

The City Council of Montreal have invited Mayor Workman to dinner. Mr. Workman has accepted, and the dinner is to take place in the City Council Chambers on Tuesday, January 12.

It is reported that Bishop Lynch has been confirmed in the Archbishopric of Toronto, and the decrees of the Archdiocese of Quebec respecting the setting apart of Toronto as an Archiepiscopal See, have been assented to at Rome.

Vice-Chancellor Spragge has been elevated to the Chancellorship of Ontario, rendered vacant by the death of the late Chancellor Vankoughnet; and Mr. Strong, Q. C., the most eminent chancery lawyer of Toronto, has been appointed Vice-Chancellor in the place of Mr. Spragge, promoted.

His Excellency the Governor-General has appointed Joseph Ubaldy Baudry, of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, Esquire, Q. C., to be a Puisné Judge of the Superior Court of Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec.

The Montreal *Gazette* says:—"It is a remarkable fact—it speaks well for what poor McGee once happily called 'the all-conquering English tongue'—that when the last Ecumenical Council was held, that language was almost unknown in Europe; but it is now represented, at the present Council, by upwards of three hundred Bishops!"

LA VALLEE DE LA MANTAWA, par J. R. Montreal: *Le Nouveau Monde*, 1869.

A neat little pamphlet of 170 pages, which gives a detailed account of the expedition of the Hon. Ls. Archambault and party to the unexplored territory of the Mantawa, lying beyond the Laurentides; it gives a great deal of valuable and no doubt correct information respecting that wild yet rich part of our Dominion. It is written in the interests of colonization.

TEMPERATURE in the shade for the week ending December 29, 1869, observed by John Underhill, Consulting and Practical Optician, 387, Notre Dame Street, next to Charles Alexander & Son:

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Thursday, Dec. 23.....	34°	20°	27°
Friday, " 24.....	26°	16°	21°
Saturday, " 25.....	41°	20°	30° 5
Sunday, " 26.....	34°	22°	27°
Monday, " 27.....	32°	20°	26°
Tuesday, " 28.....	40°	28°	34°
Wednesday, " 29.....	39°	32°	35° 5

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 1.

White.

Black.

1. B. to K. Kt. 3rd.
2. P. to B. 5th, dis. ch.
3. Kt. to K. B. 6th, mate.

a If Black play 1. P. takes P., White plays 2. B. takes P. ch., and then 3. R. to K. 7th, mate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Emperor intends, it is said, to nominate M. Lesseps to the French Senate.

An iron car made of cylindrical form is now used on the Bengal Railway, for the carriage of cotton and other produce. It is much lighter and safer than the ordinary car.

The Knights of Malta have collected a sum of 180,000fr., to be presented to the Pope, as a contribution towards the cost of the Council.

At last, after being kept waiting eighteen years for the restoration of the privilege, French journalists are to have a private gallery of their own in the Corps Législatif.

Mr. Gladstone, it is stated, will introduce the Irish Land Bill at the very opening of the next session, and he hopes to get it read a third time in the House of Commons before the Easter recess.

The first monthly number of a new story by Charles Dickens, with illustrations, will be published in March next. The work will be completed in twelve parts. It is announced that the work will be illustrated this time by Mr. Charles Allston Collins, Mr. Dickens' son-in-law, who, though he began life as an artist, in the footsteps of his distinguished father, is best known to the public as an essayist and novelist.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is considerably annoyed at the violation of his territory by Austrian troops proceeding against the Dalmatian insurgents. He has protested against these illegal proceedings, and is said to be supported in his defiant attitude by Prussia. Prince Nicholas has 40,000 well-equipped troops, commanded to a considerable extent by Prussian officers, and he is capable of giving Austria a great deal of trouble.

The Archduke of Austria, Louis Salvator, brother of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand IV., and cousin of the Emperor Francis Joseph, has lately published, after a voyage to the Balearic Islands, a valuable work concerning them. Only the first volume has as yet appeared, the second being in the press. The book was dedicated to the Regent of Spain, and Marshal Serrano has, in return, conferred on the author the Grand Cross of the Order of Charles VI.

A splendid marble colossal statue of Æsculapius was found by a countryman in a field at Pozzuoli, whilst tilling the ground. It belongs to the best school of ancient Roman art. The authorities of the Naples Museum are negotiating with the proprietor for its purchase.

The discovery has recently been made, the *Sheffield Independent* says, that immense quantities of coal exist throughout the whole of the district lying in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, and important mining operations are accordingly now in progress. There is said to be sufficient coal under Wilford estate to make Mr. Markham-Clifton, the new proprietor, the richest man in the North Midland counties. It is also anticipated that the Nottingham Corporation will find coal under their land, and it is suggested that they should open collieries.

CANADA'S EMBLEM.

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

BY BIRCH CANAVAN, OTTAWA.

Let olden nations proudly praise
The emblem of their fame;
That sounding down thro' ages long
Have won immortal name.
Let Britain proudest of them all,
Loud praise her glorious three,
That like her sons are joined as one
In Canada the Free.

Old Erin's Shamrock, England's Rose
And Scotland's Thistle green,
Awake the love of Britain's sons
In many a far-off scene.
And nowhere in the wide world o'er
Those glorious emblems three,
Are lov'd and honor'd more than here—
In Canada the Free.

But there's another emblem yet,
Dearer to us than all,
That tells of happy hearts and homes,
And freedom's joyous call;
A magic light—a beacon bright
To myriads o'er the sea
Our emblem chief—the Maple Leaf,
Of Canada the Free.

It bears no tale of ancient feuds,
Betrays no barren soil,
But welcomes to our grand old woods,
The sons of care and toil.
Gives equal rights and equal laws
To all who'er they be.
Our emblem chief—the Maple Leaf,
Of Canada the Free.

Then while we prize with filial love,
The Shamrock and the Rose,
The Thistle and the Fleur de Lys—
Forget not—still there grows,
Upon our broad and fertile soil,
A noble forest tree,
With grateful leaf—the emblem chief
Of Canada the Free.

A French contemporary tells a curious story of a photographer's revenge. "A Moldo-Wallachian Prince"—whatever that may be—had his likeness taken by one of these scientific artists the other day, and was so dissatisfied with the unflattering result that he declined to pay for it. Thereupon, the photographer had a large number of copies struck off, and offered them for sale as portraits of Traupmann. The success of the experiment was prodigious; and the Moldo-Wallachian Prince awoke one morning and found himself—or, more strictly speaking, his portrait—infamous!

The death is announced of Admiral Edward Purcell, on reserved half-pay, in his 78th year. The deceased admiral obtained his commission as lieutenant as far back as December, 1811, previously to which he had served as midshipman of the "Impetueux," and commanded an armed boat in the Scheldt in the Flushing expedition in 1809, and again in the Tagus in co-operation with the British army in 1810. He served in the batteries of Torres Vedras, under General Sir Thomas Picton, and in command of a boat at the capture of two Danish gun vessels in 1811, in which he was wounded. He had for some years enjoyed a captain's good-service pension.

Sir Samuel Baker, Lady Baker, and party left Cairo on Thursday, December 9, for Suez, en route for Samnaini. From Suakin the expedition crosses the Desert to meet the engineering department at Berber, where transports are waiting to convey the expedition to Khartoum. There preparations are made for the transport of the material of the expedition to the White Nile. Sir Samuel Baker took leave of the Khedive on Wednesday, and received from him the order of the Medjidie (Medjidie).

The Saxon architect, Ernst Ziller, has been so lucky, while conducting some excavations in Athens at his own cost, as to light on the site of the stadion of Lycurgus. This is the most important archaeological discovery that has been made since Strack, of Berlin, had the good fortune to find the Theatre of Bacchus in 1862. The King of Greece, having visited this interesting spot, has resolved to continue the work of disinterment at his private expense under Ziller's inspection.

The immediate cause of Madame Grisi's death arose from her refusal to have poultices applied to a carbuncle on her face. It was at her suggestion, and with the consent of the medical adviser, repressed, and thus poisoned the blood, and affected the brain. At her death a second carbuncle had formed near the eye. These particulars we learn from a private correspondent in Berlin. What provision is left for her three daughters is not yet ascertained. The house of Grisi in the Champs Elysées is valued at £40,000, and the Villa Salvati, near Florence, belonging to Mario, contains various costly jewellery and cadeaux belonging to the deceased vocalist.

The Bay of Samana, with a coast line of little less than one hundred miles, and such numerous coves adjacent to coal and timber supplies as make it advantageous to shipping, enjoys a capacity for harboring all the fleets of the world. These merits have commended the assertion that our Government, through Gens. Babcock, Ingals and Sackett, have formally planted our flag on the soil of St. Domingo, and paid \$150,000 in gold as the first instalment of a fifty years' lease of Samana Bay for that sum annually. Cogent objections have been made to the lease of a doubtful title for so large a sum; and we have yet to hear the official and unquestionable statement of our Dominican transactions which is due to Congress, and which soon will be given. It is understood, however, that Gen. Grant has reached the conclusion that St. Domingo is neither ready to be annexed, nor are we ready to annex it, at the present time. The lease of the Bay is an overture to the possession of the country, and the most sanguine speculators trust, that on contact with some portion of the influence and Government of United States, the Dominicans may learn to prefer our ways of management to their own. At present some part of them deny the right of the needy President Baez to bargain away their most charming possession, much less to suggest the entire alienation of their territory. What is the extent of the opposition we are anxious to ascertain. President Baez represents the generally recognized Government of St. Domingo, and hence the title he gives us may hold good at the bar of nations; but the question as to what extent his opponents count upon making that title unpopular is, at the outset, an interesting one. It is said we have offered or given \$150,000 for a Bay which some say we could have leased for \$20,000. Let us see if between these two sums we might not have struck an honest balance.—N. Y. Tribune.

ADA DUNMORE;

OR, A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

BY MRS. LEPROHON,

Authoress of "Antoinette de Mirecourt," "Armand Durand," "Ida Beresford," "The Manor House of de Villenac," "Eva Huntingdon;" &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

However restricted on other points, we enjoyed considerable, I had almost said complete, latitude with regard to all religious duties and observances, and attended Divine service on Sunday, at the little church just mentioned, or absented ourselves, as we chose, with rare exceptions, unquestioned and unrebuked. My father himself had scarcely ever crossed its threshold, and spent the greater part of that solemn day shut up in his own apartment.

It was with something akin to a feeling of pleasurable excitement that I dressed myself for church the following Sunday, which fortunately proved both pleasant and sunny, whilst George alternately brushed his thick bright curls and small cloth cap for a full half-hour. How well I remember that bright summer morning, whose sunshine imparted beauty even to barren stony slopes and marshy flats, gilding with prodigal profusion the heavy chimneys and frowning caves of our dull abode. My first thought, I blush to say, on entering the humble place of worship, was of Nellie Carr, but soon other reflections better suited to the sanctity of the place, immediately succeeded. Whether owing to the teachings of Dorothy Hurst, who was a sincere Christian, or to some natural bent of my own mind, I was less careless of religion than might have been supposed, when we consider how little that highest, holiest of all sciences had ever entered into the plan of my singular education. I was bending over my prayer-book, my attention fixed upon it, when George sharply twitched my dress, whispering: "There she is."

I looked up and met the eyes of a young girl of my own age, intently bent upon our pew. She was very pretty and gaily dressed, but there my tribute of admiration stopped. I liked neither the expression of her face, the profusion of rose-coloured ribbons fluttering about her, nor the unflinching gaze she directed towards George, who, of course, returned it with interest.

"What do you think of her?" was his eager query, the instant we found ourselves outside the church.

"To be candid I am somewhat disappointed, George, and feel no particular desire for a strawberry feast in her company, but, she is certainly very pretty."

"That she is, and I found her even handsomer to-day than the first time I saw her. Such roses, such bright eyes and such a smile!"

"Why did she smile as well as stare at you in church?" I enquired.

"A little, just a little," he replied, colouring and laughing, "whilst you were turning to leave the seat."

"Bold, brother mine! Decidedly bold; but that may be natural," I reflectively added, "in a girl who fears neither fire-arms, steel, nor water."

George said no more then, but I soon began to remark that his passion for sporting had entirely superseded his fondness for all other amusements. Day after day he wandered into the woods with his gun, and though his absences were prolonged enough, he often returned with his game-bag nearly empty. I began to grow seriously uneasy and questioned and remonstrated with him on the subject, but his only answer was an indignant interrogation as to what possible harm there was in his exchanging a few words with a pretty well-behaved young girl when he chanced to meet her.

"But you do not meet her by chance," I would tearfully reply. "You leave me, your only sister and companion, for the express purpose of seeing her."

"And if I do, and if she comes out for the same end, where is the harm? Why does my father keep me cooped up the way he does—shut out from society or human kind? But don't cry, Ada. I won't go to meet her to-morrow since it annoys you. We will take a long ramble together instead."

Two days after, however, George was off with his gun again, leaving me a prey to solitary regrets and fears, the chief of which was that this new friendship might by some accident come to my father's knowledge and cause a serious family quarrel. It was then a positive relief to me when the latter unexpectedly informed George one morning that he intended sending him to college in Toronto, not alone for the purpose of completing his education, but also of enabling him to mix with boys of his own age and acquire thereby self-reliance. He was told to hold himself in readiness the ensuing week, as there was no need for delay about his outfit—the latter could be procured ready-made in Toronto itself.

Had I feared anything like a serious attachment on my brother's part for the rustic beauty, who had so often crossed his path of late, his reception of his (marching orders), as he termed them, would have completely reassured me. He threw up his cap when we got out on the lawn, hurrahed, shouted, in fact, committed a thousand follies. At last I questioned, by way of experiment:

"What will Nellie Carr do?"

"Do! Why, let her go to school, or learn her primer at home. What would a hundred Nellie Carrs be to the glorious chance now before me?"

George was a thorough boy yet in heart and nature. Suddenly, he stopped in the midst of his exuberant outburst of delight, and tenderly, gravely said: "Ah! but there is one darling, matchless little girl, who will miss me as much as I will miss her. Ada, dear, dear sister, how lonely you will be when I am away!"

Lonely! yes, that I would, and despite my desperate efforts to retain my composure, it deserted me, and I burst into a passionate fit of sobbing. Tenderly were my tears wiped away—lovingly was I sympathized with, and the olden childish promise of taking me, sooner or later, away from dull Danville to some ideal home of splendour and opulence, confidently and fondly renewed.

How rapidly the intervening days that separated us from that appointed for George's departure passed over, and all the time, that inconstant fickle-hearted youth never gave a thought to Nellie Carr. The last afternoon, however, he was to spend with us, arrived, and I noticed that as we sauntered on the bank of the little stream together, he began to grow restless and pre-occupied. Finally, he re-entered the house, and shortly after joined me, equipped with rifle and game-bag.

Continued on page 138.