

"FROZEN TO DEATH."

Only two babies, mere waifs of humanity,
Huddled together, half covered with rags;
A father and mother half plunged in insanity
By the drink from the bottle they had drained to the dregs.

What of it? Their dwelling was merely a "den,"
Broken windows; no firewood; not even a bed.
Can we wonder, if, with the cold atmosphere, when
The frost should have numbered these babes with the
[dead?

Philanthropists maunder, philosophers sneer,
The *doctrinaires* preach a new gospel of life;
But the poor and the ignorant ever are near
Seeking help in their struggles through this world's strife.

"Frozen to death!" The policeman came round,
"Lumps of marble" ere then had the babies resembled.
Next the Coroner arrived, and a verdict was found,
Of "Frozen to death," by the jury assembled.
Frozen to death! Frozen to death!!

ALPHA.

We referred in our issue of the 13th to the sad calamity which had occurred in a "den" off Kempt Street on the bitter cold night of the previous Sunday. Our artist has made it the subject of an illustration which appears on the front page of this issue. In addition to the kindly act previously mentioned of Sergeant Carson in saving another family from freezing the same night, Policeman James Murphy, we understand, relieved a small household from the pangs of starvation by supplying them with food. A little more activity in discovering the whereabouts of *Les Miserables*, and relieving their immediate wants, would be no discredit to the well-known, if not always wisely directed, benevolence of the wealthier portion of the citizens of Montreal. Our readers are referred to our No. of the 13th for particulars of the event illustrated on the previous page. It would not be entertaining to repeat them.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 98.—ALBANI, (Mlle. EMMA LAJEUNESSE.)

In the list of Canadian celebrities whose portraits have from time to time appeared in these pages no one of an observant nature can have failed to remark the large predominance of men of a practical turn of genius. Politics, divinity, with the legal and medical professions, are all fairly represented, while representatives of the arts and sciences are few and far between. In this respect the sciences are even better off than the arts, for though we have many scientific men whose names, at least, are well known outside Canada, our children of art enjoy a reputation but little better than local. This is the rule, though exceptions have occurred—as in the case of Adolph Vogt and of Paul Kane, both not long since deceased, whose talents as high-class painters were recognised and appreciated both across the border and beyond the Atlantic. Music has been even less fortunate than its sister art. With the exception of Mlle. Lajeunesse few Canadians have yet earned a reputation in the world of song.

Mlle. Lajeunesse, better known as L'Albani, has been frequently claimed by the journals on the other side as an American, while even in Europe she is known as the American songstress. She is, however, a thorough-bred *Canadienne*—Canadian by extraction, birth, and education. She was born at Chambly and at an early age manifested such extraordinary musical talent, that her friends entertained great hopes for her future. Her father was especially sanguine and frequently expressed a conviction that as a *prima donna* his daughter would one day take the musical world by storm. At the age of twelve the young girl was already starring through the province with her younger sister. Later on she exhibited a decided *penchant* for a religious life, and had already, we understand, selected the Convent of the Sacred Heart as her future sphere, when she was induced to pay a visit to Albany. This visit proved the turning point in her career. It was her custom for some time to sing on Sundays and festivals in the R. C. Cathedral, and Sunday after Sunday crowds were attracted by her clear voice and magnificent rendition of the solemn music of the Catholic Church. Two or three years afterwards she visited Europe in company with a wealthy French family, and after some months spent in study finally made her *début* at one of the southern Italian cities. Her success was at once complete, and her father's predictions verified. On her subsequent appearances she was enthusiastically received, and on one occasion last year, at Messina, the audience gave her a perfect ovation. Fifteen times was she called before the curtain that night, and no less than two hundred bouquets and wreaths were cleared off the stage after her final withdrawal.

Mlle. Lajeunesse now occupies a fully recognised position among the *prime donne* of Europe. In Italy—the land of song *par excellence*—she is an especial favourite. Her professional name, Albani, was adopted in gratitude to the place where she achieved her first great success.

A crusty old bachelor says that "love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little 'dying,' and a great deal of lying."

EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE CO., N. Y.

On the last page of our present issue we give an illustration of the unveiling of the statuary at the Head Office of the above named Company on the occasion of the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to New York. Speaking of the circumstance, a New York paper says:—"The march up Broadway elicited the loudest applause. At every step the Duke was greeted with demonstrations of respect, and acknowledged the courtesies by raising his chapeau and bowing respectfully. As the Duke's carriage reached Trinity Church, the bells chimed forth the National Hymn of Russia, while the bands stationed along this end of the route gave a similar reception salute. On reaching the edifice of the Equitable Life Assurance Company, No. 120 Broadway, the Duke's carriage paused, and all eyes were directed toward a huge canvas screen displayed on the façade. At a signal the curtain was withdrawn, revealing an elegant piece of statuary by J. Q. A. Ward. It represents a classical figure of "Protection" shielding a mother and babe. It was made in Italy, of Carrara marble, and weighs ten tons. The central figure is twelve feet in height. This massive building was tastefully decorated with bunting. The windows were thronged with young ladies, whose salutations occasioned repeated bows from the Duke."

This Company has introduced a new system of Insurance entitled the "Tontine Savings Fund Assurance," which may be thus explained: The surplus or profits on policies is ascertained and declared at the end of ten, fifteen, or twenty years, as may have been elected by the assured at the time of application. The amount of every policy terminating by death in the *latter being accumulated for those who survive*. Persons discontinuing their payments before the profits are divided, receive no surrender value for their policies, but forfeit the same, including profits, for the benefit of those who continue. Thirty days grace is given in the payment of premiums, but when this is accepted a fine at the rate of ten per cent. per annum will be exacted. It is calculated that if a person insured under an ordinary life policy for \$10,000 at the age of 37 (annual premium \$281.70,) should elect the *ten year class*, he will at the end of that time be able to terminate his policy, and receive therefor a sum in cash greater than all the premiums paid by him; should he prefer to continue his policy he may have an annuity which, with future dividends, will almost cancel subsequent premiums. In lieu of either of these methods he may take a paid up policy for \$7,000, having been insured meanwhile for \$10,000. The same option, with still more profitable results, is open to those electing either of the other classes. If any person should elect the *fifteen year class*, he may, on the same assumptions, at the expiration of that time withdraw in each *fifty per cent.* more than he paid in; or he may have an annuity which will pay his premiums, and yield, in addition, a constantly increasing income; or he may have a paid up policy for \$14,000. If he should elect the *twenty year class*, he may, on the same assumptions, withdraw in cash more than double the amount paid in; or receive an annuity that will pay premiums and leave him an income of more than double their amount; or receive a paid up policy for \$22,000. This system derives its names from Lorenzo Tonti, an Italian who first applied the principle to life annuities. The Equitable is fortunate in having for its manager in this City, Mr. J. W. Gale, whose business capacity and genial manner eminently qualify him for the duty of making the company still more popular.

ST. LEWIS GATE, QUEBEC.

Modern warfare, or rather modern improvements in the art of war have rendered nearly valueless the ancient mode of circumvallation for the defence of cities. Quebec has long been regarded with curious eyes by strangers on account of its walls, gates, *glacis* and citadel. The gates are now becoming merely historic names, so far at least as their military value is concerned. The promontory on which the old capital stands has been fortified by nature to a degree that renders it equally strong either against the ancient or the most modern mode of attack. To maintain this position it has been deemed no longer necessary to keep up the gates, so by way of improvement and convenience for the peaceful traffic of ordinary life, St. Lewis Gate was demolished last summer, the serpentine reaching to it straightened, to do which, a portion of the *glacis* had to be cut away, and a splendid line for travel is now established over which passes a large amount of the local traffic which centres in Quebec. The old gate, first built by the French authorities, was repaired and very much improved by the English, the works having been commenced in 1818, and continued for some time. They had become practically useless, however, and have been demolished as far as the demands of this utilitarian age require. One by one the ancient landmarks disappear.

MAINADIEU.

The picturesque little fishing town of Mainadieu is situated on the eastern coast of Cape Breton, and directly opposite to the dangerous island of Scatterie, which is shown in the distance of the sketch, and is separated from the mainland by the narrow strait known as the Tittle. The harbour of Mainadieu is small and obstructed at its entrance by bars, but is a safe and convenient refuge for schooners and small craft seeking shelter from the storms of this inhospitable coast. Formerly the loss of life from shipwrecks in this vicinity was appalling, and the cliffs for miles are strewed with the graves of emigrants; but, thanks to the splendid lighthouses now on the coast, a shipwreck of late years has been a rare occurrence.

RIVER PHILIP, CUMBERLAND COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

The beautiful river from which the village, a part of which is shown in the sketch, derives its name, rises in the Cobequid Mountains, and flowing north empties into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence near the town of Pugwash. The river in former years was noted as the finest salmon and trout stream in the Province; but, owing to the almost criminal neglect evinced in carrying out the wholesome fishery regulations of the Dominion, no fish of any value are now allowed to ascend above the tideway, mill and factory dams effectually preventing them. The Intercolonial Railway spans the river a short distance below the village with an iron bridge of three hundred feet in length.

ANNAPOLIS, N.S.

Annapolis, formerly the capital of Nova Scotia, is situated at the *debouchure* of the river into the basin of Annapolis. It was a fortified town of sufficient strength to meet the requirements of the primitive warfare waged between English, French, and Indians in the early years of the settlement of the Province. Earthworks of considerable extent commanded the approaches both by water and land, and a block house—the type of many similar structures in other parts of the Province—capable of successful defence against anything less formidable than cannon-shot and shell, occupied a prominent position within the works, and served as a last retreat for a beleaguered garrison. Since the withdrawal of the troops the Government property has fallen completely into decay, and the town itself has felt severely the removal of the powerful source of its trade and prosperity. The opening of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, however, has done much towards the revival of business in the ancient capital by placing it in daily communication with Halifax and St. John, N. B., and constituting it a *dépôt* for large quantities of freight which now seeks this as the most direct route from the English market to those of Western Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and from its position as the natural port of shipment for the surplus produce of the entire district traversed by the railway, as well as of the extensive mineral deposits in the vicinity as yet only partially developed. There is no reason why the future prosperity of Annapolis should not be in every way commensurate with the well-known energy and business enterprise of its people. The suburbs of the town are made beautiful by the neatly-kept grounds and homesteads of many of the best families of the Province who have clung to the old town through sunshine and storm, and from these have gone out some of Nova Scotia's most honoured names, among whom may be mentioned the late Sir Samuel Cunard and General Williams of Kars.

MONCURE D. CONWAY ON THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

Not long ago I happened to meet the Prince at the Cosmopolitan Club, and found that his face was not all outside. There was something genial and kind about it, and I could see something of the frankness of the boy to whom I had been introduced in Pike's Opera House. He is not remarkable for profundity, but his conversation is that of an educated man, with some humour. What struck me most was his entire openness, and the entire absence of affectation. He was surrounded by a score of young men, mostly literary characters, and so far from his manner showing any arrogance or demanding any recognition of his rank, he seemed to me to be conscious of it only as a bore—a thing he would like to fling off, and mix in with the others on equal terms. When he rose to go, and the gentlemen in the club stood up—a usual form in the presence of royalty—the Prince showed some honest confusion, bowed to those present with deference and left the room modestly and quickly. The impression he left on my mind was that there is much more good in him than is popularly supposed—more good nature and good sense. It is just possible that his entire frankness and openness have caused him to be lampooned when secret fellows get the reputation of blamelessness. The public generally believes that he was guilty of licentious conduct in the Mordaunt case. I have it from an intimate of the Queen's family that when his name appeared in that case the Prince immediately visited the Queen, and entering into her presence said: "I have come, my Queen and mother, to say that I am entirely innocent of any misconduct in the matter with which my name is connected." I asked the informant, "Did the Queen believe him?" "Believe him!" was the reply; "the Queen knows the Prince too well to believe he would come to her with a lie in his mouth." There have been many statements to the effect that the Prince is a drunkard. It is quite untrue. The Prince smokes more than the anti-tobaccoists would recommend, but there is no trace in his face or eye of excessive drinking. At the same time it must be understood that I am remembering here only his good traits, and saying what is due against false rumours; I do not underestimate his faults because I do not choose this moment to mention them. One thing may be regarded as a fault, or the reverse, according to the mind of his critic. The Prince has shown a singular insensibility to the demands made upon him as the next representative of English royalty. My own opinion is that he was so bored through all his childhood, and boyhood, and youth, by being officially guarded, protected, watched—the nurse delivering him to the doctors, the doctors to that endless series of household officials, of whom Sir Charles Dike has told us so much latterly—that when he became his own master he fulfilled the remark of Solomon or somebody else: "Train up a child and away he'll go." He loves English sports—hunting, shooting, horse-racing—and good company, spiced with flirtation; but I have no idea that he is, in any respect, beneath the average of European aristocracy in intelligence or character—nay, I am pretty sure he is above it. The rumours that he is unkind to his Princess were rife several years ago, but they have entirely passed away; the blooming, happy face of the Princess contradicted them steadily until now, when, worn away until she has become a mere ghost, her utter anguish attests the love between them. After the Prince had been delirious for a week, his first interval of consciousness was shown in the words—"This is the Princess's birthday."

REMEMBRANCE.—Did you ever seriously set to wondering who would really miss and mourn you when you had crossed over the river? Do so, and you will learn how little you are. When the best of us drift out on the unseen, our places here are speedily filled, tears are displaced by smiles, the voice of lamentation turns into the voice of gladness; if we are remembered at all, it is only as memories, sad, tender, or beloved, as our ways fashioned them, unless when we leave a little bill unpaid, when a leaven of bitterness will mingle with the other feelings over our departure.

MISPLACED FEAR.—All languages have a literature of terror about death. But living is far more terrible in reality than dying. It is life that foments pride, that inflames vanity, that excites the passions, that feeds the appetites, that founds and builds habits, and establishes character, and, binding up the separate straws of action into one sheaf, hands it to the future, saying, "As ye have sowed, so shall ye reap;" and again, "As ye rip, so should ye sew!"