

even this device was of scant avail. For the purpose of further concentration, Morgan decided on abandoning the open street and occupying the houses on the south side, whence he could keep up a telling fire on the interior of the barricade. He thus obtained some shelter, but he could not prevent his ranks from rapidly thinning under the artillery and musketry fire of the enemy. His men fell on every side. Several of his best officers were killed or wounded under his very eye. The brave Virginian stormed and raged, but his most valiant efforts were futile. There was a propitious moment when he might have retreated in safety. He chafed against the idea and his hesitation proved fatal. Carleton sent out from Palace Gate a detachment of two hundred men, under Captain Laws, to march up Saute-au-Matlot street and take the Continentals in the rear. The movement was completely successful. Morgan was forced to understand his desperate situation and yielded bravely to fate. He surrendered the remnant of his shattered army, a total of four hundred and twenty-six men.

This was the dread culmination. The great stroke had been made and it had disastrously failed. Quebec still remained standing on its granite pedestal. British power still stood dominant. The Continentals had broken their victorious campaign against this gigantic obstacle. Montgomery was dead. Arnold was defeated. One half of the army was captured. The broken remnant shrunk back to its quarters amid the snowbanks of the St. Foye road. Had Carleton been a great general he could have annihilated it at one blow.

There never dawned a gloomier day over an army than the 1st January, 1776, over the American forces before Quebec. All their chances were gone, and they had to confront a menacing future. Still gloomier was the fate of the four hundred brave fellows who were cooped up in the Seminary. These prisoners were well treated by the British, but the loss of liberty was a privation for which no kind offices could compensate. Among them, of course, was Guy Singleton, who was not only a prisoner, but grievously wounded.

END OF BOOK THIRD.

(To be continued.)

THE "GRIEVANCES" OF THE PRESS.

Mr. Fred. Hamilton contributed to your last issue a paper devoted to the discussion of the ills to which the newspaper-men of Montreal are subjected in the matter of salary and social standing. I for one, a journalist of a good many years' experience, cannot see what end Mr. Hamilton desires to serve by entering upon the subject as he has done; and it appears to me that the troubles which exist will not be brought any nearer a conclusion by writings of such a character. For Mr. Hamilton enters the field as the apologist of the employers of literary labour. He argues that men get just what the market rate affords, and less, if a lower rate can be agreed upon. If a reporter does not like his pay, let him fold up his tent like the Arabs, draw his beard from the Savings Bank (what reporter ever had a bank account?) and migrate. Reporters should be economical too, and salt down a portion of their stipends for use when, in the course of human events, the well of employment runs dry. But he suggests no reform. He forecasts no improvement. He simply says what has been reiterated time and again, and drops the subject, having added nothing to it.

The true fault of the newspaper system, as it exists in Montreal, is its lack of literary vitality. The public have learned to depend upon the city journals for immediate news, but nothing more. Cultivated people, from experience expect nothing but mediocrity, and they turn from the everlasting discussion of politics and City Council business to English and American periodicals. The public is undoubtedly to blame in a measure for this. It has not encouraged home talent and literary ability. It has steadily ignored genius growing up and going to waste in the dismal wilderness of the Court House and the Corporation offices. Every effort of cultured, clever and brilliant writers to improve the literary tone of the people has met with decided repulse, and the result has been, that, with the exception of Quebec, Montreal turns out the flattest and worst written daily papers of any city on the continent. The men engaged upon them have no heart for any but mechanical work, for they have been taught to believe that nothing else will be comprehended or appreciated.

The publishers of the daily papers are to blame also. They have had ample opportunities of doing what aspiring writers and thinkers have attempted to the full extent of their means, but they have never sought to rise above the dull humdrum level of the past half century. Indeed, it may be said that excellence in style and material has been rather discouraged than stimulated by the immediate purveyors of newspaper literature. A servile desire to follow the public taste rather than direct it, to please rather than to elevate, to flatter rather than excite to high aspirations, a mercantile spirit keenly scenting advertising patronage, and eager to retain it at even the expense of principle, have unfortunately characterized the press and kept it at its present level. In obedience to forces like these strength and ability have declined, and at the present moment it requires a man of but very moderate powers and experience to satisfactorily discharge

the duties of reporter on most papers. Wages are low, because a low class of work is all that is expected, and they will remain low until the people demand something better than they are receiving.

There is abundance of material in the journalistic world of Montreal to turn out newspapers unsurpassed for excellence of style and richness of contents. Some of the men who are under literary extinguishers in the offices here turn out marvels for the periodicals; work, indeed, which they would be proud to contribute to a really first class paper paying living salaries. But they will not, indeed they cannot afford to throw away their articles. They send them abroad and are paid for them, and when they are printed they enjoy the cynical satisfaction of observing Montreal people reading and taking delight in productions which, had they first seen the light at home, would have been contemptuously tossed aside.

Of course, the day will come, however remote it may appear now, when the reading public will demand a far higher class of matter than that which is now being served out; when the people, having grown out of the apathy which tolerates mediocrity in political and commercial morning journalism and submits in the evening to concentrated hypocrisy, will arise from the mire and insist upon being as well provided for as other communities. Publishers will then be forced to employ the highest talent, and pay for it too, but it does not appear to me that this journalistic millennium is anywhere in the near future. The era of the literary depression is destined to be a far longer one than that of the commercial.

I have been unable to extract much meaning from Mr. Hamilton's reference to the social status of the reporter. A journalist, like every other member of society, is respected by the public pretty much in the same proportion as he respects himself, and his conduct, character and ability earn for him the regard of his fellows. I do not believe that the mere fact of a man belonging to the profession of letters confers any distinction upon him more than following the practice of medicine or law elevates a doctor or an advocate above the rest of the world. The profession is a noble, if an arduous and thankless one. It is for its members to make it, with themselves, respected even more than it, and they are not by self assertion, but by the display of those qualities which always command admiration and esteem.

Should Mr. Hamilton write again, I trust he will endeavour to put some practical suggestions before his fellows of the press. Thus far he has only opened the discussion, and left it exactly where he took it up.

TERENCE TYRWHYLL.

AN OLD PROFESSOR.

A SOUVENIR OF PARISIAN COLLEGE LIFE.

One afternoon, seated in my room busy with the morrow's work, I was disturbed by a knocking so faint, as to be hardly distinguished amid the distant hum in the street below. In answer to my repeated summons to come in, there appeared at the door a most singular specimen of humanity, who hesitated ere approaching as if anxious to see what his reception would be to my inquiry as to what he desired. He at length came up and handed me a note from one of my friends. It read thus:—"I send you a most unfortunate man, help him if you are able; he is deserving."

In reality, the man before me did present a most melancholy picture. Poor in appearance, even miserable looking, his clothes were worn and shabby, and his shirt was in threads down the front and at the sleeves, with the apology of a black string for a cravat. Shoes that had seen many a day of rough wear and usage, carelessly sewn together, ready at any moment to fall in pieces, completed the wretched man, while a white hat—such a hat, stained black and red in colour, old and sadly worn—served as a cover to all. This was the fellow creature that my friend sent to appeal to my charity. And yet, with all his soiled attire and old appearance the old man commanded respect as he stood there looking at me with his bright intelligent eyes, which met mine in a clear honest gaze. I was interested at once. Before I could ask him to be seated he had taken a chair, and addressing me in a pleasant voice said:—"Sir, I beg you will excuse my apparent want of ceremony in seating myself uninvited, but I feel quite exhausted after my ascent; remember five flights are no small undertaking for one of my years."

I regretted that economy obliged me to dwell so high. He continued:

"I feel sure you are charitable like your friend. If you only knew how kind he has been to me, I owe him more gratitude than it will ever be in my power to repay. When I am sick he always attends to me in his hospital, and as soon as I am able to leave again, he does all he can to assist me in finding employment; failing in that, he serves me from his limited means to keep his old teacher from hunger and cold. But before interesting you in my behalf, let me tell you who I am, and what circumstances conspired to plunge me in such complete misery."

Here the old man gave me his name and said furthermore:

"Having finished my studies at college, being then eighteen, without friends, fortune or prospects for the future, I was forced to leave Bordeaux, where I had resided since my birth. Like every other provincial I started gladly enough for Paris, imagining that money was to be had there for the mere seeking, and that something greater, fame and position, were alike awaiting

me in these new and busy scenes. Recollect I was but eighteen, fresh from college with honours and a degree, and enthusiastic at the bright hopes of a young life just dawning. Alas! that these hopes were quickly to be dispelled, and the fact that misery haunts every city alike, I soon found out. After many months of poverty and struggle, I became usher in an institution near. Of my life there and the abject slavery I had to contend with, I will not speak; the subject is too painful. Enough to know that I soon became disgusted with the only asylum, where I felt sure of bread to eat or bed to lie on. I now turned my attention to the newspapers, and after much effort I found employment with a small remuneration, so small, that often enough I had to retire without a meal, hungry, ill, and almost paralyzed with the cold and fatigue. From one paper I changed to another, and finally assisted in bringing out a new journal, most radical in spirit and tendency. I wrote in the cause of the people against the abuses they were subjected to, and endeavoured by so doing to work out some good in their condition. But it was useless, the liberty, the justice I asked in vain for them was denied to me as well; my pen's tracings were too bitter in exposing the vices and follies of those in power, and soon an imperial mandate was issued and the paper seized. I was thus once more out of employment and thrown into a sea of trouble and care."

When speaking of the rights he desired for the country, the old man trembled with excitement his whole face was lit up and his eyes sparkled even. As I looked at him he actually appeared sublime, and it made me sad to think such a nature should be thrown away, shattered in body and mind by hardships and toil.

He then told me he had been professor in Paris and the provinces, besides writer for the papers. As a proof of his statements, he handed me a small book in which were affixed, in order of date, the different certificates from the principals of the institutions where he had found employment. The methodical way in which he took care to arrange and classify these certificates and recommendations, excited my curiosity, and noticing it, he informed me they were the means of his getting a livelihood. "You see, sir," he went on, "very few have the heart to refuse me some little help when they perceive I am honest, if a beggar, and that I really did work when able to do so. A few sons will get me some bread and soup, and with the rest I go to the Cafe where I stay until it is closed, after which, I retire to places known only to myself and a few other companions in misfortune, where we sleep away time until another day comes round," and he added solemnly, "may they speed quickly along until the last one appears to drift me away into eternity."

I felt it would be useless to try and console the old man in his trouble, and, as the only way I could be of any comfort was in looking to his needs, I begged him to accept the small sum I had to offer, hoping it would be found sufficient for his immediate wants. I then told him to return once a week and I would repeat the same service, if service he considered it. With a "God bless you sir for your kindness," he arose, and shaking hands with me left the room. Three weeks passing by without seeing the professor, and feeling anxious as to his welfare, besides having a scheme for his benefit I wished to look over with him, I called on my friend to know whether he could tell me where to find him.

"His home," replied my friend, "the old man has no longer any earthly dwelling. Let us hope he lives with his father in Heaven."

The doctor with sorrowful voice related how the poor old Professor had come to his hospital sick and wretched, saying some one had stolen his references and that he could no longer get a living. "I come," said he: "to die by the side of the only sincere friend I have left," and truly have his words been fulfilled, for I closed his eyes this morning. His disease was consumption, and his demise hastened by exposure and a want of proper nourishment.

I asked my friend to allow me to share the expense of a simple burial, and wished him good day. Returning homewards, I felt sad at heart to think a creature of God, mainly in bearing, bright in intellect, with pluck enough in him to have made life a success, should have been forced so early into the current of adversity, to follow ever, despite many a brave struggle, its dark stream onward to the end where an inglorious death awaited him.

Yet, alas! how many have been, and still will be, doomed to such an existence.

Montreal.

R. B.

IMPROVED MAP STAND AND ILLUSTRATOR.

This Stand supplies a want, long felt, in the shape of a simple and complete arrangement for carrying Maps, combined with a ready means of exhibiting illustrations of all kinds. It possesses the following great advantages:

The easy and simple means of raising or lowering the horizontal bar, and by so doing, bringing every portion of a Map or Illustration within the scope of the observer's eye. Accommodation is provided for Maps of all sizes. Maps not in use are kept rolled up and protected from dirt. By the sliding brackets and hooks on the horizontal bar, provision is made to receive maps mounted either on the Spring Rollers, or in the ordinary way. Several Maps can be suspended from the horizontal bar together ready for use—each one independently of the other. Whilst being used for Maps, the Stand can be

made to carry a Blackboard, and by the simple addition of letter clips to the sliding brackets, can be used for exhibiting Drawings, Tracings, Photographs and other objects of illustration. Elegant in appearance; in construction simple and durable. It occupies but little space, and preserves the walls from damage and disfigurement by nails and unsightly and inefficient arrangements for receiving Maps. The Stands are made in 3 classes: 1st Class, Nickel-plated, Rack of Wood, Price \$10.00, Gold Metal Rack extra, \$12.00. 2nd Class, Brass, Rack of Wood, \$10.00, Gold Metal Rack extra, \$7.00. 3rd Class, Iron, Rack of Wood, \$17.00, Gold.

OUR LAUREATES.

We gave public notice last year that we should be pleased to make the portraits of successful candidates for academic and collegiate honors, a feature of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, towards the epoch of scholastic commencements. We received a few responses last summer, and we present a couple in the present issue.

MISS JOSEPHINE PERRAULT, daughter of H. M. Perrault, Esq., terminated her course of studies at Villa Maria, on the 22nd June, 1876, and obtained the highest prize of the Institution, the medal of His Excellency Lord Dufferin; together with the good wishes and congratulations of the Sisters and pupils of the Establishment.

MISS MAGGIE O'MEARA, Pembroke, Ontario, was graduate and successful competitor for his Excellency's Governor General's Medal, at the examination of Villa-Marie Convent, June 22nd, 1876.

CASIMIR PERIER.

This celebrated statesman was the son of the more famous Casimir Perier, who led the Parliamentary opposition under Charles X., previous to the Revolution of 1830. The son was in the diplomatic service till 1846, when he became one of the active Liberal party, and sat in the National Assembly after the Revolution of 1848, resisting the Coup d'Etat and opposing the Government of Napoleon III. in the period which followed. After the downfall of the Empire, he accepted the office of the Minister of the Interior under the Presidency of M. Thiers, but did not long retain it. He preferred to act as an independent member of the Moderate Liberal section in the Assembly, but was again in office for a few days only, just before the termination of M. Thiers' Government in 1872. He declined to join the Monarchist Fusion movement, though personally connected with the friends of the Comte de Paris; and he was both prompt and consistent in his adherence to the Republic. He was nominated one of the members of the Senate for life.

OUR PICTURES.

The bulk of our illustrations, this week, have separate descriptive matter. The cartoon is a bit of humorous satire on the necessity of providing able men for inspectorships appointed by the Government. If ability is not required, as well might the old blind fiddler in the sketch, so well known about Nelson's monument and Bonsecours market, be appointed inspector of the city sidewalks. We have also a page of fine views of scenery in St. Helen's Island, of which we have frequently written in these pages. Beside what we have elsewhere printed about the Servian leaders, there are one or two views of Servian scenes.

DISCOLORED SKIN.—How disagreeable it is, after using some so-called remedy for aches and pains, to find that although it may have eased the suffering somewhat, yet it has left its mark, in discoloration of the skin. STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF cures all aches and pains, internal and external, and never leaves any stain, cannot do harm, and always does good.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ALBANI has, it is said, been offered an engagement of twenty nights for the Théâtre Italien in Paris, during the coming winter.

SOTHERN, the actor, has had sunstroke, in Philadelphia, and was threatened with congestion of the brain.

The thirty letters M. Offenbach wrote to his wife, descriptive of American life, will be published in book form. He takes an easy, open-bosomed view of things.

The creditors of Edwin Booth have released him from all his debts to them, amounting to one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars. This is a high compliment to Mr. Booth as a gentleman, and an actor.

A new controversy is in progress in England as to the authorship of "God save the Queen." The latest research seems only to show that the music is older than the words.

The illness of Dr. von Bulow has assumed a most threatening form. He has gone to a bathing establishment in Germany, and at last accounts was in a very dangerous condition.

JOE JEFFERSON is not meeting with his usual success in his provincial tour through England. At the Richmond Theatre, one night, there were only fifteen people in the pit and not a dozen in the boxes.

OFFENBACH gave a gorgeous midnight supper in New York recently to his friends. Among the guests were the Marquis Talleyrand, James Gordon Bennett, Howard Paul, Lester Wallack and Gilmore, the favorite chef d'orchestre. The entertainment lasted till daybreak. The back of each menu was decorated with clever drawings of characters from Offenbach's operas, and a huge figure in ice cream represented the famous maestro conducting a small orchestra, deftly done in water ice, and ingeniously coloured. The journals describe Offenbach as a witty and charming host.