

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original 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.

L'Institut 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.

CANADIAN

ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. I.—No. 12.]

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

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

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 6.—HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS, D. C. L.

MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE.

Mr. ALEX. MORRIS, who was appointed a member of the Privy Council, and Minister of Inland Revenue, in November last, is the eldest son of the late Hon. William Morris, and was born at Perth, now the County Seat of Lanark, Ontario, on the 17th of March, 1827. His father was one of the early settlers in that part of the country, and in his day won much distinction as an able and trustworthy public man, having sat for a considerable time in Parliament, and also held office as a member of the Government. Mr. Alex. Morris is an *alumnus* of the Universities of McGill College, Montreal, and Glasgow, Scotland. He studied law, and in 1851 was called to the Bar, both in Lower and Upper Canada. Ten years later, at the general election in 1861, he was returned for South Lanark, and continued to represent that constituency in the Legislative Assembly of Canada until the British North America Act came into force. At the general election in 1867, he was again returned by acclamation for the same constituency, and his acceptance of office last November was ratified by the unanimous verdict of his constituents.

Mr. Morris has been an active and prominent member of Parliament. For several years he has occupied the position of Chairman of the Private Bills Committee, which, from the character of the questions coming up before it, had, especially before Confederation, serious and important duties to perform. In the debates on legal, financial, and general subjects, he has also taken an active part in the House, and while politically classed as a Conservative, has been the promoter of several measures tending towards reform. He introduced a bill for the abolition of public executions, following in this re-

spect the example of Britain; and though the bill itself did not become law, its provisions were incorporated in the revised criminal laws introduced by the Government and adopted by the Legislature. Another subject to which he devoted attention was the introduction of a more com-

plete system of vital statistics, and a Parliamentary Committee appointed, on his motion, to consider the subject, recommended that the municipal organizations throughout the country should keep a registration of births, marriages, and deaths. It is a question yet to be settled

whether the several Provinces under the new Constitution will be left to manage these matters in their own way, or whether the General Government will devise and carry out a general plan.

If, however, Mr. Morris has had a political hobby, it has been that of British American Union. In 1858, he delivered a lecture, which, at the instance of the Mercantile Library Association of Montreal, was published under the title of "Nova Britannia; or, British North America, its extent and future," in which he advocated and predicted Union and the fusion of the different races making one homogeneous people occupying the whole of British America, and living under institutions modelled upon those of the parent State. The following year he published another lecture on the Hudson's Bay and Pacific Territories, in which similar views were enforced. He was also the author of the essay on Canada, to which was awarded the second prize by the Paris Exhibition Committee in 1855; or rather by Sir Edmund Head, the then Governor-General, to whom three of the essays were referred as of equal merit. In that essay the condition of Canada, its institutions and its capabilities, were clearly set forth without exaggeration; and its publication, with that of the other essays, no doubt did good service in making this country better known in the old world.

It was in the midst of the political excitement of 1864 that Mr. Morris played the most conspicuous part among the public men of the country, and thus led to the most important changes in public affairs. Political parties were so



HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS. From a photograph by Notman.

evenly balanced that legislation was nearly brought to a stand-still. After nearly two years of a precarious existence, the Reform Government was defeated, and the Conservatives, with some accessions to their ranks, took office; but only to fall again within four months. In this emergency Union of the Colonies was vaguely regarded as a possible means of escape from the "dead lock," which apparently would yield to no other solution, save the disunion of Upper and Lower Canada, a step almost universally regarded as undesirable to the last degree. Just at this time, when the Ministry of the day was under the ban of the Legislative Assembly by an adverse majority of two, Mr. Morris approached the Premier on the subject of a coalition of parties, and the adoption of Confederation in some shape, as a basis of policy. How he succeeded in bringing the Hon. John A. Macdonald and his colleagues into peaceful negotiation with the Hon. George Brown, may best be left by us as a matter personal to himself; but Mr. Morris certainly did succeed, and the result of his diplomacy was soon made patent to the country, by the acceptance of office on the part of Mr. Brown and two Reform colleagues, and the adoption by the Government of Confederation as the groundwork of its policy.

It was, therefore, no matter for surprise that Mr. Morris should have been generally regarded as among the rising members of Parliament. Secure in the confidence of his constituency, with an untarnished reputation, both in public and in private life, and with the statesmanlike capacity he had already evinced in dealing both with public men and public questions, it was to have been expected that when circumstances made the occasion, he would be invited to share in the labours and responsibilities of the Cabinet. He will now, from his more elevated position, have a better opportunity to work for the complete realization of that Union of which he has been from the first an earnest and able advocate.

#### THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

##### OPENING PROCESSION AND FIRST SITTING.

In this number we give a double page illustration of the solemn procession at the opening of the Œcumenical Council on the 8th ult. It represents the procession in the Vestibule of St. Peter's before His Holiness had descended from the *Sedia Gestatoria*. The Council Chamber is formed within the North transept of St. Peter's, that is on the side next the Vatican. The following is an authentic description of the procession and of the ceremonial attending the opening and first sitting of the Council which is styled the First Council of the Vatican:

The whole of the Roman clergy, arranged in the order of precedence of their respective chapters, parishes, and religious orders, lined the Scala Regia, or great stairs, of the Vatican, the porticoes, and the vestibule of St. Peter's Cathedral Church. At eight o'clock in the morning the Pope left his apartments, and preceded and surrounded by his usual Court, lay and clerical, descended to the Pauline Chapel. Here his Holiness was met by Cardinal de Angelis, Archbishop of Fermo, the Cardinal First Priest, and by Cardinals Antonelli and Cacerini, the two first Cardinal Deacons, who were to attend him, respectively, as the Priest Assistant and two Deacons Assistant, at the throne; with the two Bishops appointed to act as book-bearer and candle-bearer—all wearing the rich white and gold vestments, and the white mitres, of their respective orders.

The Pope, after blessing the incense, was then vested in the cope and mantle, with the precious mitre, and went, preceded by the Apostolic Subdeacon, Dean of the Signet, carrying the Cross, and followed by the two Prelates, the Protonotaries, and two others of the Signet, carrying his train. He thus entered the vast hall above the vestibule of St. Peter's, where the whole of the Cardinals, Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops and Abbots, about 650 in number, with all their attendants, were meanwhile assembled. His Holiness knelt before an altar, at the farther end of the hall, and intoned the first words of the hymn, 'Veni Creator Spiritus,' which was taken up by the Papal singers, and continued to be sung by them and by the vast assemblage, in alternate verses, during the procession. At the end of the first verse, all rose from their knees; his Holiness took his seat in the portable throne, or gestatory chair; and the long procession, which took nearly an hour to defile past, commenced its movement. It began with five detachments of the lower colleges of prelates, in their scarlet and ermine robes; after which came the choir, in their habits of purple and their surplices; then followed three more colleges of prelates, the Abbreviators, called *di Parco Maggiore*, those of the tribunal called the Signature, and the Clerks of the Chamber. Then the Auditors of the Supreme Tribunal of the Rota, the Master of the Sacred Palace, two private Chamberlains bearing the triple crown and the plain gold mitre of his Holiness, the Prelate of the Signature officiating as thurifer with the censor, and the Apostolic Subdeacon, in his sacred vestments of white and gold, carrying his Holiness's cross between two other prelates, with their candles lighted, in gold candlesticks. The next portion of the procession, consisting of all the Fathers of the Council, beginning with the Abbots, and followed by the Bishops, Archbishops, Primate, and Cardinals, and the three divisions of the Sacred College of Cardinals (Deacons, Priests, and the six suburban Bishops), then appeared, all clothed in sacred vestments of white (or silver) and gold and mitres. The mitred Abbots and Bishops of all degrees wore the ample and flowing cope; and the three orders of Cardinals respectively the diaconal tunic or dalmatic, the chasuble, and the cope; while each was attended by a chaplain, and the Cardinals, in addition, by a train-bearer. After this gorgeous and long-drawn array the Senator and Conservators of Rome, in their long mantles of cloth of gold, the Vice-Chamberlain of the church walking beside Prince Orsini, Prince Custodian of the Council, and some Apostolic Prothonotaries, who were afterwards to bear the Pope's train, followed, and immediately preceded by three Cardinal Deacons in their sacred

vestments: the one in the centre carried the book of the gospels, from which he was to sing the gospel of the opening session; while the two others on each side were those already mentioned as the first and second Cardinal Deacons assistant at the throne. Then was borne on the shoulders of eight yeomen of the body, in crimson and velvet dresses of the style we call 'vandyke,' the Pope, sitting in the gestatory chair, and raising his hand from time to time to bless the kneeling multitude, while over his head the cloth of silver canopy of state was carried on eight gilt staves by eight Referendaries of the Signet. On each side private chamberlains carried the lofty fans of ostrich feathers, which usually form part of the Papal cortège on great occasions. After his Holiness followed a great number of prelates attached to the Papal court and chapels, fathers, generals of religious orders, and vicars general of religious congregations, such as the Jesuits, Oratorians, &c., in their several habits, while the officials of the Council, including the sworn shorthand clerical writers, concluded the long and gorgeous array. The officers of the Swiss Guard, in their splendid gilt and steel armour, those of the Noble Guard and the civic and municipal guards, and the numerous officials of the Court, in the old black velvet habits of the fifteenth century, gave relief to the otherwise purely ecclesiastical ranks: while amidst the array of mitred prelates the gorgeous robes and crowns of the Oriental Bishops attracted especial notice. On entering the church, his Holiness descended from his chair and advanced, bareheaded and on foot, up the vast nave towards the High Altar, on which, amidst the blaze of a thousand lights in gilt candlesticks, stood exposed the Sacrament. The Cardinals had taken up their places in the great Sanctuary, and the Pope, kneeling, made his silent devotions before the altar; while the Fathers of the Council slowly defiled into the great Council Hall which temporarily occupies the whole of the north transept. The Pope, having sung the prayer of the Holy Ghost, 'Oh, God! who, by the light of the Holy Spirit,' at the high altar, then entered the Council Hall; and, after a brief prayer at the altar there erected, stood up and commenced as usual the psalm at the beginning of mass. The high mass was celebrated by Cardinal Patrizi, Bishop of Sabina, and Sub-Dean of the Sacred College, in the usual manner, the Pope assisting at his throne. At the end of the mass a richly-gilt throne or tabernacle was placed upon the altar, containing the copy of the Four Gospels. The Bishop of St. Polten, or St. Hippolytus, in Austria, who is Secretary to the Council, was then solemnly conducted, with uncovered head, to the altar bearing the Codex of the Four Gospels, which he reverently disposed, upon the aforesaid throne. The preacher, Archbishop Passavalle, in cope and mitre, having first asked the Pope's blessing, proceeded to deliver in Latin an appropriate discourse. At its conclusion the Pope was attired in all the sacred vestments, as if to celebrate mass with the usual solemnities; and the whole mitred assembly, each in turn, performed the ceremony of homage and obedience—the Cardinals kissing the hand, Archbishops and Bishops the knee, and the other members of the Council the foot, of his Holiness the Pope, who remained seated on his throne. Then followed the silent prayer of the Pope and the whole assembly. This, which was repeated three several times, and lasted some space of time, was followed by the greater Litanies, which were sung by the cantors in the solemn and ancient tones appropriate to them, all reverently kneeling, and during the sutrages the Pontiff rose and three times blessed the Council in the accustomed words. After this was sung, by the Cardinal Deacon, the gospel on the opening of the Council. After this the Pope addressed an allocution or discourse to the fathers, and then once more intoned the hymn of the Holy Ghost, 'Veni Creator Spiritus,' and while the latter verses were sung all those who were not members or officials of the Council were conducted by the masters of ceremonies and ostiaries out of the Council Hall. A brief period ensued, during which it was understood that the formal decrees declaring the Council opened and other similar ones were read, and, having been put to the vote by the notaries and scrutators, as they are called, were declared passed. At the close of these proceedings the ostiaries opened the doors again, and those who had been previously excluded were readmitted. The Pope then solemnly intoned the 'Te Deum,' in thanksgiving for the opening of the general council, first of the Vatican and nineteenth in the annals of the Church. At its close his Holiness was vested, and returned to his apartments, preceded and surrounded by his Court, while the fathers of the Council also withdrew to invest in the chapels set aside for that purpose; and so concluded the first session of the Council.

#### UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

We print in this number a leggotype, from a photograph by Notman and Fraser, of the Toronto University building. Standing retired amid the shady retreat of University Park, it forms one of the first architectural adornments of the commercial capital of Ontario. The present building, erected some ten or twelve years ago, is in the Norman style of architecture, and forms three sides of a vast square. The front of the main building is about three hundred feet in length, with a large tower in the centre rising to an elevation of 126 feet. The structure has an elegant rather than a massive appearance, the material used in its construction being white brick and Ohio freestone, with dressings of Caen stone. The roof is embellished with rich ornaments in ironwork, suggesting a similarity in appearance to that of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa. The University was established by Royal Charter, in 1827, under the title of King's College, and in 1828 was endowed by patent with a grant of land which had been set apart by the Crown for its support. This grant of land originally amounted to 223,538 acres, the fund accruing from which is ample to maintain the institution in the highest state of efficiency. It was opened in 1827, and its first convocation held in 1844. The rights and privileges conferred by the Royal Charter not being in accordance with the genius of the times, they were abolished by Act of Parliament in 1853, and a new charter conferred, constituting the University on the liberal model of the University of London, England. No fees are charged, and the following Scholarships are offered at the examinations:—Faculty of Law, 4: 1 for Matriculants, 1 for Students 1 year's standing, 1 for Students 2 years' standing, 1 for Students 3 years' standing. Faculty of Medicine, 4: 1 for Matriculants, 1 for Students 1 year's standing, 1 for Students 2 years' standing, 1 for Students 3 years' standing. Faculty of Arts, 24: at the Junior Matriculation Examination, 1 in Classics, 1 in Mathematics, 2 for General Proficiency in all the subjects appointed for Junior Matriculants; at the Senior Matriculation Examination, 1 in Classics, 1 in Mathematics, 2 for General

Proficiency in all the subjects appointed for Senior Matriculants; at the Examination for the First Year, 1 in Classics, 1 in Mathematics, 2 for General Proficiency; at the Examination for the Second Year, 1 in Classics, 1 in Mathematics, 1 in Natural Sciences, 1 in Modern Languages, with History, 1 in Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, 1 for General Proficiency; at the Examination for the Third Year, 1 in Classics, 1 in Mathematics, 1 in Natural Sciences, 1 in Modern Languages with History, 1 in Metaphysics and Ethics, with Civil Polity, Natural Theology and History, 1 for General Proficiency. Value of each Scholarship, \$120, and tenable for one year only." The University College, of which the Rev. John McCaul, LL.D., is President, has an able staff of Professors, including Drs. McCaul, Beaven, Croft and Wilson, Messrs. Buckland, Hines, Chapman, &c., and Mr. Kingston, M. A. The latter is also Director of the Magnetic Observatory, which is also situated in the University Park; it is one of the Meteorological Stations established by the British Government at the request of the Royal Society of England in 1840, and is attached to the University. Its latitude is 43° 39' N. North; longitude, 79° 21' 5" West; or 5 hours 17 minutes 23 seconds behind Greenwich time. The University possesses a well-stocked library, said to contain over 13,000 volumes, and the Museum contains several valuable and interesting collections, among which may be mentioned the Ornithological department, numbering more than 1,000 specimens, nearly all of which are Canadian; the Botanical about 6,000, and the Mineralogical nearly as many. Toronto has many other buildings and public institutions of general interest, to some of which we shall introduce our readers from time to time as the opportunity occurs.

#### PRINCE ARTHUR AS AN AXEMAN.

On the homeward journey of H. R. H. Prince Arthur's hunting party from the Upper Ottawa, about the end of last month, they stopped to witness the operations of one of Mr. Gilmour's gangs of lumbermen, employed under the direction of Mr. Farrell, in log-making. The Prince was invited to take part in felling a large pine tree near by the road side, to which he readily consented, and seizing the axe he wielded it with a skill which astonished and delighted the practical woodsmen beyond measure. The axeman's craft is not so easily shared in as that of the raffian: for the idea of an amateur raffian is that he shall "run the rapids" and taste of a plate of pea-soup, a feat which is successfully accomplished by all who have the courage to make the attempt. So with your holiday "Navy" who "turns the first sod" on great occasions, and washes the dust out of his throat with a glass of sparkling champagne—his duties are easy, and at least free from danger. But the deft handling of the axe is something more serious. It is the pride of the Canadian country youth to be able to "fell his tree," and he does not acquire proficiency in this task without much practice. Indeed the records of accidents resulting from the unexpected directions in which trees so often fall, warn us that even experienced woodsmen pay too little attention to the "mysteries" of their craft, or are too careless to observe them always. But the reader must understand that H. R. H. was not exposed to danger from the falling of the tree, for the final strokes, as well as the general direction of the "cut," are always given by experienced hands. There is excitement to the beholder in seeing the first tottering of the forest giant, when its tall top wavers in the air, as if in doubt as to which way to fall; and there is music to the ear of the woodsman in the whistling, crunching noise of the overturned tree, breaking down and carrying with it the tops and branches of the neighbouring growth, till with a final crash and a heavy thud the huge trunk strikes the ground, not unfrequently shivering the greater part of its lighter limbs into fragments. Our Canadian woodsman knows not how to spare the tree: the only forest echoes which delight his ear are those responsive to the sound of the axe, or the crashing of the falling trunk.

#### THE TOWN OF DEAL, ON THE SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND.

In this issue we reproduce from Turner's "Southern Coast of England" a view of the ancient town of Deal, in the County of Kent. Turner gives but very little information concerning the town; indeed, it appears to be a feature in illustrated works to impart as little knowledge as possible in as many words as can be conveniently made use of. And so we read in Turner, "And here we are in the *Three Kings*, the 'Holy Three Kings from Cologne, if you like, who rested here on their pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury.'" In the next sentence there is a confused allusion to a travelling companion, and some culinary matters, which certainly do not belong to a description of Deal. Then we are told that the entrance to Lower Deal is "strikingly beautiful;" that there are three divisions of the borough—Upper, Middle, and Lower Deal; that one street forms the "Cornhill," another the "Islington," and so on, just as if Cockneydom were the universal standard measurement of creation, by which the height, breadth, and depth of every other place ought to be measured. The picture is, nevertheless, fair to look upon.

#### RED RIVER.

The Toronto papers publish the following despatch, dated Georgetown, Minn., 13th instant:—

"Dr. Tupper, Captain Cameron, and Mrs. Cameron arrived here to-night from Pembina. Matters remain as before, Riel having complete command, and styling himself Commander-in-chief. He has garrisoned all the forts, having 350 men under arms. Vicar-General Thibault and Colonel DeSalaberry were to be admitted to an audience with the Council, as representing the Canadian Government, in order to explain the position the Government had taken, and it is hoped their influence may be instrumental in bringing about a better understanding. Dr. Tupper was two days in Fort Garry, and met with Riel; but nothing was said as to the insurrection. Eight hundred French half-breeds have joined Riel's forces. It was rumored when Dr. Tupper left Pembina that a large party of Sioux Indians were marching to Fort Garry, and that the half-breeds had gone out to meet them. If this be true, it will doubtless be the commencement of new and serious trouble. All the Canadian party are still in prison, and nothing is said about their release. I met an English half-breed from Fort Garry, who complains of the way they were treated by Colonel Dennis. He asked them to sign that they



were willing to support the Government; and, in the middle of their preparations to do so, left them in the lurch, without even paying them their four shillings due. The insurgents have taken possession of the safe containing the Hudson's Bay treasury, and are paying the soldiers with it. They gave a receipt to the Company for all the goods and money taken. Dr. Tupper describes Riel as a very shrewd, intelligent, determined man. English friends, who left Fort Garry on Sunday, report they would all have taken arms for McDougall if Col. Dennis had not left them during the night; that the English and Scotch half-breeds all feared (favoured?) the Governor's entrance, and when called upon were enrolled in different parishes, and awaited Col. Dennis's order; that the statement is false, that when the French list of rights came out they refused to assist Dennis; that the latter was frightened; and although the English and Scotch have outnumbered the French three to one, Dennis neither gave them arms nor the pay of four shillings a day. My informant is from St. Paul's parish, a half-breed, and says numbers of the French half-breeds are opposed to Riel's movement there. The thermometer here this a. m., at eight o'clock, 35° below zero; bitter cold, and a fearful storm on the prairie.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dennis writes to the *Toronto Globe*—  
 "A very important duty under my instructions was to assure people in the territory, occupants of land, and particularly those who were natives of the country, that they need be under no apprehension whatever of being disturbed in the possession of their property; that, on the contrary, the incoming Government having first extinguished the Indian title by a treaty, just in its character, and which would be honourably carried out, would then immediately take steps to confirm by "Letters Patent" the title of all such parties; and further, that this would be carried into effect as soon as possible after the formation of the Local Government. I made a point constantly of mentioning this as a part of the policy in land matters of the Government, explaining over and over again, that should surveyors make their appearance during this winter, surveying the settlement on the Red River and Assiniboine, the object of such survey would be to obtain plans and descriptions, so as to enable the Government to issue deeds to the occupants, and not in any way with the view of disturbing those in possession. It was conceded by everybody that, inasmuch as at present the title of parties consists of a mere entry, in many cases in pencil, of their names in a book kept by the Hudson's Bay Company (lately by the way taken forcible possession of by the French party), it would be a great boon to have their titles put in such satisfactory shape. With regard to surveys proposed to be effected outside of the Settlement up to the close of the season, it was explained that it was for the purpose of locating the principal meridian and base lines, so as to place the Government in a position to prepare, by the laying out of a couple of townships, for the emigration which might be expected next season; but that under no circumstances would lands be granted for settlement until the aboriginal claimants to the title had been arranged with. This policy and no other I kept constantly before the people, and as the gentlemen under me were similarly instructed, I have no reason to believe, and do not believe, that they ever mentioned any other course as likely to be taken by the incoming Government. As evidence of my desire to remove any possible misapprehension in the minds of people on this head, I may say that the day following my arrival at Winnipeg in August last, I waited upon the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church at the Palace of St. Boniface, and made them thoroughly aware of the above as the intended policy of the Government. The priests whom I saw—Bishop Taché having left for Rome—expressed their satisfaction with my statement, and in compliance with a request to that effect, promised to explain the same to their people. I made the intentions of the Government, in this particular, known also to the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Garry, and was indebted to the courtesy of Governor McTavish for office accommodation of one of the clerks, employed for some weeks (indeed till his work was seized and himself turned out by Riel & Co.) in copying the maps and records of the Company, so as to facilitate the future confirming of titles. I procured the insertion of a paragraph in the only newspaper published at the time in the Territory, explaining the above as the policy intended in land matters, which you may see by referring to the files of the *Nor-Wester* for the latter part of August or the beginning of September. Lastly, I informed Mr. Louis Riel, in person, fully on this head. Mr. Riel, whom I had not before seen, called at my office one day about that time, saying that as a native of the country, and one feeling much interest in the change about to take place, and regretting, he said also, that there seemed to be a doubt in the minds of some of the French people, as to the manner in which these lands were likely to be dealt with by the Canadian Government, he would be glad if I could enlighten him, so that in turn he could explain matters to these people. I thanked him for the straightforward course he had taken in coming to me as he had, and gave him the same assurances I had given to everybody previously. He expressed himself as delighted to hear of the just and even liberal intentions of the Government towards the occupants of land, and left me, promising that he would take every opportunity of making those intentions known among the class mentioned. The next thing I heard of, Mr. Riel was heading a party of men and stopping Mr. Webb's surveying party; and again, on the Monday following this, his making an inflammatory speech at the church doors, exciting and urging on the people to resist the entry of the Lieut.-Governor, and, as one of his arguments, asserting that the government intended "to take their farms from the French half-breeds and give them to the Canadians."

Finally, no survey whatever of the settled farms had been made or commenced at the time the outbreak occurred. Mr. Webb's party, at the time it was stopped, was upon a town-ship line outside of the settlement.  
 So much for myself and staff having caused the present troubles.  
 Allow me to say a word or two more. There has been what may fairly be called a tolerably free expression of opinion in certain of the Canadian newspapers as to my proceedings lately in connection with affairs in Red River. Unfortunately, these papers drew their information from sources unworthy of confidence. During the most critical period, the first ten or twelve days in December, none but French sympathisers, or men like "Justitia," perched on the Hudson Bay fence, could entrust anything to the mail, and the public here were therefore, to a great extent, obliged to put up with news

manufactured and sent on twice a week from Pembina by "Stuttsman & Co." to St. Cloud and St. Paul, where in turn it was served up with comments warranted to suit the American market. This Stuttsman I may say, furnished the "Sacred honour" and other materials of which the French "Declaration of Independence" is composed, put them together, and then generously went down to Fort Garry to float the "Provisional Government." As to myself, I am content to wait, and be judged by the publication, in due time, of the official papers, which will show that some of the comments to which I refer above were not alone in bad taste, but were positively unjust to me."

GENERAL NEWS.  
 CANADA.

The Militia department has issued an order directing the Volunteers to return their rifles to the several armories.

Alderman Murison has been elected mayor of Hamilton; Ald. Harman is selected for Toronto, Ald. Robinson for Kingston and Ald. Rochester for Ottawa.

It is said that Prince Arthur will be present at the opening of the Dominion Parliament on the 15th proximo and that a ball will probably be given in his honour.

It is estimated that the projected wooden railway from Sherbrooke to Weedon will cost \$165,000; and towards this \$157,000 in subscriptions and government aid have already been secured.

It is rumoured that the Dominion Government will ask for an appropriation, next session, to enable it to improve the entrances, &c., of the Welland Canal, (leaving over the question of its enlargement until another year) as also for grants for the Grenville Canal and the construction of harbours of Refuge on Lakes Erie, Ontario and Huron.

The last election in British Columbia resulted in the return of an ardent Confederate—Hon. Mr. DeCosmos, a Nova Scotian, by the way. He was defeated last year in consequence of his advocacy of confederation. This year, in the second electoral district of the Colony, he has obtained his election by a majority of nearly three hundred.

The Reverend Messrs. Champoux and Gratton, and Messrs. Brisebois, Valois and Leclaire, late of the Papal Zouaves, arrived in town yesterday on their return from Rome. The ex-privates brought a large number of letters from their comrades in the Pontifical Army, the most of which they posted shortly after arriving.—*Telegraph*.

A Quebec despatch says of the proceedings of the Legislature since its re-assembling after the holidays:

Very little of real work has been done as yet in the lower house. The Privileges and Immunities bill, which received its first reading on Thursday, causes very little remark among the members. The current rumour is that it has been approved by both Sir John and Sir George. The \$30,000 for a residence for the Lieut. Governor was voted without opposition. Mr. Joly alone, taking advantage of the opportunity, offered to make a little speech, in which he ridiculed the government for passing a "bill for a uniform system of Police," which applied only to the city of Quebec; and congratulated the city of Quebec as representing the whole Province. The Council since it re-assembled has been unusually busy. Several bills sent up from the lower house have already received their second reading; and the Notarial bill has been passed through committee. The work has been faithfully performed, and the few remnants of the objectionable clauses have been removed. It will probably receive its third reading on Monday, when one or two ambiguous clauses will be cleared up.

UNITED STATES.

The wife of a Methodist Minister at Hingham, Mass., supplied her husband's pulpit recently, when, on account of sickness, he was unable to officiate.

Port au Prince advices to December 25 state that the revolutionists demanded the surrender of the refugees who had taken shelter in the American Consulate, but they were compelled to apologize by the British and French men-of-war summoned to the assistance of the American Consul.

The Congressional Committee of Ways and Means refused, by a vote of 2 against 6, to make bituminous coal free. They rejected the motion for 50 cents per ton by a vote of 3 against 5. The proposition for \$1 per ton was lost by a vote. Coal, therefore, remains as now at \$1.50 per ton.

A telegraph line is in course of construction between New York and Washington, which is to be opened with Little's instruments, which are said to be capable of transmitting 200 words a minute over a single wire, which is ten times the speed of the Morse system. The inventor anticipates being able to reduce the tariff for messages to one cent per word for all distances.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Nelaton is to introduce a bill in the French Senate, making the attendance of physicians in the night-time compulsory.

Grego and other conspirators against the life of the Emperor, who were tried and sentenced to transportation in 1864, are to be comprised in the general amnesty to political offenders.

The two garters which reverted to the crown on the death of the Earl of Derby and Marquis of Westminster, have been conferred on Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe and Earl de Grey and Ripon.

It is said that Bismarck thinks seriously of resigning his position as Premier of the Prussian Ministry, and devoting his attention entirely to the foreign affairs of the Northgerman confederation.

There is a piece of news from that curious old city Rouen, which should interest all readers of English history. The "lion heart" King Richard the First of England, Duke of Normandy, has just been removed from the treasury of Rouen Cathedral, and placed in a new tomb in the choir. "Hic jacet cor Ricardi, Regis Anglorum," is the inscription.

Letters from Constantinople state that much satisfaction is felt in that capital at the pacific solution of the dispute between Turkey and Egypt. Server Effendi, as a recompense for the active part he had in the negotiations, has received the Order of the Medjidie of the first class. The *Memorial Diplomatique* attributes the principal merit of the settlement to Baron Beust.

Bishop Twells, of the Orange River colony, South Africa, who was accused of an unnatural crime some months ago, and fled from his bishopric, forwarded his resignation to the metropolitan of Cape Town, without either confessing or denying the charges. The Bishop of Cape Town does not accept the resignation, but insists upon an investigation.

Lady Harriette Cowper, widow of Count d'Orsay and wife of Hon. Charles Spencer Cowper, has just died in Paris. She was a daughter of the famous Lady Blessington, and her separation from Count d'Orsay soon after marriage was attended with circumstances which involved her mother in very ugly scandal. Lady Harriette was highly respected and well known so the English community in Paris by her charitable and religious works.

The Suez Canal is becoming more and more a reality. M. de Lesseps telegraphs that the steamer *Stirling*, from Glasgow, left for Bombay immediately after her arrival at Port Said, and passed through the Canal in twelve hours. Other English steamers were following, and on the Tyne steamers are being built for the Indian trade, *via* the Canal, "specially constructed for the purpose."

On Monday last in the Corps Législatif Rochefort made a brief but bitter speech in reply to the Minister of Justice, and was frequently applauded by the spectators in the galleries and lobbies. Immense crowds gathered in the Place de la Concorde and on the Quay of the Tuileries, opposite the hall of the Corps Législatif. The guards were doubled. The police prevented the people from crowding around the Legislative Chamber, and the public were not permitted to cross the Place de la Concorde, which leads directly to that point. The debate in the Chambers was closed at one o'clock, and a vote was taken. The Chamber decided to grant the demand of the Government for the arraignment of Rochefort by an overwhelming majority. The vote stood, 226 for, and 34 against the prosecution. As soon as the vote was announced, Deputy Gambetta arose and protested against the sudden termination of the debate, which he charged was brought about to prevent a proper consideration of so grave a question. The Chamber then adjourned. When the news of the result of the vote was received by the crowd waiting outside, a great demonstration was made in favour of Rochefort in the Place de la Concorde.

In the afternoon another popular manifestation of sympathy with Rochefort took place in the Boulevard Montmartre.

A correspondent of the *London Times* says:—  
 "From various sources lamentable accounts reach me of the present state of things in Madrid—great misery, much vice, and starvation among the poorer classes, want of work, trade at a stand still, the necessaries of life exorbitantly dear, a gambling fever rife among those classes of the population that have anything left to stake. Meanwhile, General Prim has taken the Regent and some of the Ministers on a shooting excursion to his fastness in the mountains of Toledo. He possesses a sort of feudal fortress there with extensive hunting-grounds, where he entertains his friends in princely style. We hear marvels of the good cheer prepared and of the incredible sums *per diem* for which Lhardy, the French cook of Madrid, celebrated for the exorbitant length of his bills, has undertaken to supply creature comforts to the guests and their retinue. Some fifty persons are said to have been invited, including the French ambassador. The difficulties of locomotion are considerable, for the Chateau Prim is situated in a very uphill country, several leagues from Toledo, which itself is a place poor in everything except antiquities and the picturesque, so that vehicles have to be sent by rail from Madrid to convey the guests on their uphill journey. Doubtless the hero of Castillejos will do the honors well, and the eight days sport and banqueting will add to his already well-established reputation for splendor and hospitality; but it may be questioned whether all this luxury and lavish expenditure will produce a good effect among the hungry multitude in Madrid."

WONDERFUL!  
  
 ALADDIN'S LAMP  
 SUPERCEDED!  
 TO CARRY IN YOUR POCKET,  
 AND  
 HAVE A LIGHT AT ALL TIMES.  
 PRICE 75c.  
 SOLE MAKERS AND PATENTEES.  
 HEARN AND HARRISON, MONTREAL.  
 Opticians, &c., &c., to the Dominion Government Public Works, &c.  
 NOTICE.—PERFECT LUNETTES AT 15c.

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON,  
 391, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.  
 CONFECTIONERS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
 MARRIAGE BREAKFASTS,  
 SUPPER PARTIES,  
 MADE DISHES,  
 All Kinds to Order.  
 Chocolates, Caramels, French Cream Goods,  
 LUNCHEONS, COLD MEATS, TEA AND COFFEE,  
 From 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

LAMB'S WOOL UNDERCLOTHING, White and Shetland.  
 HAND-KNIT SCOTCH HALF-HOSE.  
 HAND-KNIT do. KNICKERBOCKER HOSE,  
 for Snow-Shoeing.  
 FLANNEL SHIRTS, all sizes and qualities.  
 WHITE SHIRT COLLARS, NECK-TIES, &c., &c.  
 P. T. PATTON & CO.,  
 Importers and Manufacturers,  
 415, NOTRE DAME STREET, COR. ST. PETER.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR  
 having graciously permitted the publication of the  
 PORTRAITS  
 TAKEN OF  
 HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
 At my Studio, on October 9, I have much pleasure in notifying the Public that they are now on view and for sale in *Cartes de Visite*, Cabinet, and 9 x 7 Photo-Relievo, with an assortment of suitable Frames for the same.  
 WM. NOTMAN,  
 PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN,  
 MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, AND HALIFAX.  
 Orders by Post will now receive  
 PROMPT ATTENTION.



"TA-TANKA-NAZIN," A CHIEF OF THE SIOUX.



"OLD BETS," A SIOUX SQUAW.

"TA-TANKA-NAZIN" AND "OLD BETS" A SIOUX CHIEF AND SQUAW.

When the history of the feuds and fights between the American settlers of Minnesota and the Indians, comes to be written, the Chief and the Squaw, whose portraits are here given,

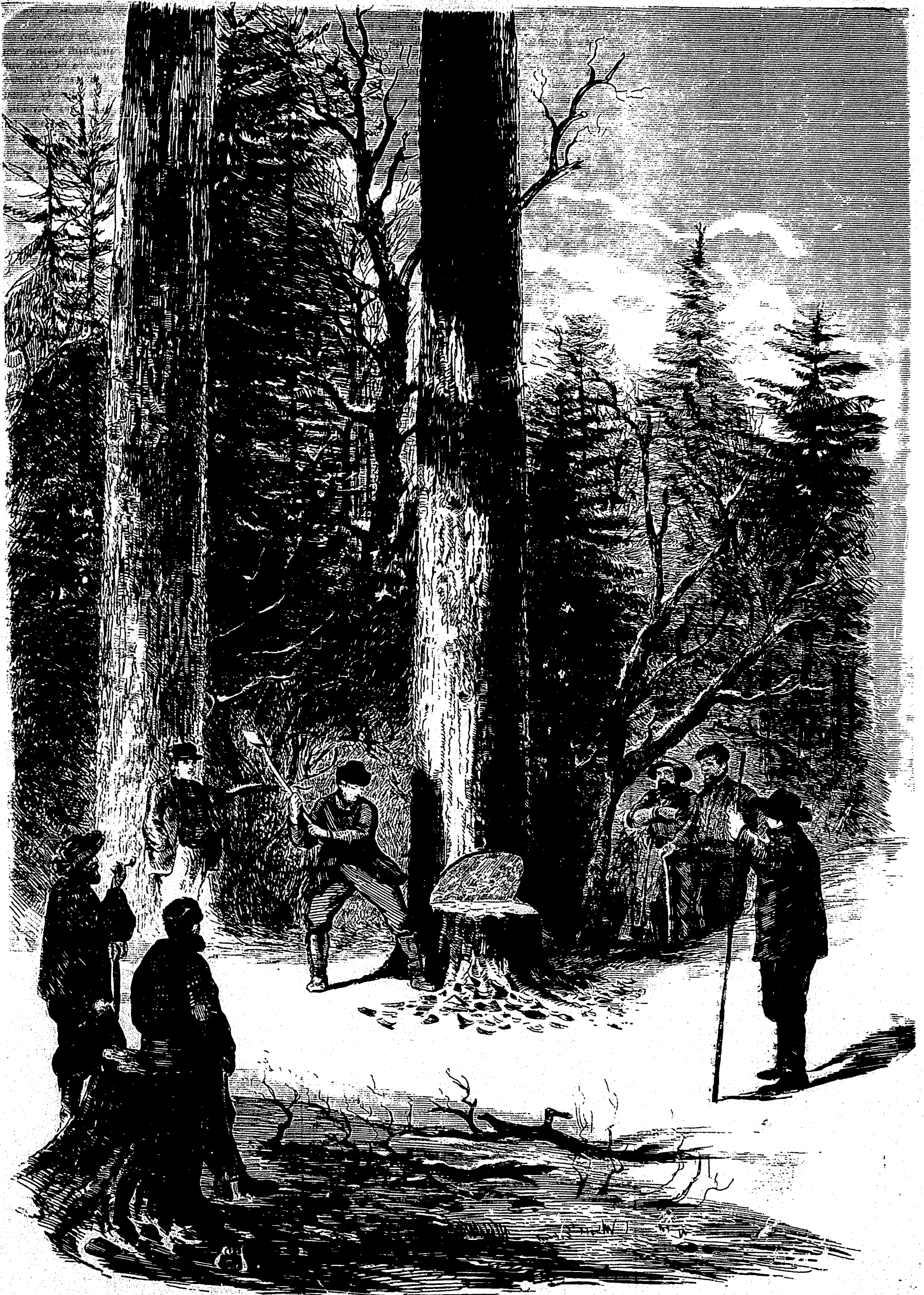
deserve to have a place in it. In the great massacre of 1862, when the Indians came upon and surprised a whole settlement of whites, killing many and taking others captive, Ta-tanka-Nazin, (Standing Buffalo) Hereditary Chief of the Sioux, was among the foremost in the work of butchery. "Old Bets," belonging to the same tribe achieved her reputation in a very

different manner. The Minnesota captives, who were carried away after the massacre alluded to, were treated by her with great kindness—their wants supplied, their wounds dressed and their temporary captivity rendered as agreeable as possible. These portraits are enlarged from photographs by Whitney of St. Paul.



TOWN OF DEAL, SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND.





H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR AS AN AXEMAN.—SEE PAGE 178.

## "THE APPLES AT THE TOP OF THE TREE."

(The following verses were suggested by an incident that took place within the writer's knowledge.)

"Oh sister, you mustn't be angry, my dear,  
But 'tis proper for girls more reserved to appear;  
Your freedom will make the young gentlemen say,  
That you're eager to marry Adolphus Bae."

"And what if they do? He's handsome and true,  
And he's not a bit dearer to me than to you,  
Then why not be natural, sister, and frank?  
There are lilies as lovely that grow near the bank,  
As any that flourish far out in the stream;  
And you know that your feelings are not what they seem."

"Yes, darling, but know that the loveliest flowers  
Some niche inaccessible always embowers;  
That the purest of gems the veins ever enshrine,  
Lie hidden the farthest, deep down in the mine;  
And the rosiest apples, you surely must see,  
Are hanging high up at the top of the tree."

"Your loveliest flowers their fragrance must waste,  
And your gems in the veins lie for ever encased,  
But the treasure that's nearest the soonest is bought,  
And the fruit within reach is the earliest sought."

HARROW HALL.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 29, 1870.

- SUNDAY, 23.—*Third Sunday after Epiphany.* Pitt died, 1806. Duke of Kent died, 1829. Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, burnt, 1834.
- MONDAY, 24.—Beginning of Crusades, 1203. Frederick the Great born, 1712.
- TUESDAY, 25.—*Conversion of St. Paul.* Robert Burns born, 1759. Throne of Poland declared vacant, 1831. Princess Royal married, 1858.
- WEDNESDAY, 26.—Brazil discovered, 1499. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, born, 1734. Sunday Schools established in England, 1784. Dr. Jenner died, 1823. Post Office Money Order system introduced in Canada, 1855. Governor of Burgos, Spain, assassinated, 1869.
- THURSDAY, 27.—Mozart born, 1756. Independence of Greece proclaimed, 1822. Queen's decision naming Ottawa as the seat of government announced, 1858. Prince Frederick of Prussia born, 1859. Ernest Jones died, 1869.
- FRIDAY, 28.—Sir F. Drake died, 1596. Triple alliance, 1668. Admiral Byng shot, 1757. Battle of Frenchtown, 1813. Battle of Alwal, 1846.
- SATURDAY, 29.—Swedenborg born, 1668. George III died, 1820. Victoria Cross instituted, 1856.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

It is impossible to watch the events now transpiring in France without the deepest interest. Whatever may be said, or thought, of the third Napoleon, it cannot be denied that he has fostered commercial progress and political liberty; that he has taught the French people, as much as it was possible, in his position, to teach them, that authority is the foundation of order, and that upon this basis every license consistent with the safety of the State may be freely indulged. Whether rightly or wrongly, he has tried to bring back, under his dynastic rule, all the substantial attributes of freedom which the French nation ever enjoyed under its most democratic forms of government, and he has discountenanced and discarded the violence which disgraced the first Republic. He is now endeavouring to introduce what every British-born man understands as the constitutional form of government—i. e., the will of the people expressed through their representatives as to all matters of detail, without infringing on the prerogatives of the Crown, as to its right of initiation and the dispensation of favours. Though a creature of the Revolution, Napoleon the Third can scarcely be reproached with the preaching or the practice of revolutionary doctrine. He has aimed, throughout his career as the ruler of France, at the establishment of a system of free, strong government; and while consulting the people through the agency of the suffrage, and claiming to hold his power from them, has never conceded to the mob the right to displace the constituted authority. Every government, to be consistent with itself, must assert its right to rule; when it ceases to do that, it should cease to govern; and surely, even in this freest of the free spots of the earth, no sympathy can be entertained for such men as Rochefort, who, without wit, without genius, without capacity to build up, display only obscene tastes and vulgar passions; who excite the common people against all whose social position exalts them above the masses, and who have no idea of freedom or political liberty, save in the universal degradation of the human race to a dead level of brutality. Even the Republicans and Revolutionists of 1848 shrink from Rochefort as a creature of a meaner spawn than any which they wished their liberalistic doctrines to have given birth to, and should the French Government now, in its efforts to maintain a stable administration within one of the foremost nations of the

earth, find it necessary to crush him with a heavy hand, it will deserve and ought to receive the plaudits of the world.

It is easy to understand that the unfortunate rashness of the Prince Pierre Napoleon, the Emperor's cousin, in shooting the *Sans-culotte* Victor Noir, may have caused a great excitement. We cannot look upon the act in the way which our contemporary, the *New York Citizen*, has done, as one which deserves the applause of every journalist, in ridding the world of a man who was a disgrace to the profession; nor even in the milder form in which our youthful *confidre*, the *Courrier d'Ottawa*, views it, as the unfortunate unpremeditated consequence of a feeling of pardonable irritation. On the contrary, we hold that literary blackguards, like every other kind of blackguard, should be made, and held, amenable to the laws; and that the law should be made comprehensive enough to meet their every offence with suitable and severe punishment. It is only because in England, America and Canada, the people believe more in themselves and less in the press, than they do in France, that the literary burglars who attempt by violence to rob men of their characters, do so much less harm; and therefore it is that we, English speaking people, are disposed to regard French Press laws as unnecessarily severe. But when the turbulence of the mob is provoked by the efforts of such men as Rochefort and his abettors, surely we can all see that it is time for the French Government to assert itself; for it to be—as the Premier, M. Ollivier said it would be, if the occasion demanded it—"power." Judging by the latest despatches to hand, the French people are well disposed towards the support of the Government—the vote on what we may call the "impeachment" of Rochefort proves it—and what the Government has now to do in order to maintain its position and the peace of the country, is to assert its power with becoming firmness.

It was a true as well as a clever saying of Lord Brougham, that though the ocean was the highway of nations, it had no inns by the roadside. But this saying seems destined to be falsified in the near future. Ocean telegraph stations, so often thought of and discussed after submarine cables had become a reality, are now to be established on some of the main courses of navigation, and if they do not serve the precise purpose of inns at which the ocean traveller may put up for the night, or rest himself for a day or two in the middle of his journey, it is not at all difficult to conceive that, from being mere telegraph stations for the transmission of messages, they may become stations for the exchange of mails, the purchase or sale of provisions, and even for return hither or thither of sick or whimsical passengers, who, changing their minds after embarkation, may thus have the opportunity of altering the route of their passage. For the present, the project is simply to establish a floating electric telegraph station in the ocean on the fair-weather track of every Britain-ward home-bound vessel. The station chosen is about sixty miles off Penzance Harbour, at a spot named in the charts "Admiralty Patch," which is exposed to terrific weather during the winter months.

We learn from the *London Globe* that the Imperial Government has decided to grant to the "International Mid-Ocean Telegraph Company," at the head of which is a certain Captain Barlow. Her Majesty's ship *Brisk*, which is now being fitted up to form the first ocean telegraph station at the place already mentioned. Her engines and telegraphic machinery are to be supplemented with the latest improvements, the Board of Directors of the Company having ordered everything to make her complete for the service. She will probably be ready to take up her quarters by the end of this or the beginning of next month, and the success of the first experiment will no doubt be watched with interest. Whether successful or not, it is the beginning of a series of experiments which will no doubt be persevered in, until success is gained. If the *Brisk* should prove unsuited to permanent anchoring in mid-ocean, the weak points in her construction will be studied, and other vessels or floating stations built to answer the purpose. The whole problem to be solved appears to be the measure of the "slack" of the cable with the ship's power of resistance to the storms or other disturbing causes on the bosom of the ocean; and as in the service of laying the numerous submarine cables now in operation, it has been practically demonstrated that the slack can be, with comparative ease, regulated to the ship's capacity, there is little or no reason to fear that the experiment will prove other than a success. The *London Globe* says:—

"The advantages which the public are to derive from a system of floating telegraph stations are insignificant, compared with the benefits to be derived by the owners of over 40,000 British vessels and the mercantile community. This *Brisk* is to be in electrical communication with the Penzance Post Office, and a powerful steam-tug will act as her tender. She lies in the fair way of every homeward-bound vessel, and to Indian, Australian, and China clippers she can give their sailing orders, thus saving an immense expense which they

would necessarily entail by calling for the same at any port. A ship may report herself to the *Brisk*, and in twenty minutes afterwards her arrival would be known at the office of her owner in the city of London, and within an hour of her making the telegraph station, her destination can be altered at the pleasure of her owner."

There are so many other places in the ocean as well as "Admiralty Patch" where a telegraph station would render immense service to the commerce of the world, that the success of this effort will doubtless be followed by an extension of the system; and, as already remarked, it will be no longer true that there are no wayside inns on the highway of nations. This will be a most important step towards increasing the security of ocean travel, as well as rendering commercial transactions easier of accomplishment on a more certain basis. And after floating telegraph stations, why not a mid-ocean hotel?

The body of the "Welsh factory girl," who died under the surveillance of the doctors and the nurses sent from Gray's Hospital, has been the subject of a Coroner's inquest; and the Coroner, with more regard to exterior decorum than justice, charged the jury strongly against the father of the victim for not having pressed her to take food, and exculpated the nurses and the medical men, who, in obedience to a prurient curiosity, were sent from London for the express purpose of seeing that the unfortunate girl should not receive any! The jury accordingly found the father guilty of manslaughter, and he was committed for trial. If this is English justice, we confess we cannot understand it. The father of the girl certainly practised a gross imposition, but the real murderers of his child were the guards who prevented him from clandestinely feeding her, as undoubtedly had been his custom before their appointment. The whole case is one over which the English people ought to blush. There is no doubt that the story of the girl's living without food for so long a time—more than a year, according to her father's testimony—was a gross lie, nor is there any reason to question that the small quantity of nourishment her system actually required, under her peculiar sickness, gave her friends ample facility for imposing on the public; but, that men of education and intelligence should have been so far duped by such a fraud as to attempt to put it to a practical test, is almost beyond belief; that they should have allowed the victim to die, or rather have been her murderers, is positively astounding. It shows, however, how nearly science and superstition are allied.

Medora Leigh; a history and an autobiography. Edited by Charles Mackay. With an introduction and a commentary on the charges brought against Lord Byron by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. New York: Harper & Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros., 23, Great St. James street.

*Ex fumo dare lucem* is the motto selected by the editor,—or, properly speaking, the author; for, in the book before us, the "autobiography" occupies but twelve of the sixty-three pages,—and certainly never did more noxious vapour offend the nostrils of the reading public than that exhaled from the prurient and disgusting fiction mis-called "The True Story of Lady Byron's Wedded Life," published to the world by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. How much of "light" there may yet be under this nasty smoke the volume before us hardly proves, for it throws a dark cloud over the history of the characters chiefly concerned, and though it satisfactorily disproves the truth of Mrs. Stowe's narrative, leaves somebody else's story to be told to clear up the mystery yet surrounding the quarrel between Lord and Lady Byron which led to their final separation. The first part of Dr. Mackay's contribution to the Stowe-Byron scandal literature of the day consists of an "introductory," in which Mrs. Stowe's first "true story," differing materially from her second, is critically discussed, and the overwhelming evidence against its correctness clearly set forth. After describing Mrs. Stowe's highly exaggerated estimate of Lady Byron's character, Mackay quotes nine distinct charges made by the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" against Lord Byron, on the authority of his wife, as given in Mrs. Stowe's first narrative, to which he replies mainly by extracts from the letters and articles previously published in the English press. The most conclusive refutation of Mrs. Stowe's pretendedly "true story" is to be found in Lady Byron's own letters to Mrs. Leigh; besides which are letters from Lord Wentworth, Lord Lindsay, and Messrs. Wharton and Fords, the solicitors of the descendants and representatives of Lady Byron. These letters prove two things: first, that Mrs. Stowe's narrative is not true; secondly, that in making it public, even if true, Mrs. Stowe perpetrated a gross breach of confidence, according to the tenor of Lady Byron's will, by which her written statement, whatever it may contain, was assigned to the safe keeping of three individuals—of whom Mrs. Stowe was not one—and by them to be used according to their discretion. The second and most melancholy part of the book is Medora Leigh's autobiography, in which her seduction by her brother-in-law, Trevanion, her subsequent flight with him to France, her abandonment by her friends, &c., are set forth. By this narrative it appears that after her ruin, her sister, Mrs. Trevanion, and Mr. Trevanion, persuaded her that she was not the daughter of Col. Leigh; subsequently Lady Byron told her that Lord Byron was her father, thus making her the "child



of sin," spoken of by Mrs. Stowe. The whole story is a melancholy one, and the facts it contains, certified as they are by eminent legal gentlemen, and others, show that when Medora Leigh became repentant, and dependant on the bounty of her friends, Lady Byron, after treating her with great apparent kindness, unaccountably abandoned her, having first lost, or unjustly detained, a box containing valuable letters and family papers. Lady Byron's character appears in this, as in almost every other affair in which she has figured before the public, as that of a self-righteous, unforgiving, whimsical "blue stocking," whose friendship was scarcely ever won but to be forfeited again without apparent cause. The third part of the book is a "recapitulation of the narratives of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and "Medora Leigh, and vindication of Lord Byron." In this Dr. Mackay very conclusively proves that the conviction in Lady Byron's mind of Lord Byron's guilt of the crime imputed to him by Mrs. Stowe, was not formed before her separation from Lord Byron in 1816, nor up to 1824, when she, being still in friendly communication with Mrs. Leigh, joined with her in sending a report concerning young Ada's health to Lord Byron; nor up to 1830, when she caused a little pamphlet to be printed for private circulation, which was afterwards published in full at the end of Moore's Life of Byron. But Medora Leigh's narrative testifies that Lady Byron had, or expressed, such conviction in 1840. Here the question arises who invented the story? McKay seems not adverse to the opinion that Mrs. Charlemont, the waiting-maid of Lady Byron's mother, and governess of Lady Byron, and her *confidante* after marriage, may have been the vile marplot. She is the heroine, doomed to infamy, in Byron's "sketch."

"Oh, wretch—without a tear—without a thought,  
Save joy, above the ruin thou hast wrought."

But, if she were the authoress, it seems odd that the story should have so long slumbered, and only come to light when Medora Leigh's sister and brother-in-law desired to use it in sacrificing her to their own base purposes. Certainly, there is more "light" needed on this part of the subject, if it is desirable at all that such a subject should ever be made clear. Better far, that it should be forgotten, though since Mrs. Stowe has made that impossible, the next best thing is to establish the truth, no matter at whose expense. It was this reflection which induced Charles Mackay to publish the sad story of Medora Leigh, and it cannot be said that he decided wrongly. The book before us has a fourth part—"Conversations with Lord Byron in 1823;" but, these conversations prove nothing beyond the well-known facts that Lord Byron professed to be totally ignorant of the cause or causes which induced his wife to abandon him, and that he always manifested the greatest interest in her welfare and the tenderest solicitude for his daughter Ada. Though Mr. Mackay does not conceal his own feeling in the controversy, he gives a candid and impartial estimate of every fact and incident bearing upon the points under consideration.

On the evening of the 12th inst., His Worship Mayor Workman of this City, was entertained at dinner by the members of the Corporation. The dinner took place at the St. Lawrence Hall, and about forty gentlemen joined in the feast. Ald Bernard occupied the chair, having on his right the guest of the evening, Mr. Ryan, M. P., and Mr. Carter, M. P. P., and on his left Hon. Chas. Wilson and Mr. Workman, M. P. A letter was read from Sir George E. Cartier, expressing his sympathy with the object of the entertainment and his regret at not being able to attend. The dinner passed off very pleasantly and is regarded as the beginning of a series of annual corporation reunions, in which the Mayor for the time being will figure as the "favoured guest."

*L'Echo du Cabinet de Lecture Patoisais* for January 15, is to hand. It is an interesting family magazine, and ought to be generally patronized by the class for whose benefit it is published.

We have received a copy of "Vick's Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide for 1870," published by James Vick, nurseryman and florist, Rochester, N. Y. It is handsomely got up, profusely and tastefully illustrated, and contains a large amount of valuable information regarding the management and culture of the flower and vegetable garden. Copies may be obtained by addressing Mr. Vick.

"The New York Almanac for 1870" is one of the most instructive and entertaining little annuals that has come under our notice. It is evidently issued with a purpose, and that purpose is to set forth the value of life assurance and the advantage of obtaining the policy from the New York Life Assurance Company. Facts and figures officially attested prove that this is one of the wealthiest and best of American Companies. Mr. Walter Burke is the able and efficient manager in this City, where we understand the company does a large business.

ART ASSOCIATION.—The council of the Art Association met on Saturday to award the \$200 prize, and on a vote being taken there was a tie between the two water-colours—Jacobi's "Scene in the Thousand Islands," and Fowler's "Group of Hollyhocks." In consequence the council determined to make arrangements to purchase both pictures, which will form part of the gallery of the Association.—*Gazette*.

The following appreciative remarks touching a gentleman well known in connection with the Canadian press at one time, are from the *New York Star* :—

"SHEPPARD.—We are glad to know that the mantle of the late lamented Raymond has been formally placed upon the shoulders of Mr. George Sheppard. For many years Mr.

Sheppard was the leading breviter writer upon the *Times*, and during Mr. Raymond's European trips was responsible for the editorial page. As a writer, he is ready, well-informed, forcible and argumentative. His familiarity with politics and statesmen at home and abroad is not only intimate and thorough. Since the fiasco of that eminent fizzle, Bigelow, formerly of the *Post*, Mr. Sheppard has been virtually, as he now is really, the editor-in-chief. He has earned the position by hard and honorable work, and the profession has no worthier, no more capable member than he is to-day. Mr. Jones, the chief proprietor and publisher, evinced his quick temper when he pulled Cyrus Field's nose, and his better judgment and sound common sense when he appointed Mr. Sheppard editor of the *Times*."

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. E. Schmidt, of Vienna, has completed his atlas of the moon. He has been at it thirty years.

Eleven cattle-thieves were recently hanged to one tree in Texas.

Dr. James Prince Lee, Bishop of Manchester, England, since the creation of the See, in 1848, died on Christmas eve, at the age of 65.

Ledru Rollin will soon return to France, and on his arrival here will institute proceedings before the High Court of Justice to recover damages for the family of Victor Noir.

A member of the United States Congress advertises a cadet vacancy in the Naval Academy for sale, in the *New York Herald*, for which he asks a large sum of money.

The British Ministry has decided to re-organize the Volunteer force at home and as a preliminary will place it in a more direct communication with the Army. Schools of Instruction, much the same as we have here in Canada, will also form a portion of the new scheme.

Among the recent medical appointments in the London *Lancet*, we notice that of E. K. Patton, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, as Assistant House Surgeon to the Sheffield General Infirmary. Dr. Patton is a graduate of McGill, and the eldest son of R. G. Patton, Esq., Deputy Postmaster of Quebec.

A despatch dated New York, January 17th, says: Interesting ceremonies took place yesterday at the Mormon Temple, No. 145 Grand Street, Brooklyn. A new elder from Edinburgh was installed with novel and appropriate service. Saints to the number of 140 indulged in much sacred singing and a few prayers, and listened to sermons from three Salt Lake elders. Polygamy was vigorously defended, the scurrilous Gentile press of New York denounced, and a doxology closed the proceedings.

The Howard estate, in England, claimed by American heirs, is said to amount to \$250,000,000, and the prospects are believed to be good for the recovery of the entire sum. All the foreign line has become extinct in the death of William Coward, in England, in 1816. No heirs having appeared, the property was put in the hands of three trustees to manage for the benefit of future claimants. Some of the heirs of this estate are residents of Trenton, N. J.

A society for the encouragement of home manufacture has recently been formed in Nova Scotia, under the presidency of Sir William Young. The means proposed to be employed for developing the provincial manufacturing industry are such as disseminating information on the various enterprises likely to be carried on in the country to advantage; holding exhibitions at various times and places, forming branch associations, and so forth, so as to foster a spirit of self-reliance and enterprise among the people. The objects of this association are purely provincial, and we need scarcely say that we must cordially wish it all success. There is no country in the world more favourably situated than Nova Scotia for becoming the seat of great and varied manufacturing enterprises. For commerce, both in the new and old worlds, it occupies a peculiarly commanding position. All round, it is amply supplied with excellent harbours, with all the materials for shipbuilding, and all the varied advantages which are naturally calculated to rear a hardy and numerous sea-going population. Its seas abound with fish, while its land is rich in coal, iron, and other metals. In short, it is provided amply with all the raw material for making it the workshop of this Western continent. And why has it then scarcely got over the first stages in such a career? It cannot be Confederation, for that is only a thing of two years yet. It was the want of a market which Confederation will supply, and of capital and enterprise. It is gratifying to see that there is the likelihood of a different state of things speedily. With all the depression that we have heard so much of as prevailing in Nova Scotia things are already looking up. More than four hundred thousand tons of coal have been mined and exported during the past year, and there is every likelihood of a very much larger quantity being so disposed of in the present. With such resources, and such a situation, the Nova Scotians, if true to themselves, and even moderately energetic and enterprising, cannot help being abundantly prosperous.

The funeral of Victor Noir took place at Paris on the 12th inst. The Government made extensive preparations to preserve order, and all its police and military arrangements were complete. During the morning the people began to gather round the house where the remains were lying, coming from all parts of the city. At 11 o'clock 5,000 workmen from the *fauhourgs* had passed up the Boulevards on their way to the funeral. Many carriages with ladies dressed in mourning drove to the house to join the procession. At 1 p.m., deputations of workmen visited the remains. The streets from Place de la Concorde to Rue St. Antoine were filled with vast throngs of people. Carriages containing noted persons were surrounded by the crowd, and their occupants cheered. The weather was cold, and heavy rain was falling, but the numbers continued to increase. Between 2 and 3 o'clock more than 100,000 persons were assembled in the vicinity of the place where the remains reposed. Henri Rochefort attended the funeral, and his appearance called forth demonstrations of enthusiasm from the people. The remains were taken to Hennesly for interment, whither they were followed by a long procession. The crowd wanted to parade with the body through Paris, but Louis Noir, brother of deceased, refused consent. At the cemetery there were frequent shouts of "Vive la République," and the *Marseillaise* was repeatedly sung by the people during the day. While M. Rochefort and Raspail were coming down

Champs d'Elysees, accompanied by a great crowd, who were singing the *Marseillaise* they were stopped by a regiment of soldiers, and the crowd ordered to disperse. Rochefort claimed his right as Deputy, and passed on to the Chamber, where he arrived pale and much excited. The Champs d'Elysees were then cleared by the troops. Two battalions were stationed near the hall of the Legislative body, and five regiments massed on the Boulevard close at hand. The crowd finally dispersed without offering any resistance, but some arrests were made by the police.

GOLD DIGGERS OF THIBET.

The Thibetan gold-field of Thok-Jalung, in latitude 32° 24' 26" and longitude 81° 37' 38", has been visited by a corps of scientific English explorers, who have just published an account of their observations. Their camp was pitched in a large, desolate plain of a reddish brown appearance, the tents stand in pits seven or eight feet deep for protection against the cold wind, the elevation being sixteen thousand three hundred and thirty feet, yet the diggers prefer to work in the winter, when nearly six hundred tents are to be found there; the soil when frozen does not "cave in." They have no wood, but use dried dung for fuel, and the water is so brackish as to be undrinkable until frozen and remelted. They live well, taking three meals a day of boiled meat, barley cakes, and tea stewed with butter. They will not use the Himalayan tea, as too heating and only fit for poor folks.

The gold is obtained from an excavation a mile long, 25 feet deep, and ten to two hundred paces wide, through which a small stream runs; the implements used are a long-handled kind of spade, and an iron hoe.

The water is dammed up, and a sloping channel left; at the bottom a cloth is spread, kept down by stones so as to make the bottom uneven; one man sprinkles the auriferous earth over the channel, and another flushes the channel by means of a leather bag; the pieces of gold fall into the inequalities and are easily collected in the cloth by lifting up the stones. The yield is large, nuggets of two pounds weight are found; the gold sells on the spot at rather less than thirty rupees per ounce. A gold commissioner or "sarpon" superintends all the gold fields, a string of which extends along the northern watershed of the Brahmaputra, from Lhasa to kudok. Each field has a chief or master, but any one may dig who pays the annual license fee of one sarapoo or two-fifths of an ounce.

The curious posture for sleeping, universal among the Thibetans, was observed here. They invariably draw their knees close up to their heads, and rest on their knees and elbows, huddling every scrap of clothing they can muster on their backs; the richer rest thus on a mattress rising towards the head. The poorer avail themselves of a suitable slope on the hill-side, or pile stones and earth to a convenient height. This position is most probably adopted in order to secure as much warmth as possible for the abdomen, the thighs pressing against it and excluding the air.

The gold-diggers recreate themselves with tobacco smoked in iron pipes, and, notwithstanding the hardships of their laborious toil, seem very merry, singing songs in chorus, in which the women and children join.

SUM SIGNS OF INFALLIBLE WEATHER.

The barking of dogs, the jawing of cats, and the bellowing of elephants, is a sure prognostyckuss of a dri spel, and a big bean crop.

When hens lay 2 eggs a day, and men cease to brag, and wimmin cease to cackle, then injun summer draws nigh, and the millenium aint fur oph.

If bees hang around their hives, and mules are seen in a brown studdy, a storm of sum kind iz cooking, and yu will notis the market for herring iz very cadaverous, and shifty.

Jist before a heavy sno storm, or 3 foot deep, chimby swallows are unkonmon skarse, and in the moral world there iz a grate lazyness in the agytashum of the temprance question.

When spiders are seen climbing up the wall backwards, and frogs cough az tho they had the hiccups, look out fur rain; this iz also a sure sign that children will have the measles light.

If pigs squeal in the night, and grasshoppers cum oph ov their roost, and mingle in a free fight, yu may hope for high winds in a few weeks, and also the typhus fever in yure naberhood.

When roosters are observed before daylite in the morning, soreing among the klonds, and uttering lamentashuns, then look out for sum sudden weather, and a severe pucker in the money market.

When yu see 13 gees, walking injun file, and toeing in, yu kan deliberately bet yure last surviving dollar on a hard winter, and a grate fluktuousness during the next season in the price of cow hide boots.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Temperature in the shade for the week ending January 19, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Consulting and Practical Optician, 387 Notre Dame Street, (next to Chas. Alexander & Son.)

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Thursday, Jan. 13.....	23°	0°	11° 5
Friday, " 14.....	14°	-20°	-3°
Saturday, " 15.....	34°	-8°	13°
Sunday, " 16.....	38°	24°	31°
Monday, " 17.....	42°	20°	31°
Tuesday, " 18.....	38°	18°	29°
Wednesday, " 19.....	28°	20°	24°

CHESS.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 2.

- |                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| White.                 | Black.           |
| 1. B. to Q. 8th.       | P. takes Kt.     |
| 2. P. to K. Kt. 3rd.   | P. to Q. R. 5th. |
| 3. P. to Q. B. 3rd.    | K. moves.        |
| 4. B. to K. 7th, mate. |                  |

VARIATION.

- |                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. B. to Q. 8th.     | P. to Q. B. 5th. |
| 2. P. to Q. B. 3rd.  | P. takes Kt.     |
| 3. P. to K. Kt. 3rd. | K. moves.        |
| 4. B. mate.          |                  |





SOLEMN PROCESSION AT THE OPENING OF THE OECUMENICAL COUNCIL





CONCILIAR COUNCIL.—THE POPE ENTERING THE VESTIBULE OF ST. PETER'S.—SEE PAGE 178.



## ADA DUNMORE;

OR, A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

BY MRS. LEPROTON,

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

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

She left me and I entered. What a room for a governess! This was not the traditional carpetless floor with its small wash-stand, solitary chair and shabby, old-fashioned comfortless bedstead. No, a graceful French couch with clouds of muslin drapery, deep bay windows, whose gilded cornices upheld curtains of delicate lace, a carpet glowing with roses, together with lounges, easy-chairs, and wonderful climax! a full-length mirror in which the governess might study and admire herself, if so disposed. I sank into a seat, overwhelmed with agreeable surprise. Was the elegant style of my apartment to be taken as an indication of the sort of life I was to enter on? Was my path at Elmsford to be strewn literally with roses, and myself to live henceforth in a species of Eden? "Patience! time will show," I thought, but philosophically as I strove to feel and think, my heart was inwardly overflowing with gratitude, not only to Him who so kindly protected and favoured me, but to those who, instruments of his bounty evinced such regard for a poor obscure dependant. Determining to never avail myself of the intimation I had received to ring for assistance if required, I set about smoothing my hair and removing the traces of travel and dust from my outward appearance. The dress I put on was exceedingly simple, though it was my best, but it had at least the merit of fitting perfectly. Soon after Maggie, the maid-servant, came to say that Mrs. Sherwin was ready to see me.

With a beating heart, though an outwardly calm exterior, I followed her, wondering all the while what that lady would be like. After descending the stairs we entered an exquisitely furnished apartment betraying evidences not only of wealth, but of refinement, in the paintings, statuettes and articles of *virtu* adorning it. My guide then raised a heavy damask curtain which hung before an arched opening at the far end and held it aside for me to pass. I did so and found myself in a dressing-room fitted-up with the same luxury as the apartment I had just left. Reclining on a couch lay a beautiful though fragile-looking woman, dressed with an exquisite taste, a refined elegance that filled me, notwithstanding my life-long indifference to such things, with secret admiration.

"How do you do, Miss Dunmore? Pray be seated!" she exclaimed in a voice, the charm of whose naturally sweet tone and musical modulations was considerably impaired by a certain drawling sort of intonation, evidently acquired. "I hope you had an easy journey—Croker says you had?"

I bowed, murmuring some words of courtesy.

"I must introduce you to your little pupil," she resumed. "Ah, here she is! Fairy, darling, come to me a moment!"

As she spoke, the damask curtain was impetuously dragged aside, and Fairy, or rather Helena Sherwin, made her appearance. She was truly a lovely little creature, with magnificent golden hair and faultless features, well deserving the pet name that had been bestowed on her.

"Come here, Fairy, and speak to Miss Dunmore," repeated her mother. "She is your governess."

Fairy paid no heed whatever to the injunction, but stood motionless, honouring me with a long full stare.

"Well, how do you like her?" enquired Mrs. Sherwin smiling.

"I don't know," answered the child, slowly, "but I find her pretty."

Was I mistaken, or did Mrs. Sherwin's delicately arched brows really contract at this childish remark? Certain it is, she impatiently rejoined:

"Nonsense! Fairy! Personal remarks are ill-bred. Tell me, Miss Dunmore, are you acquainted with music?"

"I regret to say, madam, that I know nothing of it whatever. I had hoped that when Doctor Jackson wrote, he would have explained that I am very deficient in most of those accomplishments which are looked on as almost indispensable in a governess of the present day."

"True—true! I had forgotten." He did explain all that, and I remember saying at the time it was of comparatively trifling importance, as Fairy could have masters for music and drawing. But I was told that you were a thorough mistress of Italian as well as French, and a good English scholar. Is it not so?"

I bowed my head in the affirmative.

"You will begin then, by correcting Fairy's Italian. After infinite worry and trouble we succeeded in procuring her a Piedmontese maid, whom we kept for the last two years, and who used to chatter in Italian at a wonderful rate; but, imagining my horror on discovering lately that she spoke a vulgar country patois, no more like the silvery language of Dante and Metastasio, than the dialect of some ignorant country girl is like the English we speak. Nina was sent away and succeeded by the present maid, who mangles her native French as mercilessly as that wretched Piedmontese did her Italian. You understand now why I lay such stress on the subject we are discussing. Fairy has had a miserable beginning in two languages, and you must correct the mischief as effectually as you can. For the rest, I think you will find your duties light, for she is possessed of wonderful talent and great natural quickness. Her constitution, however, is very delicate and does not permit of her being contradicted or opposed on any account. As I have already lost three children, you may judge how anxious and particular I am on this point."

I would willingly have dispensed with this gratuitous assurance of the extent of Fairy's abilities, as well as of her immunity from anything in the shape of reproof or opposition, the more especially as the little girl, whose large eyes were still fixed on myself, heard every word of the ill-judged remarks; but I dared not express anything like dissatisfaction; and inferring from Mrs. Sherwin's sinking back on her sofa, that our interview was at an end, I bowed low and retired. I was suddenly recalled, however, by the lady, who earnestly exclaimed as I re-entered her presence: "Oh, there is one important duty and care which will devolve entirely on yourself, and to which I trust you will pay the strictest attention." Expecting some recommendation about her daughter's character or moral training, I bent an attentive ear, and Mrs. Sherwin continued:

"As Fairy pays no heed whatever to the injunctions of her nurse, or of Croker, my own woman, it is to you I will look to ensure that she never goes out without a hat or a sun-bonnet, at least, in the day-time, lest her exquisite skin should get freckled or tanned."

This important charge I received with due gravity and stood in silent expectation of any further commands.

"Will you go with Miss Dunmore, Fairy? She will teach you out of your pretty new book."

"No!" was the laconic reply.

"Well, we will not ask my pet to-day. To-morrow will be time enough to commence. You will please come down at six this afternoon, Miss Dunmore, to take a walk with her in the grounds."

I again retired, this time unrecalled, and made my way back to my own room.

Dinner was brought up by Maggie, who told me that I was always to dine at noon with Miss Helena in the small dining-room adjoining the nursery, but, owing to our late arrival, her young lady had had her dinner already.

## CHAPTER IV.

PENETRALLY at six I descended to seek my little charge, according to my previous instructions, and, as I approached Mrs. Sherwin's room, the accents of a refined, manly voice fell sharply on my ear, the damask curtain proving but a very slight obstruction to the transmission of sound.

"And so she does not know music?" said the voice, but is acquainted with Latin and Greek! Why, she must be a sort of griffin! Tell me, Fairy, is she not old and ugly: doesn't she wear blue spectacles and take snuff?"

"No, indeed, papa, she isn't at all like that, but she is tall and pretty."

Becoming suddenly aware that I myself was the object of this discussion, I retreated again into the hall, feeling it would be an inopportune moment to present myself, and stood there considerably embarrassed. I was relieved by hearing the tinkling of a bell, followed by Mrs. Sherwin's voice directing a maid-servant to let Miss Dunmore know that she was wanted.

After a moment's delay I entered, feeling somewhat uncomfortable, for the previous speculations as to my personal appearance, indulged in by the master of the house, were not of a nature to put me at my ease. Lounging in an easy-chair with Fairy perched on his shoulder, was a strikingly handsome, elegant-looking young man, and on my entrance, the large bright eyes of this good-looking personage were suddenly and intently bent on myself.

"Go with Miss Dunmore, Fairy, for your walk," said Mrs. Sherwin; but Fairy, into whose pretty head the thought of obeying her mother's commands never seemed to enter, resolutely kept her ground.

"Do you hear, child? Do not keep your governess waiting!"

The little lady's only reply was to tighten her grasp on her father's thick jetty curls.

"Sherwin, put her down at once and do not encourage her thus in disobedience. How long is Miss Dunmore to play patience there?"

"What can I do?" said the young man, slowly removing his scrutinizing eyes from my crimsoning face. "See! she will not let go," and he strove to disentangle the tiny fingers so closely wreathed in his hair.

"Come with me, Fairy," I at length said, driven desperate by embarrassment. "I will show you how to make pretty chains and necklets out of clover blossoms."

Yielding to this tempting offer the young rebel descended from her perch, and quietly went out with me through the glass door that opened on the close-cut, well-kept lawn, saying: "I must show you first where to find them."

After a few minutes' walk, we arrived at a part of the grounds where the thick grass was plentifully studded with white and red clover, and I entered on my task. My wayward little charge was delighted with my skill, and insisted not only on a chain and bracelets, but also a wreath of the pretty simple blossoms. The ornaments completed and becomingly adjusted, we both returned homeward, for the hour had fully expired.

Leaning against the doorway through which we had passed out, stood Mr. Sherwin, and as we came in sight, he raised his eye-glass and directed his gaze full in our direction. Advancing under such close scrutiny was anything but pleasant, and I inwardly felt both humbled and irritated. Calling to my aid my natural pride, of which I began to discover I possessed a very fair share, I walked slowly and calmly up to the house, concealing the embarrassment I really experienced under an outward show of tranquil indifference. Mr. Sherwin neither dropped his eye-glass, nor desisted from his scrutiny till we were close to him, and he then negligently moved a little aside, leaving us but a very small space to crush past him.

"Look at my trinkets, mamma! They are prettier than yours," joyfully exclaimed Fairy, "and, see, I have a whole apron full here, and Miss Dunmore is going to make me more chains and crowns with them. Come into the drawing-room, quick!" and she impatiently twitched my dress.

Mrs. Sherwin's satisfied smile betokened how well pleased she was at the good understanding already established between her little daughter and myself, and rising, she said, "We will all go into the drawing-room together."

When Aladdin, in the tale of the "Wonderful Lamp," descended into the magic garden, where the trees and shrubs were loaded with the rarest, brightest jewels, instead of ordinary fruit, the sight could scarcely have proved more novel and dazzling to him than did the features of the new life on which I had entered to myself. Brought up as I had been exclusively from the day my eyes first opened to the light, in our scant, economical home, with its carpetless, half-empty rooms, dingy, dark passages, and time-stained, discoloured walls, what a contrast did not the airy elegance, the tasteful richness and luxury that reigned at Elmsford present! I began now to comprehend the secret of the charming room that had fallen to my share. Such a thing as an ill-furnished or shabby apartment could not be found in the establishment. With a reticence arising probably from my peculiar education, I gave no tokens of the surprise and admiration I secretly felt, and now on entering that temple of elegance, the drawing-room at Elmsford, I scarcely allowed my gaze to wander round it, but sat down at once to Fairy's flower chain.

Mrs. Sherwin placed herself at the piano, and, after running over a brilliant symphony, entered on some beautiful and difficult operatic selection, whilst her husband flung himself on a couch, previously piling up two or three cushions under his head.

"Fairy, come here," he at length said, after silently watching our occupation for some time. "I want to look at your handsome chain."

Fairy vouchsafed no reply.

"Do you hear, little one? Come at once!"

"No, I won't, papa. I am too busy."

Mr. Sherwin seemed to have some slight idea of asserting his paternal authority, which, of course, would have produced a formidable scene, when a diversion was effected by the entrance of a gentleman, whom my pupil introduced and apostrophized in the following original manner:

"Miss Dunmore, this is uncle Ellerslie, but, uncle, you must not talk to her now, for she is very busy, and she is my governess."

Disregarding this injunction as completely as the wilful Fairy did those of her own weakly indulgent parents, he immediately advanced towards me, and, extending his hand, kindly congratulated me on my safe arrival.

Mr. Ellerslie was not young nor handsome, nor exquisitely dressed, but he had a broad, intellectual brow, a look of striking intelligence, and a pair of honest, frank eyes, that spoke plainly of manly truth and integrity.

Whilst I was replying to his remarks, my pupil impatiently said: "Don't waste your time talking, Miss Dunmore, but go on with my chain."

"Be quiet, child!" said Mr. Ellerslie, with a degree of firmness that plainly betrayed he for one did not bow down in worship before the household idol.

"Uncle, do go away! Miss Dunmore is my governess, and you have no right to speak to her when I want her to work."

"I only wish I were your tutor, little lady, for a month, and I would give you a lesson or two in politeness that might be of use to you."

"Rupert! How can you talk so shockingly?" interrupted Mrs. Sherwin, who, notwithstanding her musical occupation, had overheard her brother's plain speech, and resented it.

"Come here, Fairy, my angel!"

"No, I won't," was the unamiable reply. "Come up stairs, Miss Dunmore, and we will be able to work there in peace."

"You had better do so, indeed," interposed Mrs. Sherwin. "Then, when Helena is tired, please call her maid to put her to bed."

Mr. Ellerslie's lip slightly curled, but he passed no remark, and I hastily retreated with my charge, only too thankful to be allowed to quietly escape.

The next day I formally entered on my new duties, and by dint of promising to go clover-hunting again, I persuaded my pupil to give me a specimen of her proficiency, and to submit at the same time to an hour's instruction from myself. I was both surprised and disappointed at the result. Mrs. Sherwin's unqualified eulogiums had led me to expect, even with due allowance for fond maternal exaggeration, that I should at least find Fairy fairly started on the road to learning; but instead, I discovered that a charity school girl could have taught her for months to come. She knew very little of reading or spelling, had no ideas, however confused, of the meaning of cyphers, or, indeed, of any other elementary branch of education, and was indolent and indifferent to a most discouraging degree. The child's bright, intelligent countenance, however, her natural quickness of manner and speech, betrayed that her backwardness was entirely the result of neglect and over-indulgence, not of natural incapacity, and the certainty somewhat reassured me. I might soon be able to acquire sufficient influence over her mind to induce her to apply herself, and that once accomplished, I felt certain of satisfactory results. Having persuaded her to talk a short time with me in Italian, I took advantage of the occasion to correct her errors in pronunciation, as well as grammar; but in this I met with stout opposition from my little pupil, who maintained that Nina said this, and said that: Nina knew Italian much better than anyone else, and finally she would only speak in the manner Nina had taught her.

We then put on our hats and sallied out to the clover-ground, from which we returned loaded with flowery chains, just in time for our dinner. It was served up in the nursery dining-room, but was perfect in every detail and appointment. Solid silver, costly china and cut crystal, made still more appetizing the dainty repast to which we sat down. Blanc-mange was placed on table for dessert, but when Fairy perceived the latter dish, she angrily enquired of the maid who waited on us "how dared cook send up blanc-mange, when she knew well how much she hated the nasty, tasteless white thing?"

"But we have something besides, Fairy," I cheerfully said. "See, here are some tempting pears and a plate of splendid grapes."

"Miss Dunmore, please let me alone! Go down at once, Maggie, and tell cook to send me up some pastry. I know she has some made. If she does not, I will tell mamma on her."

The girl gently rejoined: "You know, Miss Helena, that Mrs. Sherwin has forbidden you pastry. It made you very ill the last time you ate it."

"Then you must not have any to-day, Fairy," I quietly said.

"But I shall! But I shall!" screamed the pretty terriant.

"Go down at once, you impertinent Maggie, or I shall have you turned away! How dare you meddle, Miss Dunmore? You are here to teach me to read and spell—not what I am to eat. Maggie, are you going?"

The childish voice here rose almost to a shrill scream, and when I motioned the maid to remain, she deprecatingly rejoined:

"I must do as I am bid, Miss. 'Tis as much as my place is worth to refuse. When I bring it up though, you can, perhaps, prevent Miss Helena from eating it."

I felt really embarrassed, not knowing how to act. Mrs. Sherwin had as yet defined neither the extent nor the limits of my authority, and I feared to go too far. I determined to try coaxing, and promised another clover blossom expedition after dinner, but Fairy retorted that she was tired of the stupid flowers and began to hate them. I then hinted at marvellous little baskets I knew the secret of making with bright green moss, offering to shape her some if she would only forget her contemplated dessert. She resolutely shook her golden curls, and at this unfortunate stage of the argument, Maggie entered with a plate, on which lay a large piece of rich pastry. Of this latter my self-willed pupil, despite my entreaties, promises and menaces, freely partook. After dinner she went to Mrs. Sherwin for a couple of hours, an invariable rule, during which time she either drove out with

her, played about her dressing-room, or enjoyed a romp with her father. The interval, meanwhile, was at my own disposal, but, that day, I could not fix my attention on either book or pen; my thoughts were constantly recurring to the scene of the dinner and the difficulties beginning to loom up around my path, so far at least as the management of my pupil was concerned. At the expiration of the two hours, I proceeded to Mrs. Sherwin's dressing-room and found the lady, her husband and child together.

"How is this, Miss Dunmore?" querulously exclaimed the former, as I entered. "Fairy tells me that you allowed her rich pastry for dessert, though I have forbidden its ever being served upon the nursery table."

"I did not say that, mamma! I told you I had the pastry in spite of her."

"But surely you knew, Miss Dunmore," continued the mistress of the household with an aggrieved look, of course directed towards myself: "Surely you knew that it was an unsuitable dish for a child, especially as I had already warned you that Fairy was delicate."

"I did know it, madam, and used every effort short of physical force, to prevent her eating it."

"Good heavens! Miss Dunmore, where is the earthly use of a governess if she cannot control, in some slight degree, the pupils committed to her care?"

"I will cheerfully strive to do my best, Mrs. Sherwin, but I would first like to know the extent of authority you intend delegating to me? Am I to be allowed to reward or punish in any manner?"

Mrs. Sherwin opened her large blue eyes to their fullest extent, and after a momentary pause of astonishment, repeated as if involuntarily:

"Punished! No! Reward as much as you like, but my daughter is never to be punished, even menaced, by any other than her mother."

I slowly, but respectfully shook my head.

"What do you mean by that? Speak out, Miss Dunmore, I detest anything like innuendo."

"Perhaps, then, you would be kind enough to instruct me as to how Fairy is to be controlled? She is a lively, impulsive child, and somewhat wilful."

"Why, appeal to her reason, argue, discuss the point with her; and her own judgment, and natural sense of right, for she is a child of wonderful precocity, will settle the matter properly at once. Go now, Fairy, with Miss Dunmore. Go, like a darling child."

"No, I won't. She is a cross, old thing, and would have prevented me getting any pie at dinner if she could."

Here was an excellent occasion for Mrs. Sherwin to show me what could be done by appealing to her daughter's reason, but she did not enter on the experiment; and, after another injunction to Fairy, disregarded as the first had been, she told me that I might go up stairs, and that my pupil would soon follow me.

"I shall be in the school-room, Fairy, waiting for you," I said, as I turned away.

Very slowly and very thoughtfully I proceeded to the apartment in question, a cheerful, sunny chamber, adorned with handsome engravings, and fitted up with comfortable desks, large globes, and splendidly mounted maps. Sitting down in a softly cushioned easy-chair, I began to reflect on what had just passed. I felt anxious and alarmed, not so much at the wayward petulance of the daughter, as at the injustice—the wilful blindness of the mother. How was I ever to accomplish any good, unsupported, unaided, by the parents, and debarred from using any of the resources with which a just degree of authority would have furnished me?

And evidently much—indeed everything—was expected from me. Ah! already I was beginning to find that there were thorns lurking amid the roses at Elmsford.

CHAPTER V.

In the afternoon my pupil and myself were both in the sitting-room, overlooking some splendid engravings, chiefly foreign views; I, profiting of the chance, to give her some vague, slight notions of geography, such as the occasion permitted of, when Mrs. Sherwin and Mr. Ellerslie, who had been strolling in the grounds together, entered. Somewhat confused by this sudden accession to my audience, I paused, when suddenly, my restless little charge, whose attention had begun to wander from the pictures to myself, exclaimed: putting her tiny finger on that part of my head from which I had so hastily severed the long, thick tress given to poor George at parting, and which as yet, had grown only a few inches.

"Oh Miss Dunmore, I see you are as naughty as myself. Look, you have cut off a thick piece of your hair, just as I did some time ago, when mamma was so dreadfully angry with me. I did it for my doll, but you have no doll. What did you cut yours off for?"

The remembrance of the dreadful circumstances under which that lock of hair had been severed and given, brought a tide of painful crimson to my cheek, which token of emotion was most unpleasantly interpreted by Mrs. Sherwin, who remarked with a somewhat sarcastic smile:

"Oh, Fairy! Miss Dunmore cut off that tress probably for some one of whom she is far fonder than you are of your doll. Is it not so, Miss Dunmore?"

I could not mistake the peculiar significance of her tone, and pained—hurt by a supposition so far removed from the truth, yet unwilling, at the same time, to mention my brother's name, lest it should be followed by questions and remarks which would prove little short of absolute torture to me, I gravely rejoined:

"Yes, Mrs. Sherwin, it was indeed given to one very dear to me."

At that moment I encountered Mr. Ellerslie's eyes fixed in earnest, grave scrutiny on myself, and the look brought a more vivid tide of colour to my face. Shortly after, Fairy asked me to take a walk with her in the grounds, and I joyfully complied, glad to get away from the close observation of my companions.

A few weeks passed quietly over, I imparting as much instruction to my pupil as the latter would receive, which, I must say, was very limited in amount. On one point, however, I remained firm, and that was to converse with her almost exclusively in French or Italian. The result was that she made marked progress in both languages, which circumstance proved a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Sherwin. My duties, however, were not growing lighter, for Fairy remained as wayward and her mother as unreasonable as at first.

One day that I had vainly petitioned and insisted on the former commencing her childish studies such as they were, she suddenly exclaimed, prompted by some passing caprice:

"If you will come into the sitting-room where I can look out on the lawn through the windows, I will study there. If you don't, I will run out into the sun without my hat."

Moved as much by this threat as by the hope of inducing her to apply herself, I consented, but when arrived there, she was as indolent and refractory as ever. In vain I argued, coaxed, entreated—her only reply was a request to accompany her to the garden to gather some flowers.

This I peremptorily declined, promising, however, to do so at a later time if she would say her lesson at once.

"No, I won't!" she angrily retorted, giving way to a sudden burst of childish passion, under the influence of which she flung her book on the floor. "No, I won't, and you shall not treat me the way you do, any longer. Mamma said the other day that you were not fit for a governess, and Croker said so too."

Though often wayward and wilful, it was the first time the little creature had ever spoken in such a manner, and I recoiled from her as pained and surprised as if she had struck me. Suddenly she was raised from behind in the strong grasp of her uncle, Ellerslie, who had entered the room unperceived, during our previous wordy discussion, and, who now bore her shrieking and struggling, to the lawn outside, on which he deposited her.

"What a woful specimen of mismanaged infancy!" he exclaimed, shutting the door and approaching me. "I fear, Miss Dunmore, that the situation I have been instrumental in procuring you, is not one for which you can afford me much gratitude."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Ellerslie! Comforts, luxuries of which I had never even dreamed, as well as a most liberal salary, have been mine since I entered Elmsford, and I could not expect to enjoy them without some drawback. I did not embark on my new career of governess, expecting to find it all sunshine and unclouded pleasure."

"You are gifted with rare patience, young lady," he thoughtfully rejoined. "I was standing at that door a long time, unseen and unsuspected, before I interfered, and I really knew not which to wonder at most, the child's wilfulness or your own rare untroubled patience. Surely it is a precious possession—more so than a rich inheritance."

"You forget," I said, smiling faintly, there may just possibly be some truth in Fairy's random accusations. I really am not fit for a governess, at least as the word is understood at the present day."

"And pray why not? You are a thorough English scholar."

"Yes, but I know nothing whatever of music or singing."

"Granted; but you speak and pronounce French and Italian with rare elegance and perfection, not to mention your being also tolerably conversant with the dead languages."

"But, I cannot teach drawing or dancing."

"Instead, you have a good practical knowledge of botany, geology and other sciences of which only a wretched smattering is imparted in so many of our first-class female academies."

"But, alas! I cannot do worsted, bead or wax-work—cannot braid a smoking cap—crochet a maecassar—embroider a pair of slippers."

"Pshaw!" he impatiently interrupted. "Merely ingenious feminine ways of frittering away time. Remember, I do not disapprove of them, when looked on in the light of mere pastime—as such, they are graceful and harmless; but, when they become, as they often do, serious, engrossing pursuits, followed to the detriment of more important duties, they are worse than useless. Tell me, will wax or wool-work prepare a girl for the future important duties she will be called on to fulfil as mistress of a family, or member of society? Will acquaintance with knitting and braiding, or even drawing and dancing, store her mind with valuable knowledge, with religious or mental wealth which will enable her at some future period, to be companion, counsellor, friend to a husband, or to those with whom she may come in contact? The influence of woman in society, constituted as it now is, might become all powerful for good, and yet, how lightly, almost criminally, is it often frittered away."

A short silence followed, for I felt that concurrence from me would scarcely appear disinterested, and he soon abruptly resumed:

"Tis too bad, too bad, Miss Dunmore, that you, with your rare mental gifts, should have no higher field for them than teaching a spoiled child her Primer. 'Tis but poorly fulfilling the charge with which your dying father invested me, or proving the tender respect I cherish for the memory of your admirable mother, whom I knew well during the first years of her sojourn in Canada. I fear I must seek out something more suited to your capabilities."

"It will not be so easily found, Mr. Ellerslie. Flattering as is the view you so kindly take of my poor qualifications, I cannot ignore my own lamentable deficiencies in so many essential points; but, I must seek out poor little Fairy. She is so much accustomed to petting—she will feel doubly hurt by your late severity."

As I spoke, the door was thrown open and Mrs. Sherwin made her appearance. Her cheek was flushed—her manner excited—and I was not at all surprised when she apostrophized me with:

"Upon my word, Miss Dunmore, you are a most trustworthy as well as kind-hearted governess. You allow your charge, first to be cruelly abused, and afterwards think it beneath your dignity to follow, in order to soothe or console her. What are you doing down here? Why are you not up in the school-room with your pupil at this hour?"

"Because, Mrs. Sherwin, she insisted on coming down, and I had only the alternative of accompanying her, or seeing her run out, as she threatened to do, into the glare of the sun without her hat."

"All pretence! Up stairs is a little dull and you are tired of it. Allowing, however, the truth of your statement, why did you sit tamely by and see her expelled from her own mother's drawing-room?"

"Pray, Helena, do not seek to make Miss Dunmore responsible for my actions, however determinedly you may insist on her bearing the blame of all Fairy's misdeeds."

"You are harsh and cruel, Rupert! I am ashamed of you."

He smiled half-good humouredly, half contemptuously, as he rejoined: "And I am very much ashamed of my ill-bred, wilful little niece."

"Miss Dunmore, please go to Miss Helena at once!" sharply exclaimed Mrs. Sherwin, turning an angry glance on myself.

I hastily obeyed, and not possessing patience sufficient to wait till I should be out of hearing, she sneeringly said: "So, you too, Rupert, despite your pretended wisdom and philosophy, yield at once, like a school-boy, to the charms of a pretty face!"

"And you, Helen, like so many of your sex, hate and harass the unhappy owner of one. Better for Miss Dunmore, that she had bright red hair, coarse features, or a squint. Her path through life would be much pleasanter than it will probably be under existing circumstances."

I heard no more, but pained and mortified, hurried out on my mission. I found Fairy, already oblivious of her late grievances, dancing around her father, who was stretched in a graceful, half-reclining attitude at the foot of a tree. The instant she perceived me, she flung her arms round his neck, bidding me "go away instantly, for I was cross and ugly."

"Hush, Fairy!" laughed Mr. Sherwin, throwing his arm half around her as if to protect her from any attempt at rescue on my part. "Miss Dunmore may be cross, but she certainly is not ugly."

"Take care, papa. Did't mamma scold you well the other morning, for saying she was so pretty. Take care—I'll tell!"

"Not another word, child! You are really becoming what our French friends justly call an *enfant terrible*. Pray, Miss Dunmore, take her away at once. I am tired of her."

But, as Fairy still clung to him, and his arm still encircled her, I ventured on no more active interference than telling my wayward pupil that her mamma wished her to accompany me to the school-room, immediately.

"Pray, get up off the grass, Mr. Sherwin, and do not lie there, foolishly encouraging Fairy in her wilfulness," exclaimed Mrs. Sherwin, as she suddenly appeared in our midst.

"I tell you I won't leave papa now. Go away, Miss Dunmore, I won't go with you."

"Tis really too bad to think you have acquired so little influence over the mind of your pupil, Miss Dunmore! 'Tis of no use standing there, so you had better go to the school-room at once. Fairy will soon join you."

Barely able to repress the indignant tears that rushed to my eyes, I silently obeyed. Ah! the thorns at Elmsford were growing sharper and longer every day. The roses could not hide them now.

I was sitting in my usual place in the school-room, when Mr. Sherwin entered and deposited the little rebel on the richly-carved desk in front of me.

"There, Miss Dunmore! I had to bribe her into coming by carrying her all the way on my shoulder, an effort, by the way, that has quite exhausted me. Now, little one, remember you promised me to be very good."

"Oh, indeed I will!" replied the now laughing child, "but I cannot study that horrid spelling!"

"I fear she will grow up a stupendous dunce!" said he, glancing enquiringly towards me.

"She has good natural abilities, but she gives them no chance whatever, I rejoined."

"What matter?" was his careless reply. "She will be too handsome to require any extraneous aid from talent or intellect. What does a creature with her splendid eyes and exquisitely cut features want with book-learning?"

"She will at least require to know reading and writing," I briefly, indeed abruptly, rejoined. "Is not your doctrine an unusual one, Mr. Sherwin?"

"A true one, nevertheless! Just look at yourself," and he lowered his voice and bent nearer to me, whilst his dark eyes looked steadfastly into mine: "Latin, Greek, Algebra, would be all well enough for some sharp-featured, blue-spectacled old governess, but with your matchless face and figure, they are simply absurd and aggravating."

"They serve at least to make me independent," I coldly retorted, rising at once to my feet, for both his looks and words inexpressibly annoyed me. "If one home, from any cause, becomes unsuitable or distasteful to me, I can leave it for another."

"Ah! I see what you would convey!" he languidly rejoined. "A menace—a threat to quit! Well, if ever you do so, I earnestly beg that you will not drag my name in any way into the row, for I have enough of storm mingled with my domestic sunshine, as it is!" and with his usual air of listless elegance he lounged from the room.

Striving to choke back my tears, to calm down my angry indignant feelings, I leaned my head on the desk, and recalled with a long yearning sigh the quiet seclusion of the home which I had at times thought so dreary. Preferable, indeed, were its bare dark rooms, and bleak neglected surroundings, with the honest independence they had conferred, to the gildings, luxuries and roses of Elmsford!

"Are you sorry, Miss Dunmore," questioned my little companion, raising my head with her tiny hands. "Your eyes are red. I suppose you have been crying because I've been so naughty this morning. I'm sorry, and I am going to try to be good now. Give me my spelling and I will study it through, though I hate it so much."

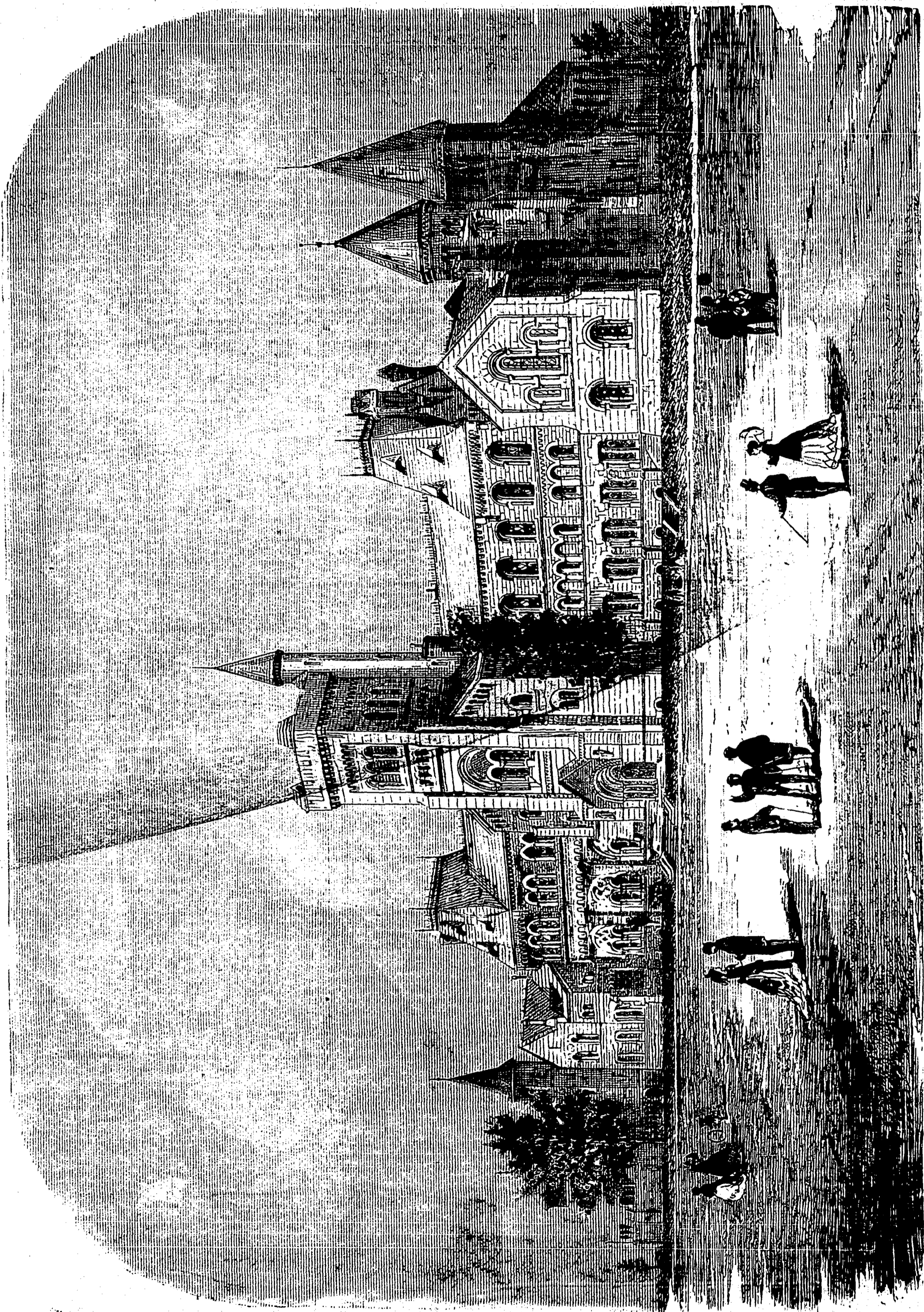
Somewhat soothed by even this indication of childish sympathy, I took her on my lap and had the satisfaction of finding her, perhaps, for the first time since she had come under my charge, thoroughly attentive and docile.

To be continued.

It will interest naturalists to learn that the Zoological Gardens of Hamburg possess at this moment a litter of animals unique in the world. Some months ago, a Lithuanian lynx escaped from a travelling menagerie at Altona, and £20 reward was offered for its capture, but in vain. A few days ago, a sentinel at Kiel, observed a strange-looking animal leaving the mouth of a large gun on the ramparts, and shortly afterwards re-entering it with a duck in its jaws. Assistance having been procured, a net was spread over the muzzle of the gun, and the missing lynx was recaptured together with a domestic cat and a litter of three young ones. The offspring of this curious and hitherto quite unprecedented cross of breeds are now in the Jardin des Plantes of Hamburg, and have been visited by many naturalists. The directors of the Zoological Garden at Paris have offered 5,000fr. for the single specimen.

Foreign gossip says that one of the methods adopted to cure Carlotta of insanity is setting her to work at a sewing machine. A good many young women hereabouts might be brought to their senses by the same process.







CORREGGIO'S "ST. JEROME."

Among the paintings in the *Académie Ducale*, or School of the Fine Arts at Parma, are several fine works by Correggio, foremost among which is the "St. Jerome," a Leggotype of which, copied from an engraving, we here introduce. It was painted in the artist's best time, for the widow of a Parmese gentleman, Orazio Bergonzi, the lady stipulating to pay eighty gold crowns for the work. Correggio spent six months in the house of the widow Bergonzi, painting the picture, and when finished, so well did it please his patroness, that she gave the artist, in addition to the eighty gold crowns, two cartloads of firewood, a quantity of wheat, and a pig. It is said that in 1549 the King of Portugal offered the incredible sum of 460,000 francs for it—a sum equal to about ninety thousand dollars of our money. It is one of the most celebrated of Correggio's pictures. The Virgin holding in her arms the Infant Jesus, occupies the centre of the composition; on the left is St. Jerome, a figure of strong muscular development, holding an open book before the holy child, whose attention is directed to it by an angel. On the right is Mary Magdalen, fondling the feet of the Infant Saviour, and behind her an angel holding a vase. The picture is remarkable for the pure day-light diffused over the scene, and hence the Italians give it the title of "The Day." The artist, Antonio Allegri, was born at the small town of Correggio in the duchy of Modena, from which his name, so well known in art, is derived—near the close of the fifteenth century. At an early age he distinguished himself by painting some fine altar pieces and other works in his native village, and in 1518, before he was yet 25 years of age, he removed to Parma, where he permanently established himself. He died in 1534.

HOW SMALL THINGS ARE UTILIZED.

(From Chambers' Journal.)  
 One of the blessings of modern science presents itself in the form of economy, frugality, utilization. Things which were formerly thrown away as waste are now applied to man's purposes, to an extent far beyond our general supposition. Let us refresh the reader's memory by a summary of results already recorded. Beautiful perfumes are produced from substances not merely trivial, but in some cases fetid and repulsive. Fused oil, putrid cheese, guslar, and the drainage of cow-houses, are thus transformed; the result is a triumph of chemistry; but it is commercially shabby and unfair to call perfumes thus obtained by such delightful names as "oil of pears," "oil of apples," "oil of pin-apples," "oil of grapes," "oil of cognac," "oil of bitter almonds," "eau de mille-fleurs." Blue dyes are made from scraps of tin, old wooden rags, and the parings of horses' hoofs. Old iron hoops are employed in ink making; bones as a source of phosphorus for tipping Congreve matches; the dregs of port wine for making Seidlitz powders; the washings of coal tar for producing a flavoring condiment for *blanc-mangé*. Old woolen rags are the foundation of the prosperity of Dewsbury and Batley, in Yorkshire; these musty, fusty, dusty, frouzy fragments being ground up into shoddy and mungo. Other relics of old woolen garments are made to yield flock for wall paper, padding for mattresses, and Prussian blue for the color makers. Chemicals are employed to destroy the cotton fibers in old worn-out balzarines, Orleans, coburgs, and other mixed fabrics for ladies' dresses, and to liberate the woolen or worsted fibers for a new career of usefulness. Woolen rags, when even the shoddy maker will have nothing to do with them, are choice materials for the farmer as manure. That bones are used for knife handles we know very well; but it appears they are also used for boneblack by color and varnish makers, for size by dyers and cloth finishers, and for manure by farmers. Horns and hoofs are a very magazine of useful products in the hands of the scientific chemist. Whalebone cuttings yield Prussian blue; dogs' fat is (shamefully) made into sham cod-liver oil; wool scourers' waste and washings reappear as beautiful stearine candles; bullocks' blood is used in refining sugar, in making animal charcoal, and in Turkey-red dyeing; ox gall or bile is used by wool scourers and by color makers; fishes' eyes are used for birds in artificial flowers; bladders and intestines are made into air-tight coverings and into musical strings; all the odds and ends of leather and parchment dressing are grist to the glue-maker; calves' and sheep's feet yield an oil which is doctored up most fragrantly by the perfumer; stinking fish is always welcome as manure to the farmer; and a brown dye is extracted from those small bedroom acquaintances whom few of us like to talk about, and none like to see or to feel. At least fifty thousand tons of cotton waste, the residue and sweepings of the mills, are annually utilized by being worked up into coarse shooting,

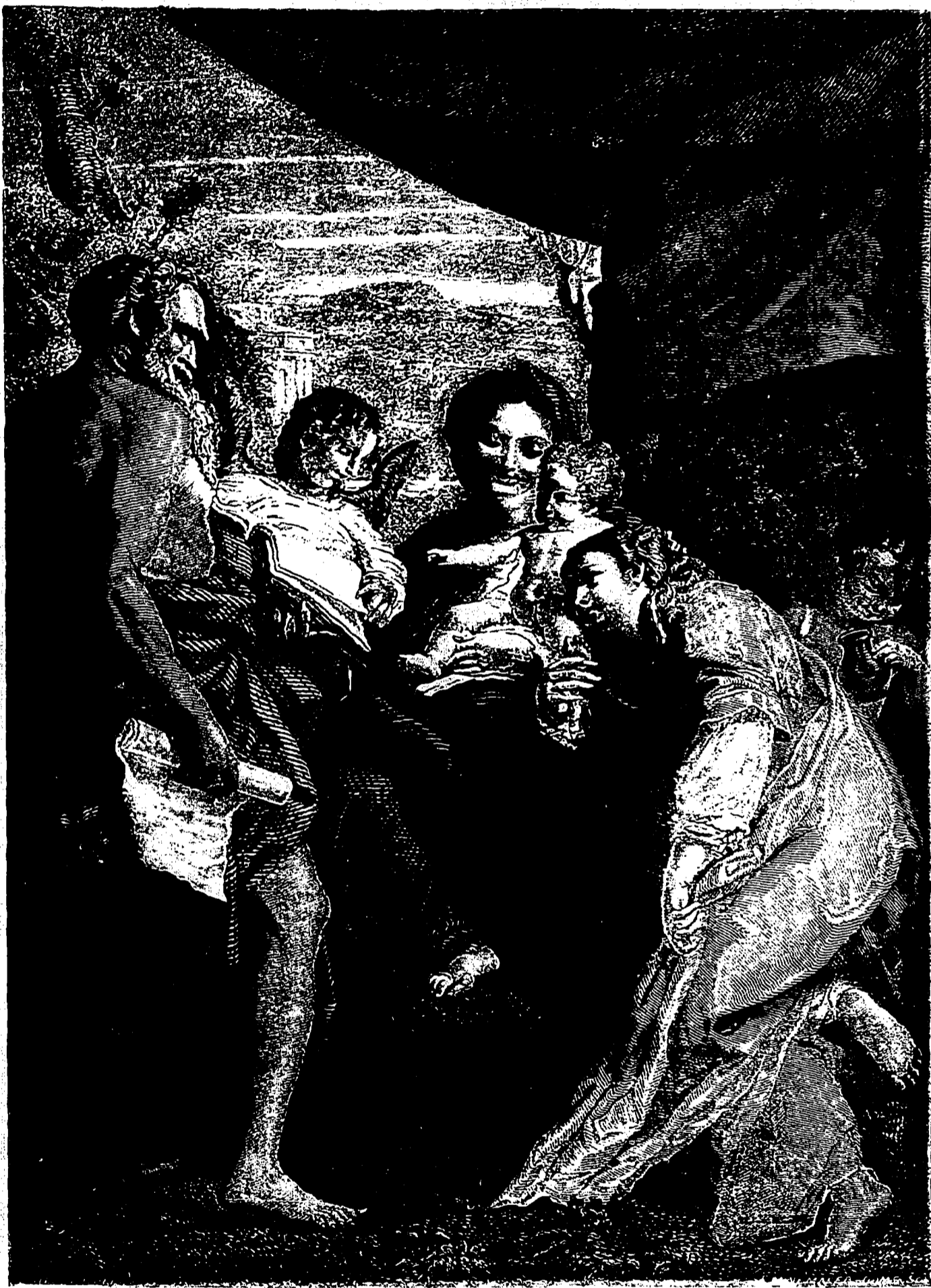
bed covers, *papier-maché*, and the commonest kinds of printing paper. Seaweed is used as a material for paper, as a lining material for ceiling and walls, and as a source whence the chemist can obtain iodine. Various kinds of weed, when the oil has been squeezed out of them, are useful cattle fatteners as oil cake. Grape husks yield a beautiful black for choice kinds of ink; raisin stalks constitute a capital clarifying agent for vinegar; bran or corn refuse is valuable in tanning, calico printing, and tinplate making; brewers and distillers' grains are fattening food for cattle. Bread raspings are in France sometimes used as a substitute for coffee, and as a tooth powder. Tan-pit refuse is valuable for the gardener's hot-house. Damaged potatoes, and rice and grain are made to yield starch. Ground horse-chestnuts are not unknown to the makers of cheap macaroni and vermicelli. Cork cuttings and scraps are eagerly sought for stuffing and for buoyant purposes. P'a shells are used as a food for milk cows, and spirit may be distilled from them. Sawdust is now applied in a prodigious number of ways, for making paper, distilling oxalic acid, smoking fish, cleaning jewelry, filling scent bags, stuffing dolls, etc. Tobacco ashes are made into tooth powder. The coal tar from gas works is made to yield sulphate of ammonia, sul-

disfavour by the Papal government, which, in 1836, intimated to him, that he should leave the Papal States. Surrounded by a troop of mounted police, he wounded two, and killed their chief; he received, however, two wounds in the encounter, and had to surrender. After a rather long detention at Fort Saint Angelo, in Rome, he returned to America. He next went to England, and thence to the island of Corfu. During an excursion in Albania, he had a quarrel with the Pallikares, and sustained, almost unaided, a deadly combat. The English government having induced him to leave the Italian and Greek coasts, he left for London, after vainly offering his services to France, and to Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt. In 1848, on hearing the news of the revolution, he hastened to Paris, recalled to the public the life and opinions of his father, who had always entertained republican principles, and obtained a military appointment. He was elected in Corsica to the Constituent Assembly, and was placed on the committee of war. He usually voted with the extreme Left, and against having two chambers; for the right to labour; progressive taxation; amnesty for the transported prisoners; and in favour of the entire republican constitution. On many occasions he testified to the sentiments of his cousin, Louis Napoleon.

After the election of Dec. 10, he continued to sit with the Mountain party, and disapproved of the expedition to Rome. The democrats received a consistent support from him, except in relation to personal matters of the President. Re-elected for Corsica, he acted as one of the most ardent adversaries of reaction. The anger of the Right was often excited by his democratic ardour.

M. Pierre Bonaparte also energetically denied that any projects were entertained respecting a *coup d'état*, in rather unparliamentary language. He showed the same intractable disposition in his military conduct. In 1849, he left for Algeria, where he assisted at the first operations of the siege of Zaachta, and then, before the assault, and without permission, he returned to France. The Minister of War deprived him of his military rank, and this measure, which was followed by a duel between M. Pierre Bonaparte and a journalist of the extreme Right, received the express approbation of the Assembly.

The *coup d'état* having placed in an awkward position the members of the Bonaparte family, who had pronounced in favour of the maintenance of the Constitution, M. Pierre Bonaparte retired to private life. At the re-establishment of the Empire, he received, with his brothers, the title of Prince, but without being any longer one of the Imperial family. He does not much frequent the Court of the Tuileries, lives sometimes in Corsica, to gratify his taste for hunting, and at other times at a country-house at Autueil. He devotes part of his leisure to literary pursuits, and translated Niccolini's tragedy of "Nabuchodonosor" into French verse.



ST. JEROME.—After Correggio.

ammoniac, printers' ink, lampblack, disinfectants, naphtha, benzole, paraffine, and the magnificent series of aniline colors for dyeing and calico printing. The sediment in wine casks is made into cream of tartar. Old kicked-off horseshoe nails yield the best of all iron for musket barrels. As for the shops in which gold workers, jewelers, and gold-beaters work, not only is the very dust on the floor precious, but a refiner will gladly give a new waistcoat or apron for an old one, for the sake of the auriferous particles thereby obtained.

PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE.

Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte, whose name figures so prominently in connection with the quarrel arising out of an article in the *Marseillaise*, has had an adventurous career, and, unlike his elder brother, Lucien, has chiefly followed military pursuits. He is the third son of Lucien, brother of Napoleon I., and was born at Rome in 1815. In 1832 he came to the United States to join his uncle, Joseph, formerly King of Spain. He next proceeded to Columbia, and joined the army of Santander, by whom he was placed in command of a squadron. Soon after, he returned to Italy, where he was regarded with

this method was nearly twice as large; in 1865 more dredging machines were in operation, and 50,000 pounds of amber were raised. In 1866 the quantity had increased to 73,000 pounds. At present about fourteen machines and above four hundred workmen are employed in dredging, who work day and night if the Haff is not frozen up. The Memel firm pays about 4,000 Prussian dollars per annum to Government in rent, and the current expenses are said to amount to 180,000 Prussian dollars a year. Similar works are about to be established in the Fresh Haff near the Port of Pillau. The quantity of amber thrown up by the sea of late years has been inconsiderable; the exact amount, however, cannot be ascertained, as the fishermen who collect this mineral sell it privately in small parcels. The amber found in Memel is of excellent quality, and is considered to be particularly adapted for pipe mouth-pieces. The prices vary according to the size and quality of the piece, from five silver groschen to eighty dollars per pound. The largest piece ever found in the neighbourhood of Memel, weighed about five pounds, and was valued at about four hundred Prussian dollars.

AMBER.—The yield of amber in the Samland, the district between Königsberg and the Baltic, was recently 5,300 pounds in one year. Amber is found on the sea coast of eastern Prussia, and on the shores and at the bottom of the Fresh and Curish Haffs. It is fished for in the surf with nets, or dug up out of the sands, but the most successful method is to dredge for it at the bottom of the water. In former times amber was only procured by laboriously picking it up on the sea shore, but it has since been discovered that large amber fields exist from sixteen to thirty feet below the surface of the sea in a tertiary stratum. The digging, up to 1862, had yielded very fair profits, but by the system of dredging, a Memel firm in one year obtained 17,500 pounds of amber at a cost of about 53,000 Prussian dollars. In 1863 the quantity collected by



THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

The elder was scarce twenty, the younger was hardly more than a child, and child-like in her manner, but had at the same time the demour of a woman. Her carriage was most dignified, her steps light and graceful. Her dark hair was arranged in braids shaped like a crown, and ornamented with a faded green ribbon; in a similar manner the elder wore her raven black and still more luxuriant hair. This lady, who had only slightly covered her splendid neck with a shawl, looked like one of the muses of old Hellas. It was Thérèse de Fontenay, who has been kept here already five months in a state of uncertainty as to her future, and who, after suffering all the torture of imprisonment, showed herself to all her companions in affliction as the genius of hope and consolation. The other lady, not quite sixteen, was the banker Recamier's wife, who with a third lady had become the room-mates and friends of Thérèse.

"What a bliss!" exclaimed she, raising her blue eyes to the pure azure sky illumed by the rays of the sun. "Oh, Thérèse," added she, drawing her affectionately to her heart, "is this sky not necessary for man? Could we live, could we become conscious of a spiritual connection with Creation, if we did not see this azure sky?"

"Little fool!" scolded Madame de Fontenay smilingly. "Do you not know that there exist also persons that are blind?"

"You are right," replied she with graceful modesty. "There are persons yet more unhappy than we."

"More unhappy? Ah, dear Adelaide—yesterday you said that you were happy, and to-day you complain of your unhappiness?"

"Unhappy or happy, just as you like, dearest Thérèse. I am unhappy in living for months behind these walls, in not seeing a tree, nor a field, nor even a flower—nothing more of God's beautiful nature than this sky, of which those monsters of liberty cannot deprive us! I am happy in having found in this misery you and Josephine, in drawing nourishment from your minds, your hearts, in loving you as your child! Oh, Thérèse, if the gates of this prison should open, and you be left behind—if I were not conducted to death, I would remain here, not to part with you!"

Thérèse Cabarrus kissed the young Madame Recamier and said: "And your poor husband? Would you not long for him?"

"Ah, my husband!" replied she sighing. "I scarce know him. I have been taken from the convent, and as a child, which might yet play with dolls, been married to a very sedate, rich and prosaic man. I came from Lyons to Paris in a carriage as a young wife who was ashamed of being but fourteen, and as a detested royalist have been torn from my husband by these Sans-culottes and Jacobins, before I could conceive the happiness of possessing him."

"Is your fate not similar to mine?" asked Thérèse.

"Oh, you," whispered she, clinging to her and gazing lovingly into the eyes of her friend: "you love, and are beloved."

"And do you think, you will not also enjoy this happiness?" replied Thérèse, adding jestingly: "Wait till you become my age, then you will know what love is."

Madame Recamier burst out laughing.

"Eh," whispered she waggishly to the ear of the smiling and listening Madame de Fontenay, "does every one find a Tallien, a grim Pluto who chooses out of the condemned in the lower regions a Proserpine? And how romantic is this not! You are happy by having gained such an experience! Do you not write to each other, as if you had gone for a short time to Italy, or you were the wife of a deputy from the province, who has to live in Paris while she stays at home? My husband never writes any letters to me."

"He is not successful in managing so that his letters reach you," consoled Thérèse. "You know how long it has taken me to persuade Jeanne to be my letter-carrier."

"She has forwarded also my letters, but I have never received any answers. Ah," continued she indignantly, "how long must I yet remain in this detestable prison! What do they want with a child like me?"

"Now you are impatient again. Be content that they do not impeach you. With dread I see every evening the arrival of the police commissioner with the ferocious pike-man, each time imagining that my turn has now come, that I will be called and impeached. My good Tallien has not been able to save me; he is, perhaps, like Danton and Desmoulin, waiting for his death in the ante-room of the guillotine. Ah," muttered she angrily, "if Tallien would only show himself a man, if I could only be with him, he should long since have terminated the tyranny of Robespierre!"

"How should this be possible, my darling? Does he not rule with the mob? And what power is there to-day that he could not oppose?"

"Adelaide," whispered Thérèse, looking cautiously around to see if there was not near her a prisoner suspected of espionage, one of those paid "montons," whose duty it was to denounce the so-called conspiracies in the prison. "A dozen of resolute men in the convention are able to terminate this bloody scandal—you may believe me. The people have become sober from terror and desire to escape Jacobin slavery. If one courageous man would attack Robespierre, the rest would soon follow his example."

"Yes, are they not all condemned to be slaughtered one after the other, as in the cavern of Polyphen?"

"Thus I wrote to Tallien lately. I told him he should die to liberate France from the tigers, as die he must if they continue their bloody work. They will not spare him much longer."

"But Charlotte Corday thought and acted the same. Of what avail has it been? After Marat's death the rule of terror has been more fierce than ever."

"Believe me, things are different to-day. If I played the part of Charlotte Corday against Robespierre, you should see that his fall would also bring down the mad government of the headsmen."

Her eyes flashed as she said these words to Madame Recamier, who anxiously replied:

"Thérèse, for God's sake, let no one hear you—it would be your destruction."

"My destruction? That would mean to be guillotined.—Ah, my little one, who to-day would be afraid of it?"

"Oh, I would! I do not like to die. I wish to live, to be free—how I long to see myself attired again in the finest robes!"

"Say rather, in clean linen," interrupted Thérèse laughingly; she then saluted a group of men and women who had approached her.

"Beautiful Senora," said a very elegantly dressed, elderly gentleman, with the grace of a genuine *co-débutant*, "you have

The reader will have heard, not without astonishment, the mention of some names of the society in the castle of Montrouil. These persons, in fact, had, within the last few days, changed from pensioners of the count, and members of the new church, into inmates of the Luxembourg prison. Robespierre could no longer protect them, or did not wish to do so, after this sect had been called a gang of conspirators by some members of the convention, ironically alluding to the protection Robespierre gave to the pious mother in Paris, and the converts in Montrouil. As Robespierre did not interfere, most of the noble count's *protégés* were arrested; he alone was yet spared.

Amidst this circle, and other fellow-prisoners, the two youthful ladies were slowly walking up and down the courtyard, chatting, jesting, and laughing, while surrounded by the attentions and gallantries of the gentlemen, who were showing every distinction to Thérèse Cabarrus. Her charm was also exercising its power here, and while all the men of good society endeavoured to pay her their homages, the ladies even acceded willingly to her the foremost place, which she so well deserved through her beauty, her noble spirit, and her energetic, at the same time, true feminine character. With her wit and elastic spirit she understood how to give the conversation an ever new attraction and variety.

"But what keeps Madame de Beauharnais so long?" was again asked by some one, and they all looked round if they did not see her amongst the other prisoners. "Really, it is very strange," said Thérèse, wondering.

"Let us go to our cell," cried Adelaide, "there we shall find her, and hear from her why she, to-day, delays so long joining us."

"Yes, yes, bring her here," was the general request. "We are longing for her."

Cheerfully, arm in arm, the two ladies hastened to the building, and when they reached the corridor, from which the small room occupied by the three ladies opened, they met Jeanne with broom and pail.

"Hush," cried the girl who was cleaning the corridors, raising her finger in a warning manner.

Thérèse, concluding that Jeanne had to make her a communication, sprung towards her.

"What have you received for me, Jeanne? Letters?"

"Two," replied she in a low voice, and after ascertaining that she was not watched, produced from her dress-pocket two sealed letters.

The Spaniard's eyes gleamed with joy when she received these letters, which she hurriedly concealed in her bosom, and heartily thanking the girl, hastened to Adelaide, who stood already at the door of their cell.

When they had pushed open the door, which, to their surprise, stood ajar, while according to regulations it should have been wide open for the purpose of airing the room, they were greatly astonished and alarmed at seeing a slender woman of about the age of thirty, kneeling on the floor, her head resting on the bed, her face covered with both her hands.

"My God!" cried Madame Recamier, rushing towards the kneeling figure. "What has happened?"

"Josephine!" called Thérèse, while trying to raise her head. She was sobbing. She seemed to labour under a great affliction.

Thérèse observed a letter, wet with tears, lying beside her, and felt that it contained the tidings causing this misery.

Conscious of the condition she enjoyed, she seized the letter, and Adelaide, leaning her face against her friends', both manfully read the fatal contents, without being able to restrain their tears gushing forth as soon as they had read the first line. The letter ran thus:

"A few minutes more are granted me, which I will devote to affection and lamentation, then I must resign myself to the great thought of immortality! When you receive these lines, dearest beloved, your husband will be enjoying his true existence in the kingdom of God. I have taken care that a portion of my hair has been taken off to be given to my Josephine and my children, as a testimony of my love. I feel that in thinking of them, my heart is breaking. Fare-well to you all whom I so dearly love. Do not cease loving me, and speaking of me, and do never forget that the honour of dying as a martyr to liberty glorifies the scaffold."

General de Beauharnais was dead! For some minutes nothing but the sobbing of the three ladies was heard in the cell.

"Josephine," said Thérèse at last, trying to console her distressed companion, "do not lose courage, dear friend. Your husband has been destined to die for the glory of France. It could not be on the field of battle—nevertheless he has fallen as a hero."

The general's widow lifted her head, and seizing the hand of Thérèse, raised herself up. She proffered the other hand to the weeping Adelaide. For a long time she could not speak, the tears streaming down her cheeks. Though she was not exactly a beauty, the dignity, amiability, and grace she possessed adorned her also in her affliction.

"Dead!" said she, giving vent to her feelings, while her bosom convulsively heaved, and her features bore traces of heart-felt sorrow. "Dead! Thus France pays the services of a noble warrior. Thus they drag to the scaffold those who in times past received the wreath of laurels. Oh Beauharnais! sobbed she again. "Now you are dead—your wife is widowed, and your children orphans. What will become of us?"

"Confide in God," said Adelaide Recamier. "In God?" repeated she with bitterness. "That would be blaspheming God."



Prisoners in the Luxembourg.

come only with one of your sisters. Ah, why is the picture of the three graces incomplete?"

"Yes, madame," added a lady, very condescendingly, nodding her head, "where is Madame de Beauharnais?"

"It is not my fault that she is not here," replied Thérèse. "Countess Chauveux may believe that I painfully miss at my side the third companion of my prison."

"Is she sick?" asked the countess anxiously. "Or is she free? Perhaps she has escaped?"

"Ah, Baron Breugnolles!" said Thérèse. "How can you suppose that she is free. They do not liberate any of us. No, Madame de Beauharnais received a letter from the jailer when he opened our cell, and we did not like to wait so long for fresh air until she had read it. She will be here immediately."

"How? A letter?" asked another younger lady. "I thought that to forward letters hither was strictly prohibited."

"Yes, Madame de l'Espinasse," remarked Adelaide in an important manner: "it would be regarded as a capital crime."

"And still you say that the jailer himself . . ."

"It proves, count," explained Thérèse, "that it is an official letter, sent by special permission of the tribunal."

"This is a bad sign."

"I am afraid it is, Madame de l'Espinasse."

"Josephine," remarked Thérèse earnestly, "you must not despair, and give way to gloomy thoughts. Keep up for the sake of your children."

"Keep up for my children?" echoed she. "Have I not been for a whole long year a prisoner, and my children without a mother? And why am I languishing here?" exclaimed she indignantly. "Because I tried to save for them their father who had been taken to prison! He is dead now—this day he was beheaded. Oh, my dear friends, I will be wedded again to him. I feel that I have soon to follow him."

"You are despairing, Josephine. Are we not all waiting resolutely for this hour, if it cannot be averted? It is true," added Adelaide sympathisingly, "you are a mother. Alas, we are not so strong as we imagine ourselves before trial comes upon us."

Thérèse had meanwhile produced her letters. They were both neatly folded, but of different paper and shape. She opened curiously the smallest, which had been firmly rolled up. "Be of good cheer," it ran. "I am sure to save you. Everything is prepared—confide in me, and betray to no one what I intend. I can save but you. Benoit."

Thérèse read over these lines once more, and was overjoyed at the prospect of soon obtaining her liberty. She had not heard of Benoit since her imprisonment. But the faithful had not forgotten her, had certainly tried all means of saving her, believing now to see himself rewarded for all his trouble, zeal, and devotion. "What plan could he have?" said she to herself. "What arrangements would he make to liberate her? It was evident she should escape—but how?" She smiled and slightly shrugged her shoulders, as if she did not think it possible what Benoit wrote her. However, with a feeling of renewed and augmented gratitude, the picture of the quiet, faithful young man, of whose unhappy love she received this new proof, came vividly before her mind. In haste she opened the other letter, which, the writing convinced her, was from Tallien; the contents were as follows:

"You have inspired me to action. Now, death or life, my darling! Farewell, if I should not meet you again in less than forty-eight hours. Love for you gives me strength and courage to fight for you a second time."

She was enraptured. His words could have no other meaning than that he intended to venture a decisive blow against Robespierre. He likewise would attempt to save her, to liberate her from prison. What soul would not exult when a bright ray of the sun suddenly penetrated the darkness, from which there was apparently no escape? What man would not feel his blood boil when liberty approached to take off his fetters? Convulsively beat the heart of the beautiful Spaniard. And if everything should prove a dream—ah, is not happiness itself but a dream? Does dreamt happiness not give as much enjoyment as real?

"Josephine!" exclaimed she, incapable to restrain her feelings any longer, while her eyes beamed with joy. "Adelaide! Hope and exult—the hour of our deliverance is approaching. One day more, perhaps two or three days more, and we will be free, or death will deliver us."

Josephine woefully shook her head. "Death will deliver us," said she sadly. "It shall be welcome!"

"Not so, my poor friend, I am certain that deliverance is near," replied Thérèse.

"Deliverance," said Adelaide Recamier, hopefully. "Ah, if we should become free again—what happiness it would be! But how do you come to this belief, Thérèse? What do your letters tell you?"

"The writer of the one tells me that he is working for my deliverance, and that he hopes to effect my escape."

"By heaven!" cried Adelaide with an expression of alarm. "You will leave us? Oh, I am not at all pleased with it."

"You little selfish creature!" scolded Thérèse. "How glad I should be if I could flee from this misery here!"

"Because you do not love me so dearly as I love you," said she, while with a graceful spring she seated herself on Thérèse's lap and closed her mouth with kisses. "Good, darling, I will attentively listen to you. You say some one will liberate you very mysteriously, very romantically—ah, if such an adventure would fall only to my lot. Truly, not for the sake of being free, but of enjoying the romance of such an incident."

"Listen further," resumed Thérèse. "I think I have told you the history of my imprisonment in Bordeaux. You will recollect the brave turnkey, Benoit, who would have effected my escape if I had wished it, though I would not have hesitated if at that time I had been summoned before the court. I have told you that I met him again as servant of the count Montreuil in the castle, and how he attempted to rescue me, but was frustrated. Well, this same faithful and attached young man gives me hope again to save me—perhaps," added she with a sigh, "to sacrifice himself uselessly for me. But what can I do against it?"

"Ah, this seems to be a very serious love which makes such exertions," remarked Adelaide in graceful childish mockery.

"You are not wrong, Adelaide," replied Thérèse meditatively, "and I earnestly wish that this unhappy and noble young man would not oblige me so much by these renewed proofs of his sympathy for me. It is very painful to know that he is inspired by sentiments which I cannot and dare not reciprocate."

"But how can it be helped if some one falls in love with you?"

"Poor Benoit has never spoken to me of his love; I do not want to know it. But I fear that I must be ungrateful, and grieve a heart that is filled with such pure sentiments for me."

"Well, how does he think to save you?"

"I do not know. It is his secret, and shall, he requests me, also be mine. However, I cannot keep secrets from you, especially such as involve a separation from you, and hope you will be silent! Should the promises Benoit make be realized and I become free, you may believe that I will not rest till I have opened the doors of your prison, till I—while a stream of fire darted from her black eyes—have found men who will stop the madness of this revolution. I trust, however," continued she more composedly, "that these men are already prepared to work for all our safety! Tallien writes me that a decisive blow will be struck; he has recovered his courage, he will act and conquer if his energy does not forsake him. Let us hope, dear friends, that this prison will soon be deserted by us. Josephine," said she turning to her who was giving way to her grief, "be of good cheer, you will soon meet again your children!"

Madame de Beauharnais had now become more composed,

though sadness yet gnawed her heart too much to allow her to participate in the hopes and communications of Thérèse."

"How often," said she, "within the twelve months of my imprisonment have I not heard and believed similar words! My dear, I have no more hope now. May what Providence disposes befall me!"

"Parbleu," put in Adelaide waggishly; "I do not see any harm to share in the good faith of Thérèse. Why shall we always think and fear the worst? Dearest Josephine, you once told us that an old mulatto woman on your native island of Martinique has made you such a beautiful prophecy. And you will despair? Show us the amulet on which these words of the good old woman are engraved."

Josephine smiled woefully, while Thérèse lovingly drew forth the amulet which the general's widow carried suspended by a cord next her heart, and presented it to Madame Recamier.

"Yes," exclaimed the latter, her eyes fixed on the writing, "here it is." And she read: "You will suffer, you will sigh. Hope and wait, you will become queen of a vast realm!"

"Has then," explained the elf, "the first part of this wonderfully consolatory prophecy not been fulfilled? Do you not suffer, poor friend? Do you not sigh? Now comes 'hope and wait!' Oh, Josephine, every thing agrees admirably."

"You dear, dear child!" said Madame de Beauharnais with an expression of almost motherly affection, "how you understand to console me; it is a vain prophecy, a childish play of my servant, and yet how dear she is to me, how much I have esteemed her, and trusted to the pleasant superstition of this amulet!"

She concealed again the jewel, and timidly continued, her eyes glittering with a ray of hope:

"The prophecy so far has not lied!"

"And when you once become a queen, a powerful queen," exclaimed Adelaide, "I hope you will not be too proud, and will faithfully remember your companions in affliction in this dungeon here. Is it not so, Josephine, you will still love me when you are a queen?"

Josephine smiled and drew Adelaide to her bosom. "What is not all possible to-day?" remarked Thérèse. "The whole world in its old order is breaking down, and a new one will arise. Why not also new kings and queens?"

In this moment the door opened, and the old jailer stood outside, reproachfully shaking his head and saying:

"Come out of your cell, citizens!—no one is allowed to remain within—for the sake of your health!"

The three young ladies were at once ready to answer the demand of the jailer.

"By heaven!" said Adelaide tragi-comically, in passing along the corridor, "so much solicitude for our health! They ought to let us run away!"

Tallien had been a prey to the most trying emotions during the time that his beloved was kept a prisoner in the Luxembourg. Grief for the loss of the beautiful woman, to whom his passionate nature became more and more attached, was not the greatest of his torments: it was rather the dependence upon Robespierre, which he had accepted, and from which he dared not withdraw, for fear of endangering the life of Thérèse. His ambition, his pride, and his whole strength of will was crushed, and he felt no longer the energy of bursting the fetters which he had laid on himself through his love for Thérèse. At first he had kept retired, and had rarely appeared in the convention, scarcely at all in the Jacobin club, to avoid the meeting of Robespierre and St. Just; but he was accused in the club, and Robespierre had uttered invectives against him. He was obliged to show himself again, not to be taken as a moderate and dissatisfied, which might have been sufficient reason to condemn him to die on the scaffold. The fall and death of Danton had frightened him to such a degree that he outdid Jacobin fanaticism, to atone, as Robespierre had advised him, for his old sins. He belied himself, denied his convictions and feelings, to be secure from the formidable man of virtue, whose continual pleasure it was to exact from the young deputy renewed proofs of his patriotism and ever new testimonies of his devotion to him. Tallien had to vote as Robespierre desired; he had to defend him, though he might curse the hated man. Spies surrounded him everywhere—even towards his friends he dared not venture to relieve his mind. The least contradiction against this powerful man, who desired by all means his friendship, was sufficient to threaten him with the impeachment and death of Thérèse Cabarrus, and he would rather have shown still more submission than have exposed his beloved to such a danger. Often his pride revolted, often his boiling blood mounted to his forehead; but he felt he was powerless to free himself with success from this slavery. He found a reward for this humbling self-denial in conducting a correspondence with Thérèse. Through the mediation of the physician of the prison he forwarded his letters to his beloved; the physician handed them to the jailer's daughter, who, on her part, sent the answers back in the same way. If these letters were a consolation for his longing heart, a relief to his sorrow, they caused him at the same time new torments. His beloved, whose mental superiority he felt also in her absence, appealed more impressively to his courage, to his energy, and to a boldness which in his eyes could only bring upon him certain destruction.

To be continued.

HISTORY OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

As with most other modern inventions, certain writers have discovered that postage stamps, or something similar to them, had been thought of long ago. According to M. Fournier, the author of *Le Vieux Neuf*, they were actually in use in Paris in the reign of Louis XIV. Another French writer tells us that they originated in 1653. Monsieur de Velay established under royal authority a private penny post in Paris, on the 16th of August in that year, and issued a notice that all persons desiring to send letters from one part of Paris to another, should have them carried, and a prompt reply returned, if they attached to their letters a ticket signifying that the postage rate had been paid. These tickets appear to have had much in common with the modern postage stamp, for they were stamped with a portrait of the King, and were to be purchased beforehand at certain shops and other places. They were to be charged a sou each, and the public were recommended to buy a number, and have them always at hand. Boxes were moreover placed at the corners of streets for the reception of letters, and letter-carriers were appointed to open these boxes three times a day, and carry the letters to their addresses, where they waited for answers. The plan perhaps resembled

more an organized plan of light portage than the modern systems of posts, but its resemblance to the latter system is curious.

There can be little doubt that the originators of the modern postage stamp had never heard of Monsieur de Velay or his scheme, which indeed had long fallen into oblivion even among Frenchmen. Between 1830 and 1834, Mr. Charles Whiting, Mr. Charles Knight, and Dr. Gray, had all suggested a stamped wrapper for newspapers. Dr. Gray, of the British museum, lays claim to have been the first to suggest the prepayment, by means of stamps, of letters. "In the year 1834," he says, "the idea occurred to me that as the postage of newspapers was prepaid by means of stamps, the readiest mode of applying these stamps would be by means of stamped covers. On further consideration of the subject, I became satisfied that the great cost of the post-office was not the reception, carriage, and delivery of the letters, but the complicated system of accounts that the old system required; and having learned from the best writers on political economy that the collection of money by stamps was the most certain and economical, I came to the conclusion that the new system of newspaper postage should be extended to letters also. It was, in fact, the mere application of the system used with regard to newspapers, to letters in general." This idea I communicated to many of my political and other friends, Mr. Hume, Mr. Warburton, and others, but I found that I could get no attention to the subject."

Even Mr. Rowland Hill, in his famous pamphlet published in 1837, contemplated no system of prepayment, except by money payment at the counters of receiving offices. Meanwhile the subject of prepayment by stamped envelopes having been discussed before a parliamentary committee. Mr. Hill, in a second edition of his pamphlet, with characteristic decision, adopted the idea, and warmly advocated its merits. A clause in the penny postage Act accordingly foreshadowed the new system, but the idea was at first merely to have a stamped envelope of so elaborate a character that it would almost defy the ingenuity of forgers to imitate it. On the 23rd of August, 1839, the government issued a public invitation to "artists, men of science," and others, to send in designs for this purpose, offering two prizes of £200 and £100 to stimulate invention. As is well known, Mr. Mulready, the famous artist, was the successful competitor—his envelope, representing a highly elaborate allegorical picture of considerable artistic merit, though absurdly fantastic as a vehicle for ordinary letters, while the picture, spreading over the surface, left scarcely room for writing the address. So much ridicule was showered upon the new envelope, that in a short time it fell into disuse, and copies of it are now, as all collectors know, comparatively rare.

The government then offered another reward of £500 for the best design for a new label, the invention of which may be supposed to have been not so simple a thing as it appears, when we learn that, of the designs—numbering nearly one thousand—sent in, not one was chosen. The now familiar queen's head which was finally chosen, was said to be the production of officers in the post and stamp offices; but as originally printed in black ink, its appearance was far from pleasing. The black stamp was soon afterward changed to brown, and finally to the red now so well known. The great varieties in color since introduced to indicate to the eye the different values of the stamps, are too well known to require mention. "For eight long years," says Mr. Lewins, "the English people may be said to have enjoyed a complete monopoly in postage stamps. Toward the close of 1848 they were introduced into France, and subsequently into every civilized nation in the world. Last year they even penetrated into the Ottoman empire, and, strange as it appears when viewed in the light of mohammedan usage, the sultan has been prevailed on to allow his portrait to appear on the new issues of Turkish stamps."

Simple and obvious, as it now appears, one of the most important inventions in connection with postage stamps is the perforating machine. Most persons can remember when every post receiving-house kept a pair of scissors, clumsily fastened to a counter with a heavy chain, at which a little file of persons could generally be seen waiting for their turn to cut off a stamp with four careful strokes of that necessary implement; but the number of persons who, not having a pair of scissors at hand were striving to tear or cut off with a penknife one queen's head from a strip or sheet, could not so easily be ascertained. The machine, which was the invention of Mr. Henry Archer, at once put an end to all these petty troubles. By the simple process of stamping every sheet with neat lines of perforation, not only could every one keep his postage stamps together, and tear them off when wanted, but he could also fold them together with the utmost neatness to put them away in a purse or pocket-book. On the recommendation of a select committee of the house of commons this machine was purchased from Mr. Archer in 1852 for four thousand pounds.

A letter has been addressed by Messrs. Hamy and Lenormant to the Académie des Sciences to prove that Egypt had its age of stone as well as Europe. Their letter is dated from Luxor, and they say to the secretary of the Academy:—"We beg you to communicate to the members a discovery we have just made in the course of a journey to Upper Egypt, undertaken under the auspices of the Khedive, which will not be devoid of interest to that learned body. The existence of an age of stone in Egypt has often been the subject of controversy. The facts we are about to relate will, we think, give some information that will exercise an influence on the opinions entertained hitherto on the question. On the elevated plateau which divides the celebrated valley of Biban-el-Molouk from the escarpments which overlook the Paraonic edifices of Deir-el-Bahari, we have ascertained the presence of an enormous quantity of wrought flints, lying on the surface of the ground, to the extent of upwards of a hundred square yards. These wrought flints, which are of the well-known type designated arrow-heads, lance-heads, lanceolated axes, knives, scrapers, &c., evidently constitute the remains of an ancient manufactory, according to all probability pre-historic and exactly resembling those known in France under the denomination of 'Factory of the Neolithic Period.' Messrs. Ballard, Quatrefages, Wurtz, Jamin, Broca, and Berthelot, with whom we had the good fortune to be travelling, were witnesses of the discovery, and authorize us to declare that they verify the origin of the specimens collected by us and their similitude to those found in Europe. The best of them we propose to deposit in the Museum of St. Germain, where they can be inspected by connoisseurs in antiquarian subjects."





The row.



Arithmetic.



The hobby-horse.

ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE.—"THE BEST IN USE." THE VERDICT OF 30 YEAR'S TRIAL. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

CITIZENS' INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA. Fully authorized under the Insurance Bill. Subscribed Capital \$1,000,000. President, HUGH ALLAN. Manager, EDWARD RAWLINGS. HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.—Policies are issued on all the new and improved systems. Are particularly invited to read the PROSPECTUS OF THIS COMPANY. And compare its facilities, rates, and unusually liberal advantages with those of any other Company—British, American, or Canadian—before finally making application. All LIFE POLICIES are absolutely non-forfeitable.

WINTER BOOTS AND SHOES AT BRODEUR & BEAUVAIS. A LARGE and complete assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's WINTER BOOTS AND SHOES, MOCCASINS, FELT OVER-SHOES and RUBBERS, all of the best material and workmanship, constantly on hand, at very moderate prices.

Just received, a Stock of the celebrated French Imperial Bronze Varnish, put up in neat portable boxes; together with a Supply of the Peerless Gloss, for Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes; also, a Stock of Professor Olmsted's Water-proof Leather Preservative, warranted to make Leather of any kind impervious to water. BRODEUR & BEAUVAIS, Successors to J. & T. BELL, 273, Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

A VISIT to the Store of HENRY GRANT, 321, Notre Dame Street, is most respectfully requested to see the New Stock of WATCHES, JEWELLERY, SILVER-WARE, &c., &c., &c. SUITABLE FOR THE COMING SEASON. Note the Address. 321, NOTRE DAME STREET, Muir's Buildings.

SANDERS OPTICIAN 61 ST. JAMES'S. PATENT SPECTACLES, WITH PLANO-PARABOLIC LENSES Ground with correct Optical Curves from PATENT CRYSTAL. Giving the most perfect definition, and preserving the Eye from irritation and fatigue.

MAGIC AND DISSOLVING-VIEW LANTERNS. PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION. A BOY'S LANTERN OF 36 PICTURES FOR \$2.25. H. SANDERS, OPTICIAN, 61, St. James St. (Next door to Dawson's.)

MONTREAL TYPE FOUNDRY, C. T. PALSGRAVE, Proprietor. No. 1, St. Helan Street, MONTREAL. TORONTO BRANCH: No. 33, Colborne Street, TORONTO.

NEW STYLES OF SCOTCH-FACED TYPE CAST IN EXTRA TOUGH METAL. FANCY AND JOBBING TYPE OF THE LATEST STYLES. SUPERIOR WOOD LETTER-PRINTING PRESSES. Of every manufacture. BLACK AND COLOURED INKS AND ALL PRINTERS' REQUISITES. BOOKS AND JOB WORK STEREOTYPED AND ELECTROTYPED. IN THE BEST MANNER. A new SPECIMEN BOOK will shortly be issued.

COALS! COALS!! COALS!!! SCOTCH STEAM, PICTOU STEAM, NEWCASTLE GRATE, LEHIGH, WELSH ANTHRACITE, FOR SALE, J. & E. SHAW, 12, Common Street. Orders left at W. B. HAMILTON'S Wood Yard, on Beaver Hall Hill, will be attended to.

INITIAL STATIONERY! INITIAL PAPER AND ENVELOPES, PLAIN AND COLOURED, AT 35 cents a box. MORTON, PHILLIPS & CO., 375, Notre Dame Street.

ELEGANT WINDOW SHADES. T. F. STONEHAM, 353, Notre Dame Street. NEW AND BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS OF TRANSPARENT WINDOW SHADES FOR STORES AND PRIVATE DWELLINGS, IN EVERY STYLE AND PATTERN. Also, RUSTIC SHADES, in all colors, executed to order. T. F. STONEHAM, 353 NOTRE DAME STREET.

DOMINION METAL WORKS, ESTABLISHED 1823. CHARLES GARTH & CO., Plumbers, Steam & Gas-fitters, Brass Founders, Finishers, Copper Smiths and Machinists, &c., &c. Manufacturers and Importers of Plumbers', Engineers' and Steam-fitters' Brass, Copper and Iron Works, Gas and Steam Fittings, &c., &c. And of all descriptions of Work for Gas and Water Works, Distilleries, Breweries, Sugar Refineries, Light Houses, &c., &c.

WHY OUR BRANDS OF OYSTERS ARE THE BEST! BECAUSE we own and control some of the finest Planting Grounds in the United States. BECAUSE Fifteen years practical experience in the growth and cultivation of them, has taught us to know the best methods. BECAUSE having Resident Partners at every point insures the proper care and handling of our Oysters, and they are always delivered to the purchaser in the best and most perfect condition. BECAUSE we are the only direct Shippers of Oysters from the beds in the city, thus enabling purchasers to receive three days' fresher Oysters than any other brand. BECAUSE we are the only Oyster Dealers in Montreal who receive daily Consignments by Express, of Fresh Oysters, direct from our own Beds. They are put up in the neatest possible manner, and furnished either in Cans, Kegs, Bulk, or in the Shell. Country orders solicited. AMERICAN OYSTER CO., 17, Place D'Armes, J. B. Buss, General Agent for the Dominion.

LEGGO & Co., Leggotypers, Electrotypers, Stereotypers, Engravers, Chromo and Photo-Lithographers, Photographers, and General Printers by Steam Power. Office: No. 10, Place d'Armes, Works: No. 319, St. Antoine Street, MONTREAL. Maps, Plans, Book Illustrations, Show-Cards, Labels, Commercial work of every description, executed in a superior style, at ungenerously low prices.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1870. The First Edition of One Hundred and Twenty thousand copies of VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF SEEDS and FLORAL GUIDE is published and ready to send out. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, with about 200 fine wood Engravings of Flowers and Vegetables, and a beautiful COLOURED PLATE—consisting of seven varieties of Phlox Drummondii, making a fine BOUQUET OF PHLOXES. It is the most beautiful, as well as the most instructive Floral Guide published, giving plain and thorough directions for the CULTURE of FLOWERS and VEGETABLES. The Floral Guide is published for the benefit of my customers, to whom it is sent free without application, but will be forwarded to all who apply by mail, for TEN CENTS, which is not half the cost. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S!! 1869. 1870. PERFUMES and FANCY GOODS, HAIR, TOOTH and NAIL BRUSHES, SPONGES, SOAPS, and other TOILET REQUISITES. BAKING POWDER & FLAVORING EXTRACTS FOR SALE BY J. E. DAVIGNON, City Dispensary, (Opposite Museum's), 252, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

SKATES! SKATES!! SKATES!!! FORBES' PATENT ACME SKATES. The only reliable and really self-fastening Skate ever invented. Can be instantly and firmly attached to any Boot. The STAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY of Halifax, N. S., desire again to call attention to the above, which, after a test of several years in all skating countries, are pronounced by all accomplished and professional skaters to be UNRIVALLED FOR SAFETY, NEATNESS and CONVENIENCE. PRICES—\$3.50 and \$4.50 per pair. For sale by all dealers, who are invited to apply at once for list of Special Discounts. THOS. FULLER & CO., MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

JOHN MURPHY, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER AND ARTISTICAL DECORATOR, No. 8, Blouay Street, MONTREAL. Artists' Materials of every description at the lowest prices.

WHY OUR BRANDS OF OYSTERS ARE THE BEST! BECAUSE we own and control some of the finest Planting Grounds in the United States. BECAUSE Fifteen years practical experience in the growth and cultivation of them, has taught us to know the best methods. BECAUSE having Resident Partners at every point insures the proper care and handling of our Oysters, and they are always delivered to the purchaser in the best and most perfect condition. BECAUSE we are the only direct Shippers of Oysters from the beds in the city, thus enabling purchasers to receive three days' fresher Oysters than any other brand. BECAUSE we are the only Oyster Dealers in Montreal who receive daily Consignments by Express, of Fresh Oysters, direct from our own Beds. They are put up in the neatest possible manner, and furnished either in Cans, Kegs, Bulk, or in the Shell. Country orders solicited. AMERICAN OYSTER CO., 17, Place D'Armes, J. B. Buss, General Agent for the Dominion.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND, Capital \$1,048,000; Annual Revenue \$1,581,300; Accumulated Fund \$312,500; Assurances in force \$5,000,000. The Books and Accounts of this Institution have for many years been subjected to a continuous Audit (apart from the Directors and Officials) by a professional Accountant of high standing and experience. In the valuations, which are made on approved Tables of Mortality, the net Assurance Premiums only are taken into account. Thus, by constant independent checks and rigid tests, the utmost precaution is adopted to secure the prudent conduct and permanent stability of the Institution. It has already paid to its Policy-holders Assurances and Bonuses to the amount of SEVEN MILLIONS THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. The amount for last year alone being upwards of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. On 5th DECEMBER NEXT, The Class B system will be closed for the year, and Entrants before that date will be entitled, at the Division of Profit, to a FULL YEAR'S BONUS more than later Entrants. P. WARDLAW, Secretary, Inspector of Agencies.—JAMES B. M. CHIPMAN.

PRINCE ARTHUR COLLARS. The greatest novelty of the day is the new PRINCE ARTHUR COLLAR, MANUFACTURED BY RICE BROTHERS, MONTREAL. This Collar is really a beautiful article, and is put up in nice boxes to correspond. Wholesale dealers should send in their orders at once, as thousands are ordered daily. The only genuine Prince Arthur Collar has RICE BROS.' name on the box.

BROWN BROTHERS, IMPORTERS, Manufacturing Stationers, Pocket book and Wallet Makers, PUBLISHERS OF DIARIES, and dealers in bookbinders' stock, Nos. 66 and 68 King Street East, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

SCOTT'S FINE ART REPOSITORY, 353 NOTRE DAME STREET. CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS AND FINE ENGRAVINGS, (the latest published.) A VERY LARGE and CHOICE ASSORTMENT. MIRRORS! MIRRORS!! An extensive Collection of MANTEL MIRRORS, of superior design and finish. OIL PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOR DRAWINGS. PICTURE FRAMING of every description, at REASONABLE RATES.

COUGH LOZENGES. A box of lozenges with the brand name clearly visible.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT OF THE MAGASIN DU LOUVRE, (BEAUBRY'S BLOCK, NOTRE DAME STREET.) Now received, the latest Novelties in London and Paris Winter Bonnets and Hats. Exquisite styles at moderate prices. DRESS DEPARTMENT. Latest styles in Winter Dress Goods, and at prices lower than any first-class House in the City. MANTLE DEPARTMENT. Black Astracann, Imitation Seal, Reversible and Lion-skin Cloakings. FUR DEPARTMENT. Ladies' Ermine Cloaks at \$18, worth \$25. Real Seal Jackets from \$40. Seal Muffs and Collarets, Mexican, Sable and other Furs, at prices that defy competition.

J. B. C. HEBERT ET J. A. E. CHAPERON, NOTAIRES ET AGENTS, No. 21, Rue St. Joseph, Haute-Ville, QUEBEC.

"The Canadian Illustrated News," A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats. Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per ann. (Including Postage.) Single Numbers, 10 cents. CLUBS: Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance. Printed and published by Geo. E. Desbarats, 10 Place d'Armes, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada.