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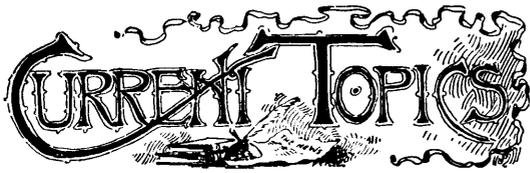
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10th JANUARY, 1891.



Old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell
And blow his nails to warm them if he may.
---Spencer.

The Winter Season.

With the snow and frost comes brightness and cheer, good spirits and invigorating amusements. The December just closed has been an unusually happy month in these respects. From first to last nothing prevailed but a clear, cold atmosphere, producing that buoyancy and general good-feeling both in body and mind, always so pleasurable—especially so during the sparkle of the Christmas season. It should be a matter of just pride to all Canadians—this bright, clear winter of ours—when we have it pure and unadulterated; it not only gives us the opportunity for the most healthy form of recreation, but it means that a good volume of business will be done by the general trade throughout the Dominion, the result of which will materially effect all classes of the community. It is well to emphasize to our many readers, non-resident in Canada, that our cold winters, instead of being the drawback that so many persons, accustomed to the damp and sloppy season in England and the United States, consider them to be, are in reality a substantial boon, and mean a thriving business for our merchants, vigour in body and mind for our citizens, and pleasure for all healthy lads and lassies.

Queensland.

Colonial troubles are not confined to Newfoundland, although the features of the matter now noted differ materially from those of our Island sister. In this case, the tendency unfortunately appears to be towards separation, instead of unification. The agitation in Queensland for the division of that colony into two or three distinct governments, each blessed with all the appendages of state, has taken a very active turn within the past few months. A strong deputation recently waited upon LORD KNUTSFORD to urge the passing of a bill by the Imperial Government to carry out the proposed separation, but the Colonial Secretary pointed out the prior necessity of the universal endorsement by the colony itself in favour of the division, and the then submittal of an approved scheme for the consideration of Her Majesty's Government; and the projected partition is now necessarily postponed many months. Although Queensland occupies a very extensive area—1300 miles long by 800 wide, the population is very small, not exceeding 350,000 souls; and when we consider that a governor, a legislative council of 36 members and a legislative assembly of twice that number are necessary to govern the country, it is hoped great attention will be given to the subject by the Imperial Government before they acquiesce in dividing up a small

population into two or three distinct states, each with all the expensive appendages thought essential, to colonial governments. Canadian experience on this point might be worthy of consideration.

The Indian War.

The new year has opened with another of those little Indian wars in the United States—little, indeed, to the powerful nation, the action of whose officials brought on the war, but great, and life-and-death itself, to the unfortunate remnant of red-skins who, after being driven back, year after year, from the land originally theirs, in violation of treaties solemnly made, and in defiance of human brotherhood, have been slowly starved, until at last, in desperation, have turned on their subjugators, and are striking, with all their force, using every expedient peculiar to their race. Truly the crimes of hunger and of love of home are serious ones; no one doubts that for an instant; but could not the methods of punishment for their committal be made less severe? It is a curious commentary on the results of the glorious-equality-of-man doctrine carried into practice that, in the free and liberty-loving Republic, the treatment of the original owners of the soil is so different from the despotic and tyrannical absolutisms of the Monarchy. The Indian victim of kingly oppression in Canada has, strangely enough, always been well fed and clothed, neither have the land-treaties, in which he was concerned, been broken, while the independent red-skin in the Land of Equality has, still more strangely, failed to appreciate the blessings of the flag, under whose upstare protection his kinsmen have faded away.

Sitting Bull.

In the assassination of Sitting Bull, the Western authorities have removed one of the very few prominent Indian types of the latter part of this century. Murdered, and that in a cowardly manner, he certainly was, and it behooves the United States Government to make the closest inquiry into the circumstances of his death, and to severely punish his slayers. A man of ability, he was a medicine man, a prophet, and a man of peace, vastly superior in intellect and manner to the others of his race. But his arrest was ordered, and the task of effecting his capture was entrusted to a party of renegade Indians, yclept Indian police, and they shot him as he stood. His body was quickly buried, and none of the usual Indian funeral ceremonies were allowed to be observed.

The Behring Sea Matter.

It would be difficult to imagine a less dignified position for any state official—we cannot say statesman—to be in than that occupied to-day by MR. BLAINE. That a disputed point between two great nations, a point in which the strongest and most important evidence has been produced in favor of one, should be, by the other, refused reference to neutral arbiters, is a conclusive proof that the certainty of an adverse decision is feared. When it is borne in mind that the nation declining peaceful settlement had, in the past, taken strongly aggressive measures to enforce its views of the case, evidently relying on the known forbearance of the other power; that on the latter stretching out her iron hand in menace of further aggression, the irritating action had been immediately dropped; and that now, although again threatening interference, the non-arbitrating party is so vastly inferior in men, guns and ships—quantity and quality—as to make all comparison a farce and a burlesque. It is evident that the man or men responsible for such absurdity have either lost their heads or are deliberately throwing away the honour and proverbial common-sense of a great nation for their own political ends. Fortunately, the final decision in such matters lies with a legislative body, presumably possessed of, at least, ordinary reasoning powers; and we venture to think that on calm reflection, the Congress of the United States will decline to commit themselves to a course of action which will not only stultify themselves in the eyes of the world, but which will have the far more serious effect of bringing on a war for which their nation is totally unprepared.

The Montreal Post Office.

What a quantity of hammering and repetition some of the old mottoes have withstood since they first acted the part of the new-fledged newspaper in "filling a long-felt want." And yet they are still to the front; we could not well get on without them, and they keep off the pedantic element in conversation to a marked degree. The phrase in our mind at present is eminently useful, "a new broom sweeps clean," and we hope that MR. C. A. DANSEREAU, the coming Postmaster of Montreal, will not belie the orthodox statement. MR. DANSEREAU comes to the position with every prospect of marked success in his administration. The world moves fast; facilities in the transmission of correspondence and literature have been developed with amazing rapidity within the past few years; and in the commercial capital of Canada it is essential that the systems and general management of the Post Office be unexcelled. The progress made by Canada to the present is wonderful, and proportionately far ahead of the gain in population. While the beginning of 1852 saw but 600 offices in Upper and Lower Canada, in 1867 the number had increased four-fold, while 1889 gave us a total of 4,394 in the two Provinces, and no less than 7,838 for the Dominion; and co-measurate with the increase in offices has been the gain to the public in every other branch of the department. There is, however, still much that can be done to improve the service. The postal system of Great Britain, with low rates, prompt deliveries, cheap telegraphs, and the ease and simplicity with which it transmits money and parcels, is a model one; and we sincerely hope that before many months elapse most of its facilities will be embodied in our postal service. In the Montreal office is room for many improvements, and MR. DANSEREAU can earn golden opinions from the merchants of this city by his prompt measures in that direction.

Personal and Literary Notes.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, who is now playing a prominent part in Irish politics, is said to be the original of Anthony Throllope's character of "Phineas Finn," the Irish member.

Will Carleton, whose poems have done so much to right the wrongs of domestic and social life, as did those of Whittier and Lowell to right the political wrongs of an earlier generation, is meeting with great success upon the lecture platform by weaving his most popular poems with bits of advice and counsel.

Two of the "Little Men" of Louisa M. Alcott's famous book are now in the Boston publishing house of Roberts Bros. They are Mssrs Alcott's nephew, F. Alcott Pratt, and his brother, who took the name of John Alcott.

Lady Florence Dixie, during a recent tour in Bavaria, came upon an unwritten chapter in the life of "The Mad King" Ludwig—a romance which befell him during one of his lonely peregrinations after the chamois in the Bavarian Alps—and she has faithfully recorded it with the purpose of showing that, far from being insane, the King was a man of high imagination and chivalry.

There has recently been found among Mr. Thackeray's papers a collection of drawings from his own pencil. They were apparently intended to illustrate the strange adventures of a fisherman at Boulogne, who set himself the task of, single-handed, capturing the British fleet. Thackeray never finished the story, but the drawings tell it with considerable effect. Mrs. Ritchie, daughter of the novelist, is writing an article on the treasure trove.

The movement for purchasing Dove Cottage, Grasmere, and fitting it up as a permanent memorial of Wordsworth has been remarkably successful. It was announced that \$5,000 would be required for the purchase of the freehold and for fitting up the cottage in a simple way as a kind of Wordsworth museum. Of this sum \$4,250 has now been subscribed, the cottage is purchased and in the present winter the little place will be put in order, and a careful trust deed will be prepared. Subscriptions to make up the remaining \$750 are invited, as are also relics and manuscripts of the poet.