

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. XI.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE FOX AND THE GOAT: A NEW APPLICATION OF AN OLD FABLE.—(See description, page 135.)

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to "The General Manager, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

When an answer is required stamps for return postage must be enclosed.

One or two good reliable carriers required—Apply to the MANAGER, BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

THE NEW STORY.

In this issue we give a further liberal installment of WILKIE COLLINS' new story,

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

This story, considered the best yet written by Mr. Collins, was begun in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of Nov. 7, (Number 19).

Back numbers can be had on application.

We beg to call the attention of News Dealers throughout the country to the fact that we have secured the sole right for Canada of publishing "The Law and the Lady" in serial form.

FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED

for the advertising and subscription departments of this paper. Good percentage, large and exclusive territory, given to each canvasser, who will be expected, on the other hand, to furnish security. Also for the sale of Johnson's new MAP OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Apply to THE GENERAL MANAGER, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 27th 1875.

CANADA AND THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

We publish in the present issue of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS a series of views and plans descriptive of the International Exhibition to be held at Philadelphia, in 1876, the Centennial of American Independence. Next week we shall continue these pictures. The subject is one of very great interest to all of us in Canada, and the Government has understood this by the early appointment of a Canadian Commission. The Exhibition will be held at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. It will be opened on the 19th April, 1876, and closed on the 19th October following. All Governments have been invited to appoint Commissions, for the purpose of organizing their departments of exhibition. The Director-General should be notified of the appointment of such Foreign Commissions before January 1, 1875. Articles intended for the Exhibition must be sent in from the 1st January to the 31st March, 1876. Applications for space must be addressed to the Secretary of the Canadian Commission before the 1st May, 1875.

The Exhibition area comprises 1,200 acres, and, as will be seen from the view in the present number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, it lies in romantic grounds. The Industrial Building is 1,880 feet long by 464 feet wide. Its height is 70 feet, and the altitude of its towers 120 feet. The distribution of the interior is superb. It is divided into parallel zones lengthwise to the building, for productions of the same class. It is divided into parallel sections crosswise to the building, for countries and States. Thus, going down the lines in one direction, the observer sees the same products of the whole world, as, for example, furniture, stoves, sewing machines, and the like. Going along the cross lines, he follows the products of the same country. The Art Gallery measures 365

feet by 210. The height of its dome is 150 feet. The edifice is very beautiful, as may be seen by reference to the sixth number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Feb. 6th, of this year. There are also a Machinery Hall, and an Agricultural and Horticultural Building. The whole buildings cover 50 acres of ground. In September, a great cattle show will be held, lasting from one to five weeks.

The Canadian Government has allotted \$100,000 to our Commission for this year, and will probably vote as much next year. It is expected also that each Province will furnish a contingent. The Commission is very satisfactorily chosen. It consists of Mr. F. W. GLEN, of Oshawa, representing Ontario; Hon. E. G. PENNY, of Montreal, representing Quebec; and ex-Lieut-Governor WILMOT, of New Brunswick, representing the Maritime Provinces. The Minister of Agriculture, Hon. LETELLIER DE ST. JUST is *ex-officio* President of the Commission; and Mr. JOSEPH PERRAULT, of Montreal, is the active and intelligent Secretary. In this connection, we have the pleasure of announcing a capital project designed by the Commission. It is proposed to hold a general Dominion Agricultural and Industrial Fair at Montreal, in September of this year. The ground chosen is Logan's Farm, and it will be the largest exposition of the kind ever held in Canada. We understand that the City Council will contribute \$40,000 towards it. At this Fair, all articles intended for the Philadelphia International Exhibition will be presented. There they will be carefully selected, packed, and prepared for transmission to Philadelphia by February, 1876. The charges thither and back will be paid by the Commission. Of course, those who do not choose to send their articles to Montreal, are at liberty to act as they please, but if they wish to exhibit at Philadelphia, without passing through inspection at Montreal, they will have to pay their own freightage to Pennsylvania. From all that we can learn, the American Centennial will be a genuine success, and the preliminary fair at Montreal will be proportionately great. The one will help the other, and the result will doubtless be a decided impetus given to Canadian industry and Agriculture. Canada has been allotted a nearly central space in the main building at Philadelphia, alongside of Great Britain, but as that space, like all others, is necessarily limited, we should advise intending exhibitors to confer at once with the Secretary of the Canadian Commission. We need scarcely add that articles intended for display at the International Exhibition will be allowed to go forward to the Exhibition buildings, under proper supervision of Customs officers, without examination at ports of entry, and at the close of the exhibition will be allowed to go forward to the port from which they are to be exported. No duties will be levied on such goods, unless entered for consumption in the United States.

THE QUESTION OF BANISHMENT.

We notice that the penalty imposed upon RIEL, LEPINE and O'DONOHUE is not well understood in certain quarters. It may be called banishment for convenience, and it is such in fact, but technically the term does not properly apply. There is no power in the British Constitution empowering the Queen to banish any of her subjects. The most that she can do is to make their immunity from arrest on a charge of crime, conditional on their life-long or temporary absence from the realm. Or she may stay the execution of a sentence for crime after trial, on the same condition. This is precisely what she will do through her Canadian Ministers in the cases of RIEL, LEPINE and O'DONOHUE. They cannot be exiled from the country. Banishment, as such, is not a prerogative of the Crown since the signing of Magna Charta. But they will be pardoned their offence, if they remain out of the limits of the Dominion for the term of five years.

The question then naturally arises—what if they should return to any part of the Dominion before the expiration of that term? The answer is simple. Their conditional pardon would be annulled by the violation of the condition. They would be instantly arrested. On what charge? Not on a charge of treason or lese-majesty, which would be the case if the power of banishment pure and simple were vested in the Crown. It is never treason for an Englishman, as it may be for a Frenchman or a German, to set foot on his native soil. But they would be arrested on the original charge of murder.

It has been further asked whether the five years' banishment opens the door of LEPINE's prison, and frees him from the two years' detention to which the Governor-General's commutation of his death-sentence condemned him. This has been doubted, but we think, without reason. The Government resolutions make no distinction against LEPINE. They place him in the same category with RIEL and O'DONOHUE. Banishment being a less punishment than forcible detention, in as much as the latter is a total, and the former only a partial deprivation of personal liberty, it is evident that it was meant to apply to LEPINE and to relieve him from his present imprisonment. So soon as the resolutions have received Imperial sanction, LEPINE will be allowed to go forth a free man, provided he consents to step across the boundary line of Manitoba.

We have said all we intend to say on the subject matter of these Government resolutions. The punishment decreed is ample and sufficient, and we do not see how any English speaking Canadian can refuse his approval of them. With regard to the French case is different. They were all pledged before their constituents to complete amnesty, and how they could accept this substitute for it, we do not pretend to understand.

AN IMPORTANT CONSTITUTIONAL DECISION.

If the wretched business of the Tanneries has effected no other good, it has led to the decision of a question of the highest constitutional importance. We refer to the judgment delivered a few days ago by the full Court of Appeals in this city, on the Dansereau *Habeas Corpus* case. The facts which led to this decision are too well known to need rehearsal. We shall therefore confine ourselves to an outline of the argument delivered by Chief Justice DORION in the name of the whole Court, Judge RAMSAY alone dissenting. His Honor stated that by the Constitutional Act, the Legislatures of the several Provinces are not simply corporations in the ordinary sense of the word. They are no doubt Corporations in one sense, but they are not so in that limited sense which is ordinarily attached to the term Corporation. There is no difference between the powers of the Local Legislature and of the Dominion Legislature. That is, the powers of the Local Legislature within its own sphere are co-extensive with those of the Dominion Legislature within its sphere. The one is not subordinate to the other. Therefore, if it is found that the Local Legislature is acting within the proper sphere confided to it, its powers are as unrestricted as those of the Dominion Legislature. On the other hand, the Dominion Legislature has certain limits set to it, which it cannot pass. In the Province of Quebec we have got responsible Government modelled on the British Constitution. In the Province of Quebec the Government is conducted upon the principles of responsible Government, with power to legislate upon every subject of a local and private nature which does not come within the class of subjects assigned to the Dominion Legislature. Therefore, everything that does not come within section 91, of the Act of 1867, and which affects purely and simply the Local Province of Quebec, comes within the powers of the Legislature of the

Province of Quebec. The Legislature having such extensive powers, being bound to legislate upon every civil right affecting any part of the Province of Quebec, it would be very singular if it should be restricted in an inquiry, and if it should be deprived of the right of compelling the attendance of witnesses before it. From the preamble of the Confederation Act, His Honor concluded that the intention of the Legislature was not to establish a new form of government, but to continue the powers which existed before. But there was a division of those powers, some being given to the Dominion Legislature and some to the Local Legislatures. A further consideration is that the power has never been questioned yet in *Habeas Corpus* cases. Where actions of damages have been taken because Legislatures have attempted to exercise the right to bring witnesses before them, not a single case is found where the right has been questioned. The right must therefore have been conceded and recognized. Therefore the Chief Justice entertained no doubt that the Local Legislatures have the right to bring witnesses before them. There is no proof in the Statute of 1867 that the Local Legislature is deprived of that right. The Local Legislature in all those things which are special to the Province of Quebec possesses the powers as they existed formerly under the old Constitution. With such extensive powers it would be impossible to discharge their functions properly without the power to send for persons and papers. If the right could be questioned, the present case would serve to show the necessity of its existence. The former Government of the Province disposed of certain property, and the question arises whether fraud or mismanagement is to be imputed to those who are entrusted with the administration of the public property. Who are the Judges in such a case as that? It is the House of Assembly and no other; as in England it is the House of Commons. But it is said, granting that the House has that right, it must judge without evidence. It may obtain information in the street or wherever it likes, but not under oath. If that rule were carried out Responsible Government would be at an end.

His Honor then followed this principle, and added that if the House has the right to bring witnesses before it, it has the right to compel them to answer and to punish them for refusal to answer. In the United States, although the power to commit for contempt members of the Legislature is expressly given, when the question arose whether the power extended to persons not members, the Supreme Court decided that of necessity, although a special case had been provided for, the Legislature must have the right to punish for contempt persons, though not members, such power being necessary to the discharge of its functions.

Next came the consideration of the Act of 1870. It appears that in 1869, the Legislature of Quebec passed an Act, giving the Legislative Assembly and the Legislative Council the same power which the House of Commons exercises by memorial usage. That Act was disallowed, the Minister of Justice thinking it unconstitutional. The next year, an Act was passed giving certain powers therein defined. The question is whether this Act was unconstitutional or not. The Court has no power to declare an Act unconstitutional, but whenever under any of the clauses of an Act litigation arises, and objection is made to the constitutionality of the Act, it has to decide whether it comes within the powers of the Legislature to enact such clauses or not. The Judge found no difficulty in saying that clause two of this Act, relating to the examination of witnesses, is constitutional. It is a pure civil remedy. Being of opinion that the Legislature had the right without a special statute, the Court was further of opinion that it had a right to pass a law on the subject. In the same year, a law was passed which governs the swearing of witnesses before Committees of the Legislature. The Court had no

hesitation in saying that they had a right to pass that law. But the power of the Local Legislature being restricted to civil matters, and having no power to make criminal law, a question might arise upon some of the other clauses, where criminal jurisdiction is given to the House. It would be difficult to say that the Local Legislature had power to give to the Legislative Assembly a criminal jurisdiction in matters which did not affect its own proceedings. The Dominion Legislature may have to deal sometimes with questions which appear to be within the power of the Local Legislature, and *vice versa*, but such matters must be incidents of their own powers. If each Legislature is not given those incidental powers which flow from the principal authority, it will be impossible to work the Constitution. There would be a perpetual clashing, and one clause of an Act would have to be enacted by one Legislature, and another clause to give its effect would have to be enacted by the other Legislature. It is for the Courts to see that the slender bounds dividing the one jurisdiction from the other are not over-stepped in any case. On these two grounds—first, that the Legislature had the inherent power to bring before it any witnesses they wished to examine; and second, that they had the right to enact a law giving those powers—The Court had no hesitation in saying that the Provincial Assembly of Quebec had the power to issue a warrant for the arrest of Mr. DANSE-REAU, a recalcitrant witness before the Tanneries Investigation Committee.

THE NATIONAL SPIRIT.

While there, perhaps, never was a time when the narrowness and bitterness of party spirit were so prevalent in Quebec as at present, it is encouraging to see the great Province of Ontario fast emancipating herself from its shackles and assuming an attitude of comparative independence. There is a breeze blowing there which is freighted with good. We believe there is no paper in Canada which has been more outspoken against political partisanship than the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and it is therefore with supreme satisfaction that we find its course approved and its influence supplemented by an appreciable and rapidly increasing number of fellow-workers in Toronto, and other parts of Ontario. We intend to persevere in the career we have traced out for ourselves, because the further we go and the more we study the march of public events in this country, the more firmly we are convinced that the only hope of a stable nationality lies in the cultivation of a broad national spirit, distinct from new-fangled theories, on the one hand, and from the tyrannical domination of old party lines, on the other. Two parties must of necessity exist in every state, as we have shown over and over again, because they represent two natural currents of public sentiment—the one favourable, the other hostile to the Administration in power—but both must be animated by principle, not by passion, by a zeal for the public good, not by the personal ambitions of leaders. When, therefore, in either party, we detect a departure from this purely national spirit, we shall deem it our duty to signalize and, if need be, to denounce it.

We have been induced to recur to this subject to-day, on perusing a very interesting address delivered by Mr. W. A. FOSTER before the Canadian National Association, at Toronto. This gentleman is well known as one of the chief promoters of the new movement, and a previous discourse of his has earned the honors of very wide circulation. The present lecture is quite equal to his reputation. Barring a little acerbity in its opening paragraphs, and a general tone of self-assertion, natural enough under the circumstances, but which might be interpreted as dogmatism, the pervading spirit of the whole is lofty and salutary, while the impression which it leaves on the mind of the reader is precisely that sentiment for which we have so long con-

tended—pride in Canadian birth, institutions and destiny. The two cited sayings of Lord DUFFERIN express this sentiment with terse felicity:—"There is no feeling by which the Canadian people are animated with which I sympathize more than in their desire to build up their country into a distinct, prosperous and respected nationality," and again, "I am happy to see in every Province and locality I have visited, the time has come for laying aside sectional distinctions, and for combining one grand effort to create a nationality that shall know no distinction from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean." We do not purpose going through Mr. FOSTER'S lecture in detail. We have barely the space to cull a few ideas therefrom. We heartily endorse his epigrammatic rebuttal of the charge of sentimentalism which is frequently urged against theoretic discussions on politics. He says truly that the germ of all revolutions is sentiment. In another place, he states, with equal appositeness, that the despotism exercised by party organs is not to be ascribed so much to the force with which they present their views, as to the despicable weakness of those who receive and are blindly guided by them into all manner of reckless party action. He re-affirms in forcible and elegant paragraphs all the main tenets of Mr. BLAKE'S Aurora speech, such as the Representation of Minorities, Cumulative Voting, and the Reconstruction of the Senate. Upon all these points we have already fully delivered our own opinions, and we will not refer to them here. Mr. FOSTER is consistent with himself throughout, except at the end of his discourse, where he allows himself to be hurried off by passion and actuated, we fear, by that partisanship which he so much deprecates. His utterances on the question of Amnesty are not generous. He knows as well as we do that statemanship is largely made up of compromise, and that, without some such compromise as the recent Amnesty resolutions of the Government, no settlement of the miserable Manitoba troubles was possible. We further venture to question the philosophy of the statement that one Ministry is not bound by the promises of its predecessors. Upon reflection, we think that Mr. FOSTER himself will dismiss that proposition as untenable. The newspaper reprint of the lecture was blurred by many and important errors, and we therefore trust that its author will see his way to republishing it in the correct and permanent form of a pamphlet.

The following intimation from the *Canadian News*, London is worthy of general attention:—All gentlemen from Canada who may be staying in London, or passing through it, should understand that a room has been specially fitted up for their convenience in the Canada Government offices, King-street, Westminster. They may have their letters addressed to them there, and make such temporary use of the library—which is supplied with directories, the Canadian papers, and the London daily journals, which are duly filed—as could only be enjoyed at a well-regulated club. No fees are charged; it is enough that the person desirous of such accommodation as is here provided be a Canadian to ensure a cordial reception. A visitor's book is kept for names and addresses, and friends from the Dominion may thus always be able to trace or communicate with each other when they come to the old country or visit the metropolis.

In Halifax, there is no objection to the breaking of the ice-bridge. The Allan steamer "Newfoundland," built specially for the ice, having been lying idle at this port for several weeks, awaiting the time for her departure with the Newfoundland mails, application was made to her agents by a number of merchants, for her services to break up the ice in the harbor. The agents communicated with Montreal, ask-

ing on what terms the steamer might be employed. The answer was that the "Newfoundland" would perform the service without any charge, and she did it.

The excitement about the ice-bridge still continues in Quebec. A correspondent who is opposed to its being allowed to form, calculates that the loss of business to that city by the continuance of the ice-blockade till the 8th May, 1874, was at least one hundred thousand pounds, besides the retarding of vegetation throughout the whole district. It is to be hoped that, this year, means will be taken to prevent this obstruction so as to ensure early navigation.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT.

VI.

A LONELY GRAVE.—CUSTER'S FORCE.—A STORM OF WIND.—THE GREAT LONE LAND.—LOST OUR WAY.—SPORTING SPOILED.

The 26th July, was a Sunday and we improved it to enjoy a thorough repose after the arduous marching of the week. We turned out quite late in the morning, and after copious ablutions, with general furbishing of accoutrements, we gathered together for Divine Service. The scene was very impressive. A sketch of the hymn-singing is given on another page of the present number. A band from Fort Ellice joined us on this day—seven men and a few horses commanded by Captain Shurtleff who is to return to Fort Ellice and keep on military farming. We spent four days at Roche Percée recruiting generally. Nine miles further on was Wood End Depot, an ominous name, which warned us to lay in a store of bread and cooked meat, as we were not to find a stick of wood in the next three days' march. Luckily we had plenty of water. On the 30th, we camped on the Plateau of Long Valley and Creek, choosing a spot where a fine spring welled out of the foot of the hill. About a quarter of a mile from camp there was the grave of an Indian woman. Leveillé, one of our interpreters, helped to bury her some twelve years ago. She was one of a party of buffalo hunters. Where half-breeds winter the buffalo is hunted on snow shoes, and in deep snow, he becomes an easy prey. Parties then travel with dogs and on flat sleds made of white oak. Immediately south of us was seen a blue elevation the Missouri Plateau, the region of the Yellow Stone, and the site of Gen. Custer's border warfare against the Red Skins. On Roche Percée we had read the words "And his Scouts 1865." They were a part of Custer's force. We were told that two detachments of American soldiers were camped a little west by south of us. We did not visit them, however, but remained in camp while a fatigue squad with pickaxes and shovels made a road down the hill to cross the Long Creek Valley.

About one o'clock on the morning of the 4th August, we encountered a terrific storm, a sketch of which appears in the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. My tent was blown completely away and so were many others in camp, only one square tent remaining in a semi-erect position. These military tents are a fraud on the prairie, as we had more than one occasion to experience. The bell tents proved much more serviceable. Only one of them was drifted away and that was from the improper fastening of the pins. As usual the half-breeds manage such things better. There is nothing better than their low-roofed tent, with base forming an oval and the door at one end. It is supported by two poles and a cross bar, and measures fifteen feet in length by eleven in breadth. It is the warmest, easiest to set up, and altogether the most comfortable.

The Assistant Commissioner McLeod and Major Walker with six carts and four men separated from us on this day and took the direction due west to Wood Mountain. They went in search of a store of pemmican sitting for us there. We continued our route west by north to Old Woman's Lake. The prairies over which we travelled presented the same undulating, monotonous appearance. Not one green bush of the most dwarfish size to relieve the eye. The effect of this loneliness upon the imagination is very singular. The eye dwells on vacancy, tired of glancing at the blue sky above, or the brown earth beneath. A feeling of weariness creeps over you, interrupted at intervals by vague longings for something beyond the far low line of the horizon which is ever barred across your vision. The silence is oppressive. It is in vain that you attempt to relieve the tedium of conversation with your companions. Besides that the stock in-trade of chatting is soon exhausted in these wilds, whether nothing from the outer world reaches you, the very labor of talking becomes irksome, and you fall to medita-

tion. You throw the reins on your horse's neck and let him jog on at will, while your eyes roam over the waste, and your thoughts wander as the winds. This has truly been called the great Lone Land. Its silence and its solitude weigh on you like a mechanical power. The breeze circles around your brow, but it bears no odor of flowers on its wings. There are no green trees even on the water's brink, and hence no wild birds carolling among the boughs. It is a real desert, a land of desolation, and will remain such until the whiteman settles upon it and turns the waste into a garden.

To add to our discomfort on this day's march, Old Welsh, the guide, lost his bearings, and led us miles out of the way. Indeed, for a considerable time, we followed no track at all, and were at the mercy of the half-breeds.

We halted at last, and wound up the day with a little farce. The deer had begun to show themselves in considerable numbers, and we were naturally looking out for some sport to relieve the distressing monotony of the march. Five antlered beauties approached the outskirts of the camp in a body. Jack French, scenting the battle from afar, made for them. He crept along slyly, carefully, in true Indian fashion, fill within 400 yards, when Denny went rushing down like mad, scaring the animals away. Jack French was so furious that he felt tempted to give the intruder a taste of his lead, while the sporting qualifications of Texas Jack, as Denny was nicknamed, became the by-word of the Force. That night we had to eat pemmican instead of venison.

VARIETIES.

PRINCE ARTHUR is said to look exactly like portrait of his father, the late Prince Consort, taken at the age of twenty-four.

THE ex-Queen of Spain has sent a present to the Pope, consisting of a magnificent silver dinner service valued at \$26,000.

THERE is a rumor, growing in strength every day, that at the end of the season, the Duke of Connaught will take to himself a wife, one of the fairest of all the fair daughters of Erin.

FRANCE, land of small economies, of course, saves what we waste. The Paris sewers are provided with gratings, and the corks thus caught are recut and used again.

THERE is a rumor current that the "special matter" to which Mr. Gladstone alludes as being likely to occupy his time is a scheme for establishing a branch of the Old Catholic Church in England.

THE Paris journals are patronising the plan of having culinary critics, who describe the various comestibles suited for every-day, and how to prepare them. The Brillat-Savarins have no objection to taste when required.

"BARON" von Senkeisen, a German officer, in the French army, was discovered recently to be a baroness in disguise. She had worn a uniform for over sixty years, and had fought with all the desperation of her sex in many hard-won battles.

THE famous Sergeant Ballantine, has accepted a brief to defend the Gaikwar of Baroda from the charge of attempting to poison Colonel Phayre. It is understood that his retaining fee is 6,000 guineas, with "refreshers" to an equal amount. The learned Sergeant expects to be absent about three months.

It is stated that a letter has been written by Mr. Disraeli to Mr. Gladstone, expressing the great regret he feels at the resignation by the latter of the leadership of the Liberal party. The letter, it was understood, was in the most cordial and sympathetic terms, as befits the relation of the leaders of the two great parties in the State.

THE discovery of the North Pole has been started by M. Müller, a member of the Russian expedition to Northern-Siberia. M. Müller has stated to the St. Petersburg Geographical Society that he hopes to make the tour of the North Pole, which, according to him, is not an isolated point but a territory of a certain extent, towards the whole of which the inclination of the needle is the same.

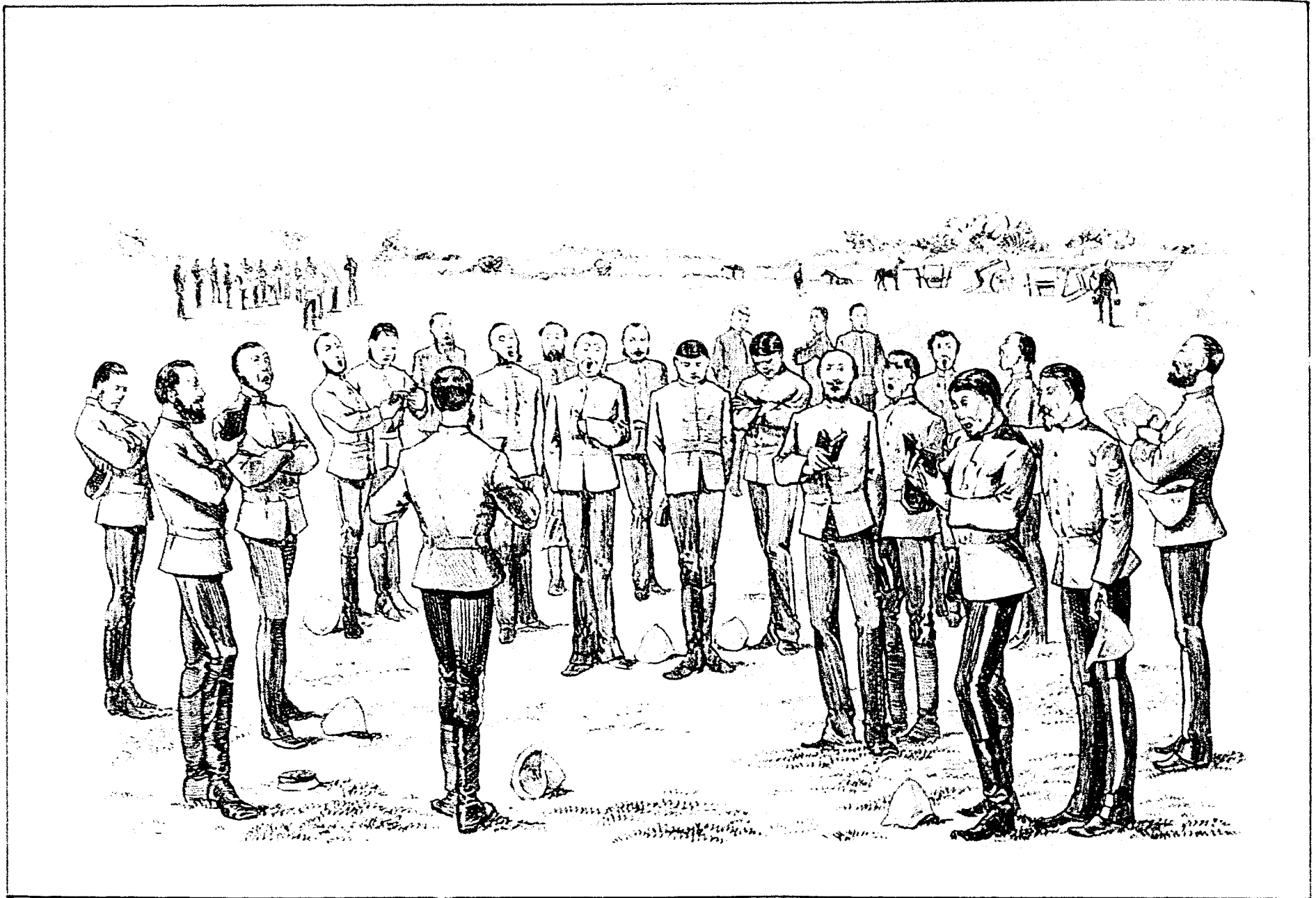
FRANCE is about to reconstruct her water frontier, which had been partly destroyed by the late cession of territory to Germany. Early in 1874, the National Assembly had recognised the necessity of re-creating the network of canals that had served as great arteries through which passed the commerce of Central Europe, from the German Ocean to the Mediterranean, in connection with the Belgian lines.

THE practice of signing by their diocese, and without the prefix of their Christian name, seems to be spreading among the bishops. Lincoln led the way, and now the writer of a letter subscribes himself "Manchester." But as there is a duke and a town and a bishop all of which are so denominated, it is impossible to say, without studying the context, which of the three may be intended.

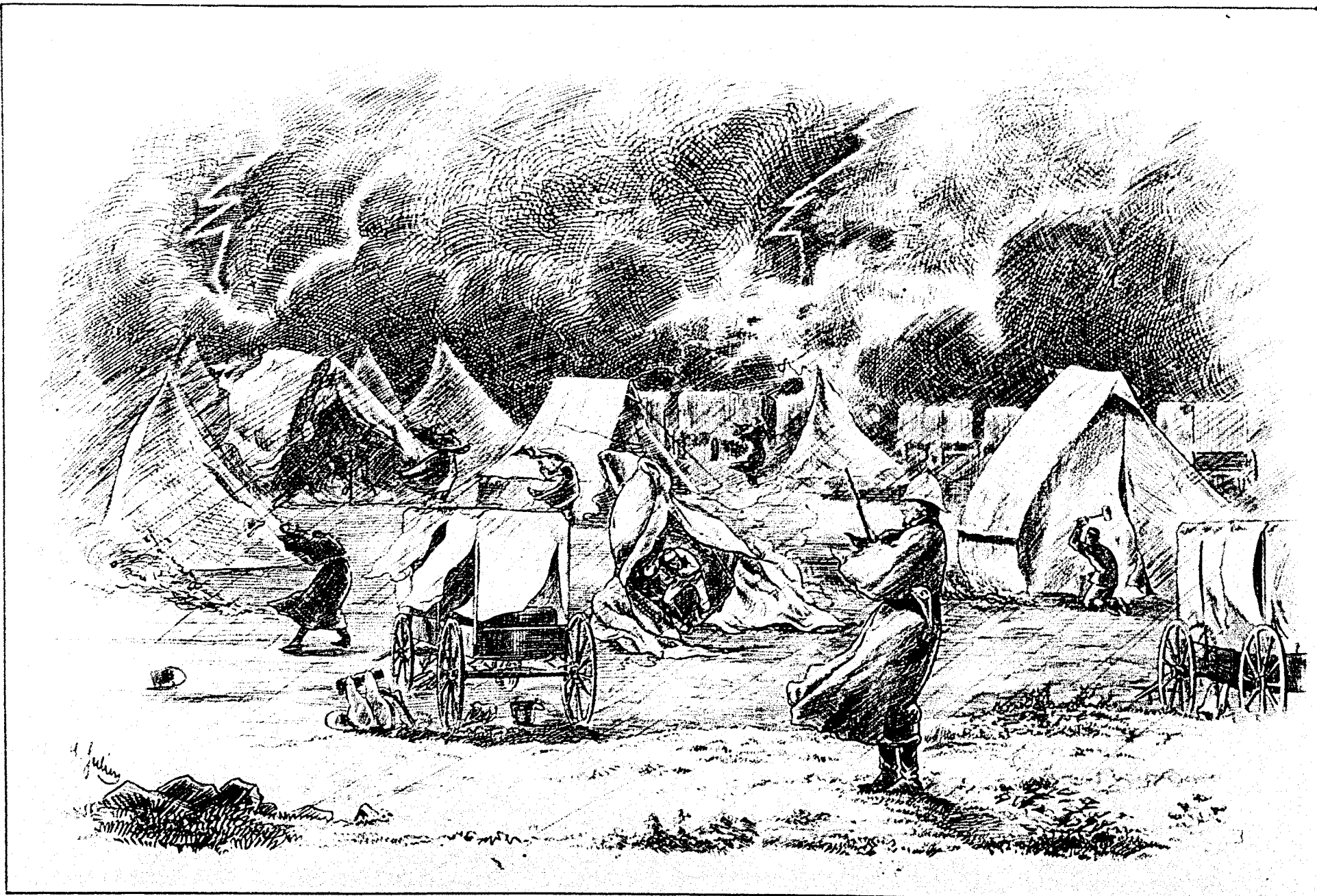
A BARGE, 36 feet in length and 6 feet in width, which was built during the reign of George III., and was used by that monarch during his visits to Weymouth, but which is regarded with more interest from the fact of its having been the receptacle of the body of Nelson when taken from Greenwich to Somerset House, has arrived at Portsmouth dockyard, from Virginia Water, Windsor Park, where it has been for several years. The Lords of the Admiralty have decided that it shall be placed on board the Victory, Nelson's old flagship, in Portsmouth harbour, as a fitting receptacle of the interesting relic of the great naval hero.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S house at Florence, long the resort of artistic pilgrims, has acquired a new interest from the coming commemoration of the artist sculptor. Everything in the house remains much as he left it 300 years ago. In the numerous small rooms are pieces of sculpture, artistic devices and sketches by the dead painter, while his dining-room walls are covered with his frescoes. One side of the room is devoted to men of science, with Galileo and his telescope. Philosophers occupy another portion of space, Aristotle and Plato in the foremost rank; then come men of the Church, and, finally, poets and romance writers, surrounded by palm trees and fountains. Dante and Petrarch are speedily recognisable, and Savonarola is not forgotten. The books, furniture, pictures, statuettes, &c., with which Michael Angelo adorned his house, occupy their original places, while the varied scenes of his life are represented in pictures by his favourite pupils. Perhaps the two most interesting objects are Buonarroti's portrait by himself, and a bust from a mask taken immediately after death, showing the compressed lips, the broad flat nose, and the expression of rude power so well known to all students of Michael Angelo.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH-WEST



DIVINE SERVICE IN CAMP ON SUNDAYS

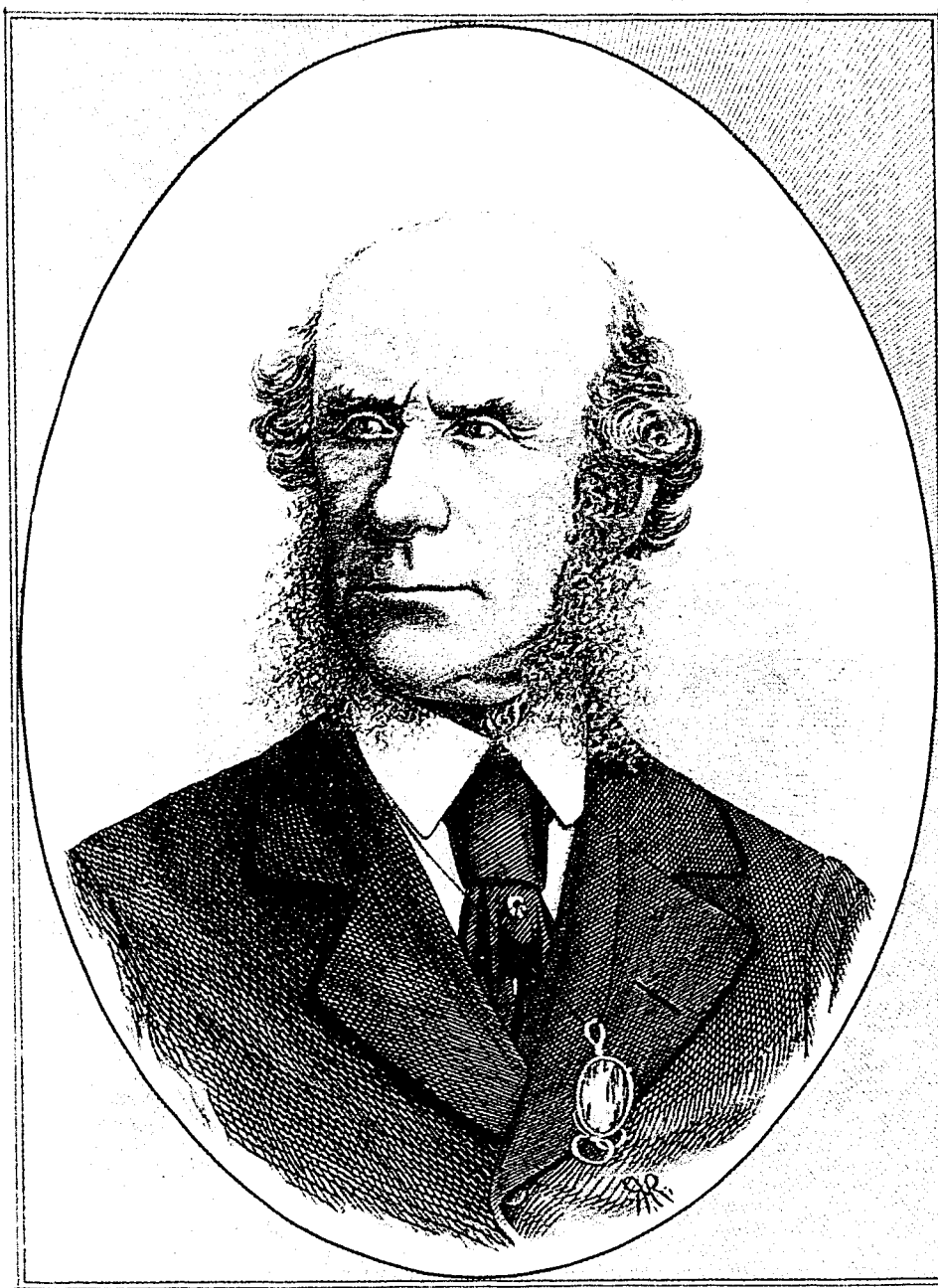


STORM ON THE 3RD AUGUST

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 222. HON. WM. B. VAIL, MINISTER OF MILITIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN



No. 223. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, ESQ.; EX-COMMISSIONER OF CUSTOMS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY



PARIS: INAUGURATION OF THE NEW OPERA HOUSE: ARRIVAL OF MARSHAL MACMAHON AND HIS WIFE.

THE PRISONER TO THE SWALLOW.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CROSSI.

Pilgrim swallow, skimming fleet
Past my window 'gainst the blue,
With thy flexile song and sweet
Every morning sung anew;
What the story thou wouldst tell,
Swallow with thy ritornelle!

Mournest thou, like me, poor bird,
For thy mate, far, far away!
Little widow! all unheard
Is the pathos of thy lay,
Save by me—I feel too well
The anguish of thy ritornelle!

Less unhappy far than I,
Thou on darting wings canst rise;
Skim the lake and search the sky,
Fill the sad air with thy cries:
All day long thy grief canst tell,
Swallow, with thy ritornelle!

Ah! could I but fly with the pine,
Leave this prison where I pine,
Whence the air is barred to me,
Where no blessed sun may shine
Scarcely to my dreary cell,
Swallow, comes thy ritornelle!

And I languish, prisoned here,
While thou flyest o'er the seas,
For September draweth near,
To seek other lands than these;
Greet them for me, Greet them well,
Swallow, with thy ritornelle!

And each day my weary eyes
Through a mist of tears shall gaze
At the snowy winter skies,
Longing for the summer days,
To bring back what I love well,
Swallow, thy dear ritornelle!

In the spring a cross of white
Thou wilt find here, in the grass:
In thy circling evening flight
Sometimes by that headstone pass!
Then of peace alone shall tell,
Swallow, thy low ritornelle!

—Kate Hillard, in *The Galaxy for March*.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

GUY'S FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL

(Continued from our last.)

I.

Flora drew herself up and said angrily, "Father, I have often told you that I did not wish to accept presents from Mr. Sylvester, and I begged you to tell him so. 'Laird bless us all!' exclaimed Dougald in amazement, 'what's got into the lass!' Mr. Sylvester! Certes, that comes o' living i' this upstart country! She has been kind o' strange wi' him ever since we cam' here. She never was like ither girls, but this has altered her altogether!" And with a disturbed countenance, he followed his daughter into the house.

The interior of the cottage showed that it was attended to by a person of taste. The simple pieces of furniture were arranged in the prettiest manner. A small stove with an open grate through which the red hot coals threw warmth and brightness, stood at one end of the cosy if little dining room; in the middle was a table covered with a snowy cloth, which presented a most inviting appearance, bearing as it did several dainty dishes prepared by the youthful housekeeper.

"Flora," said Dougald, as they took their seats, "what is the reason you winna' tak' a gift frae' the young master now? You never refused at home."

"It is different here from what it was in Scotland. There he was the young master, and you were one of his father's servants, and I could only be too grateful to take whatever he chose to give me; beside I was a mere child. Here, he is neither my master, nor yours, though you choose to consider him as such. I do not like to feel myself under an obligation to him!"

"Why lassie, how'll it be when we gae back, as we are sure to do sometime—Heaven speed tha' day!"

"I hope we never will go back! Oh, I trust we never will!" she cried, hurriedly.

"Why?" said her father more and more bewildered.

"I like Canada and the independence I have here, attending to you and no body else. My mother's daughter was never made to serve!" The girl's eyes flashed as she spoke, and no one who saw her could help agreeing with her.

"Your head is turned, my bairn!" her father said, but he looked proudly at her.

"No more turned than it ever was," she said gaily, "I always felt so, and that is why I was so glad to come to America with you."

"Well, well, you're aye a good daughter to me and far be it frae my heart to want you to do anything against your wish! But what am I to do wi' you jewels?"

"Let me see them. Why, they are costly and pretty enough to be worn by the beautiful Miss Glynberry herself! Let him present his offerings to the right deity; I want them not!" and she left the room.

Her father was so stupefied with wonder, that the only vent he could find for his feelings was to exclaim, "Well, there is leetle o' the McNab blood in her! She's all McDonald!"

To the reader who understands the sex (if there be such a one in existence). Flora's con-

duct will not be so inexplicable. Yes; she was in love, madly, irrevocably in love with one who, by the accident of birth, was placed at an unattainable height.

When they were children, Guy and she had played together, all barriers of rank broken down by the happy democratic freedom of childhood. In after years when he returned, full-grown, from college, he maintained the same playful familiarity towards the beautiful girl, that he had shown to the pretty child; but Flora was shy and cold, a difference which he scarcely observed and which she herself failed to comprehend. It was only when, on the voyage to America, they were thrown more into each other's society, and her beauty and a certain superiority in demeanor and conversation drew from him looks of admiration and slight respectful attentions, that she realized the state of her feelings. No sooner had she done so, than she withdrew as much as possible from all contact with him; when, by accident, she was thrown in his way, she wore an impenetrable armor of proud taciturnity which very much surprised him. In this manner, she avoided the possibility of betraying herself, or thought she did, and poor Guy concluded that she was grieved at leaving home, and angry with him as the cause. Matters remained in this tranquil state till her father informed her of Guy's attachment for Miss Glynberry, since when, she was subject to these little bursts of indignation that to so perplexed her father.

II.

Nettie Glynberry throw her little gold thimble with an impatient click upon a marble-topped table, and tossing her embroidery down beside it, turned towards the door, waiting for the person who had just rung the bell with such unnecessary vigor, to enter. To judge from her impatient manner and pouting lip, it was not a very welcome visitor. However, as the door was thrown open and a servant announced "Mr. Hamilton," she composed her face into an expression of conventional politeness.

"Good morning, Mr. Hamilton. How do you do?"

"Well, thank you, and doubly so in being so fortunate as to find you at home."

"I am always at home at this hour in the morning," and then occurred one of those pauses which are usually so embarrassing to the persons concerned. In this case, however, it was only the gentleman who was uncomfortable, for Nettie, with the greatest composure, resumed her embroidery and waited with calm indifference, for his next remark.

"I did not see you at the concert last night."

"No, I was not there." She was determined not to assist him.

"Consequently," he resumed, "all my anticipated pleasure of the performance vanished." Nettie arched her eyebrows.

"Pray, Mr. Hamilton, how could my non-appearance in the hall mar your pleasure. Madame La Conté did not sing any the less sweetly on that account, I hope."

"I do not know, I did not listen. Finding you were not there, I left before the entertainment was over."

"Complimentary to the fair songstress, I must say!" said Nettie, carelessly.

"Miss Glynberry!"

"Mr. Hamilton!"

"Have you thought over the matter we spoke of when last I saw you?"

"No thought was required, Mr. Hamilton, you had my final and unalterable answer then."

"Oh, Nettie, you are cruel! Does the life-long happiness of a human being, and one, too, whom you have known so long, deserve no more consideration at your hands?"

"I could only give you one answer to the proposal you did me the honor to make me. I do not love you, therefore, I cannot be your wife. I am grieved that you suffer, but I cannot help it."

"I do not ask for love," he cried, "The friendship that you say you entertain for me will more than satisfy me. Once my wife—"

"Mr. Hamilton, pardon me, but what you say is the most absurd nonsense, at least it is so in my case. How any woman could marry without first loving with all her heart, I never could understand. And the man who is satisfied with such a one for a wife, I can't but despise."

Ernest Hamilton grew livid, and his eye glared wildly.

"I can draw but one conclusion from your conduct, Miss Glynberry, and that is, that you have granted to another the boon I crave. Stay! I know! It is, it must be that upstart fellow Sylvester, whom no one knows anything about! Blind! Not to have seen it before!"

Nettie's eyes flashed fire, but she was very pale.

"Sir," she said haughtily, "you forget yourself!"

"You do love him, then? You do! You can't deny it!"

"Mr. Hamilton," she said, controlling herself, "Your words and actions are those of a madman! Looking upon them as such, I will not resent their insolence, but will only beg you to stand aside and allow me to leave the room, unless you will favor me by leaving it yourself." She paused one moment with calm dignity, then seeing he did not move, she walked towards the door, but before she had opened it, he sprang forward, and seizing her by the wrist, exclaimed hoarsely, "Either you or he will suffer for this!" and catching up his hat, he rushed from the room, and the house.

Nettie sank pale and breathless, on a sofa.

She had expected to be annoyed, not frightened. Presently, the door opened and her father entered. He was a tall thin man, about fifty years of age, with grey hair and aquiline features. He looked tired and careworn. He was a merchant of good standing in the city, and had the reputation of having immense wealth. His business now, however, was much embarrassed, and like many another father, he hoped to extricate himself from his pecuniary difficulties by marrying his daughter to a rich man. Nettie was his only child. Pretty, petted, and indulged, she had never known what it was to have a wish ungratified; but favored as she was, she was not spoiled by her happy fortune. She had always been her father's darling, and had ever acceded to his every request with true daughterly obedience; but as he seldom had a desire contrary to her own, this was no particular merit in her.

Mr. Glynberry wished his daughter to marry Ernest Hamilton for many reasons. He was the son of an old friend; he liked him personally, and he knew he was aware of his trouble, and ready and willing to help him. More than that, Nettie and he had known each other for years, and had always been on intimate terms, and he, looking upon it with masculine short-sightedness, thought she could not have a more suitable husband.

Another suitor appeared upon the scene in the person of Guy Sylvester, and so confident was Mr. Glynberry that Nettie, knowing his wishes, would accept her old admirer, that he gave Guy the permission to pay his addresses to her, warning him at the same time, not to be too hopeful. Guy, who probably had received many "fair speechless messages" from a pair of soft brown eyes, was not dejected at his prospects.

In finding that he was not so sure of attaining the result he wished for, Mr. Glynberry, with all the injustice of disappointment and rage forbade Guy the house and returned all his letters unopened. At the same time, he endeavored by every means in his power, to induce his daughter to comply with his demands, but all in vain. Mr. Glynberry awoke to the consciousness that his only daughter was disobedient and rebellious.

On this particular morning, he was determined to make one more effort; by impressing upon her mind how vitally important this step was to his welfare, he hoped so to work upon her affection for himself as to gain her consent. He was aware that Ernest had called, and when he went into the room and saw Nettie sitting on a sofa, pale and in tears (she had become quite hysterical) his heart beat wildly with the hope that after all, she had sacrificed her own inclination for his sake.

"Ah, Nettie, so you have changed your mind and sent Ernest away a happier man than he came? Tell me it is so, dear, and that your love for your father has triumphed."

Nettie looked up wildered, but presently realizing what he meant she said scornfully, glancing at a mirror as she spoke. "You judge from my appearance, I suppose, papa. Is this your idea of how a girl should look after she has accepted a lover?"

"You do look pale, my love," he answered, somewhat at a loss what to say, "but the struggle is over now, and the life-long devotion of a husband like Ernest Hamilton will compensate for your present suffering."

Nettie was horrified at his selfishness. Was this the father who had indulged every whim, anticipated every desire of her heart? She was ready to burst into tears, but restraining herself, she simply answered, "You mistake, papa. I have refused to marry Ernest Hamilton; that is, I have repeated my former refusal."

Her father turned pale to the lips. "Girl, you have determined to ruin me! We will be reduced to poverty, ay, to beggary! And all through your obstinacy! Are you mad, to reject a luxurious home, a devoted husband, out of mere wilfulness!"

Nettie bowed her head, and buried her face in her hands.

"You relent! You regret your refusal! Ernest will forgive. Do but let him know."

"I regret, father, that you should require such a sacrifice of me."

"Have you not often said you would sacrifice all even life itself for me?"

"And so I would gladly sacrifice life, and all I possess for you, were it necessary. But not even for you, dearly as I love you, would I stain my soul with such a crime, for such I consider it—to perjure myself at the altar by vowing to love and honor a man whom I detest!"

"What will become of all your fine ideas when you find yourself without a home, or a friend?"

"Is it so bad, papa?"

"Ay, and worse!"

"Then I will work, as many another girl reared in luxury has had to do. I can surely do something."

"Why do you detest Ernest Hamilton?" asked Mr. Glynberry, returning to the subject uppermost in her mind.

"Because to me, he is detestable! Besides, I have other reasons for not wishing to link my life with his."

"What other reasons do you mean? You do not dare to allude to the proposal of that insolent rascal, Sylvester, who comes from no one knows where, and lives no one knows how!"

Nettie flushed crimson. "I was not alluding to Mr. Sylvester, sir. But since you have thought proper to mention him, I may as well state that the feeling I bear to him will prevent me from ever being the wife of another. He loves me—I love him."

"Fool! would you marry a man whose character and social standing are alike unknown to you?"

"That he is a high-bred gentleman, his appearance and manner leave no room for doubt."

"High-bred gentlemen are often great scoundrels!"

"There is no reason to accuse Mr. Sylvester of anything that is dishonorable. For the rest, I have no doubt if you had afforded him an opportunity, he would have furnished you with all the necessary details of birth, rank, and fortune."

"Nettie, you are sadly changed. But bear in mind, you will never have my consent to marry this man, and if you marry him without it, you are no daughter of mine!" He had resigned himself to the inevitable, but determined to have his revenge.

"Father," said Nettie, with gentle dignity, "Although I am obliged by my sense of right to act contrary to your wishes in rejecting Ernest Hamilton, do not imagine that I will transgress so far as to marry another against your will." So saying, she left him, and went to her own room.

On arriving there, Nettie did not throw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of tears after the manner of heroines in general. She locked the door, then took from her bosom a letter, and after pressing it passionately to her lips, read it through. It was the one about which Guy Sylvester had manifested such solicitude, and this is what it said:

"My own, my darling,

Forgive the stratagem by which I contrive to send you this letter. Those which I send by the ordinary means were returned unopened, and I know, dearest, without your knowledge, I could not bear that you should think I consider your father's dismissal as final. Knowing your heart, I will never despair, but live in the hope that time will change his mind. In the mean time, love, I must see you. How can I do so? I feel that I ought to give you all those particulars regarding my position, which you, with a delicacy I fully appreciate, have never inquired into. Send your answer by Dougald McNab, (you know him? He who gave you this.) He is faithful to me, and, as you will have guessed, is connected with my former fortunes.

Fail not, I entreat you, darling, to grant me this interview, and till then, farewell. "Love's heralds should be thoughts," but as they are only mortals who understand not the speed with which their missions should be performed, hasten to relieve my impatience.

Yours ever, and ever lovingly,

GUY SYLVESTER.

Nettie read it over and over, then taking up a pen, she sat down to write. After two or three attempts, she completed an answer to the effect that, as he was aware, she returned his ardent affection and could never love another, but as her father's will was inflexible, it was impossible for her to see him again, for she would never act in opposition to it. Declining on these grounds to meet him, she bade him good bye for ever. After closing and sealing this heroic document, she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. After she had become a little calmer, she rose and walked to and fro, then turning suddenly, she tore the letter into fragments, and snatching up her pen, dashed off the following words:

"Dearest Guy,

"It is in vain that I try to refuse your request, though I know it is wrong to grant it. I will meet you to-morrow afternoon, between two and three, on my way to a friend's on Bloor St.

NETTIE.

Having done so, she put on her hat and wraps with the intention of carrying it at once to Dougald, but fearing her inability to give it to him without attracting attention, she went, contrary to her usual habit, and posted it herself. After this she felt much happier, though somewhat guilty. But she argued herself, as young ladies placed in similar positions usually succeed in doing, into the belief that her father's sternness and injustice in refusing Guy the house, made it necessary to have this clandestine interview with him in order to have a mutual explanation.

Accordingly, on the next afternoon the lovers met, as it had been arranged. "Thanks, dearest Nettie, for giving me this opportunity of once more gazing upon your face!" cried Guy, as he seized her hand.

"I did not meet you for the purpose of allowing you to gaze upon my face!" said Nettie, laughing and blushing, "and as your demonstrative greeting has caused others to be guilty of the same rudeness, pray let us walk over to that pretty common. The frost was very severe last night, and the snow is dry and crisp."

(Continued next week.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JOHN McCULLOUGH had a fine engagement at his own theatre in San Francisco. His stay of four weeks resulted in receipts amounting to \$35,600 in gold.

MUSTAFA, the celebrated soprano of the Sistine Chapel, is rarely heard now, only singing for the Pope on special occasions. His voice is described as angelic in sweetness and tenderness.

Mlle. ALBANI left the Strakosch troupe in Cincinnati, a cable correspondence having settled that her contract should be cancelled. It appears that the expenses of Mlle. Albani's engagement—something like \$900 a night—were not warranted by the receipts, and Mr. Strakosch having, as is stated, already lost \$75,000 during the season, found that he could not pay such a salary to the prima donna. The matter was amicably settled, and Mlle. Albani will at once proceed to London, where she is under contract to Mr. Gye.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ROBERT SHORE MILNES BOUCHETTE,

whose portrait we present to our readers in this number, was born at Quebec on the 12th March, 1805. He studied law with that eminent jurist and orator, the late A. Stuart, and was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1826. He accompanied his father, the late Col. Bouchette, Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, to England in 1829 to aid him in the publication of his extensive work on the British Dominions in North America, which appeared in 1831, under the auspices of King William IV., to whom the work was dedicated by special permission.

In the preface of this work Col. Bouchette mentions his son, the subject of this sketch, as a valuable contributor in its literary composition, and we find in the first volume several views which are due to his pencil; among these we would particularize the view of Quebec, in which figures the old *Chateau St. Louis*, destroyed by fire a few years later.

On the 6th March, 1834, Mr. Bouchette married at Dover, England, Marianne, eldest daughter of Major, the Hon. Herbert Gardner, R.A., and grand daughter of the late Admiral Lord Gardner, who so distinguished himself in the memorable actions of the 30th May and 1st June, 1794, and received the thanks of the House of Commons in 1795 for his conduct off Point l'Orient. Mr. B. returned to Canada with his bride in May, 1834, and on the 27th of July following she died, one of the first victims of the Asiatic cholera which broke out in Quebec that summer.

Saddened by this calamitous event, Mr. Bouchette sought in the excitement of politics some relief from his grief. The famous resolutions of Lord John Russell in the British House of Commons, authorizing the payment of the Civil List out of the Canadian Treasury without a vote of the Legislature, afforded Mr. Bouchette an opportunity of coming out. This he did with earnestness, frequently addressing public meetings, attending political committees, and by establishing a journal, *The Liberal*, printed in both languages, of which he was joint editor and proprietor with Mr. Hunter, a lawyer of acknowledged abilities.

Mr. Bouchette's appearance in the ranks of the Liberals astonished both parties; all his connections and antecedent associations being with the Conservatives or Constitutionalists, as they were then called. His father and his eldest brother held high public offices under the Government, and therefore belonged to the *Bureau-cratie*. Another of his brothers was in the British army (68th Lt. Inf.) connected by marriage with a high Tory family in England. He had himself not more than three years before become allied to a noble English family. In fact, he seems to have flown off at a tangent from the circle in which he had hitherto been politically pent up.

The event that marked the course thus taken by Mr. Bouchette would afford matter for several chapters of the political history of the times referred to. Suffice it to say that they involve his capture in the field at Moore's Corner, wounded; his captivity in the fortress at Isle aux Noix; a detention for seven months within the walls of a prison; a voyage on board of a ship of war, the *Vestal* to the Bermudas, and a forced residence of three months in those islands, under parole, with Dr. Nelson and six other gentlemen exiled by the same Ordinance.

This Ordinance having been declared illegal by the British Parliament, the exiles under it were officially notified that they were at liberty to return to Canada, and on the 3rd November, 1838, Mr. Bouchette and his fellow exiles sailed from Bermuda for the coast of America, and landed at Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, in Chesapeake Bay.

Mr. Bouchette remained in the United States until 1845. In the State of Vermont, where he first resided, he was admitted, as an act of courtesy, to practise in the State Courts, as member of the Bar, the oath of Office only being administered to him: the oath of allegiance was spontaneously withheld.

Mr. Bouchette, however, resorted to a more ready means of raising an income, and upon the invitation of the Principal of the University of Vermont, he formed classes in French and Italian at the University, to which were soon added others. This course he also followed in Portland, until he determined upon returning to Canada.

During his sojourn in Vermont, he married Miss Caroline Berthelet, his cousin, the daughter of Mr. Henry Berthelet, of Detroit, and niece of the late Olivier Berthelet, a wealthy citizen of Montreal. She died in 1857.

In the summer of 1845, Mr. Bouchette took up his residence in Montreal, and resumed there his professional pursuits as a Barrister with great prospects success. Amongst other important cases in which he was retained was that of the Corporation of King's College, at Toronto, to sustain the charter of that Institution at the Bar of the House. The case was pleaded in French, and the result was a large French vote against the abrogation of the Charter. The case had been eloquently pleaded in English the previous Session, by the Honorable John Hilliard Cameron.

In March, 1848, Mr. Bouchette, was offered by the then Premier, the Hon. Hyppolite LaFontaine, the office of Permanent Clerk of the Crown-Law Department, which he accepted and retained, until 1851, when he was appointed, in March of that year, Commissioner of Customs, under the Great Seal of Canada, which appointment was, after the Confederation of the Provinces, confirmed in May, 1868, under the Great Seal of the Dominion.

He has been a special Commissioner at various times. Among the most important of these Commissions are the following: in 1860 on special service to visit the Ports on both sides of the frontier to enquire into and report upon the working of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States; in 1862 with five other Deputy heads to report upon and carry out the organization of the Civil Service under the Act of 1857; in 1867 as Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition for special purposes in connection with trade and commerce, weights, measures and currency; in 1868 Commissioner with others to report upon the organization and efficiency of the whole of the Public Service of the Dominion and to re-organize it under the new Act.

As Commissioner of Customs, he was *ex officio* a member of the Civil Service Board of which he was the Chairman by election; he was also *ex officio* a member of the Board of Audit.

Mr. Bouchette married again on the 11th June, 1861, Clara Lindsay, daughter of Errol Boyd Lindsay, Esq., of Sous-les-Bois, near Quebec.

Mr. Bouchette's retirement from the office of Commissioner of Customs, under the provisions of the Superannuation Act, took effect on the 1st of January, instant (1875.) After nearly thirty years of Public Service, 24 of which were devoted to the Administration, (under its Ministerial Head) of the large and important Department of Customs—which until 1868 comprised Inland Revenue—Mr. Bouchette has retreated to his native city, Quebec, the old and venerated Capital of Canada, the scenery of which is the pride of its inhabitants and the admiration of travellers.

HON. WILLIAM B. VAIL.

The Minister of Militia is the grandson of an U. E. Loyalist. His father was John C. Vail, of Sussex, N.B., who was a Judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, and a member for King's in the New Brunswick Assembly for upwards of twenty-five years. He was born at Sussex Vale, N.B., 23rd December, 1823, and educated there. Going over to Nova Scotia, he married Charlotte Leslie, eldest daughter of Charles Jones, Esq., of Weymouth, in that Province. Mr. Vail is Lieut.-Col. 2nd Regt., Digby Militia. He was appointed a member of the Executive Council and Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia in November, 1867. On the resignation of Hon. Mr. Ross, Mr. Vail was summoned to the Department of Militia, at Ottawa. For particulars of his life and that of Mr. Fournier, we are indebted to that excellent publication, Morgan's *Parliamentary Companion*.

GRAND OPERA BALL, TORONTO.

The first annual ball of the Grand Opera House Company took place on the 8th inst. The dancing floor occupied all the stage and across the lower portion of the parquette. In the rear of the platform the wall was decorated with bunting, and a scene representing a mountain range, with water-fall, added much to the general effect. The party numbered about 600 persons, a majority of whom were ladies, and the fashion of Toronto may be said to have been represented. The music was furnished by the band of the Grand Opera House, under the direction of Mr. Muller, and, as might be expected, was all that the most exacting devotee of the dance could wish. The orchestra was placed in the front range of seats on the balcony, from which the notes were diffused with distinct sound over whole house. A supper-table was laid in one of the wings, where exhausted energies were renewed from time to time by the wearied dancers. The programme for the floor composed nineteen dances, quadrilles, waltzes, gallops, lancers, and the amusement was continued far into the night. Altogether, this first ball was a success, and our friends in Ontario eagerly look forward to the second.

SARPEDON.

This is the beautiful allegory so well known to students of mythology. Death and Sleep wait

up to Jupiter the body of his beloved son, Sarpedon, slain at the siege of Troy. Those who wish to read more of it, are referred to the XVI. Book of the Iliad.

MARSHAL MACMAHON AT THE OPERA.

This is a thoroughly French picture. Mr. Halanzier, Director of the new Grand Opera House, Paris, goes forward, on inauguration night, to meet the President of the French Republic and the Duchess of Magenta, and conducts them in state through the corridor to their box, holding a three-branched candelabrum in his hand. The tapers are of the purest wax.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

Once upon a time there was a fox named Aleck and a goat named Johnnie. Coming from different directions, they both fell head foremost into a well, called the Manitoba well. They were in a sad plight and anxious to get out of their scrape, but for a long time they could find no means of doing so. At length, after scratching his ears and pulling at his thin beard, the fox conceived a bright idea, and said to the goat: "You have thick wool and long horns. Suppose you set your fore legs against the side of the well, and stretch your body. I will get on your back, then climb to the top of your horns, and thus manage to screw myself out of this ugly hole."

"Agreed," said the goat. "But when once out, you must reach down your paws and draw me out."

"Of course, of course," quoth the fox. The plan was tried. Aleck got on Johnnie's back, laid hold of his wool, climbed to his horns, and reached the top of the well in safety.

Once there, instead of redeeming his promise, he looked down and made game of poor Johnnie.

If there is a better comment on the late Amnesty resolutions of the Government, we should like to hear it.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

For full particulars of these illustrations, we refer to the editorial columns, where we have a descriptive article on the subject.

We regret that the photograph of Mr. Colin Macdougall, M.P., seconder of the address, reached us too late for insertion.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

WINNIPEG TO OTTAWA IN WINTER.

II.

My last paper was written in the sitting room of the Hudson's Bay Company's hotel at Grand Forks. I finished by arriving at Pembina and a parenthetical allusion to Judge Potter. The evening on which we arrived at "High Bush Cranberry" for that is what Pembina means in the language of the Sioux, there was a motley group of persons assembled in the chief room of Judge Potter's hotel, which by the way is not run by the Judge himself, but by a veteran down-easter named Gorell. The building serves the public in the treble capacity of a hotel, a Custom House and a *refugium desperandum*, for it is there where all the roughs and desperadoes outside of civilization generally bring up. One of the passengers referred to in my previous letter as being bound for Pembina, had not been in the place ten minutes before he was in the hands of the Sheriff and a detachment of the 20th United States Infantry, stationed at the Pembina Fort. This gentleman rejoiced in the name of Deacon. A week previously he had resisted the Sheriff who had attempted to arrest him, on a complaint of assault. He was a bar-tender in a saloon and in the discharge of his professional duty had assisted his "boss" in punching a half a dozen members of the *elite* of Pembina. The Sheriff on that occasion was treated to various indignities, and when he returned with a detachment of United States regulars to assist him to capture Mr. Deacon, that gentleman was *non est* he having taken the stage for Garry. Thither he fled and remained a week until he thought the affair had properly cooled, but the reception he received from the Sheriff, and fixed bayonets on his arrival convinced him that notwithstanding a mercurial depression of 35 minus, the ardor of the officer and the troops had not sufficiently cooled into apathy or forgetfulness. The last I saw of Mr. Deacon was after he had surrendered to the "boys in blue." He was then on his way to the Fort with a pair of bracelets encircling his wrists, and a guard of honor accompanying him. The multifarious duties of Mr. Gorell, formerly of Vermont, and now the Potter House, may be imagined from the surroundings. His hotel is a Custom House, and in it all the trunks are opened and the contents overhauled by the officers. Tie up your trunk as you may, it will be of no use, indeed the more you tie up your box the more the officer will suspect that there is something contraband between the lids. It took me 15 minutes to unloosen the rope on my trunk and while doing so no complaint or protest would soften the heart of the official. When the box was opened he merely lifted the lid touched nothing and said it was all right. That was provoking enough after having undergone the hardship which for 15 minutes I manfully bore. In addition to the officers of the law and Judge Potter's staff, what most do congregate around the store of the Potter House, is the United States regular, and the man that has been discharged from the service, beside the desperado and the outlaw. As it is in Dakota

Territory, and not in Minnesota, the law defier, is there safe enough so long as he does not repeat his offence several times too often. If he has killed half a dozen persons or so somewhere else, and shot at peaceful citizens of Pembina several times without doing any more damage than lifting a tuft of hair or skinning a nose or clipping an ear, he is safe enough from molestation so long as he keeps within the units. When he gets into the decimal scale then the troops are resorted to, or he is quietly given to understand that times are good in Wyoming and Montana and that he had better get for "them parts quicker nor wink." And so must Pembina continue to be the resort of fugitives from justice until Dakota enters the Union as a State. Senator Ramsay of Minnesota has now a Bill before the United States Senate dividing Dakota Territory into two sections North and South, the former to be designated Pembina Territory and the latter Dakota. The measure is understood to be popular. Whatever may be said as respecting the laws of Dakota and their enforcement, the Canadian trader will, however, discover that landlord and citizen will offer him every hospitality and kindness that can be given. The manners may at first seem rude and uncouth, but beneath the exterior of a Western Territorialist, there is as warm and hospitable a nature as I ever experienced at home or abroad. Sunday the 24th was occupied in the journey from Pembina to Grand Forks. The distance is about 75 miles. We left Potter's at four o'clock and reached the Grand Forks at 20 minutes to five in the afternoon. We changed horses three times, and during the whole distance kept in sight of the Red River of the North. It was always within a mile or so of our course, and we could easily trace it by the trees it sustained. To the east of us, all the distance spread out into the boundless prairie. Outside of the stage and the robe it was 30° below, but go down ever so low it was nothing to the pair of passengers who slept soundly the greater part of the whole distance from Potter's to the Grand Forks. KANUCK.

LITERARY.

THE new work Mr. Gladstone is writing is an essay on marriage, with especial reference to the alleged sacramental character of that institution.

THE dismal announcement is made that Mr. Robert Browning's new poem, entitled "Aristophanes' Apology," is now in the printer's hands, and will very soon be issued by his publishers.

THE admirers of Captain Mayne Reid, the popular story teller, will be glad to know that although he is still on a sick bed, he is gradually approaching convalescence, and preparing another new story.

MURRAY, the noted London publisher, is described by Joaquin Miller as a tall, lean man, bald, with one bad eye and a habit of taking sight at one behind his long, thin forefingers, which he holds up as he talks excitedly and shakes all the time either in his own face or in some one else's.

THE Company revising the Authorized Version of the Old Testament have just held their twenty-eighth session. They were chiefly engaged in considering the suggestions by the American revisers upon their translation of Genesis and Exodus. They afterwards proceeded with the revision of Isaiah as far as chapter 3, verse 9.

DEATH OF CANON KINGSLEY.—He was born at Holne Viewrage, on the borders of Dartmoor, Devon, June 12, 1819, and was educated at home until the age of fourteen, when he became a pupil of the Rev. D. Coleridge, and afterwards a student at King's College, London, whence he removed to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he gained a scholarship and several prizes, taking a first-class in classics and a second-class in mathematics. Mr. Kingsley had mixed much with working men, as may be inferred from his "Alton Locke," and had taken part in various efforts to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, to such an extent as to have earned the name of the "Chartist Parson." He distinguished himself as a dramatic and lyric poet, the "Saint's Tragedy" having been published in 1846, and was the author of several novels. He wrote "Phaeton: Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers," published in 1853; "Hypatia, or New Poes with an Old Face," in 1853; "Alexandria and her Schools—Lectures," in 1854; "Westward Ho!" in 1855; "Two Years Ago," in 1857; "Miscellanies from Fraser's Magazine," in 1859; "The Water Babies," 1863; "The Roman and the Teuton," lectures delivered at Cambridge, in 1866; "The Hermits," in 1867; "How and Why?" in 1869; "At Last: a Christmas in the West Indies," 2 vols., 1871; and various volumes of sermons. He was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge in 1859, and after resigning that post was made Canon of Chester in 1869. Many of our readers will remember Canon Kingsley, who travelled through Canada, on a lecturing tour, last winter.

ARTISTIC.

A STATUE of Grattan, is to be erected in College-green, Dublin. The figure, executed by the late Mr. Foley, is 9 ft. high.

THE Duke de Cambacères has purchased Gérard's large picture of the battle of Ansterlitz, from the Rapp collection for 6200l.

A MAGNIFICENT painting by Ribeira (Espagnoletto) has just been purchased for the Louvre. The subject is taken from the life of the prophet Elijah, who is represented almost without clothing, a band of straw encircling his waist, absorbed in prayer.

It is proposed to erect at Copenhagen a bronze statue of Hans Christian Andersen, who will enter on his seventy-first year in April. The subscription fixed at a trifling sum in order that, all classes and even children may take part in it.

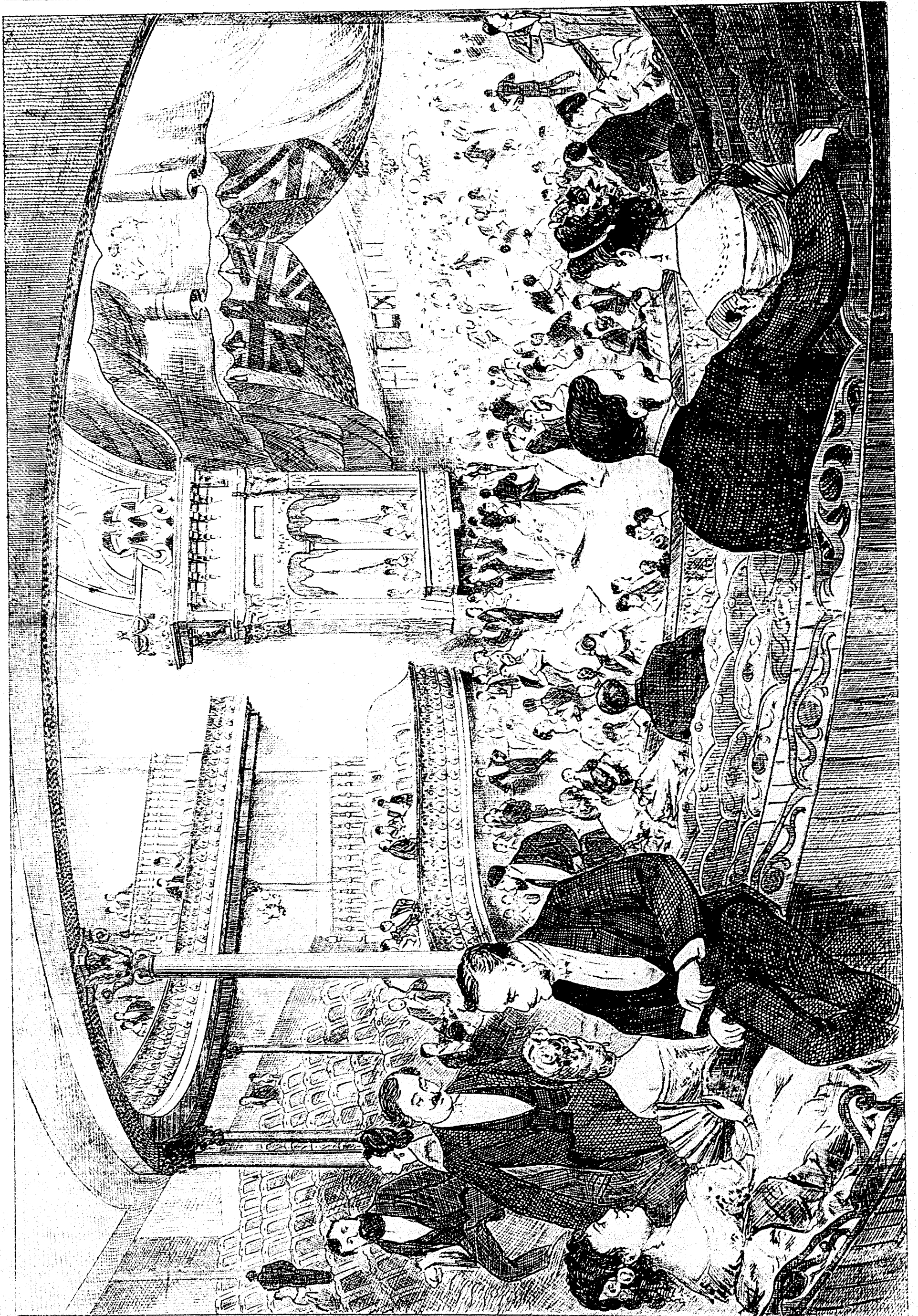
THE late Jean François Millet, the French artist, died where for years he had lived, at Barbizon, a little village in Fontainebleau. He was the strongest and most individual of the modern school of landscape painters.

M. MEISSONIER, the great painter, has completed a remarkable work destined for a French amateur and which is now being exhibited in Paris. The picture is entitled "Avant la Bataille," and represents a scene of the First Empire. Two superior officers, followed by their orderlies stop an instant to exchange a grasp of the hand. In the background are a number of horsemen under arms.

* The following lines, which are to be found in the album of many of Mr. Bouchette's friends, and which were written whilst he was a prisoner in the Fort at Isle Aux Noix, are now inserted as unmistakably expressing his sentiments on the question of loyalty:

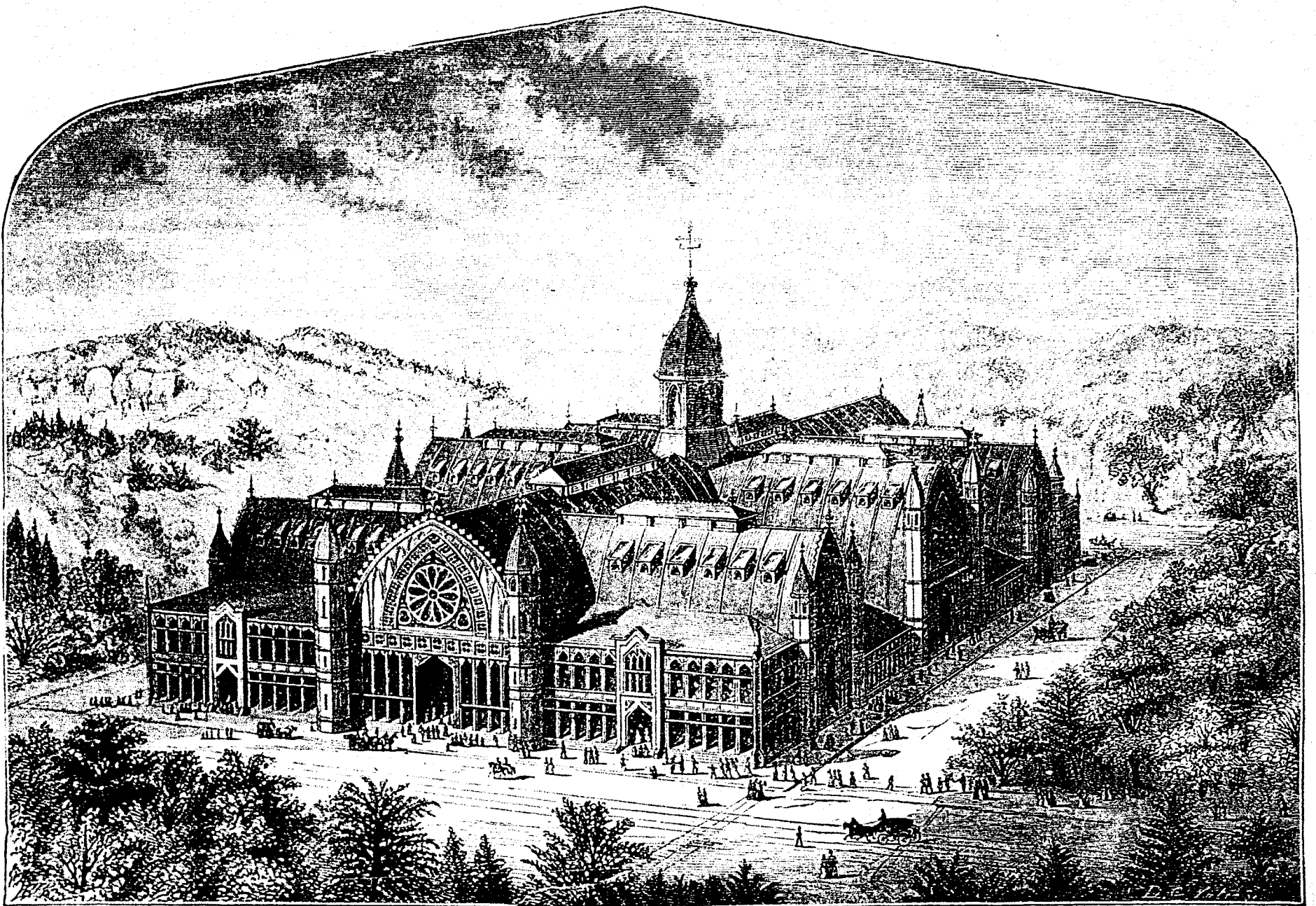
THE WOUNDED CAPTIVE.

The dubious light of grey-eyed morn now breaks
Through the arched casement of the vaulted room,
The vet'ran guard to the relief awakes,
But slumbers still amidst the less'ning gloom,
A strange form upon his mantle thrown;
He sleeps, but restless sleeps, for oft a moan
Betok'ning pain or grief in accents faint
Escapes in sad and sorrowful complaint.
He is a captive on the battlefield,
Which Patriot bands were forced to yield;
Wounded and captured by the loyal foe,
And hither led to death, chains and woe.
But hark! melodious sounds the bugle note,
Thro' barrack, battlement, and moat,
The Royal Anthem heralds in the morn—
"God save the King," proclaims the bugle horn,
While thro' the vault the strain re echoes deep,
And gently wakes the captive from his sleep.
He wakes—the anthem strikes his conscious ear—
His heart's subdued, he drops a loyal tear,
And as Britannia glorious seems to rise
From British ocean into British skies,
The captive feels how much his Patriot heart
Bleeds, when thus forc'd to play the rebel's part.
He loves his liege, yet loves his country too,
And fain to both would live devoutly true;
And as he sorrow's o'er his country's wrongs,
His proud allegiance deep the pang prolongs,
And prompts the fervid prayer: May heaven forfend
This war in British rapture e'er should end,
May generous England prove that she is great,
And right her subjects' wrongs before it be too late
Fort, Isle Aux Noix, 12th December 1837.

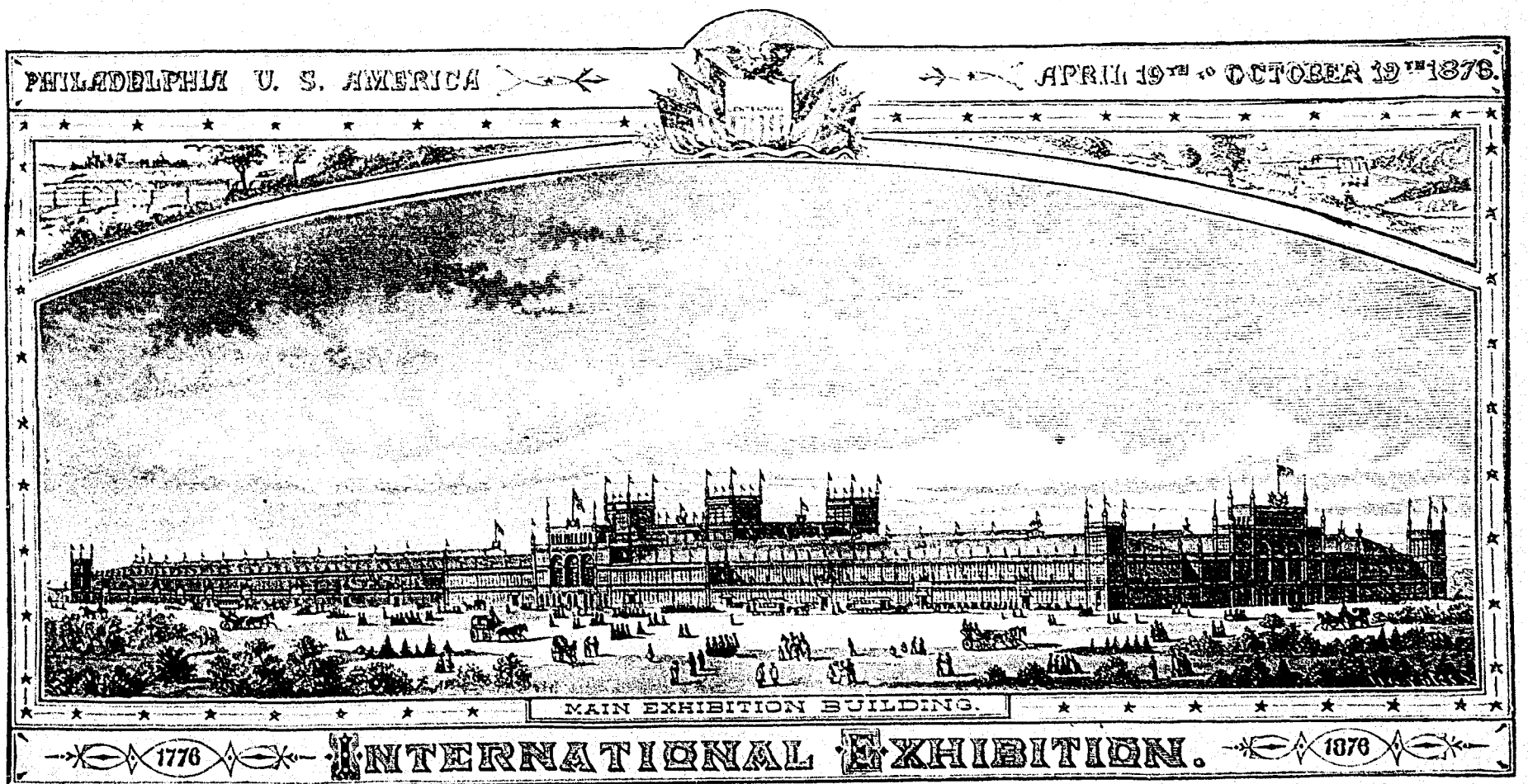


TORONTO: FIRST ANNUAL BALL OF THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE COMPANY.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.



THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION BUILDING.



THE CHURCH SPIDER.

BY ALICE CLARK.

Two spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living heath,
Entered the meeting-house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say,
"Here we shall have at least fair play,
With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place, and went to work.
The light webs grew apace:
One on the sofa spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dead,
And swept him off, and so, half dead,
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he.
"There surely is a prize;
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been;
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies!"

He tried the pulpit, but alas!
His hopes proved visionary;
With dusting-brush the sexton came,
And spoilt his geometric game,
Nor gave him time nor space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half-starved, and weak and lean,
He sought his former neighbor
Who now had grown so sleek and round.
He weighed the fraction of a pound,
And looked as if the art he'd found
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I
Endured such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross?"
"This plain," he answered, "not a loss
I've met since first I spun across
The contribution box."

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—The critiques upon the various musical performances given here from time to time which appear in the columns of the different city journals, are so extraordinary in many ways, and I think exert so undesirable an influence upon those who read them, that I cannot refrain from troubling you with a few words of comment upon them.

In order to be as brief as possible let me classify the writers of these critiques, and in doing so, it will be found that they are, as nearly as may be, susceptible of being grouped under three heads, namely: The grandiloquent, the gushingly laudatory and the profoundly ignorant.

The grandiloquent critic is a rarer bird than some of his fellows; nevertheless he deserves special mention. He will be readily detected by a peculiarity of improving every possible occasion for an allusion by name to the great players and singers he has heard, and of proclaiming to his readers how very forcibly the performer or performers under review remind him of them. He has, also, a liberal stock of musical phrases, either in Italian or French, at his command, which he intersperses freely through his articles, giving them (to adopt his own manner) a *distingué* or *recherché* style, and impressing his readers with a sense of his knowledge as well as ability. He sometimes find fault, but, for the most part, is easily pleased, and that, too, at a time when a better informed critic would not be so well satisfied. An aria from Mozart may be sung, or a solo from Chopin, Vieuxtemps or (it's all one to him) Beethoven played in the most contemptible manner; they are received with the utmost graciousness by this talented listener, and his notice, next morning, abounds in high-sounding platitudes, profusely larded with technical phrases and (apparently) analytical researches, which set the public all agape, and forever stop the mouths of those grumblers who were foolish enough to imagine the performance an execrable one.

The gushing critic goes deeper down into the affections, and touches the most adamant heart. Of course he ventures quite beyond his depth whenever he attempts a serious sentence on the subject of music. A fair performance of an Offenbach overture (not the highest order of music certainly) has, according to him, kept the audience "in a trance of continuous delight." A duet for two violins, played not remarkably well, although by no means badly, is "as fine an exhibition of violin music as it has ever been our lot to hear," and this, with the magnificent strains of Wieniawski, Prume and Sauret still sounding in his ears.

It is, however, only when a lady singer comes to the front that our critic is in his element. With what rhapsody he eulogizes her appearance! "Her great musical eyes," her lips, her teeth, her hair! Nothing escapes him. What elegance of toilette, what perfection and grace in every movement! What genius in every look! What pathos in every sound! And then the voice! Of course "what little nature has left unfinished, art," &c., &c. Here is a pretty conceit: "Every low, sweet note she utters, each softly modulated cadence, and above all the deep expression and feeling that are conveyed in every thrilling tone, impress the listener with the idea that she is one with whom music has become an intense passion, too intense to be restrained, and so given forth to the world in all its perfection." The innocent subject of this enthusiastic burst is not Nilsson, nor Lucca, nor Patti, nor any of the great lyric artists of this or any other day, but a very unpretentious young lady whose repertoire is made up chiefly of ordinary English songs which she sings in a most unimpassioned manner, and with as little expression or poetic fire as any public singer who has appeared among us this many a day.

Another characteristic of this writer is his generous lenity toward all performances of whatever merit. "Where all was so excellent it

would be invidious," &c., is the keynote of everything he writes. To discriminate between what is good and what is bad one could naturally imagine to be quite within the province of a critic. But the gusher does nothing of this sort. An amateur sings a song a quarter of a tone below pitch and with an entire absence of all style or conception of the composer's meaning; a month later an artist like Maurel or Lucca sings the same song as it should be sung. A comparison of the two notices which followed the respective performances would lead one to infer that the atrocious attempt of the amateur was rather the better rendering of the two. An amateur orchestra essays a Beethoven overture, and creates a jargon of discordant confusion as vigorous as it is distracting, and straightway it is blazoned abroad that "last evening the Philharmonic, (or Musical Union, or any other name you prefer) performed the magnificent overture to "Egmont" in a masterly manner, and were listened to with breathless attention by a rapt and spell-bound audience." A vocal society whose members have labored long and with assiduous intelligence to perfect themselves in the interpretation of music of the highest rank, performs choice selections in a very excellent and praise-worthy manner, showing care, culture and good taste on the part of all of them. Next day the fact is announced in the usual gushing style, and the society encouragingly informed that the public opinion of the results of its ten or twelve years' hard work is "sweetly pretty!"

The profoundly ignorant critic, however, is the gem of the genus. The two former types are ignorant, of course, but they have a smattering of musical knowledge, and manage to make it pass for so much more than it is really worth, that the public swallows their utterances with the greatest avidity. But the individual who occasionally undertakes to "do" a musical notice for one of the newspapers of the city is the most undaunted of all our staff of scribblers. He expresses his opinions with the easiest confidence and assurance, and does not hesitate to differ with anybody and everybody. He speaks of the "Jubilee Singers" who were here a while ago—an organization remarkable, indeed, when one reflects that its members are liberated slaves, but, judged by a musical standard, very rude and uncouth in its character—as being the best-trained and most highly finished "orchestra" (!) that ever visited the city! In noticing one of the concerts recently given here by the Beethoven Quintette Club, assisted by Mrs. Osgood, soprano singer, he informs his readers, that, owing to the illness of that lady, which prevented her from taking part in the performance, the latter was entirely musical in its character! Coming from anyone else this remark would have been received as a pretty severe slur upon Mrs. Osgood; but from the well-known ability of the writer to say absurd things in the most blissfully unconscious manner, it passed for a good joke, and was enjoyed by no one, probably, more than by the lady herself.

I might fill a column with citations of this sort, but I forbear. Enough has been said, I think, to show with what cool assurance, people who know little or nothing about the art of music rush into print with their views upon musical subjects; people, too, who would never dream of thus boldly proclaiming their opinions upon any other subject with which they are so little acquainted. But the popular idea seems to be that a knowledge of music comes intuitively like the act of breathing, and requires neither study, thought, nor experience. If a person with more than ordinary musical tendencies has sufficient ability to strum a little on a piano or sing in a church choir, there will be plenty of admiring friends to do him worship and magnify him into a musical authority; and in many instances the individual readily believes that he is an authority. This extraordinary peculiarity, however, never manifests itself among the votaries of other arts and sciences. To speak authoritatively about poetry, painting, architecture, botany, astronomy or other kindred subjects, demands a previous preparation for the position assumed,—a preparation which shall have consisted of thoughtful, systematic study and intelligent investigation. But no such preparation is exacted by even an educated public when musical matters are in review. Let there be an unlimited supply of self-assurance on the part of the writer, and very little else is necessary. The public exercises no discrimination, and, although it may know better, accepts the senseless commonplace with a smile, and meekly bows before the self-constituted tribunal. So when one of these musical ignoramuses, who does not know a minor third from a dominant seventh, rushes into print and boldly ventilates his musical opinions, the public only shrugs its shoulders at the stupid absurdities, and waits patiently for the next instalment of the same sort.

It strikes me that this has gone far enough, and that lovers of music, as well listeners as performers, are entitled to something better than the bombast with which, for the most part, they are regaled in our newspapers after every musical performance that takes place here. When a critic sneers at "classical music," and at the same time ranks Verdi with Mozart among classical writers; or calls eight or ten singers an "orchestra;" or betrays his utter ignorance, by not even knowing the difference between an "instrumental" and a "vocal" concert; or lauds the singing of a public artist, and speaks of her wonderful "manipulation of the scale" (polite for vocal execution, I suppose); or shows in a hundred other equal ridiculous and preposterous ways how thoroughly unfit he is for the task he has undertaken; when, I say,

a person calling himself a critic does not hesitate to do all this and a great deal more besides, it is high time that those among us who do know a little something about music should raise our voices in earnest protest against such unblushing presumption and self-complacency. If the city papers cannot afford to employ competent men to write their musical notices, let them, at least, abstain from bringing into ridicule so much of the art as exists among us, by withholding from publication the twaddle which makes up so large a part of the so-called musical reviews that appear in our journals, and which furnish such unceasing amusement to well-informed readers both at home and abroad. If they can do nothing to advance art, let them, at all events, not help to make it ridiculous.

Your obedient servant,
Montreal, Feb., 12, 1875.

CRITIQUE.

RANDOM SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

BY A CANADIAN COMMERCIAL.

Jack Frost at Niagara Falls.

(CLIFTON, Feb. 14th.—To see the great cataract only in summer is not to half see it. Then unimpeded and undisputed, the majestic river bears its mighty tribute of waters from the lakes above, and rolls thus onward in never-ceasing, never-changing volume to the dizzy brink of the precipice, where they drop in one vast flood into the abyss of mist and churning foam and babbling, seething waters beneath, there to gather together again and spring away from momentary captivity, the same mighty, resistless flood as ever. Resistless it seems, but go there in winter time, and you will find a power at work that can stem even a Niagara. Quietly, steadily but surely, working day and night, and knowing no cessation, the frost, more powerful in its subtle influence than even this greatest of nature's works, encroaches every day, every hour, every minute, on the chafing torrent.

Hearing that a sight of the Falls this winter was well worth a walk of a mile, I strolled up the river bank this morning, and was rewarded by a sight I would not have missed had the walk been ten times the distance. It was a magnificent morning for such a walk and such a scene—a clear, bracing atmosphere, with a cloudless sky above and the sun pouring down its rays on the snow-enveloped ground with such dazzling effect as to make it absolutely painful to the sight. Immediately above the new or upper Suspension Bridge, I came in full view of the American Falls. The river between was frozen completely over, and numbers were crossing and re-crossing on the rough, jagged ice, the uneven surface giving evidence of the fearful speed and power of the rapids beneath. The appearance of this, the lesser Fall, is awfully grotesque. Only the upper portion of the Fall, when it rolls over the precipice, can be seen, for the heavy spray, as it rises on the air, congeals with the intense cold, and this process, continued from day to day, has resulted in the formation of several gigantic ice-bergs or ice mountains, that completely screen the great body of the Fall from view. The two largest are immense cone-shaped mounds, but there are a number of lesser bergs that are most fantastic in shape and outline, and all are white as the spray and mist that created them. Viewed from the Canada side, they resemble miniature volcanoes or immense geysers, and as the heavy volumes of thick white mist rise above them and settle again on their summits, it requires no stretch of the imagination to fancy that their craters are belching clouds of hot steam and wreaths of blinding smoke. Then, in the very centre of the Fall, where the volume of water is greatest, it has either burst its icy barriers, or never allowed them to close, for a fierce and turbid stream rushes between two of the icy volcanoes with a volume and impetuosity that will not brook restraint. This, from where I stood, was all that could be seen of the broad sheet of water which far above rolled and raged, and tumbled over its rocky bed. The course of the great volume of water was hidden from view by barriers of its own creation. Crossing with some few others to the American side, I succeeded, after a great deal of toil in the way of climbing, and a great deal of tribulation in the way of back-sliding and hand-scratching, in reaching the summit of the lesser Mont Blanc, and here the mystery of the disappearance of the cataract was revealed, and I found that what from the Canada side looked like an obstruction to its fall, was only a mask erected by it, as I could fancy, in a fit of jealousy to hide its beauty and its grandeur from the prying eye of man. The scene from the elevation was awful in its sublimity. The thick, heavy masses of beaten spray, freezing as they rose, fell on us and about us in a shower of fine glistening flakes of snow; the solemn roar of the waters filled my ears with a deep sense of the pigmy power of boasting man contrasted with the mighty work of our and its Creator. But the wonderful beauty of the American Fall is eclipsed by the incomparable grandeur of its greater Canadian brother, and is but a paltry mill-dam in comparison. Excepting at the two outermost edges of this vast cataract, where the weight and strength of the waters decrease, no insolent iceberg dares to rear its crest and bid defiance to its power. From the boiling, seething cauldron beneath, a vast cloud of vapoury mist rises and shrouds the great whirlpool in eternal mystery. The keen, wintry air freezes and whitens this mist to the very brink of the cataract, and the strife of falling waters behind the snowy veil is completely hidden from view. Beaten, broken and cleft into a

million torrents by its stupendous fall, the river stops for an instant, whirls round and round a thousand times, recovers itself, and rushes madly on till stemmed by the icy barrier that has been growing and growing, and gaining strength so slowly but so certainly below. Vainly striving to bear away this frosty bulwark, it at length abandons the fruitless effort, and sullenly finds its course and vents its wrath beneath. But what tongue can tell or pen depict the awful grandeur, the sublimity, the dread power of the great cataract at any time? And if, in describing or depicting these, the feeble tongue or hand of man should palsy, how fruitless the task to describe the weird and wondrous majesty and beauty the icy arms of winter lend to the scene as he woos his watery bride. As the sun sets and the pale cold moon of a February night climbs up into the heavens, the heavy mist is weaved with glistening threads of silvery light. The wreaths of climbing vapour assume strange shapes that mock us with their likeness to the varied forms of life that meet us in our daily walks. Can these weird creatures of the fog and cloud be the wraiths of those who have gone over the falls, and whose bodies, they say, have never been recovered? Can these poor ghosts be mourning over their earthly tenements buried in the dark abyss beneath, and doomed so to mourn till that great day when even Niagara shall surrender its dead? But a cloud has passed over the moon, and darkness settles over the earth. All outlines on the banks grow indistinct, but the heavy whiteness of the ice-mounds and the rising clouds of mist show painfully distinct through the gathering gloom. The ceaseless, changeless, roar of Niagara, like to no sound but its own, beats heavy on my ears. The earth and all its myriad millions may slumber; Niagara never slumbers. Who can say when it shall?

THE PROTECTOR OF NILSSON.

A Florence correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe* writes: "From my seat at the head of the table—which I hold as having been the longest at the pension—I can secure the whole length of the table, and see many interesting characters. At my left hand sits a Swedish Baroness, a lady whom I have never known for an instant sad or discontented, but who is always cheerful and happy, seemingly with every wish gratified. The first evening she sat beside me she told me with most justifiable pride that Nilsson was her protégée. A friend of hers had heard Nilsson singing at a country fair when only twelve or thirteen; he had admired her voice, and, knowing the Baroness devoted to music, brought Nilsson to her. She was so much pleased with her evident talent that she urged the friend with whom she was then living, to take her and they would instruct her together. This her friend consented to do, and they educated her in every way, teaching her manners as well as the necessary branches of learning, as she was entirely ignorant of all usages of the world, since she had before that time been brought up simply as a peasant. She was very quick at learning, especially in languages and most diligent and ambitious. At the end of about two years, the Baroness took her to Paris and left her there in an English boarding-school, where she took lessons six months with the other scholars, and was then put under Wachtel's care, and studied with him for three years and a half, the Baroness going yearly to inspect her progress. In the school where Nilsson stayed during all this time she was greatly beloved, and long before leaving Paris became quite the polished lady; yet, although glad to renounce all peasantisms in manners, she never would, in the midst of all her numerous studies, relinquish her favorite amusement of carving wood, which she did with great skill. While she was in Paris she met M. Rouzaud, and, as every one knows, although she could have married any one she chose in England, she preferred her French *fiancé*, and is now, they say, his happy wife."

THE ELECTRICAL GIRL.

We read in the last number of the *Popular Science Monthly*:

In the beginning of 1846, a year memorable in the history of table-turning and spirit-rapping, Angélique Cotton was a girl of fourteen, living in the village of Bouvigny, near La Perrière, department of Orne, France. She was of low stature, but of robust frame, and apathetic to an extraordinary degree both in body and mind. On January 15th of the year named, while the girl was with three others engaged in weaving silk-thread gloves, the oaken table at which they worked began to move and change position. The work-women were alarmed; work was for a moment suspended, but was soon resumed. But, when Angélique again took her place, the table began anew to move with great violence; she felt herself attracted to it, but, so soon as she touched it, it retreated before her, or was even upset. The following morning similar phenomena were observed; and before long public opinion was very decided in affirming that Angélique Cotton was possessed of a devil, and that she should be brought before the parish priest. But the *curé* was a man of too much common-sense to heed their request for an exorcism, and resolved to see the facts for himself. The girl was brought to the *curé's* house, and there the phenomena were repeated, though not with the same intensity as before: the table retreated, but was not overturned, while the chair on which Angélique was seated moved in a contrary direction, rocking the while, and giving Angélique great difficulty in keeping her seat.

THE FLANEUR.

SOMETHING FOR RIP VAN WINKLE.—Were some old citizen of Montreal, a Rip van Winkle, in fact, to arise from a lengthy slumber behind the Mountain, he would, on entering our Police Court, be deluded into the belief that "one of the Georges" is still the Sovereign of our Dominion, as the escutcheon behind the Bench still bears the letters "G. R."

At the Police Court. Magistrate to a Griffin-town citizen:

"You are brought here charged with being a vagrant, and you are never seen doing any work."

"No work, your Honor? Why I have been hard at work these three months, as I can prove."

A policeman here proves the truth of this by informing the Bench that the prisoner has only been three weeks out of jail.

An esteemed correspondent from Charlotte-town, P. E. Island, sends me the subjoined:

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Jan. 30, 1875.
 DEAR SIR.—The following dialogue, which is really too good to be buried in the seven feet of snow at present resting on this "blessed little sand bank," of ours, was, one day this week, overheard on the street.

Yours, &c., PSHAW.
 His Honor, the Recorder, Robert Shaw, Esq., whose lovely wife had recently presented him with a lovely daughter, their first born, was thus accosted:

D. M. H.—Good morning, Mr. Recorder, I congratulate you on your promotion.

RECORDER.—I don't understand you, I've not been promoted.

D. M. H.—Nabob you're a Pasha.

Harper is an old boy. I was at his bachelor rooms the other day. The wash woman came in. She set down her basket and handed her list. I looked over Harper's shoulder and read: 12 collars, 5 pairs socks, 2 pairs unmentionables, 6 handkerchiefs, 9 cuffs, one shirt!

This story reminds me of a story of Gustave Planché, the last of the Bohemians, which I read in the *Galaxy*, the other day. On moving to new quarters, his landlady was rather dubious at the meagreness of his wardrobe, which consisted simply of what he had on.

"But where are you shirts, sir?"
 "Shirts?" replied the critic. "Here are three new collars, Madame."

And he produced the glossy articles to the satisfaction of the lady.

Scene in a street car.
 The vehicle is very full, and the weather outside very stormy. Enter beautiful girl, anxious and panting. Gentleman rises, offers his seat, and swings up on the straps above him. Girl unconscious and silent.

"Thank you, sir," exclaims the conductor.

How the lovely cheek did flame.

What is the military definition of a kiss?
 A report from headquarters.

The Kiralfy troupe has succeeded the Holman Company on our theatre boards. Their spectacle is the *Deluge*. The Holmans had a triumphant engagement. Crowded houses for two weeks. Sallie is an immense favorite in Montreal. On last Saturday night, after leaving the theatre, tired with her work in the "double bill," yet smiling and happy with the plaudits she had received, she was accosted by an admirer, who showered the usual compliments upon her.

"Your's has been the triumph of the season. It can't be beat."

"Yes," replied the witty cantatrice, "after me the deluge!"

All our dead walls, this week, are placarded with immense colored and pictorial posters, announcing *The Deluge* or *Paradise Lost*.

A lady passes along with her little son.
 "My, how I'd like to go to the theatre," ejaculates ten years' old.

"The theatre, my dear?" exclaims the horrified mother. "Why, look, *Paradise Lost* is at the Theatre."

"That's just it, ma."

"A good boy like you should try and find *Paradise*, not lose it."

"Yes, but how can I find it unless I lose it first."

That boy will go to the Theatre before he is fourteen.

GODFREY.—"I met, yesterday, on Notre-Dame street, the loveliest creature."

ROSANNA.—"At what time?"

GODFREY.—"About three o'clock."

ROSANNA, with a pout.—"Perhaps I wasn't out at time, eh?"

The Coquette is a rose from which every one plucks a leaf. The thorns remain to the poor husband.

ALMAVIVA.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIPPINCOTT.—The March number is unusually attractive and enjoyable. The first two papers, "An Escape from Siberia" and "Australian Scenes and Adventures," are well written, very interesting, full of information, and handsomely illustrated. The concluding chapters of the "Matchless One" are quite sprightly, suggestive and humorous. "Munich as a Pest City" is a

clever bit of description, full of facts showing particularly the bad points of the city. In a brief paper, "Among the Blousards," Mr. Wirt Sikes gives a somewhat vivid picture of the lowest class Parisians. The present instalment of Mr. Black's "Three Feathers" is well told and very captivating. "La Madonna della Sedia," a poem by Emma Lazarus, is far above the average of magazine poetry, and has much beauty and poetic energy, well sustained throughout. "Once and Again," a paper by Charles Warren Stoddard, will revive numerous pleasant recollections in the minds of all who read it. A brief sketch by S. Weir Mitchell, on "The Scientific Life" is full of stirring thought, and is a true and touching tribute to the memory of one of our ablest scientists. "Playing with Fire," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is an interesting, absorbing, tragic little story. Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope describes his "Recollections of the Tuscan Court under the Grand Duke Leopold," and "Our Monthly Gossip" is spicy and interesting as ever.

ST. NICHOLAS.—One of the greatest pleasures which "St. Nicholas" brings to its reader, is the monthly chapters of Miss Alcott's story. This time we catch a delightful glimpse of the "Eight Cousins" at home and in the very midst of the confusion and riot produced by the return of their sailor uncle. Just as interesting, also, is the sight of Rose in her new fancy-costume, and the peep with her into that curious room never before explored, where she makes a great discovery. In Mr. Trowbridge's serial, the "Young Surveyor" is as completely astonished by finding his stolen horse, when and where he does. If ever there was an ingenious horse-thief, the fellow who captured "Snowfoot" was he! It is a proof of his cunning, that Jack, after all his efforts to find the missing animal, and after his search has been at last so strangely rewarded, is not yet "out of the woods," and seems to be threatened with another unexpected adventure. Almost all boys and girls like narratives of wars and battles, and they will find a story of this sort in the poem called "The War of the Rats and Mice," which is a very whit astrilling in its way as the deeds of any favorite hero from Richard Cœur-de-Lion to Jack the Giant-Killer. The illustrations by Stephens are admirable; one of them, a true "battle-piece," representing a tournament both exciting and novel. As for the rest of the number, we have several excellent stories by Frank R. Stockton, Amalie La Farge and others, sketches of travel and science with illustrations, an article by W. H. Rideing on the Naval Academy at Annapolis, a French story two delightful poems by Lucy Larcom and Mary E. Bradley, and—besides other good things—the irrepresible Jack-in-the-Pulpit, whose fun and jokes are always full of wisdom.

SCRIBNER'S.—Dr. Holland's "Story of Sevenoaks" reaches its third instalment in the March number, and the villain of the play is taken from the quiet of Sevenoaks to the more turbid and congenial atmosphere of the metropolis, where it seems likely that he will run a course not altogether unprecedented in the history of successful "vulgarians." In the "Victorian Poets" Stedman's opinion of Swinburne is a genial and hearty appreciation of a wonderful original genius. "Some Old Letters" are continued, and besides their own interest, are remarkable as being accompanied by a hitherto unpublished portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by the artist Newton, once well-known in America and England. Among the contributions is another R. H. D. sketch, "The Poetess of Clap City" and the poetry is supplied by Samuel W. Duffield, J. G. Saxe, H. E. Warner, C. F. Bates, G. P. Lathrop, and Joaquin Miller. The most noticeable features in the Editorial departments are Dr. Holland's papers on Criticism, and Preaching; a summing up of the "Sex in Education" controversy, and a "new departure" in the "Etchings" department, which is much longer and more varied than ever before.

OLD AND NEW.—This magazine has taken a sudden upward movement since January. The department of Fine Art has been greatly enlarged, so that it will furnish a journal of three hundred pages of independent Art Criticism, under the special oversight of some of the most distinguished artists. The Foreign Correspondence secured by this department makes it of interest and importance to artist and students. The department called the Record of Progress, which is a chronicle of the latest improvements in social order, is under the editorial charge of F. B. Sanborn, the Secretary of the Social Science Association. The "Examiner" is an impartial Review of the most important books published in England, France, Germany, and America. The editorial charge of the literary, political, and speculative departments remains with Edward E. Hale. The March number maintains all the promised features with rare ability, especially the Fine Arts department, which is particularly interesting.

THE ATLANTIC.—The March number is as full and varied as usual. Mark Twain continues his amusing and characteristic sketches on the Mississippi. The story Roderick Hudson reaches its third part in the Eternal City. The sketch of John Brown increases in interest and information. Marcou's investigation into the origin of the name America is novel and striking. Among the shorter stories and sketches we have particularly noticed Penna's Daughter, Brother Christopher, Forceythe Willson and Asathor's Vengeance. The verse, as is always the case with the selection of Mr. Howells, is superior, comprising the names of Kate Hillard, Louisa Bushnell, Paul Hayne and Mary Bradley. The de-

partments of Literature, Art, Music and Education are furnished with much elaboration and taste. Among other attractions promised in April are an article by Holmes, a story by Aldrich, a Record of New England at the close of the last century by Rose Terry Cook, a South-western Campaigning Sketch by Colonel Waring, and an extraordinary piece of Secret History, relating to Lincoln, by the Confederate General Allan B. Magruder.

THE GALAXY.—This magazine is now in its tenth year. It was started with the full intention of making it the foremost literary magazine published. Perfectly independent, with no set theories of politics, religion, or sociology to propagate and maintain, it freely and gladly opens its pages to the expression of varying opinions and discussions, provided they are by the ablest representatives in each department. It has attached to itself as regular contributors a staff of brilliant writers, of which any periodical may well be proud. Justin McCarthy, Richard Grant White, Mrs. Annie Edwards, John G. Saxe, Henry James, Jr., Professor H. H. Boyesen, Junius Henri Browne, Richard Kimball, Albert Rhodes, George E. Pond, and Fanny Roper Feudge, have made too bright a mark on current literature to need any praise from us. During the coming year a series of articles is promised by prominent southerners, giving the Confederate side of the war from its military and legislative standpoints. These articles will not be controversial, but will deal with facts to which both North and South will gladly give attention, as they will be written by men personally cognizant of what they speak.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.—The "Popular Science Monthly" was started to promote the diffusion of valuable scientific knowledge, in a readable and attractive form, among all classes of the community, and has thus far met a want supplied by no other periodical in the United States. The great feature of the magazine is, that its contents are not what science was ten or more years since, but what it is to-day, fresh from the study, the laboratory, and the experiment; clothed in the language of the authors, inventors, and scientists themselves, which comprise the leading minds of England, France, Germany, and the United States. Among popular articles, covering the whole range of Natural Science, we have the latest thoughts and words of Herbert Spencer, and Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and R. A. Proctor. Since the start, it has proved a gratifying success to every friend of scientific progress and universal education; and those who believed that science could not be made any thing but dry study are disappointed. The March number is quite equal to any of its predecessors.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—The design of the Publishers is to furnish a periodical which shall afford the reader, in addition to an abundance of entertaining popular literature, a thorough survey of the progress of thought, the advance of the arts, and the doings in all branches of intellectual effort. Engravings are employed when they serve to illustrate the text, but never merely as pictures. It is a magazine of weekly issue, giving much more reading-matter for the same yearly subscription than is contained in the largest of the monthly magazines. Appleton's Journal has been generally regarded by the press of the United States as foremost among the literary weeklies.

BELLS.

The first origin of bells is unknown. They were used by the Hebrews, and are mentioned by Plutarch and other ancient writers. Those of the size ordinarily used in churches are said to have been invented by Paulinus, who about A. D. 400 was Bishop of Nola in Campania—hence the name given to the art of bell ringing To Turketul, Abbot of Croylund, in Lincolnshire, may, we believe, be ascribed the credit of having introduced the first church bell used in England. The tone emitted by a bell depends conjointly on the diameter, height and thickness; and the casting of a bell is a work requiring great nicety in the performance. The metal used in making the great bell in York Minster—about twelve tons—took twelve days to cool. The one in the cathedral at Montreal, cast by Messrs. Spears, of Whitechapel, weighs thirteen and a half tons; and "Big Ben," of Westminster, made by Messrs. Warner, of Stockton, weighs twenty-five tons, while the one at Moscow which fell in 1737, weighed, according to Mr. Denison's estimate, no less than 200 tons.

Campanology, or the art of ringing, though in a limited sense of very old date, and practised to a certain extent by the Jews, Greeks and Romans, has only prevailed to any great extent among modern nations; and the English may fairly claim the distinction of having reduced it to a science. For a science it is, demanding as much skill, attention, and practice as are requisite to make a good performer on the organ or piano. Anyone who desires to ring well ought, in the first place, to make himself acquainted with the manner in which a bell is fitted and hung. He should examine carefully the gudgeons on which the bell swings, and the stocks on which the gudgeons rest. The management of the rope is an important acquisition. The motive force required is rather that of a steady draw than a quick pull, nothing being more fatal to good ringing than spasmodic and uncertain efforts. To set a bell at what is technically termed hand stroke and back stroke demands great nicety in practice. If swung too hard she will rebound, and if checked too soon

will fail to balance properly with her mouth upwards. The first lesson properly learnt, the ringer may proceed to practice a chime, and to acquire a knowledge of the names and places of the bells. The smallest bell is called the treble, and the largest the tenor, all the intermediate ones being numbered second, third, and so forth, up to the tenor. The one struck first is said to lead, and the last in the change to be behind. When rung up and set mouth uppermost, each bell is struck twice before returning to its original position at rest. This is designated as hand stroke and back stroke, and when struck in their regular order they are said to be rung in rounds, but when that order is varied it is termed in changes. The changes on four bells are called "singles," on five "doubles," on seven "triples," and in ringing eight or more a peal consists of five thousand changes. The rule by which changes are made is called the "Method." When, then, it is said a peal is rung in "grandsire doubles" it means a peal is given in the system called "grandsire" on five bells; if in triples, on seven; and a peal in "bob minor" means one in the method called "bob" on six bells. "Hunting," "place making," and "dodging" may be best described as the various positions each ringer has to take with his bell, either by advancing or dropping behind one place in his turn for ringing or waiting a round before resuming his pull. All these manoeuvres require a great amount of practice, and are more or less dependent on the training of the eye and ear of the ringer for their exact and correct performance. In the absence of tabulated columns of the changes possible on a given number of bells it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the intricacies of the art of ringing.

At Leeds a peal on eight bells was rung in 3 hours and 12 minutes, and at Huddersfield, on one occasion, it was accomplished in the short space of 2 hours and 51 minutes. Some faint idea may be formed of the very elaborate and difficult nature of this art from the statement subjoined. All the changes which can be rung on six bells amount to 720, and, at the rate of 31 changes per minute, it would take 23 minutes and 12 seconds to accomplish; while those on eight bells, numbering 40,320, would, at the rate of 29 per minute, require 23 hours, 10 minutes, and 12 seconds. Again, ten bells produce 3,628,800 changes, which, at 25 per minute, would occupy 14 weeks, 2 days, 19 hours, and 12 minutes; and 12 bells will take, at 20 changes a minute, 45 years, 27 weeks, 6 days, and 18 hours to ring the astounding aggregate of 479,001,600 changes.

From what has been said above it will be seen that the work of the ringer is by no means easy, and that it requires a special training of the hand, eye, and ear, to make a good campanologist. It is much to be wished that incumbents would take a more active interest in the proceedings of their respective bellfries.

HUMOROUS.

EATING dates is a pleasant way of killing time.

A FASHIONABLE lady says her husband is the latest thing out.

"Is that cheese rich?" asked Bloggs of his grocer. "Yes," was the candid reply, "there's millions in it."

"Ah, parson, I wish I could take my gold with me," said a dying man to his pastor. "It might melt," was the consoling answer.

A BACHELOR, at a banquet in Newcastle, gave the following toast:—"The women and coal of Durham county! Oh, how desolate would be the fireside without them!"

"How is it that you have never kindled a flame in any man's heart?" asked a rich lady to a portionless niece.—"I suppose, aunt, it is because I'm not a good match," meekly replied the poor niece.

WHEN a woman have a dress pattern, and brings it home and finds out that she doesn't like it, you can't drive away her melancholy by reading a chapter of the Bible or singing one of Dr. Watt's poems.

A GENTLEMAN wrote as follows to a relative:—"How comes it, this delightful weather, that U and I can't dine together?" To which she replied:—"My worthy coz, it cannot be; U cannot come till after T."

IT looks bad to see a dog preceding his master down the street, and calmly turn down the stairs to the first saloon he approaches. It shows there is something wrong, something lacking, a deplorable tendency on the part of the dog.

A COLORED preacher remarked:—"When God made de fust man He set him up agin de fence to dry." "Who made de fence?" interrupted an eager listener. "Put dat man out!" exclaimed the colored preacher: "such questions as dat 'd destroy all the theology in de world."

A LAWYER returning to his office after a substantial luncheon with a client, said complacently to his head clerk, "Mr. Putkin, the world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him."—"Yes sir," replied the clerk, significantly, "and he looks different to the world."

A FARMER asking a friend for the best way to get rid of weeds, was responded to thus:—"Squeeze the hand of a plump young widow all in black." The next day she was in half-mourning, and a second kindly pressure resulted in a pink gown with a white bonnet. The weeds had disappeared.

A "FAST" man undertook to tease a clergyman, and asked him "Was it a male or female calf that was killed for the prodigal son?"—"A female," promptly replied the divine.—"How do you know that?"—"Because," looking the interrogator steadily in the face "I see the male is alive now."

TELL me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar. Do ye not know some spot where women fret no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, some "holier" in the ground, where babies never yell, and cradles are not found? The loud wind blew the snow into my face, and calmly answered—"There is no such place."

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY



No. 224. THE LATE RIGHT REV EDWARD JOHN HORAN, R. C. BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

THE LATE BISHOP HORAN.

The late Right Reverend Edward John Horan, was born in Quebec on the 23rd of October, 1817. He was educated at Laval College and completed his studies at Harvard University, United States. He was ordained to the Priesthood in October, 1842. He was for many years Secretary and was also Professor of Natural Sciences in Laval University. Upon the foundation of the Normal School at Quebec he became its first Principal. On the first of May, 1858, he was consecrated Bishop of Kingston in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Quebec. He was created a Roman Noble and Assistant of the Pontifical Throne by the present Pope. He attended the Vatican Council at Rome, and was amongst those who voted for the definition of the dogma of Infallibility. Declining strength made it incumbent on Dr. Horan to place his resignation as Bishop in the hands of the Pope, and for that purpose he proceeded to Rome early last year, which was accepted, since which time Archbishop Lynch has acted as Apostolic Administrator of the Diocese.

After his return till the time of his death Dr. Horan was seldom in public, and latterly he was confined to the house. He died on the 15th inst., regretted by persons of every denomination. His funeral services took place on the 19th. Many Bishops and Clergy from all parts of the country were present thereat.

OFFENBACH.

At five he played the violin well enough to charm amateurs, and nearly went wild at hearing Paganini play. At six years of age he composed his first romance. Somewhat of an explanation of this marvellous precocity may be found in the fact that his father, a distinguished organist, consecrated himself to the musical education of the child with an assiduity that knew no fatigue. He allowed his boy full freedom in his inspirations and musical notions, except in the use of the base viol, which interfered with his physical development. But the young Jacques had tasted the forbidden fruit, and

thenceforward improved every advantage his father's absence furnished to play on the big viol, and at the end of six weeks had become quite an accomplished performer. His father, ignorant of these mysterious performances, took the boy, one evening, to the house of some friends, where an orchestra was to perform a quartet of Haydn. By chance, the musician charged with the bass part failed to appear, and it was proposed to adjourn the concert, when little Jacques sprang up with "I can play that part, and will, if papa will let me." "What nonsense, my boy," replied the father. "But I am in earnest, papa--on my word of honor I will play it."

The boy began; played five or six measures with remarkable firmness, while the father was distrusting his eyes and ears. The piece was finished with grand success, when the father caught up the child in his arms with:

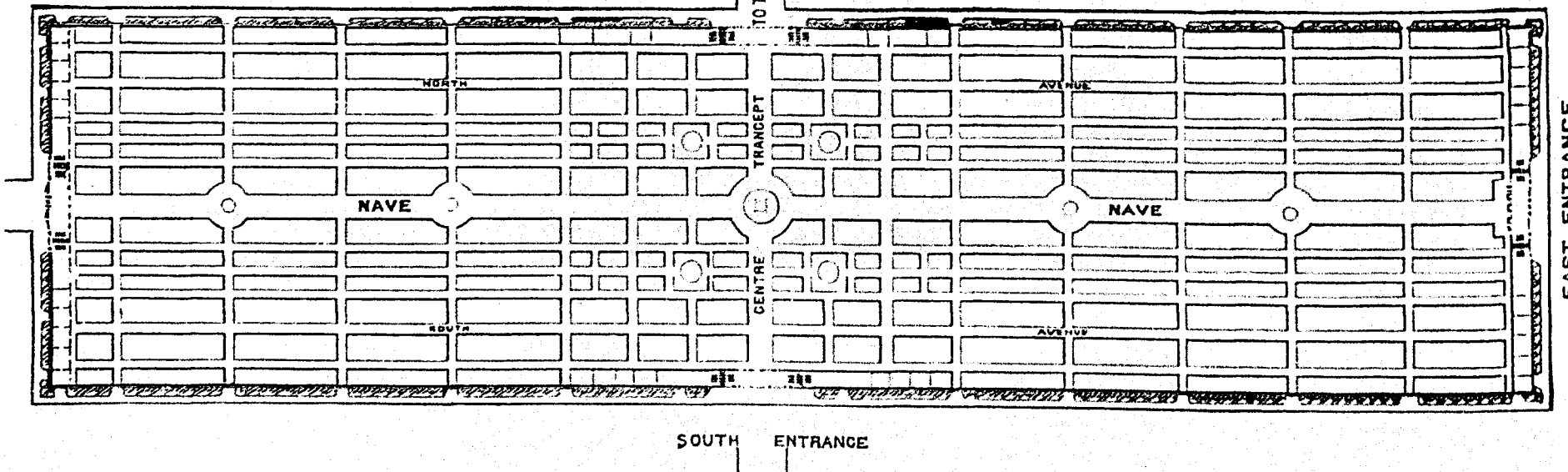
"How's this! Explain! Who has been your master?"

"Nobody, papa," and then he confessed his disobedience. He was ten years old, and his per-

formance, regarded as marvellous, was the talk of the town of Cologne for a month. At thirteen his friends wished to send him to Paris, with introductory letters to Cherubini, then director of the Conservatoire de Musique.

In 1839, Offenbach made his *début* as composer, first by sandwiching *mercauz* of his own in other music, and from that to translating Lafontaine's fables into music--a frolicsome, demi-sentimental sort of composition that amused the Parisians for several seasons, and he became the mode. During the revolution of 1848, he went to Germany, where he passed two years. "La Chanson de Fortunio," one of his best pieces, was due to Alfred de Musset, who wanted the song set to music for one of the theatres. Happily Offenbach came in the office of the director while Musset was talking about it, and musician and poet met for the first time. Born a German and educated a Frenchman, Offenbach's music is like Heine's love songs--French in expression but German in sentiment.

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.



ELM AVENUE PLAN OF THE MAIN BUILDING.



J. G. Hill

J. Robertson

SARPEDON.

"Very well. I will let you know how it ends, by means of the gardener. Take my advice. Go home." Benjamin placed my arm in his. I looked back, and saw the doctor and the gardener ascending the stairs together, on their way to the locked-up room. "Never mind the doctor!" I whispered. "Let's wait in the garden."

CHAPTER XI.

MR. PLAYMORE IS A NEW CHARACTER.

By that night's post--although I was far from being fit to make the exertion--I wrote to Mr. Playmore, to tell him what had taken place, and to beg for his earliest assistance and advice. The notes in Benjamin's book were partly written in short hand, and were, on that account, of no use to me in their existing condition. At my request, he made two fair copies, one of the notes I enclosed in my letter to Mr. Playmore. The other I laid by me, on my bedside table, when I went to rest. Over and over again, through the long hours of the wakeful night, I read and re-read the last words which had dropped from Miserrimus Dexter's lips. Was it possible to interpret them to any useful purpose? At the very outset, they seemed to set interpretation at defiance.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Feb. 16.—The French libel suit of Gen. Wimpfen vs. E. Faucher Casagrande has gone in favor of the Defendant, with costs against Wimpfen. The steamer Lapsie, from Bremen for New York, ran ashore at Plymouth, yesterday. Passengers, mails and stores were safely landed. It was stated in the Imperial House of Commons, last night, that instructions were to be immediately sent to the British Minister at Madrid to recognize Alfonso.

John Mitchell, member elect of the Imperial House of Commons from the County of Tipperary, announces his intention of again running should his election be annulled. FEB. 19.—President Grant has issued a proclamation for an extra session of the United States Senate on the 5th prox. An Encyclical letter from the Pope to the Russian Bishops condemns the Falk ecclesiastical laws, and excommunicates all clergy receiving benefices from the State. Mr. James F. Frazer, Conservative, has been returned by a majority of 153 for London, Ont., to fill the vacancy occasioned by the disqualification, for personal bribery and corrupt practices, of Major Walker, the late member.

Germany is becoming alarmed at the outflow of her population, and is taking measures, by opposing the action of Emigration Agents, and otherwise, to remedy the matter. The Left have given their support to the Senate Bill now before the French Assembly. The Bonapartists will now amend the Bill, to elect Senators by universal suffrage.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. B. Toronto.—Correct solutions of Problems No. 1 and 5. A. D. Carleton.—Correct solution of Problem No. 3. Solutions of No. 4 and No. 6 not quite correct. F. L. Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 4 not correct. Suppose Black's Book should check after White's first move. D. Triquet, Montreal.—Correct solution to No. 4 of Problems for Young Players.

We learn that the Tournament of the Quebec Club is not finished, so we cannot as yet, give any result. We have had one of the games already played kindly sent to us, and it shall appear next week. The club in old Stadacona is in flourishing condition, numbering, we are informed, more than sixty members.

It appears that next year an International Congress of chess players will be held at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the American Chess Association. Mr. Morphy, it is said, will take part in the play. The best players of England and the Continent are also expected to be in attendance. Chess interest on this side of the Atlantic is certainly on the increase.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 6.

- WHITE. 1. B to Q 7th ch 2. K to Q 4th ch (covering check) 3. K to K B 6th ch 4. Q Kt P two checkmate
- BLACK. 1. K takes R (best) 2. R takes Q 3. K to Q B 4th

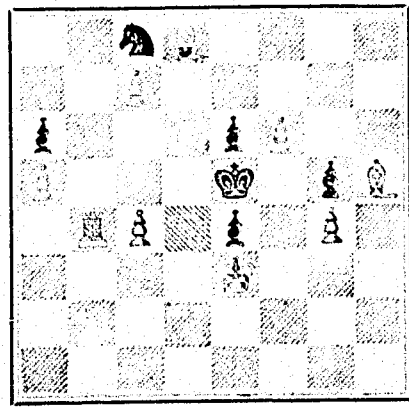
Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 5.

- WHITE. 1. Q takes K B P ch 2. R to Q 8th ch 3. B to Q 4th ch 4. Q to K Kt 8th ch 5. Kt to K B 7th ch mate
- BLACK. 1. K to R sq 2. B takes R (best) 3. Kt takes B, or CA 4. R takes Q

PROBLEM No. 8

By J. Henderson (St. Liboire), Montreal

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in four moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 6.

- WHITE. 1. K at Q R sq 2. Q at Q B 6th 3. R at Q B sq 4. Kt at Q 4th 5. Pawn at K R 2nd, K 3rd, Q Kt 2nd, and at Q R 2nd
- BLACK. 1. K at Q Kt sq 2. Q at K 7 5th 3. R at K Kt sq 4. Kt at K B 3rd 5. Pawn at K R 2nd, K 3rd, and at Q R 2nd

GAME 12th.

Played in London, Eng., between Mr. Harrwitz and a skillful Metropolitan Amateur.

Amateur. (Giouco Playe.)

- WHITE. 1. P to K 4th 2. K Kt to B 3rd 3. R B to Q B 4th 4. P to Q B 3rd 5. P to Q 4th 6. P to K 5th 7. K B to Q Kt 5th 8. P takes P 9. Q B to Q 2nd 10. Q Kt takes B 11. Q to Q B 2nd 12. Q Kt takes Kt 13. Q B takes Kt 14. B takes Q Kt P 15. B takes P 16. P to Q 5th 17. Q to K 4th 18. P to K B 4th 19. K to Q 2nd 20. K to Q B 3rd (ch) 21. P to Q Kt 4th 22. Q to Q B 2nd 23. P to Q R 3rd 24. Q R to K sq 25. R takes R 26. K to Q Kt 3rd 27. P takes P 28. Q to Q B 3rd 29. R to K sq 30. P to K R 3rd 31. R to K 6th 32. K to Q 4th 33. K to Q B 5th 34. Q to K sq (ch)
- BLACK. P to K 4th Q Kt to B 3rd K B to Q B 4th K Kt to B 3rd P takes P P to Q 4th K Kt to K 5th K B to Q Kt 5th (ch) B takes B Q B to K Kt 5th Castles P takes Kt P takes K Kt P takes K Kt P Q B to Q B sq Q to K Kt 4th K R to K sq Q to K R 5th (ch) Q to K B 7th (ch) K R to Q Kt sq (ch) P takes K B P R takes K P P to Q R 4th Q takes R (ch) P takes R (ch) Q to K 2nd Q to K 4th B to K R 4th Q to Q 8th (ch) B to Q 4th (ch) B to Q 5th (ch) B to Q R 5th (ch)

- (a) A dangerous place for a King. (b) Black immediately takes advantage of White's move. (c) A good move. (d) Well played. (e) And Black gave mate in three moves, which we will leave as a problem for young players.

CANADA BOILER WORKS.

771 Craig Street, Montreal. PETER HIGGINS, manufacturer of Marine and Land Boilers, Tanks, Fire-Proof Chambers, Wrought Iron Beams, Iron Bridge Girders, Iron Boats, &c. For all kinds of above works, Plans, Specifications and Estimates given if required. Repairs promptly attended to. 11-52-101

KEARNEY GILDER, MANUFACTURER OF

Mirror, Portrait and Picture Frames, 69 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. 11-52-104

LET YOUR PICTURES BE FRAMED AT

G. G. H. HUDSON & CO'S, Corner Craig and St. Peter Streets, Montreal. 11-52-105

RUFF'S SKINNER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, and all kinds of Canned Goods, &c. Corner Yonge & Walton Streets, Toronto, Ont. 11-52-106

W. P. WILLIAMS, FRUITERER, CONFECTIONER, and Dealer in Canned Goods of all descriptions.

134 Queen Street East, (at George & Sherbourne) Toronto, Ont. 11-52-110

JAMES WRIGHT, MANUFACTURER OF

Church, Bank, Store and Office Fittings, Parquet Floors, Wooden Carpetings & Fancy Wainscots, 2 TO 15 ST. ANTOINE STREET, & 801 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q. Box 145. 11-52-107.

DR. HAYWARD'S NEW DISCOVERY,

(PATENTED 1872) ENGLAND, FRANCE & BELGIUM. The Treatment and Mode of Cure. How to use it successfully. Without Medicine. Full Printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Diagrams for Localities, post Free, 25 cents. (FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.) DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., 14 York Street, Portman Square, London, W. For Qualifications, vide "Medical Register." 11-52-111.

Without Medicine.

Full Printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Diagrams for Localities, post Free, 25 cents. (FROM SOLE INVENTOR AND PATENTEE.) DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., 14 York Street, Portman Square, London, W. For Qualifications, vide "Medical Register." 11-52-111.

PRATT'S PATENT COMBINATION BRACE.



An erect form is the basis of Good Health: a contracted chest and stooping form are sure indications of approaching disease. To secure the one and avoid the other, wear PRATT'S BRACE. Retail price of our Men's New White Brace, with Plated Slides and Buckles, \$2.25; Ladies' do., New Pin and Slide, \$1.50. Men's Buff, with Monogram Buckle, \$1.75. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of money. Send chest measure. For sale by all principal dealers, and by CLEVELAND SHOULDER-BRACE CO., Cleveland, O. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR PRATT'S BRACE. 11-52-112

LADIES' COLLEGE, COMPTON, P. Q.

A Superior School, exclusively for Young Ladies, beautifully situated in one of the healthiest localities in the Eastern Townships. PATRON, The Lord Bishop of Quebec. PRINCIPAL, Revd. J. Dinzey, assisted by a Lady Principal, and a staff of competent Teachers. TERMS: Board, Washing, Fuel, Light, with Tuition in English (in all its branches), French, and Drawing, per annum, \$160. Music, with use of Piano, \$30. Spring Term will commence April 7th. For circulars, address Revd. J. Dinzey, Compton, P. Q. From the Metropolitan: The buildings of the above mentioned School, are excellent, and great pains have been taken to render the means of education effective. I wish that each Diocese had such an Institution. From the Local Bishop of Quebec: I hope that those who have daughters to educate will, by a prompt support, secure for their children a sound and religious education, and for the country a permanence of the advantages which such an Institution flows. 11-52-100.

JOHN DATE, PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM FITTER, Copper-smith, Brass Founder, Finisher and Manufacturer of Diving Apparatus, 657 and 659 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 11-52-102

HOPKINS & WILY, ARCHITECTS AND VALUERS, 235 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 11-52-99

PATENTS! F. B. REYNOLDS, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, 235 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-52-100

MR. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPHER, HAS RECEIVED a very fine collection of STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of Yosemite Valley, Saranac Lake, Niagara Falls, &c. 11-52-101

JOSEPH GOULD, Importer of PIANO-FORTES AND CABINET ORGANS, 211 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-52-98

PARLOR BOOT & SHOE STORE, 375 Notre-Dame Street, One door East of John Aitken & Co.

Have always on hand a choice selection of LADIES WHITE GOODS, in Satin, Kid and Jean. 10-25-52-61 E. & A. PERRY.

MERCHANTS—SEND TO HICKS FOR SHOW CARDS, 11-52-98, of every kind—Montreal.

LA BANQUE DU EUPLLE, Dividend No. 79.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF LA BANQUE DU EUPLLE are hereby notified that a SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of FOUR per cent for the current six months has been declared on the Capital Stock, and will be payable at the Office of the Bank on and after Monday, the 1st March next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to 28th February, both days inclusive. By order of the Board of Directors, A. A. TROTTER, Cashier. 11-52-99

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE, NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE BANQUE DU PEUPLE will be held at the Office of the Bank, ST. JAMES STREET, on MONDAY, the FIRST OF MARCH next, at THREE o'clock p. m., in conformity with the 16th and 17th clauses of the Act of Incorporation. By order of the Board of Directors, A. A. TROTTER, Cashier. 11-52-99

SCOTTISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY. CAPITAL, - - - £1,000,000.

Head Office for the Dominion: No. 9 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal. H. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent. ASHAP C. GILMOUR, Agent, Toronto. McKENZIE & OSBORNE, Agents, Hamilton. 10-21-52-41.

\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MEN. SEND \$5 for Agents, outfit which will sell for \$10 or money refunded. 10-21-52-39. A. D. CABLE, 58 Craig Street, Montreal.

North British & Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY. ESTABLISHED 1861.

Head Office for Canada: No. 72 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL. FIRE DEPARTMENT. Insurances effected on all classes of Risks. LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

LIFE DEPARTMENT. Ninety per Cent of Profits Divided among Policies of Participating Scale. MANAGING DIRECTORS AND GENERAL AGENTS: D. L. MACDOUGALL and THOS. DAVIDSON. WM. EWING, INSPECTOR. G. H. ROBERTSON and J. K. LAFFLON, SUB-AGENTS FOR MONTREAL. Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns. 11-52-94

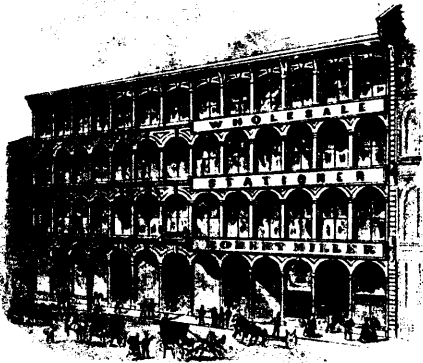
IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF LONDON, Established 1803.
 Capital and Reserved Fund, £2,020,000.
 GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA:
RINTOUL BROS.,
 No. 24 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.
CHAS. D. HANSON, Inspector.
 10-22-52-49

AMERICAN WATCHES
 Illustrated catalogues containing price list, giving full information
How to Choose a Good Watch
 Price 10 cents. Address,
S. P. KLEISER,
 P. O. Box 1022, Toronto.
 No. 34 Union Block, Toronto Street, Toronto.
 10-14-31-7.

GRAVEL ROOFING. **R. ALEXANDER,**
 805 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.
 10-10-21-52-38.

JOSEPH LOCKWELL,
BUILDER & JOINER
 35 1/2 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
 MONTREAL. 10-20-52-32

ROBERT MILLER,



Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER,
 IMPORTER OF
Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS,
 397 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
 10-19-26-08-30.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER
 Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied.
 It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, &c., will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.
THE COOK'S FRIEND
 SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.
 For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer,
W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills,
 10-14-30-5. 55 College Street.

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but two cents. Address **J. STINSON & CO.,** Portland, Maine. 10-18-52-20.

I. L. BANCS & CO.,
 783 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
FELT AND GRAVEL ROOFING.
 Gravel Roofs repaired at short Notice.
 Prepared Roofing Felt, Roofing Composition, Gravel, Wood Varnish for Painting Shingles. 11-7-52-94.

COCHRAN'S WRITING INKS!
 SOME OF THE FINEST IN THE MARKET.
BLUE BLACK (will give one copy if required.)
VIOLET BLACK, copying and writing combined.
COMMERCIAL BLACK, a really good black ink.
BLACK COPYING INK (will give six copies.)
BRIGHT SCARLET, a very brilliant color.
 All the bottles are full Imperial measure.
 We would call the attention of Schools and Academies to the quality of the Black Inks.
MORTON, PHILLIPS & BULMER,
 Successors to ROBT. GRAHAM.
 ESTABLISHED 1829.
 375 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
 11-7-52-92.

NOTICE.

Morson's Effectual Remedies.

Are sold by Chemists and Druggists throughout the world.



PEPSINE, the popular and professional medicine for indigestion is MORSON'S PEP SINE, the active principle of the gastric juice. Sold in Powder, Lozenges, Globules; and as Wine in 1/2, 1, and 1 pint Bottles.

CHLORODYNE is of such celebrity that it can scarcely be considered a speciality, its composition being known to practitioners. Many of the Chlorodynes being unequal in strength, MORSON & SON have prepared this. Sold in 1/2, 1, and 3-oz. bottles.

PANCREATIZED COD LIVER OIL (perfectly miscible in water or milk). In 4 oz., 8 oz., and pint Bottles.
 Highly recommended by the Medical profession in Pulmonary complaints.

Carefully packed and shipped Orders made payable in England.

THOMAS MORSON & SON.
 MEDALLISTS AND JURORS AT ALL THE GREAT EXHIBITIONS,
 31, 33, & 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.
 WORKS—HORNSEY AND HOMERTON.

PURE CHEMICALS AND NEW MEDICINES.

SELECTED AND SHIPPING OF DRUGS EXECUTED WITH CARE AND DESPATCH. 11-26-27-80-08.

INDIGESTION! INDIGESTION!

SEE NAME ON LABEL SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.
 HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
 SOLD as wine in bottles; Lozenges in bottles; globules in bottles; and as powder in 1 oz. bottles, and by all Chemists and Manufacturers. Full directions given.
T. MORSON AND SON, SOUTHAMPTON-ROW, RUSSELL-SQUARE, LONDON.
 11-3-17-81-e3w-08.

The Royal Canadian Insurance Company.

FIRE AND MARINE.
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - - \$6,000,000,
 Having Over Two Thousand Stockholders.
Available Funds to meet Claims exceed Seven Hundred Thousand Dollars.
 Insure all Classes of Risks against Fire at moderate rates, which will be paid immediately on the Loss being established.

MARINE BRANCH

This Company issue Policies on Inland Hulls and Inland Cargoes on terms as favorable as any First-Class Company. Open Policies issued on Special Terms. Losses adjusted equitably and Paid Promptly.
DIRECTORS:—HON. JOHN YOUNG, PRESIDENT. J. F. SINCENNES, VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW ROBERTSON. J. R. THIBAUDEAU L. A. BOYER, M. P., JOHN OSTELL,
W. F. KAY, M. C. MULLARKY, ANDREW WILSON
GENERAL MANAGER, ALFRED PERRY. SECRETARY, ARTHUR GAGNON.
MANAGER MARINE DEPARTMENT, CHAS. G. FORTIER.
BANKERS:—BANK OF MONTREAL. LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.
 Montreal, December 14th, 1873. 10-30-52-22

Commercial Union Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE, 19 & 20 CORNHILL, LONDON.
Capital, \$12,500,000. FUNDS IN HAND AND INVESTED, OVER \$5,000,000.
 UNCALLED CAPITAL, 11,000,000
BRANCH OFFICE FOR EASTERN CANADA—UNION BUILDINGS, 43 ST. FRANCOIS-XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.
FIRE DEPARTMENT. Insurance granted upon Dwelling Houses and Mercantile Risks, including Mills and Manufactories and their contents, at reasonable rates.
LIFE DEPARTMENT. Terms liberal—Rates moderate—Security perfect—Bonus large, having heretofore averaged over 25 per cent. of the Premiums paid.
 10-19-52-28. **FRED. COLE, General Agent for Eastern Canada.**

Provincial Insurance Company of Canada,

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, Ont.
FIRE AND MARINE, Endeavours to deserve confidence by a PROMPT AND JUST SETTLEMENT OF FAIR CLAIMS.
MONTREAL OFFICE: 160 ST. PETER STREET, COR. NOTRE-DAME
 10-19-52-29. **T. A. EVANS, AGENT.**

LAWLOR'S
 CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
 365 Notre Dame Street,
 11-7-52-06. MONTREAL.

JAMES MATTINSON,
 (Late of the Firm of Charles Garth & Co.)
PLUMBER, STEAM & GAS FITTER,
BRASS & IRON FINISHER,
 Machinist and Manufacturer of Steam Pumps, &c.,
 579 CORNER CRAIG, NEAR COTTE ST.,
 MONTREAL.
 All work personally superintended, and executed with despatch on the most reasonable terms.
 N. B.—Duplicate pieces of the Baxter Engine kept on hand.
 10-19-26-27.

THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE
 Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the world.
 10-25-52-68

TO PRINTERS.

The undersigned offers for sale the following Machines:
 ONE IMPERIAL HOE WASHINGTON HAND PRESS;
 ONE SUPER-ROYAL IMPROVED DITTO;
 ONE GORDON JOB PRESS, FOOLSCAP SIZE;
 THREE HAND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING PRESSES;
 ONE HAND PAPER CUTTING MACHINE;
 THREE WANZER SEWING MACHINES.
 The above will be sold cheap for cash or its equivalent.
 Apply to the General Manager of
THE BURLAND-DESBARATS CO.,
 MONTREAL.

CHANCER CURE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO, BY DR. WOOD. Cure warranted without the use of the knife, and almost painless. 11-3-52-83

HUTCHISON & STEELE, ARCHITECTS, valuers of Real Estate, Buildings, &c., 245 St. James St. A. C. HUTCHISON. A. D. STEELE. 10-26-52-71

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO. Augusta, Maine. 10-21-52-36.

NEW ATTRACTIONS

FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS.
 CROWDS OF PEOPLE are attracted all through the day to the Window of 299 NOTRE DAME ST., in which is to be seen an entire New Stock of Novelties, consisting of Magic Lanterns and Slides, (a very fine assortment imported,) Mechanical Toys, Children's Toys, and Fancy Goods of every description. Also, a Choice Selection of Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, and Gold and Silver Spectacles to suit all Sights.
 A variety of New, Elegant Photographs just received from LONDON, PARIS and NEW YORK.
G. J. HUBBARD,
 299 NOTRE DAME STREET.
 N. B.—Every article suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S Presents can be found here.
 Montreal, December 15, 1874. 10-23-13-52

"BERKELEY, Sept. 1869.—Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking 'Norton's Camomile Pills.' I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all. After taking two bottles of your valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of those who may thus be afflicted. I am, Sir, yours truly, HENRY ALLPASS.—To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS." 10-14-19-e2w-8.



LEA & PERRIN'S
 CELEBRATED
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
 DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE
The only Good Sauce.



CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD.
 The success of this most delicious and unrivalled Condiment having caused certain dealers to apply the name of "Worcestershire Sauce" to their own inferior compounds, the public is hereby informed that the only way to secure the genuine is to

ASK FOR LEA & PERRIN'S SAUCE.
 and to see that their names are upon the wrapper. labels, stopper, and bottle.
 Some of the foreign markets having been supplied with a spurious Worcestershire Sauce, upon the wrapper and labels of which the name Lea & Perrin have been forged L. and P. give notice that they have furnished their correspondents with power of attorney to take instant proceedings against Manufacturers and Vendors of such, or any other imitations by which their right may be infringed.

Ask for LEA & PERRIN'S Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper.

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester: Cross & Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen universally.
 To be obtained of J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., and URQUHART & CO., Montreal 10-14-31-6.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER

Price 75c. Three Bottles for \$2.00.
CAUTION.—Since the above "CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER" has gained such marked reputation, the proprietor cautions the public not to rest satisfied with any other Hair Preparation, until they have tried the CINGALESE and judged for themselves.
J. GARDNER,
 CHEMIST,
 457 Notre Dame street,
 Montreal.
 10-45-52-62

DR. PROUDFOOT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON (graduate McGill College), 37 Beaver Hall, Special attention given to diseases to the EYE & EAR. 11-7-52-93.

WANTED
 Several active energetic young men to canvass for the "Canadian Illustrated News," AND FOR THE "MECHANICS' MAGAZINE."
 Good and exclusive territory will be given to each, and a liberal commission.
 Apply to the General Manager of
THE BURLAND-DESBARATS CO.,
 115 St. Francois Xavier Street, or 319 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL

JUST received a large Stock of reversible CLOTHES HORSES, light, strong and compact. Also on hand, Bunell's WASHING MACHINE, Bailey's CLOTHES WRINGERS, Mrs. Pott's BAD IRONS, &c. MEILLEUR & CO., 526 Craig, near Bleury Street. 11-4-52-87.

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET, Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY, BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

Printed and Published by the BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, MONTREAL.

WHITESIDE'S PATENT SPRING BED!