistake.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The malaria has made its appearance in Rome.

Fire-proof garments are the latest novelty in Germany.

The festivities at the inauguration of the Suez Canal are said to have cost the Khedive \$6,000,000.

It is said that the creditors of Rochefort, despairing of making good their claims against him, have attached his salary as Deputy.

The Paris *Marseillaise* says that M. Ledru-Rollin will act as counsel for the Noir family at the trial of Prince Bonaparte.

It is said that M. Louvet, the present Minister of Public Works, in the French Cabinet, will very likely leave the Ministry and be replaced by M. Dupuy de Lme.

The town of Santa Maria, in one of the Ionian Islands, was destroyed on the 29th December last. Ten corpses were taken from the ruins, and fifty wounded. Not a single house was left standing.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A NEWSPAPER ARTIST.—Ludwig Hanter the special artist sent by the *Gartenlaube* and the *Illustrirtes Zeitung*, of Leipzig, to the scene of the Dalmatian insurrection, had the misfortune of being made prisoner by the Boche on November 28, and after having robbed him of his money, and other valuables, they cut off his ears and set him at liberty.

Troubles in Paris are on the increase. We learn by telegraph that Rochefort was arrested on Monday night as he was entering a political meeting. Gustave Flourens, the most virulent opponent of the present Government after Rochefort, and a noted turbulent agitator, was present and proceeded to take the chair. Drawing his sword and firing his revolver in the air, he vowed to revenge his friend, and then proceeded to dissolve the meeting. The mob took to the streets, and erected several barricades, at one of which a fight took place with the military, the latter being repulsed.

ST. VALENTINE OF OLD.

A SKETCH.

SCENE: A lady's chamber, in a baronial hall. On the table lie a number of Valentines, writing materials, &c.

[Enter "DAINTIE DEMOISELLE,"]

Dem. [Approaching the table:]

How now, good Bishop Valentine! Methinks Thy crosser hath become a magic wand, Turning men's wits to folly.—By your leave.

VALENTINE I.

"List, O list to love's sweet tune, Thou whose beauty mocks the moon: Hear a faithful lover's tale: Thou that mak'st the sun look pale: For thee he bears these bosom-scars— Thee, the twin-sister of the stars!"

"When to yon skies thine eyes turn not, The moon herself is but a blot: In heavens that see not thy sweet face, The sun himself hath lost a grace: Such radiance streams about thy name, The children stars go hide for shame!"

"O deem this isle the Latian plain, Descend, sweet moon, to earth again! Where, shivering, chilled, I mope apart, Come thou, blest sun, to warm my heart! O radiant searmer, near or far, Thou only art my guiding star!"

Dem. Is woman, then, a puppet and a toy, And worthy only to be thus tricked out In the poor, east-off sweepings of your brains? I pray you, gentlemen, respect us more! Shall beauty thus be coined into a lie? Is Truth a fiction—Love itself conceit— And courtship still a mummery and a mask? Methinks the moon hath more to do with this Than my poor self, or my unlucky stars! Another?—So! hath folly ne'er an end?

VALENTINE II.

"When merry bells do ring thy bridal peal, And maids go strewing blossoms by the way, From the too sudden face of joy I steal And down before thy feet my bruised heart lay— When merry bells do ring."

"When Sabbath bells call wandering souls to prayer, Luv'ing Sin its burthen down to rest, Then breathe I straight thy name upon the air, And all my vain presumption stands confessed— When Sabbath bells do call."

"When solemn bells toll slow that last sad rite That ushers in the bridal of the grave, In others' darkness find I my true light, Dying, in thought, for those whose love might save— When solemn bells do toll."

Dem. Cortez, were I an undertaker's daughter, 'Twere meet thy groans prevailed, most dismal woer!

We'd weep—we'd hold our troth-plight o'er a grave, And wed beneath a canopy of pall, In very truth I would thou'dst been a mute! Why, what comes next? More vain and empty breath? Good Bishop, give me patience to the end!

(Reads.)

VALENTINE III.

"Might I but touch thy garment's hem I'd ask no kingly dindem: The silken net that binds thy hair Dearer to me than empires were; Nought envy I save that rich zone Which calls thy heaving heart its own!"

Dem. Go to! the man's a milliner! I vow A barber's block were meeter for a wife To this so mincing, superficial ape, Than such a breathing frame of earth as I! I'll call my firewoman; sooth, he shall have My garment's self, my silken net—ay, even My girle-cord to hang himself withal! But, soft! here's one whose music sounds like truth.

(Reads.)

VALENTINE IV.

"Count thou my wealth! A soul without a stain, Born to be free— A soul that never yet could brook a chain, Not even for thee; A right good sword—to succour, not oppress; No sword of state, But one, the wrongs of nations to redress Ever in wait: A lance unsmitrched, and ever foremost hurled Where Freedom bled; A shield, to keep the battles of the world Far from thy head."

"If this be wealth, to honour and to thee I pledge my all: Should'st thou below thy higher standard see How far I fall: O, patience, gentlest lady! Breathe that word Whose lightest sound Mid the heart-silence of devotion heard Makes virtue crowned; Then, in the fulness of thy richer grace To thee 'tis given To bid me follow where thy blest feet trace The path to heaven!"

Dem. O, noble soul! Had I a heart to give 'Twere thine without a blush! True soldier thou! What wonder is it that our woman-hearts Still cling about a sword? Who else but he That fighteth for the sanctity of home Should there hold honoured place 'fore all the world! Would I were troth-free, for thy valour's sake!— What have I said? I would not for the world! Out on the thought, disloyal and untrue! Yet why, O why, send'st thou no single word, O love of all my life? What have I done, What said, or thought, or dreamed, that I should bear This cruel penance? Wherefore dost thou still Walk hand-in-hand with me from childhood up— Wherefore forsake the labours of thy youth To make me pastime, turning toil to sport— If thou'rt too wise for love? Alas! weak heart, That trembles in the silence of the loved! Yet can I but remember of the time When we two roamed together, like the stars In the unchanging heaven—each true soul Upheld and guided by the law of love. Like, too, the stars, we gazed on this green earth, Radiant in smiles—so full of light were we! No word—not one—nor shadow of a word? Yet stay—what is it I behold? A scroll, Looped in a golden ring! It is—it must be: This is the very trick of his dear hand! I asked but for one single word—'tis here!

(Reads.)

VALENTINE V.

"WIFE!"

Dem. A simple word! A sweet old Saxon word As e'er took root within an English home, Or blossomed into beauty by a hearth! Blummed, too, with quaint devices strange, Like some rich monkish missal, wrought by hand, That never—pray Heaven he be not a monk! How shall such word be mated? (Taking up pen.) Laggard pen, That will not write what love is fain to say, (She presses, then writes a single word, a "Wife" reads the letter.) Set there,—no more! 'tis writ; now, on my life, I've given thee, love, a "Husband" for thy "Wife!"

E. L. HERVEY.

MUSIC.

MR. J. B. LABELLE begs to announce that he has resumed the teaching of instrumental music, and will be happy to give lessons on the Organ, Piano, Harp, or Guitar, either at his own, or the pupils' residence, on very moderate terms. Mr. LABELLE may be addressed at the Office of this Paper, No. 10, Place d'Armes.

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