

PARDON AND AMNESTY.

The result of the trial of AMBROISE LEPINE may be said to have transplanted the case of the Metis from the domain of mere politics to that of national policy. His participation in the death of THOMAS SCOTT was clearly proven. The judge charged on the simple facts, the jury deliberated on the simple facts, and the verdict was, in consequence, prompt and distinct. The recommendation to mercy, however, by which the verdict was accompanied, had an emphatic significance in the minds of the jury and it is that circumstance which invests LEPINE'S case with a broader and higher importance than it might otherwise have. It will be remembered that the jury was composed of six English-speaking members and of six French half-breeds. It is only natural to surmise that when the six half-breeds consented to a verdict of culpability, they made it a condition that the prisoner should be recommended to executive clemency. The six English jurymen probably accepted the condition, both because it secured the desired unanimity and because they honestly believed that their party in Manitoba would be amply satisfied with the moral effect of a condemnation.

If such are really the facts, and if the English jurymen truly represent their countrymen in the North West, as we may be certain the Metis jurymen represent theirs, it is only right that the rest of the Dominion, personified in their representatives at Ottawa, should make account of the circumstance and govern themselves accordingly. That they have already done so, may be assumed from the tone of the press throughout the Provinces. The general feeling appears to be that law and equity have been justified in the condemnation of Lepine, and that there is no occasion for further retribution in taking the life of the prisoner. However high the feeling of indignation may have ruled while justice was ignored, all thirst of vengeance has died out now that the procedures of common law have been enforced. To these sentiments we heartily subscribe. In the interest of that harmony which ought to reign among all classes of our diversified community, and in order that all past wrangling issues may be buried, so that we may all apply ourselves to the loftier needs of the country, we think that the recommendation of the Manitoba jurymen, both French and English, should be complied with. And we have every room to believe that it will be complied with.

We wish that the decision of LEPINE'S case, could solve the RIEL problem as well. At first blush, we had hopes that it would, but on closer examination, we are more dubious. RIEL is at present a fugitive from justice. He will probably be outlawed. If so, he cannot take his seat in Parliament. His attempt to do so, would only renew the bad blood of last session and keep alive the agitation in the North West. Why does he not come forward manfully and stand his trial? It is certain that he would be treated fairly. His spontaneous surrendering of himself would perhaps ensure him a lenient trial. But if it came to the worse, his fate would not be harder than that of LEPINE. The way would then be open to a general amnesty. But we are assured that RIEL will not deliver himself up. He demands amnesty without a trial. In the present situation of affairs can this be granted him? Will public sentiment in Ontario and elsewhere allow him what was refused to LEPINE and others? These are knotty questions. And yet they must soon be answered one way or the other. The impatience in Manitoba is evinced from the fact that NAULT who was tried immediately after RIEL, and on almost identical charges, was not found guilty. The jury divided.

THE DECLINE OF CARLISM.

The latest news from the seat of war in Spain is that the siege of Irun is raised, or about to be raised, by the Carlists, and that DON CARLOS, with his staff, has crossed the French frontier to Andaye. If this intelligence proves authentic, it

may safely be assumed that a crisis has been reached in the affairs of CHARLES VII. Irun is on the northern limit of Spain, in the province of Guipuzcoa. The Carlists have almost entirely abandoned the line of the Ebro, and concentrated their forces under the guns of that distant fortress. The capture of this fortress is all-important to them. If they succeeded in taking it, they would have a good base of operations open to the sea on one side, and protected, on the other, by the French frontier and the north-western base of the Pyrenees. But if it is true that DON CARLOS has crossed over to France, with his staff, the only conclusion is that he has deserted his army. And if he has deserted his army, the probabilities are that the army is on the point of being disbanded.

In the light of subsequent events, it would appear that the culminating point of the unfortunate war which has been devastating Spain for several years, was the recovery of Bilbao by Marshal CONCHA. The Carlists have never really rallied from that blow. Instead of marching further south, as they threatened to do on several occasions, they have abandoned the Basque Provinces, one by one, and fallen back gradually to a narrow territory on the eastern extremity of the coast of Biscay. Their presence in that region, contiguous to the French frontier, has led to many diplomatic complications of late, and the Government of Marshal MACMAHON has had some trouble to maintain friendly relations with SERRANO in consequence of it. However, a solution will now be easily reached if DON CARLOS has really turned his horse's head to French soil. The Government of Madrid has demanded that the Prince and his suite should be interned, that is, that they should be disarmed by the French troops, and put under pledge not to draw their swords again on Spanish territory. That the French authorities will not refuse this reasonable request is certain, considering the experience of their own soldiers in Belgium and Switzerland, during the late war.

It is to be hoped in the interests of poor Spain, as well as in the interests of civilisation, that the fratricidal war should come to an end. The Spanish people have made honest efforts in the last seven years to found a stable, responsible government, and notwithstanding many untoward circumstances, they would probably have succeeded, if this Carlist invasion had not baffled all their plans. DON CARLOS may have been sincere in his aims; he may have believed in the principle of Legitimism and Divine Right, of which he professed himself the standard-bearer, but he should have seen long ago that his unaided efforts to conquer the throne of Spain was futile, and his sentiments of humanity, outside of any other consideration, should have induced him to give up the bloody and cruel contest. Whatever sympathy he may have enlisted in his behalf at the opening of the campaign—and he was certainly viewed with a favourable eye by Russia, Prussia, and Austria—was gradually dispelled when the hopelessness of his cause was made apparent. Peoples are no longer the property of any set of men, or the representative of any dynasty, however ancient and honourable, and it is little less than a sin against humanity to endeavour to enforce one's personal claims upon them by the brutality of the sword, and the shedding of innocent blood. If, therefore, DON CARLOS has at length been driven from Spain, there is no reason to regret the conclusion of the war which he declared and waged.

CHEAP TRANSPORTATION.

This important question has attracted an unusual amount of attention in the United States and Canada during the last six or seven months. There seems no doubt that it exercised a considerable influence in the late elections across the border. The farmers of the West are suffering from dull times, and the chief cause of the depression seems to be the low price of grain, as regulated by the English market, and the correspondingly high rates

of transportation to the seaboard. Wheat is selling in Liverpool at about forty shillings per quarter, and its price in New York is from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel. These rates are not sufficient for the Western farmer and hence he naturally agitates for a remedy. The remedy does not lie in enhancing the value of grain, for the grain market must suffer an equipoise like every other commodity, and when it is abundant in all the grain fields of the world, as happens to be the case this year, the rates must fall to a low level, regulated by that balance, the jobbers of Mark Lane. The only remedy for the farmer lies in cheap transportation. As a leading New York authority aptly says: Cheap food for the moment is a poor compensation for the bankruptcy of merchants occasioned by the inability of their Western customers to pay, and the Western merchant's ability is limited wholly by the ability of the farmer. Reducing the cost of transportation increases the price to the producer, without enhancing the cost to the consumer: the more, therefore, it can be reduced, the better for the country at large.

The exporters of New York are naturally afraid of the competition of Baltimore and Montreal in the matter of cheap transportation. The former city is pressing forward in the race by stocking its railroads at their actual cost of \$40,000 per mile, which it believes must yield a great advantage over New York, capitalized at \$130,000 per mile. But the greatest apprehension, because really the most formidable rivalry of the great American metropolis lies in the direction of Montreal. Our growing city does not attempt to compete against the trunk railways, which are in the hands of private corporations, and raise or lower their rates to suit themselves, irrespective of the needs of the public service, but it runs a muck directly with the mighty artery of the Erie Canal, the property of the Empire State. Hence the attention of New York merchants and legislators is turned to the improvement of Erie. The introduction of steam is expected to work the revolution so long expected, and to put the Erie Canal far beyond the reach of any competition. In 1871, the Legislature of New York offered a reward of \$100,000 for the successful introduction of steam on that high way. After two years of careful experiment, the prize was awarded to William Baxter, the well-known engine maker of New York. His boat has attained a speed of 3 9-10 miles an hour, upon a consumption of 14 82-100 pounds of coal per mile, carrying 200 tons of freight. The nearest competitor made 2 41-100 miles an hour, and burned 75 89-100 pounds of coal to the mile. The average speed of the horse-drawn boats being only one and a half miles per hour, and the cost of towing being thirty-five cents per mile, this way was regarded as a complete solution of the problem of cheap and rapid transportation; as it would double the speed and at the same time reduce the expense of running the boats fully one-half. The capacity will be doubled without cost, and the granaries of the West be brought within half the distance (as to time) of New York. It is also estimated that the saving in cost of transportation will be three million dollars per annum on the present volume of business.

SHAKESPEARE'S "CONSTANCE."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—There is not a particle of use discussing the character of *Constance* or any of Shakespeare's personages in the light of a preconceived theory, for the experience of all Shakespearian students is, that you can draw from him, as from Scripture, any meaning that suits your taste or fancy. But it may be no harm to say that *Constance* betrays the maternal feeling after a fashion of her own, and that her manifestations of it are rightly coupled with her outraged sentiments of queen. Indeed, throughout the play, she is half-raving with despair, and when she says she would not love her *Arthur* if he were ugly or deformed, it is because she

knew he was beautiful, and that his comeliness was about to be disfigured by the irons of *Hubert*. There is morbid exaggeration in this estimate of mere fleshly beauty; but have not many noble mothers experienced it under tragical circumstances?

Maternal love is always sublime, yet it is one of the common-places of life. The lowliest have it as well as the queenliest. Shakespeare touched upon it as it came in his way. I am sure he never feared to treat it as above him. Far inferior writers have described it with success. It permeates all literature, from Homer to Hugo, and strikes home to our hearts in different ways, from *Hecuba* to *Fantine*. L.

THE THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Harry Lindley has opened the winter season at this favourite place of amusement, and proposes offering to the Montreal public during the next six months a series of varied attractions. The present week is devoted to burlesque and musical extravaganzas, wherein the beautiful and graceful Eliza Weathersby and the sprightly little Ella Chapman delight the crowded houses. The former realises all that has been written on the poetry of motion, and has, moreover, the rare merit of an exquisitely clear, one might say, crystalline enunciation. Miss Chapman is full of merriment, and sings and dances apparently with as much fun to herself as pleasure to her audience.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

For the following account of the personal appearance and habits of the Comte de Chambord we are indebted to the pages of a contemporary: "The Comte is comely, dignified, and agreeable. His profile resembles that of his grand-uncle, Louis XVIII., a mustache and whiskers of a slightly Austrian cavalry cut being allowed for. His demeanour is easy, graceful, and unstudied. He is slightly above the middle height, and more than slightly given to *embonpoint*—the family failing, if it be not the family favour—of the older branch. His forehead is remarkably high and smooth; his voice is sonorous and particularly attractive. His acquirements as a linguist, especially in English, are, it is reported, remarkable. He is in every respect accomplished, and is a very brilliant conversationist. The Prince is an early riser, seldom quitting his apartment later than six in the morning. Towards nine he starts for an airing on horseback, accompanied by a single servant, or by some gentlemen, on a visit to Frohsdorf. At half-past ten he returns to breakfast. The meal over, the prince adjourns to the smoking-room. He talks freely upon ordinary topics, receives visitors, and gives audience to persons coming on business. During the remainder of the day he usually devotes two or three hours to writing, after which, accompanied by the princess, he takes a ride in the park or in the environs of Frohsdorf, returning to dinner, which is served at seven o'clock, and lasts precisely one hour. Beyond the ordinary rules of exalted etiquette, which are of course rigidly observed, there is no restraint on the conversation, which concludes the evening; and by ten o'clock all is quiet in the Castle of Frohsdorf."

VICTOR HUGO'S FIRST SUCCESS.

A writer in a sketch of Victor Hugo says: "When Victor Hugo married Adèle Foucher, the joint income of the young couple scarcely amounted to \$300 a year. He had not even enough to pay for the printing of his first volume of poems, 'Les Odes,' on the results of the publication of which he anticipated great things. He felt certain that the merits of those magnificent productions would soon render him famous; but this opinion was not shared by the publishers, who, one and all, refused to bring out the volume as their own. Utterly discouraged Victor Hugo threw the manuscript into his waste-paper drawer, where it was discovered by his brother Abel, who took it to a small publisher named Delaunay, and paid for its printing with his own savings, and without saying a word about his generosity. Once printed, it was not easy to persuade the booksellers to let the cheaply got up volumes even rest upon their stands, and with difficulty Abel succeeded in inducing the uncle of one of his schoolmates to offer the book for sale. The first copy bought was purchased by M. Mennechet, reader to Louis XVIII., and thus it was that the 'Odes' were read to the King, who delighted with their surpassing beauty, immediately rewarded the author with a pension of 1,000 francs per annum. Imagine the delight of the surprised poet when he discovered that through the affectionate solicitude of his brother, his first book was printed. Its success was so great that within six months a second edition was demanded, for which the poet received a handsome remuneration. He immediately repaid the generous Abel, and removed with his young wife from a poor and small apartment in the Rue du Dragon, which they had hired on their wedding-day, to a larger and more commodious one in the Rue Vaugirard."