

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 115.—THE HON. E. R. CARON, LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.

The name of the new Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec is hardly known to the present generation. It is associated in most minds with the quiet contentions of the judicial arena, and there are few who are aware, or who remember, that René Edouard Caron is an old political athlete, thoroughly broken into the harness of statesmanship. He was born in the parish of Ste. Anne, Côte de Beauport, in the last year of the last century. He is therefore in his seventy-third year. His early studies were made at the college of St. Pierre, Rivière du Sud, and his classic instruction was received at the famous old Seminary of Quebec. In the year 1821, he was articled as a student at law to Mr. André Hamel. In 1826, he was admitted to the Bar of Lower Canada, where he speedily rose to a large and lucrative practice. Six years later, he was induced to enter the Municipal Council of Quebec, and in 1833 was elected Mayor of that city. He continued to hold that office till 1837. During that interval he was returned by acclamation as representative of the Upper Town of Quebec in the Legislative Assembly. He thus found himself thrown into the political turmoil which attended the rebellion of 1837-38. In that trying period he distinguished himself by unflinching allegiance to the British throne, and had the hardihood to break a lance with the redoubtable popular champion, Mr. Papineau. For this act of audacity he was pointedly censured by his constituents, and he as pointedly resented the censure by resigning his seat in the Legislature. Later the confidence of his fellow-citizens was returned to him, and he was re-elected to the Mayorship of Quebec. He continued to fill the civic chair till 1846, and with so much acceptance that he was tendered a handsome testimonial of plate by the inhabitants of the city, irrespective of class. In 1841 Mr. Caron took his seat in the Legislative Council of the United Provinces. A little later he was appointed by Lord Metcalf Speaker of that honourable body. His influence then became paramount, and he was several times invited to a seat in the cabinet, an honour which he, however, steadily declined from prudential motives. In 1845 took place the celebrated Draper-Caron correspondence, which hinged on the duality and unity of the Provincial Government, Mr. Caron eloquently advocating the latter view. Two years later occurred the hardly less famous Cayley-Caron controversy, which practically ended in the forced withdrawal of Mr. Caron from the Speakership of the Legislative Council. In 1848 he was called to the cabinet of Sir Louis Lafontaine, and restored to the Speakership, a position which he continued to hold till 1853, when he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court, and afterwards of the Court of Queen's Bench. In 1859 he was appointed one of the commissioners for codifying the laws of Lower Canada, and when that duty was performed, returned to the ordinary routine of his judicial functions. A few weeks ago, on the resignation of Sir Narcisse Belleau, he was gazetted Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and on last Monday, the 17th inst., took the oath of office. From the preceding sketch it will be seen that Judge Caron is eminently fitted, by long parliamentary and political experience, to fill the gubernatorial duties.

No. 116.—THE HON. ALEXANDER VIDAL.

A few weeks ago we presented our readers with a portrait and biography of the late Hon. Roderick Matheson. In this issue appears the portrait of his successor in the Senate, the Hon. Alexander Vidal, of Sarnia.

Mr. Vidal was born at East Hampstead, Berks, England, in 1819. He came to Canada in 1834 with his father, the late Captain R. E. Vidal, R. N., who selected Sarnia as his residence. Mr. Vidal practised as Provincial Land Surveyor, from 1843 till 1852, when he entered the service of the Bank of Upper Canada, as Manager of the Sarnia Branch. Upon the failure of that Bank, in 1866, the Bank of Montreal opened a branch in Sarnia, of which he was appointed manager; a position that he still holds. His political career commenced with his election, in 1863, as representative of the St. Clair Division in the late Legislative Council, of which he continued to be a member until the confederation of the Provinces in 1867. As the Senate was composed of only a limited number, several members of the Council, including Mr. Vidal, were necessarily dropped for the time being, to reassume their position as vacancies should occur. In his political views Mr. Vidal is a warm supporter of the present Dominion Government, and has twice contested the County of Lambton in its interest.

Speaking of Mr. Vidal's appointment to the Senate the Sarnia *Canadian* says: "In our last issue we alluded to the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Matheson, and urged the appointment of a western man to fill it, inasmuch as the whole western peninsula at this moment had but one resident representative in the Senate to look after its interests. Mr. Vidal's appointment is thus an act of justice towards the districts embraced in the territory alluded to, as well as an acknowledgment of his fitness to discharge the duties of the high position to which he is called by the Crown. His claims on the Government of the day were two-fold—personal and territorial. He has made many sacrifices for the men now in power. He was a member of the Upper House in the old Parliament of Canada, and had a right, according to the rule laid down by the Executive, to expect in due rotation, that his turn should come; but his friends had another reason to urge for his appointment—his residence in a district practically without a representative in the Senate—a district representing growing interests of vast importance, which should be fostered in our legislative halls. Of Mr. Vidal's fitness for the position there is no question. Even his political opponents acknowledge that he will make an honest, hard-working, and efficient representative."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE SCHOOLMISTRESSES AND GOVERNESSES OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Miss Twinkleton's Establishment for Young Ladies, at the "Nuns' House," in the quaint old Cathedral Town of Cloisterham, is a fair type of a considerable number of English private schools, hidden away in old-fashioned rural districts, where even the railway spider has not yet spun his mazy web.

"In a word, a city of another and a by-gone time is Cloisterham, with its hoarse Cathedral bell—its hoarse rooks hovering about the Cathedral town—and its fragments of old wall, Saints' Chapel, Chapter House, Convent and Monastery. All things in it are of the past, and in its midst stands the "Nuns' House," standing in its old court-yard, with a trim gate bearing a resplendent brass plate flashing forth the legend—

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES,
MISS TWINKLETON."

The pet pupil of the Nuns' House is Miss Rosa Bud—of course called Rosebud, wonderfully pretty, wonderfully childish, and wonderfully whimsical. Although a mere child she is affianced by will to the hero, "Edwin Drood," who causes an universal flutter throughout the establishment when he calls periodically to see his intended, and has his prescribed interview in Miss Twinkleton's own parlour, "a dainty room," containing of course a terrestrial and celestial globe, intended to impress the minds of parents and guardians who may there be kept waiting of the deep character of Miss T.'s private studies, as she wanders over the earth and soars through the skies in search of knowledge for her pupils. During the interview Miss Twinkleton fails not to lay an offering on the shrine of Propriety by gracefully gliding in and out, and affecting to look for some desiderated article; as,

"How do you do, Mr. Drood, pray excuse me—tweezers—thank you."

The course of modern instruction does not make a favourable impression on the mind of the Rosebud, who confidentially informs her lover that she hates Arabs and Turks and Fellahs, and people—and especially the Pyramids.

"Ah!" she exclaims, "you should hear Miss Twinkleton bore about them! Tiresome old burying grounds, Isises and Ibises, and Cheopses and Pharaohses; and who cares about them? And then there was Belzoni or somebody dragged out by the legs, half-choked with bats and dust. All the girls say it served him right, and hope it hurt him, and wish he had been quite choked!"

So Rosa grew up in the Nuns' House to be an amiable, giddy, wilful, winning little creature, without much learning or ambition for it, till rumours reach the house one morning of a violent quarrel between young Drood and young Landless, which news mysteriously spread over the house in exaggerated and alarming proportions. The very air itself conveyed it through the old casement windows; it came in with the bread, and adulterated the milk, and perfumed the letters, and reached Miss Twinkleton "while yet in the act of dressing."

It was reserved for Miss Twinkleton to tone down the public mind of the Nuns' House. Entering therefore in a stately manner the "Apartment allotted to Study," and saying with a forensic air,

"Ladies!"
"All rose, the matronly deputy high priest, Mrs. Tisher, grouping herself behind her chief, as in support of her dignity. Miss Twinkleton then proceeded to remark that, "Rumour, ladies, had been represented by the Bard of Avon—needless were it to mention the immortal Shakespeare, also called the Swan of his native river—by that bard

Who drew
The celebrated Jew'

"As painted full of tongues (Miss Ferdinand will honour me with her attention). A slight *fracas* between two young gentlemen occurring last night within a hundred miles of these peaceful walls, (Miss Ferdinand being apparently incorrigible will have the kindness to write out this evening in the original language the first four fables of our vivacious neighbour, M. La Fontaine) had been very grossly exaggerated by Rumour's Voice. (The impropriety of Miss Reynolds's appearing to stab herself in the hand with a pin, is far too obvious and too glaringly unladylike to be pointed out). Responsible enquiries having assured us that it was but one of those airy nothings pointed at by the poet (whose name and date of birth Miss Giggles will supply within half an hour) we would now discard the subject and concentrate our minds upon the grateful labours of the day."

The daily round of studies and exercises proceed until at last what used to be called "the half," but now as being more elegant and more collegiate is called the "term," is about to expire, and "Miss Twinkleton's Establishment is about to undergo a serene hush. A noticeable relaxation of discipline is one of the symptoms. Club suppers have occurred in the bed-rooms, and the daring Miss Ferdinand has surprised the company with a sprightly solo on the 'comb and curl paper' mouth organ, boxes began to appear in the bed-rooms. Largess, in the form of odds and ends of cold cream and pomatum and hair pins and fragments of ribands, was freely distributed amongst the housemaids, and the young ladies both retired and got up very early. At last on the day of departure, at noon, Miss Twinkleton held a 'drawing-room' in her own apartment, (the globes having been already covered with brown holland) and glasses of ginger-wine and plates of cut pound cake being displayed upon the table, Miss Twinkleton then said:

"Ladies, another revolving year has brought us to that festive season of the year when we pause in our studies. Let us hope our greatly advanced studies—and, like the mariner in his bark, the warrior in his tent, the captive in his dungeon, and the traveller in his various conveyances, we yearn for home. Did we say, in the opening words of Mr. Addison's impressive tragedy,

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day
The great, th' important day!

Not so, from horizon to zenith all was *couleur de rose*, for all was roselodent of our relations and friends. Might we find them prospering as we expected, and might they find us prospering as they expected. Ladies! we would now, with our love to one another, wish one another good-by and happiness until we meet again."

The handmaidens in their best caps then hand the trays, the young ladies sip and crumble, and the bespoken coaches begin to choke the street. Leave-taking was not long about, and Miss Twinkleton in saluting each young lady's cheek confided to her an exceedingly neat letter, addressed to her next "friend at law." "with Miss Twinkleton's best compliments" in the corner, which she handed with an air as if it had not the least connection with the bill, but were something in the nature of a delicate and joyful surprise.

A very different picture is presented to us in "Our Mutual Friend" of a schoolmistress of another type and character, viz., Miss Peecher.

"Even among school-buildings, school teachers, and school pupils, all according to pattern, all engendered in the light of the Gospel according to monotony, the older pattern into which so many fortunes have been shaped for good comes out in Miss Peecher, the schoolmistress, watering her flowers in the little bit of dusty garden in front of her official residence, with little little windows like the eyes in needles and little doors like the covers of school books.

"Small, shining, neat, methodical and buxom was Miss Peecher, cherry-cheeked and tuneful of voice. A little pin-cushion, a little house-wife, a little work-box, a little book, and a little woman all in one.

"If Mr. Bradley Headstone, the schoolmaster, had addressed a written proposal of marriage to her she would probably have replied in a complete little essay on the subject, exactly a slate long, but would certainly have replied, Yes, for she loved him. The decent hair guard that went round his neck was an object of envy to her—so would she have gone round his neck and taken care of him—of him, insensible—because he did not love Miss Peecher.

"Miss Peecher is attended in her garden by her favourite pupil, who assists in her little household, and who sufficiently divined the state of Miss Peecher's affections to feel it necessary that she herself should love young Charley Hexam, his favourite pupil. So there was a double palpitation among the double stocks and double wall flowers when the master and boy looked over the little gate.

"The pupil had been in her state of pupilage so imbued with the class custom of stretching out an arm as if to hail a cab or an omnibus whenever she had an observation to make to Miss Peecher, that she often did it in their domestic relations, and she did it now.

"Well, Mary Anne?" said Miss Peecher.

"If you please, ma'am, Hexam said they were going to see his sister."

"Well, Mary Anne?"

"They say she is very handsome."

"O, Mary Anne, Mary Anne! (slightly colouring and shaking her head) how often have I told you not to speak in that general way. When you say *they* what do you mean? Part of speech they?"

"Mary Anne hooked her right arm behind her in the left hand, as being under examination, and replied:

"Personal pronoun."

"Person—they?"

"Third person."

"Number—they?"

"Plural number."

"Then how many do you mean, Mary Anne, two or more?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I don't know that I mean more than her brother himself says so."

"Now pray, Mary Anne, be careful another time. Difference between he says and they say, give it me."

"One is indicative mood, present tense, third person singular, verb active to say. Other is indicative mood, present tense, third person plural, verb active to say."

"Why verb active, Mary Anne?"

"Because it takes a pronoun after it in the objective case, Miss Peecher."

"Very good; don't forget to apply it another time."

"This said, Miss Peecher finished watering her flowers and took a refresher of the principal rivers and mountains in the world, their breadths, depths, and heights, before settling the measurement of the body of a dress for their own personal occupation."

"I wonder," said Miss Peecher, as she sat making up her weekly report on a half-holiday afternoon, 'what they call Hexam's sister?"

"Mary Anne at her needle-work, held her arm up.

"Well, Mary Anne?"

"She is named Lizzie, ma'am."

"She can hardly be named Lizzie, I think, Mary Anne, returned Miss Peecher in a tunefully instructive voice. 'Is Lizzie a Christian name?"

"No, it is a corruption, Miss Peecher, of Eliza or Elizabeth."

"Right, Mary Anne. Speaking correctly, then, we say that Hexam's sister is called Lizzie, not that she is named so. And where does this young woman live, and what occupation does she pursue?"

"In Church street, Smith's Square, and she has a place of trust at an outfitter's in the city."

"Mr. Headstone coming across the garden," exclaimed Miss Peecher, with a flushed glance at the looking glass. "You have answered very well, Mary Anne. That will do."

"Good evening, Mr. Headstone. Mary Anne, a chair!"

"Thank you," said Bradley. "As we leave my house empty, I called to ask you to allow me to leave the key with you."

"Certainly, Mr. Headstone. Going for an evening walk?"

"I am, by Mill Bank. Can I do anything for you, Miss Peecher?"

"No thank you, Mr. Headstone. I'll not trouble you."

"You couldn't trouble me," said the schoolmaster.

"Ah!" said the schoolmistress to herself, "but you can trouble me."

"And for all her quiet manner and her quite smile, she was full of trouble as he went his way."

As a piece of light comedy, the slight sketch of Mrs. Monfather's establishment in "The Old Curiosity Shop," is an agreeable relief.

"It was a large house, with a high wall, and a large garden gate with a large brass plate and a small grating through which Mrs. Monfather's parlour-maid inspected all visitors before admitting them—for nothing in the shape of a man, no,