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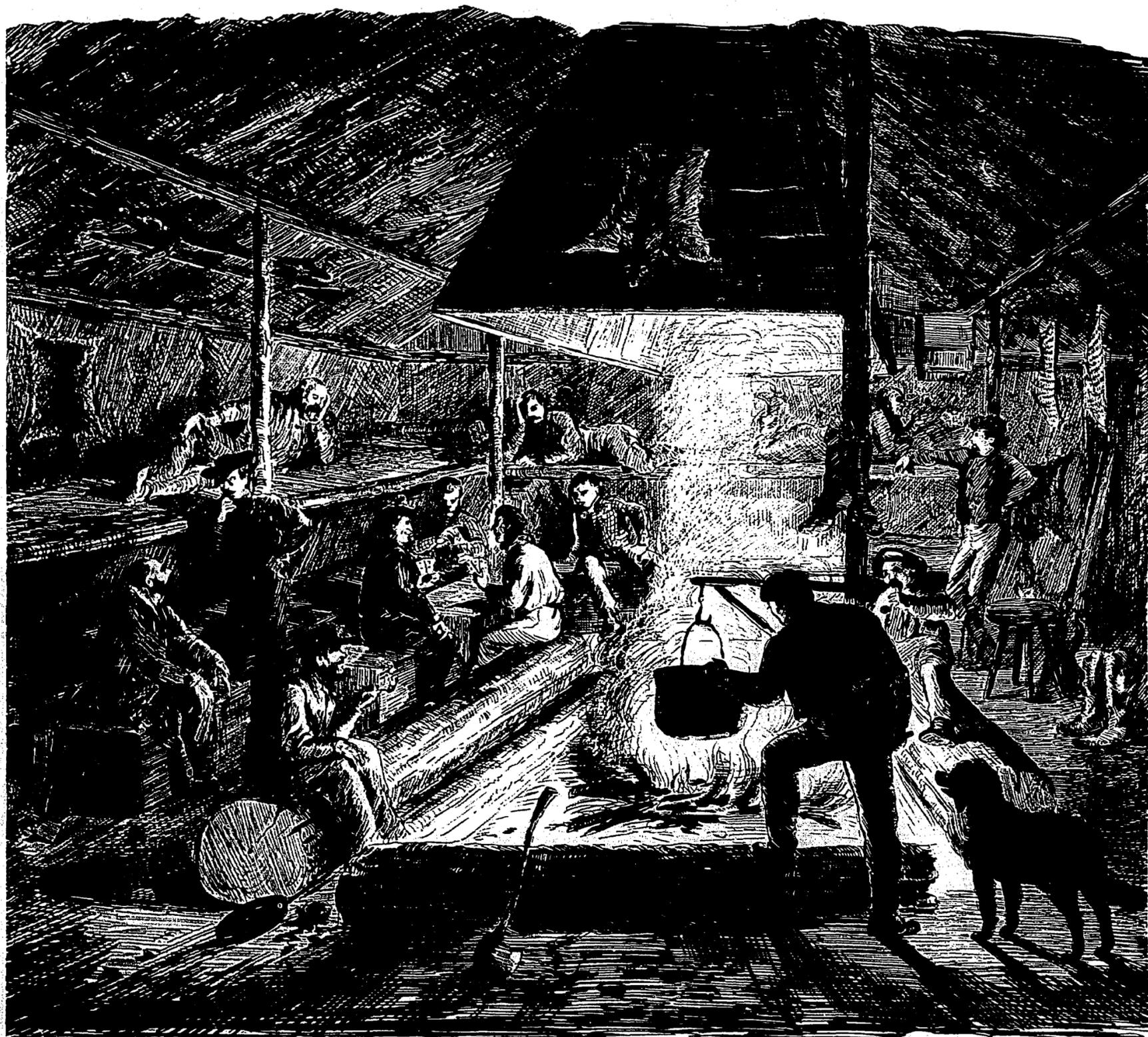
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LUMBERMEN'S SHANTY.—INTERIOR VIEW.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

AN URGENT NEED.

It must, by this time, be evident that the permissive power conferred upon the Parliament of Canada by 101st section of the British North America Act, should be taken advantage of without delay. At the last Session of Parliament the Minister of Justice introduced a bill, under this section, for the constitution of a Court of Appeal, which, after the second reading was withdrawn by the Government, on the understanding that during the recess it should be submitted to the consideration of the Judges of the Superior Courts of the several Provinces, for their opinion. It may be presumed that this bill, amended and improved by the suggestions of so many able and learned men, will be passed into law at the approaching Session; and that, thereafter, many questions between the Provinces and the Dominion, now necessarily left to the arbitration of the Minister of Justice, for the time being, will be determined by the Court of Appeal. It may be questioned, however, whether if such Court is merely endowed with appellate jurisdiction, it will answer all the purposes required; and, as the clause of the Union Act already referred to empowers Parliament to establish "any additional Courts for the better administration of the laws of Canada," it might fairly be considered whether private individuals ought not to be allowed the right of testing the validity of the Acts of the Local Legislatures before the Dominion Courts. The power of disallowance vested in the Governor General, by advice of his Privy Council, may be deemed, under ordinary circumstances, ample guarantee that the Local Legislatures will not be permitted to transcend their powers; but, though this may be true as regards all attempted encroachments on the powers of the General Government, it does not follow, that it will furnish an equally safe and reliable protection for private rights. It is within the power of Parliament to declare what is or is not legal; and it would not be desirable to set up any Court superior to the supreme Legislature of the country; it would not be British to have the counterpart of the Supreme Court of the United States, which to-day sits in judgment upon the Acts of Congress and to-morrow on those of the Executive. But the very fact of admitting the power of one supreme Legislature, ought to exempt from the acknowledgment of another; and if the authority of the Parliament of Canada is recognized as undisputed, within the terms of the Union Act, there surely ought to be some legal protection against the encroachments of the Local Legislatures. As the law now stands, Municipal and other Corporations endowed with the law-making and executive functions are amenable to the Courts. Ought not the Local Legislatures to be placed in the same position in respect of the limit of their powers?

This question is suggested by recent legislation at Quebec. It appears that a Society, incorporated for benevolent purposes, had fallen into financial difficulty, and appealed to the pensioners on its funds for a compromise of their claims. This appeal was responded to, and a great many parties acceded to the terms proposed, the Society being enabled thereby to write off some \$15,000 of its just debts. Against contracts voluntarily entered into for the abandonment or compromise of one's claims; there can, of course, be no objection on public grounds; at least we should be slow to set limits to the charitable doctrine of Chaucer's *good parson*, that:

"Every one is free to lose his own,"

So long as it really is his own, and no other party is injured by his surrender of it. But in the case alluded to, some three or four persons entitled to annuities from the society refused to compromise—refused, in fact, to accept one-sixth in lieu of the whole; and the Quebec Legislature passes an act to compel them to do so! The simple statement of the case is enough to condemn such legislation; and there ought to be a court empowered to set it aside. If the society referred to was really insolvent, which does not by any means appear, it should have gone into liquidation, paid its debts *pro rata* as far as its assets would allow, and wound up its affairs or commenced *de novo*. This course would have had the merit of honesty to commend it. Or, finding itself in financial difficulties, it might have laid its whole case before the Legislature, and had a basis of settlement legalized. The old Legislature of Canada sanctioned an arrangement of this kind between the city of Hamilton and its creditors, whereby the latter surrendered a considerable portion of the interest due them, and extended the time for the payment of the principal; but in that case the arrangement had been previously agreed to between the parties, whereas, if we understand the case before the Quebec Legislature, the few creditors have been compelled against their will to forego five-sixths of their claim without its being made apparent that the society was unable to pay the full amount. Such legislation will, probably, prove more destructive to the prosperity of the society than if it had been compelled to meet its obligations, because public confidence in Legislative charters will be destroyed where the corporators are per-

mitted to escape from their legally contracted liabilities. There is no more reason that the claims of the creditors of such a society should be set aside by law than that an assurance company should be released from the payment of the policies maturing against it; or that a private individual should be absolved from the payment of his debts by special act of the Legislature. Indeed, the case under consideration comes so very near, if it is not entirely, an act of insolvency, that there is reason to doubt whether the Local Legislature has power to deal with it.

There have been many other instances in which it has been made apparent that the Local Legislatures throughout the Dominion affect the exercise of powers to which they have but a very doubtful title, and the establishment of a Dominion Court, with such ample jurisdiction as we have indicated, would, no doubt, be productive of the very best results. Without at all interfering with the right of disallowance, it might, in many cases, intervene to prevent the necessity of its exercise, and thereby relieve the General Government from much of the responsibility which it now has to shoulder in regard to local legislation. Any local act which is really illegal ought to be so pronounced by the judges, and the exercise of the prerogative of disallowance should be restrained to such measures as, though strictly within the law, may yet be deemed contrary to the general interest.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

Although some of the members of the Church of England in Montreal are already beginning to discuss the desirability of building a new cathedral, leaving the present one to be what some of them say it simply is—a parish church, yet it is one of the finest and most commodious of ecclesiastical edifices in the city. It was designed by the late Mr. Frank Wills, formerly of Salisbury, England, and at his death the plans were handed over to Mr. Thomas S. Scott, architect, of this city, under whose supervision the building was erected. The following are some particulars concerning the dimensions of the cathedral.—Chancel, 46 by 23 feet; northern chancel aisle, 30 by 15 feet; north and south transepts, 100 by 25 feet; nave, 112 by 30 feet; north and south aisles, 112 by 20 feet. The total length inside is 187 feet; width across nave and aisles, 75 feet; across transepts, 100 feet. Total length outside, 212 feet; height of aisles, 25 feet; nave to ridge of open roof, (inside) 67 feet; transepts, 45 feet; chancel to coved ceiling, 50 feet; tower to cornice, 94 feet; spire, 130 feet; total height, 224 feet. The pews give accommodation to about 1,300 persons. The building is of Montreal blue stone, with Cœn dressing, which, with the rich ornamental work with which it is decorated, gives it a very elegant appearance. It was opened for divine service on the first Sunday in Advent, 1859. The total cost of building, with interior and exterior decorations combined, windows, &c., &c., complete, was over \$170,000.

SUNDAY IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

The illustration we give this week of a Sunday in the backwoods is from the pencil of a German artist. It represents the family of a Canadian backwoodsman engaged in their Sunday devotions. They have assembled at the door of their log-house, in the bright sunshine of a June morning, to unite in the worship of their Creator; and though the surroundings are wild, and the service simple, the deepest reverence is depicted on every countenance. In the centre sits the head of the family—a sturdy Scotch farmer—reading aloud from the Bible in his hand. On his right is his invalid sister, propped up with cushions in her chair—her pet bird perched on her finger. Their aged mother at her side is bending forward to catch the words that fall from the reader's lips, and at her feet the house-dog, who seems to know perfectly well what is going on, lies lazily blinking in the sun. The bare-legged urchin leaning against the door-post, looks wistfully down at the dog, his thoughts probably straying to the many gambols they have had together. On the other side of the group sits a young father nursing his last-born, while an elder child plays at his feet. He is evidently not one of the family, for his features plainly bespeak him English. He is the husband of the invalid, and the bright-looking girl behind him is his sister. The woman at his side, who is bending down, with her cheek against the baby's face, is the wife of the reader and the mother of the two chubby girls in the corner. It is a simple, homely scene, but full of life, and as a delineation of Canadian backwoods existence, especially interesting.

THE LUMBERMEN'S SHANTY.

Life in the shanty is hard and rough, but healthy. The stalwart lumberman "goes to the shanty" without the slightest dread of cold, though he will have to work in the open air, with the thermometer many degrees below zero. But with a hearty breakfast of bread and pork, washed down with a bowl of tea, or, if not very delicate, a cup of melted pork fat, he goes forth with such power of resistance to the cold as to leave him not even uncomfortable from its effects. It is computed that there are about fifteen thousand men in Canada who are every winter employed in the forest at the preparatory work of getting out the timber; and the amount of property rendered valuable by their labour may be judged of from the fact that the export of the produce of the forest has, in some years, equalled or exceeded in value that of agriculture.

The London *Herald* commenced its retrospect of 1869 by announcing that with the close of the year it would itself cease to exist, after a career of ninety years. The Manchester *Guardian* of the 1st of January speaks of the demise of the *Herald* thus:—"The death of the *Morning Herald* is an event of some interest in English journalism. The *Herald* shared with the *Post* the distinction of seniority among the London daily newspapers. Both journals started in 1781, or seven years before the *Times* began its marvellous career. These are strange times. There is not at this moment a 'high-priced' daily conservative journal in the United Kingdom.

GENERAL NEWS.
CANADA.

The Hon. Mr. McDougall has placed his commission as Lieut. Governor of the North-West Territory, in the hands of the Government.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* says that the troops stationed in British North America will be removed in the course of the year, with the exception of a garrison at Halifax, to be maintained at the expense of the Imperial Government. By bearing the expense, however, the Colonial Government will be allowed to retain certain regiments.

The Montreal *News* of Wednesday has the following summary of the Hon. Mr. McDougall's address to the Electors of North Lanark at Almonte, on the 1st ult.:

He had been asked by the Government to go to Red River and establish a government under the direction of the Dominion Government. After careful thought he decided to undertake the duties. He believed the Government acted in good faith with him when appointed to go to Red River. He then recapitulated all the events that occurred from the time of his arrival until he left Pembina. The insurgents, he said, had been lied to and grossly misled by some mischievous persons. At an interview with a deputation from the insurgents, he succeeded in convincing them, however, that his interests were theirs. They said, "if we knew you were coming in that way we would have admitted you." He then tried to have an interview with the leaders, but some officious official and others prevented this. He found those who caused the insurrection were Americans, controlling and directing it for a purpose. Those under arms were half-breeds only, and they were controlled by the clergy. The English and Scotch half-breeds were loyal and anxious to see Canadian rule established in the country. They would not, however, take up arms against their neighbours and friends. They held a convention and discussed the situation, but could not find out the object of the half-breeds. They wanted something more than the privilege of establishing their own government. The loyal inhabitants sent constant requests to him not to leave but to stay; but, looking at the case as he had stated, he felt it his duty to stand his ground, and meet the difficulty as best he could. He felt that he should so act as to leave no cause for shame, but he was without knowledge of how the Canadian Government were dealing with the question of the transfer of the territory. He thought, therefore, that he was justified in assuming the transfer had been made. The news were all interrupted. All communication with the interior was cut off. Even the mail carriers were half-breeds, who now, under stratagem, aver that their object is annexation. He (Mr. McDougall) was under the impression that he was in law the Governor if the transfer was made on the 1st of December, as he supposed such was done. He took such action as seemed to him to be demanded, and issued a proclamation, setting the terms of the transfer, and the Acts of Parliament relating thereto. The effect of that proclamation was to throw a great confusion into the ranks of the insurgents. The effect upon many was to send them to their homes, and the opinion was that they would then dissolve. The insurgents then made a clever movement; up to this they had studiously kept from stating what they did want; they asked for political rights, railways, &c. They wished for a local legislature, and the power of vetoing any act of the general parliament. This no legislature has the power of the right to do; this was the kind of paper they presented. He then sent Col. Dennis to carry the proclamation into the country, and ascertain the exact state of affairs, and as to the likelihood of putting down the rebellion. The conclusion that Col. Dennis came to was that it was safe to undertake to put down the movement by force. At this juncture the insurgents issued their requests, and the loyal people considered them not worth fighting about. It was soon discovered that the demand of the insurgents were made for a show, and that they had ulterior objects in view. Shortly after the return of Col. Dennis, he, Mr. McDougall, wrote a private note to Riel, pointing out to him the absurdity of his position in declining an interview, but Riel never answered it, nor would he appoint an interview. All passes were carefully guarded; some of them even by American officers. After ten days, or so, he heard that the Canadian Government had refused to pay over the money to the Hudson's Bay Company, and he then declared his mission was over. Seeing and feeling the danger of an outbreak at any moment, and even trouble with the American Government on the Neutrality question, and feeling personally unsafe, he left for Canada. At once, on reaching Ottawa, in addition to reports already sent, he told the Government what he considered they should do; he urged upon them a policy which should be pursued by them towards the Red River. Whether it will be followed will be known when the Parliament meets. The first thing they should do will be to accept the country. It was an error not to have accepted it on the 1st of December. It was unfair and unwise in the Government to act as they did. They should correct the error as speedily as possible and take other proper measures for the occupation of the territory. As to his representation of North Lanark. In the first place he was only elected by them, and as he had not resigned, he considered himself still their representative. The point may be argued hereafter, but he held that he had done nothing to render his seat vacant as he had accepted no office. The country was not accepted yet, consequently there was no Lieut.-Governor. However he was willing the lawyers should argue the point, and he still considered himself their representative, but if his constituents wished him to retire, he would do so, but he did not think they did. It was as well that he should say a word about his taking a seat in the House without a seat in the Cabinet. The Government had made a grave mistake, but as they thought otherwise he would let the matter be discussed in the proper place. He considered that he had sacrificed much to go out to assist in carrying out the very great constitutional change, and felt he would now be acting injudiciously to thwart the intentions of the Government towards bringing to a head the great scheme of the Confederation of British America. He did not think he ought to take a position of hostility, but if he found the Government dilly-dally over the question of the Red River trouble, or not dealing with it in a proper spirit, he would certainly oppose them. He made these statements deliberately. There were persons of note in the Government, or very near it, who wished to establish an exclusively French Government at Red River. If he found the Government listening to such propositions, he would certainly and decidedly oppose them. He then spoke as to the fine appearance of the North-West Territory.

UNITED STATES.

One hundred and twenty delegates are present at the Woman's Suffrage Convention, now being held in San Francisco.

At the ball given to Prince Arthur on the 27th ult., by the British Ambassador at Washington, nearly six hundred people were present, including all the representatives of foreign nations, the members of the Cabinet, senators and representatives. The Prince was expected to visit Boston yesterday.

The remains of the late George Peabody were disembarked from the "Monarch" on Saturday last, and were taken on Tuesday to Peabody, Mass., for interment. On their arrival there the remains will be deposited in the Peabody Institute until the 8th inst., the day of interment.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

A despatch from London announces that the Queen will not be present at the opening of Parliament. The speech will be read by commission.

Princess Mary of Cambridge, who married Prince Teck, was safely delivered of a prince on the 9th ult.

Twice during the past week a rumour of the Pope's death has received currency in Europe. On Tuesday last it was definitely reported in Paris that His Holiness had had an epileptic fit, which, however, was not regarded as likely to prove fatal.

The *Lancet* says that the Emperor of Russia is suffering from hypochondriasis, a disease to which his father was extremely subject, and which is said to be hereditary in the family. The effects of the disease are such as to throw a complete gloom over him. He often refuses food and shuts himself up in his chamber, a prey to the most harassing melancholy.

The reports from Rome on the infallibility question are of the most contradictory character. One day we are told that the Pope is wavering and inclined to let the subject alone, and the next that his indignation is aroused at an address presented by several bishops protesting against the dogma. The last account is that His Holiness has yielded to the wishes of the French Emperor, and withdrawn his project of infallibility.

An angry discussion took place the other day in the Spanish Cortes between Prim and Figueras, one of the republican leaders, on the subject of the recent republican insurrection. Figueras defended the affair as a deliberate action on the part of the people in defence of their violated rights, and branded the killing of the insurgents by the government as assassination. Prim demanded the retraction of these words, but Figueras refused. It is expected that a duel will be the result.

THE 'IRON BLACKSMITH.'—A Steubenville mechanic, named William Kenyon, says the *Sharon Times*, an American paper, has invented, and has now in operation in that place, a very marvellous piece of mechanism, which he styles the 'Iron Blacksmith.' It occupies the space of an ordinary sized cask, is very compact, is driven by an engine of herculean strength, and the machine itself is of almost incalculable power. It is at present constructed for the manufacture of wrenches used by machinists—gasfitters particularly. These wrenches are prepared from solid steel, at the rate of one every three seconds, doing the work in three seconds which would require the swiftest and most expert workman a whole day to do, besides executing the work much better. When the 'Iron Blacksmith' is 'fully armed and equipped' it will produce, as if by magic, any description of tool or implement, also chains, horse-shoes, fingers for mowers and reapers, all with the same facility and exactness; in fact, almost every article which now comes from the stalwart blows of the arm, and directed by the mental skill and ingenuity of the intelligent smith. This machine, which is the result of many years of thought and labor, besides an expenditure of many thousands of dollars, is destined, our authority thinks, to revolutionize the smithing trade.

REMARKABLE RAINS.—There are, sometimes, real showers of very unreal rain. It is stated by an old writer that in Lapland and Finmark, about a century ago, mice of a particular kind were known to fall from the sky; and that such an event was sure to be followed by a good year for foxes. A shower of frogs fell near Toulouse in 1804. A prodigious number of black insects, about an inch in length, descended in a snow storm at Pakroff, Russia, in 1837. On one occasion, in Norway, the peasants were astonished at finding a shower of rats pelted down on their heads. Showers of fishes have been numerous. At Stanstead, in Kent, in 1666, a pasture field was found one morning plentifully covered with fish, although there is neither sea nor river, lake nor fish-pond near. At Allahabad, in 1869, an English officer saw a good smart down-pour of fish; and soon afterwards thousands of small dead fish were found upon the ground. Scotland has had many of these showers of fish, as in Ross-shire, in 1829, when quantities of herring fry covered the ground; at Islay, in 1830, when a large number of herrings were found strewn over a field after a heavy gusty rain; at Wick, much more recently, when herrings were found in large quantities in a field half a mile from the beach. In all these, and numerous other cases, when a liberal allowance has been made for exaggeration, the remainder can be explained by well-understood causes. Stray wind blowing from a sea or river; a waterspout licking up the fish out of the water; a whirlwind sending them hither and thither; all these are intelligible. The rat shower in Norway was an extraordinary one; thousands of rats were taking their annual excursion from a hilly region to the lowlands, when a whirlwind overtook them, whisked them up, and deposited them in a field at some distance—doubtless much to the astonishment of such of the rats as came down alive. The so-called showers of blood have had their days of terror and marvel, and have fallen, but red spots have occasionally been seen on walls and stones, much to the popular dismay. Swammerdam, the naturalist, told the people of the Hague two centuries ago, that these red spots were connected with some phenomena of insect life, but they would not believe him, and insisted that the spots were real blood, and were portents of evil times to come. Other naturalists have since confirmed the scientific opinion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Czar, who is very superstitious, has been badly frightened by a gypsy fortune-teller. When the royal hand had been examined, the old woman shook her head and said, "Beware of 1873, I see blood for you in that year." Alexander left without saying a word.

A mysterious deaf girl has been agitating San Francisco. A reporter went to interview her, and while taking down the points indulged in remarks which would not have been complimentary if she could have heard them. She stood it for some time, but finally emptied the coal scuttle over him, and pitched him down stairs. He doesn't believe she is deaf.

It is reported that the expenses incurred in recovering the remains of the late Mr. Thomas Powell, who, with his wife and others, were murdered in Abyssinia last spring, amount to more than £15,000. Chiefs had to be largely propitiated by costly presents, and Egyptian soldiers had to be employed in carrying out this mournful duty. One chief or sheik, on being asked what form his present should assume, replied that he wished for the full uniform of a British general. His fancy has been complied with, and the cocked hat, plumes, sword, &c., are now on their way to Abyssinia. Mr. Henry Powell, who, with Mr. Senkins, went out to recover the remains, has since his return suffered severely from ill health.

Mr. Froude, the historian, has a paper in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine*, which is attracting much attention in England, on the relation of Great Britain to her colonies. He vigorously opposes the views of those politicians who would have the mother country accept and even urge the drifting away of Canada, New Zealand, or Australia to independence or to new alliances. He denounces also the apathy which permits British emigration to pour into the United States, instead of directing it to the provinces. Mr. Froude thinks the future of England will be a very poor one if her American possessions are absorbed by the United States, and she has no land of her own on which to distribute her surplus population, growing every year more dense.

A correspondent of the *Practical Farmer* says:—"I have known as many men, and women too, who, from various causes, had become so much affected with nervousness that when they stretched out their hands they shook like aspen leaves on windy days—and by a daily moderate use of the blanched foot stalks of the celery leaves as a salad they became as strong and steady in limbs as other people. I have known others so very nervous that the least annoyance put them in a state of agitation, and they were almost in constant perplexity and fear, who were effectually cured by a daily moderate use of blanched celery as a salad at meal times. I have known others cured by using celery for palpitation of the heart."

The *London Athenaeum* says:—"A fragment of about eight hundred lines of an early History of the Holy Grail, in alliterative verse, has been found in the noble Vernon MS., in the Bodleian, by the well-known editor of Early English texts, the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. The fragment is without beginning or end, but it describes chiefly the wondrous shield prepared by Evalash or Mordreins (Slow-of-Belief) for his descendant Sir Galahad. Its position in the romance is easily ascertained by reference to Lonelich's translation of Robert of Corren's French Romance, edited for the Roxburghe Club by Mr. Turpin. This alliterative Grail fragment will go to press at once for the Early English Text Society."

The Russian Government is making a very important experiment. The Oxus now flows into the Sea of Aral. It once flowed into the Caspian, its old bed being still visible enough to be a feature in maps. If it could be brought back the Russians would have an unbroken and impregnable water communication from the Baltic to the heart of Khiva, and with further improvements to Balkh would, in fact, be able to ship stores at Cronstadt for Central Asia, and send them without land carriage. The addition to their power would be enormous; for instance, they could send 10,000 riflemen almost to Afghanistan by water, and without any sound audible to the west, and their engineers think it can be secured. An energetic officer, with 1,800 men, is already on the south bank of the Caspian; the natives are reported "friendly,"—that is, we suppose, quiet—and the Russian Government has the means, through its penal regiments, of employing forced labour on a great scale. We shall hear a great deal more of this engineering enterprize.—*London Spectator*.

In *Cassell's Magazine* we read:—"Curing should be as important as killing in the arts of war; extracting your enemy's bullets from your own flesh is the next duty after putting your bullets into his flesh. Now, bullet-probing is a tiresome and painful operation, one that ought to be reduced to the perfection of simple certainty. Some humane philosophers have thought, and they have done their best to give their thoughts tangibility. But we are bounded by our means; and while there were none known whereby a lump of buried lead could be told from a fragment of shattered bone, probing was slow work. However, the next time—far be it—that wholesale bullet extraction has to be performed, it is to be expected that the army surgeons' labours will be lightened by the help that electricity will afford; for two inventors have independently proposed methods of searching for and drawing out metallic missiles from the wounds they have inflicted. Both men told their ideas to the French Institute at one and the same meeting, during the past month. M. Trouve was one; he who made the electrical jewels that delighted fashionable Paris for a few months two years ago. His new bullet probe is a double-pointed needle, each point being connected by a wire with a little electric battery and a bell, which rings whenever the two needle points are united electrically; that is to say, whenever they both touch a piece of metal. With this divining-rod, bullet-searching is a simple business. The suspected part of the body is probed with it, and the instant the points touch the lead, the bell announces the fact. The bullet found, the worst half of the extractor's task is over. This plan was suggested by an Englishman, I fancy, some five years ago, but was not put to trial till M. Trouve made an instrument. The other proposed is of more limited application. M. Melsens is its author, and he promises to draw fragments of iron or steel from a flesh wound by the help of powerful magnets. He can do nothing with lead, though, because it does not follow the loadstone. Trouve's is the best idea. There is quaintness in the notion of a bullet telegraphing its whereabouts."

It appears that the practice of torturing prisoners in order to make them confess, which has been abolished by most civilized nations, still exists in Switzerland. M. Borel, member of the Assembly of Lucerne, has proposed that information should be asked from the Federal Council as to the torturing of a prisoner in the Canton of Zug. The man in question was accused of theft, and acknowledged to the Criminal Court that he had appropriated the missing articles, but he refused to admit that he had stolen them, and insisted that he had accidentally found them. The Court then ordered further inquiries to be made. "From the 26th of October to the 10th of November the prisoner was put on bread and water diet; but he made no confession. Thumb-screws were then applied to the prisoner, but still he made no confession. Six blows were next given him with a stick; he writhed and groaned, but declared he could say nothing more than what he had said already, upon which six more blows were administered. "If you kill me, Mr. Judge, I cannot say anything else." The prisoner was then brought before the Court, and once more earnestly questioned, but he adhered to his former statement. Upon this the prisoner was again placed on the ordinary prison diet."

It has been proved by recent researches in France, that the red rays of the spectrum are those to which the important physiological function exercised by the sun on the plants is exclusively to be ascribed. The leaves act as analyzers of the white light which falls upon them; they reject and reflect the green rays, and thus get their natural color. If plants were exposed to green illumination only, they would be virtually in the dark. The light which the vegetable world thus refuses to absorb, is precisely that which is coveted by animals. Red, the complementary color of green, is that which, owing to the blood, tinges the skin of the healthy human subject just as the green color of plants is the complement of that which they absorb. These facts have been fully stated and illustrated in a paper read by Mr. Dubrunfant before the French Academy of Science; and from them he deduces certain practical suggestions. All kinds of red should be avoided in our furniture except curtains. Our clothes, which play the part of screens, should never be green. This color should predominate in our furniture, while the complementary red should be reserved for our raiment. He also dwells upon the salubrious influences of sunshine. He mentions cases of patients whose broken constitutions were restored by constant exposure to the sun in gardens where there were no trees; and gives an account of four children that had become weak and sickly by living in a narrow street in Paris, but regained their health under the influence of the solar rays on a sandy sea coast.

The Americans are successfully civilizing the Indians, Col. Baker's expedition having resulted in the killing of 173 of the Pigeon's tribe, destroying forty of their lodges, and capturing about three hundred horses. The American loss was one man killed, and another wounded by falling off his horse. This is called "war," but it looks remarkably like murder by wholesale. The following extract from the correspondence of the *Omaha Herald*, dated Whetstone Agency, Dakota Territory, January 18, is apparently confirmatory of the rumour that had already reached Canada, that the Indians were sharpening their tomahawks for a share in the settlement of the Red River trouble. The writer says:—

"The half breeds are working arduously to get the Black Hills for a reservation. This is a good thing, as it is perfectly useless to the Indians and too rich a country to lie unoccupied any longer. The Black Hills are 200 miles West of Fort Randall, and are 150 miles square, and this is undoubtedly the richest gold bearing country in the world. Twenty-five soldiers are now stationed at this agency for the protection of government. There are 6,000 Indians in the vicinity. Very recent arrivals of Indians from the Min-nie-ka-go and Unk-pa-pa-Sioux report them encamped at the mouth of Powder river. Parties from the Red River of the North had visited their encampments and distributed presents in the shape of guns and ammunition. From the description of these strange people I judge them to be English or Scotch. The Indians were informed by them that the "Long Knives" (Americans) intended to overrun their country with troops in the spring, and advised them to prepare themselves, offering assistance in the way of arms. The chief or braves accompanied these white men north for the purpose of holding a council, and were to have been gone two months." Who offered to arm the Indians?

MUSIC.

MR. J. B. LABELLE begs to announce that he has resumed the teaching of instrumental music, and will be happy to give lessons on the Organ, Piano, Harp, or Guitar, either at his own, or the pupils' residence, on very moderate terms. Mr LABELLE may be addressed at the Office of this Paper, No. 10, Place d'Armes.

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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.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

The new Premier of Napoleon's first Constitutional Ministry, formed on the 2nd January last, is only 45 years of age, having been born at Marseilles in 1825. In 1847 he became a member of the Paris bar, and the following year, after the revolution, he was sent by Ledru Rollin as Government Commissioner to Marseilles. He was afterwards appointed Prefect at Langres; but, in consequence of differences with the Government of Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, he resigned office and returned to the bar. There he achieved considerable success, and followed his profession undistracted by politics until 1857, when he offered himself as Opposition candidate for one of the circumscriptions of Paris. He was returned, and in the Corps Législatif spoke and voted with the other four Opposition Deputies against the policy of the Emperor. Until 1865, when the debates were regularly reported in the *Moniteur*, the speeches of M. Ollivier and those of his colleagues, Jules Favre, Ernest Picard, Pelletan, and Jules Simon, were not allowed to be published. Ollivier was, up to that time, a bitter opponent of the second Empire, but his course was probably dictated, more by personal feeling than political conviction, for his father had been expelled and completely ruined by the *coup d'état*. After his re-election in 1863, his attitude towards the Government underwent a change. As the policy of the Empire tended towards freedom, Ollivier became more moderate in his views, and as his report on trade combinations and strikes formed the basis of the new law on these subjects, it brought him into personal communication with the Emperor. As his Republican convictions were by no means so strong as his ambition was aspiring, this association naturally enough resulted in his detachment from his old political associates; and in 1865, he had so far won the confidence of the Government as to be chosen—with its support—one of the members of the Council General of Toulon. From that date he has never acted with his old political friends; but has been regarded, at least for the past two or three years, as one of the confidential advisers of the Emperor, in carrying out the reforms which, at the beginning of the present year, resulted in placing him at the head of the new Ministry, and in establishing Parliamentary Government in France. During the exciting scenes of the past few weeks he has carried himself with courage and dignity, and promises well to earn distinction as a statesman. He is an impressive speaker, a ready debater, and an able parliamentary



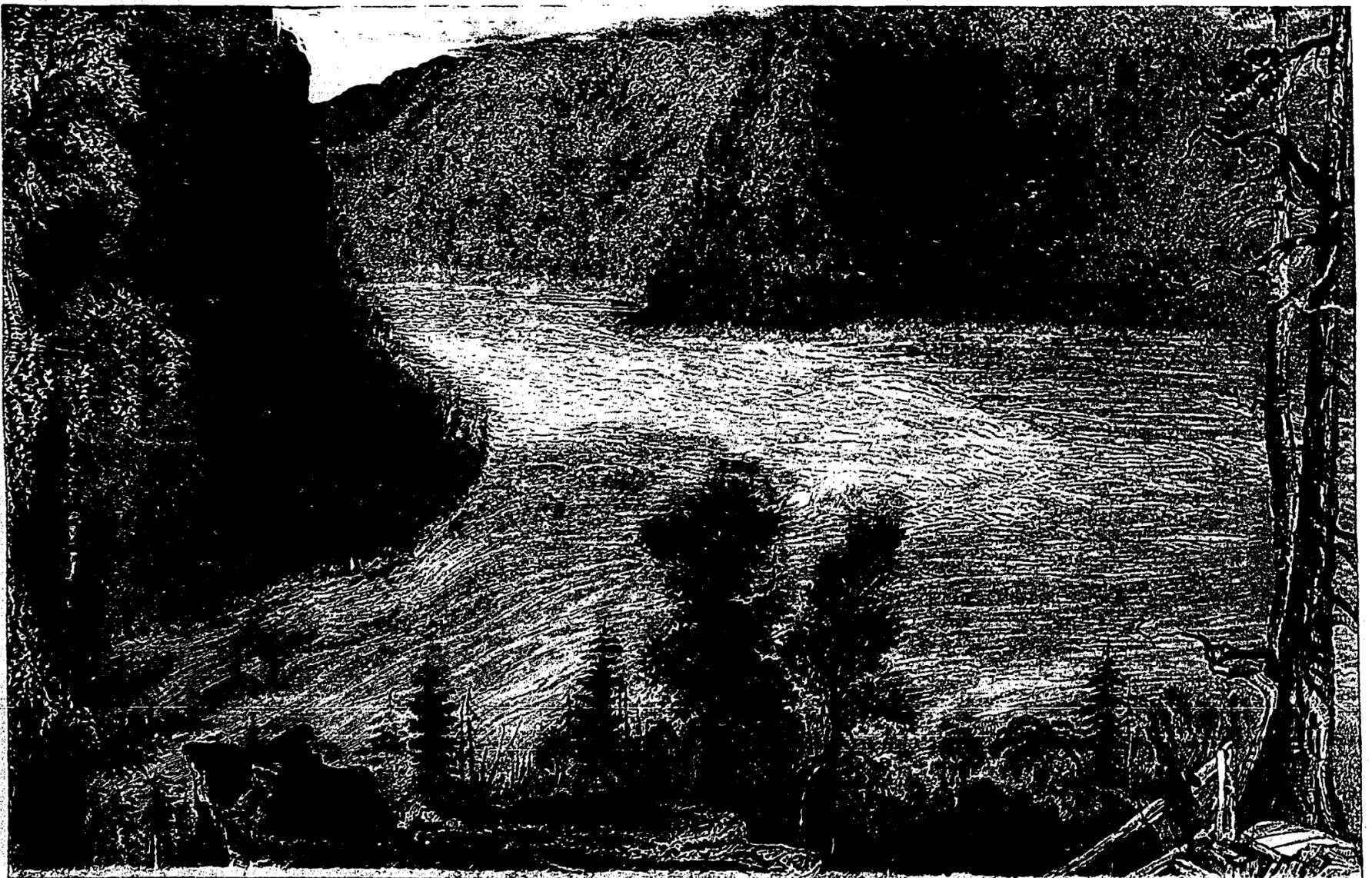
M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

tactician. In hearing Rochefort for his extreme violence, Ollivier effectively demonstrated his strength in the Corps Législatif, for only a mere handful of Deputies—thirty-four—voted against Rochefort's arraignment, and 226 for it. This is a fair indication of the strength of his Government, as against the Republican faction; but he may have to encounter other elements of opposition, though according to present appearances his administration has the confidence of the great body of the French people.

"THE WHIRLPOOL"—AN INCIDENT.

The whole neighbourhood of Niagara is celebrated for the beauty, variety and grandeur of its scenery; and, next to the mighty "Falls," the Whirlpool in the Niagara river, of which an illustration is here given, is one of the most remarkable of its wonders at which the spectator never feels wearied with gazing. It is situated three miles below the Falls, and one mile below the Suspension Bridge, at a point where there is a sharp turn, almost a complete angle, in the channel of the river, and is formed by the dashing of the current, with tremendous velocity, against the rocky steps from which it is hurled back and twirled round in sullen, surging grandeur, the water rising in the middle to a height of about ten feet. This Whirlpool is said to resemble in appearance, though of course not in magnitude, the Great Maelstrom on the coast of Norway, and is visited by almost every tourist who goes to "see the Falls." The view of the river down to the whirlpool from the Suspension Bridge, is described by a clergyman in a private letter, with the perusal of which we have been favoured:

"The river, above the bridge, in solemn majesty flows down, so deep and calm, that the long and tortuous lines of foam which have floated down from the cataract are scarcely seen to move on its surface, and give no indications of the prodigious force of the current underneath. It is as it passes under the bridge that the bed of the river suddenly changing its inclination and character, the waters all at once rush down the pent-up channel with a brawling noise, and their tremendous volume, as it comes out from under the bridge, not finding room to expand itself, is violently compressed into a ridgelike rise in the middle, sloping towards either edge of the rushing torrent. The whole current, convulsed into the most tumultuous agitation, boils and leaps and foams as it pursues its mad career to the whirlpool, whose gyrations never cease, and where anything that is caught is kept rotating for hours and

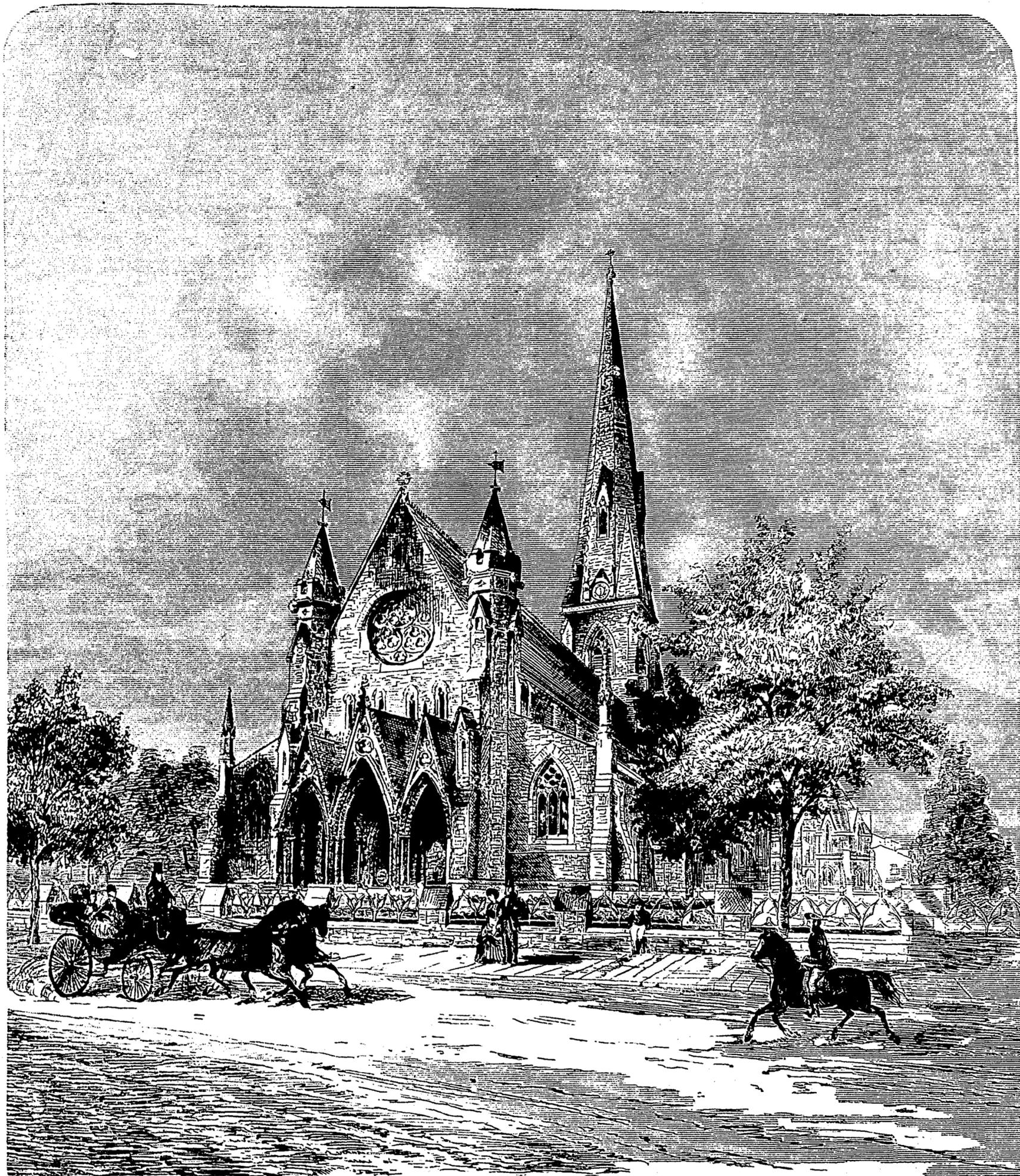


"THE WHIRLPOOL," NIAGARA RIVER.

days and weeks together, before it finds its way to the channel beneath. What gives grandeur, and throws an inexpressible charm around this scene, above and below the Suspension Bridge, is the depth of the rocky channel along which the river has found its way. A wall of rock nearly 200 feet in height rises up precipitously on either side. Bare and plumb half way down, the other half is a declivity formed out of the debris which has fallen from above. This incline is clothed with the most luxuriant foliage to the water's edge. The mighty stream thus walled in and fringed, moving majestically

the boiling waters, and there from the high perpendicular bank look down upon the seething, surging cauldron beneath. And if curiosity still remains unsatisfied, there is a difficult and devious footpath down which the adventurous spirit may risk himself to the water's edge. It has been a fashion with some visitors to inscribe their names or initials, either on the rock or projecting roots of the trees on the upper ledge of the precipice; and there was a report many years ago, that while three persons were engaged in this insane amusement, the earth gave way under their feet and they were precipitated to

the party, and whose fame among the fair sex almost equalled his reputation as a lawyer; there was a wealthy merchant of matrimonial tastes, just verging on the confines of old bachelorhood; there was a bashful young man whose independent circumstances and quiet manners made him a very desirable companion for the young ladies, and whose courage, it was hoped by some of them, would be brought to the "popping" point through the example so recently set by his friend; and there were some others who need not be particularized. Such, in brief, was the jovial party who, having



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

over its rocky bed as far below the surface as the steep sides are above it, with all the calmness of a summer's eve, or tumultuously with all the fury of a winter's storm, is a sight so unique and sublime as to fill the mind with admiration."

It is not always that the visitor contents himself with the distant view from the Suspension Bridge. To do the whirlpool, from the Village of Clifton, one must make a hard bargain with and pay double fare to, some harpy hackman, and if in the glorious summer time, take a pleasant drive through green fields and forest to the level tree-shaded plateau overlooking

the bottom and instantly killed. Whether true or not, this story helped to heighten the momentary dread of an otherwise happy party, and to deepen the shadows of the cloud of terror which for a time eclipsed their enjoyment.

It was a wedding party; or rather a party who had come "to the Falls" to meet and escort a newly-married pair on the journey homeward from their wedding tour. There was the bride and groom; some four or five young ladies; a dashing young widow, whose "cap" was said, erroneously no doubt, to have been set for a rising young barrister, who was also one of

visited all other places of attraction in the neighbourhood, started from Clifton to see the whirlpool on the afternoon of a bright summer day, about the end of June. Leaving their carriages after a pleasant drive and entering the plateau overlooking the whirlpool, shaded, as it then was, with tall trees in full foliage, and fanned by a cool breeze, the party had the double satisfaction of seeing the great whirlpool and enjoying a stroll through a delightful sylvan retreat, which, mated as they were, was no small addition to their pleasure. But the barrister had not taken the widow aside for secret converse

and silent contemplation; and so the widow, full of dash and daring, resolved upon a sensation of her own, by inscribing her name on the ledge. Accordingly she approached the crown of the precipice, despite the remonstrances of some of the party who were near, and—oh horror!—the cry was raised that Mrs. ——— had fallen over!

The bride, standing at some little distance, and supposing she had seen the last of her dear friend, fainted away; the young ladies screamed; and the hitherto scattered party were brought together almost instantly in the wildest consternation. But the widow had not fallen; she had only seated herself somewhat suddenly on the ledge, and an intervening bush gave to that motion the appearance of a descent over the precipice into the yawning gulf below. The alarm lasted but a few seconds when she reappeared, apparently the least concerned of the party. It was some time, however, before the bride revived, and longer still before the bestirred nerves of the ladies and gentlemen were calmed again. Not till after the return drive and the genial influence of a private dinner at the ——— Hotel; and not till many severe reprimands had been administered to the daring transgressor, did the party resume their former hilarity. It was noticeable, too, that the barrister laughed nearly all the time, after the bride's fainting fit was over; and that the merchant and the bashful young man were almost as indignant with the widow as the excited and deeply agitated groom.

"But what has all this to do with the whirlpool?" you say. Why, everything to be sure! Is it not an incident on the surface of the great whirlpool of life, of which that of Niagara is but an imperfect type? Nay; wouldn't you like to hear whither the ceaseless, ever-turning, eddy of human fortune has carried the participators? Well! The widow did not catch the barrister, if she ever tried; they are both yet whirling along in the circle of single blessedness. The merchant, after careering round and round for several years, was "drawn in" at last, and now glides smoothly along the matrimonial current. The bashful young man took courage after a time, but only to carry disappointment to the hearts of those of his fair companions of that day, if any, who hoped to share life's fitful voyage with him. Some of the ladies sought escape from the troubled waters in the calm of the cloister. But all the party, both ladies and gentlemen, are still, we believe, "rotating" in the great whirlpool of life, though the eddying currents have brought some of them sharply up by times against varying fortune, and it has been the lot of more than one of them to see the waters close for the last time over those very near and dear to them. What a whirlpool is life!

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEB. 12, 1870.

SUNDAY, Feb. 6.—*Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.*
 MONDAY, " 7.—Charles Dickens born, 1812.
 TUESDAY, " 8.—Mary Queen of Scots beheaded, 1587. Indo-European Telegraph opened, 1865.
 WEDNESDAY, 9.—Canada ceded to Great Britain, 1763. Great fire at Cape Colony, 1869.
 THURSDAY, 10.—Queen Victoria married, 1840. Sir David Brewster died, 1868.
 FRIDAY, 11.—Great Earthquake at Naples, 1692. Descartes died, 1650.
 SATURDAY, 12.—Sir Astley Cooper died, 1841.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

We beg to state that our canvassers are furnished with a document, under sign manual, defining their powers, and limiting their sphere of action. Payments made to others, not duly authorized, must be at the risk of parties making such payments. Several cases of this sort have already been attended with inconvenience, travelling agents having received subscription money, and not having accounted to us for the same.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1870.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ACADEMICUS," TORONTO.—Your letter would have been published had it been accompanied by your real name and address, as a guarantee of good faith. Might you not have sent us a copy of the calendar from which you quote?

The Minister of Finance has addressed a circular to the several banks in the Dominion, asking their co-operation in a proposed policy for the final extinction of the "silver nuisance." Sir Francis Hincks proposes: 1st, that a proclamation should be issued declaring that, after a day to be fixed, American silver shall be legal tender in amounts not exceeding \$40—the half-dollar at 40 cents, the quarter at 20 cents, the dime at 8 cents, and the half-dime at 4; 2nd, the Government to receive three millions of dollars in American silver—the first at 5, the second at 5½, and the third at 6 per cent discount; 3rd, that a penalty may be imposed by legislation upon all parties paying, or attempting to pay out American silver at higher rates than those named in the proclamation, after the same goes into force; 4th, in order to supply the void which will be caused by the removal of the American silver, it has been determined that a new Canadian silver coinage should be struck at the Royal Mint, and application has already been made for the coinage of 50 and 25 cent pieces to the extent of a million of dollars; 5th, the temporary issue of fractional Dominion notes, redeemable in gold when presented in sums of not less than five dollars. No effort will be used to force these notes into circulation, but every facility for obtaining them will be given.

Such is a summary of the measures proposed, after consultation with Mr. Weir of Montreal, for the restoration of the small currency of the country to a par basis. The merchants and business men of Montreal held a meeting on Tuesday last to consider this scheme; but while approving in general terms of the desirability of getting rid of American silver, the meeting, by a small majority, withheld its assent to the details of the scheme proposed by the Minister of Finance, taking especial objection to the penal clause and the issue of fractional currency. But upon these two clauses will depend the success of the whole scheme. The Governor-General's proclamation creating a legal tender value for American silver at least thirteen per cent below its actual value as an article of commerce, will not be worth the paper on which it is written, unless enforced by some penalty; and there is no other mode of affixing a penalty except by Act of Parliament prohibiting the payment or receipt of such silver at a higher value. On the other hand, the single million of silver coinage will hardly fill the gap created by the withdrawal of the American silver in circulation; and even if it did, as it will not be ready for some time the fractional currency seems a necessity if the American silver is at once to be withdrawn from circulation.

The offer of the Government to receive the silver at 5, 5½ and 6 per cent. discount is worth very little. So long as there is no penalty attached to its circulation in Canada it will command a higher rate in commercial transactions, so that the Government scheme, if eliminated, as some of the Montreal merchants appear to think it ought, would be worth next to nothing. Without the fractional currency, the sudden withdrawal of the silver would be a great inconvenience; without the penalty, the legal tender proclamation would be a dead letter. But the whole scheme, if put in motion, would undoubtedly be successful in ridding the country of American silver.

In the Maritime Provinces there has been no such trouble about American silver. There, the people, without other law than that of common consent, fixed the American quarter dollar at twenty cents, and thus rendered the importation of American silver an unprofitable speculation. At Halifax, and probably at some other seaports in Nova Scotia, American silver generally passes for its face value; but as the Nova Scotia dollar is worth only 97½c. Canada currency, that is practically equivalent to a discount of nearly three per cent. on American silver, at which rate it will be readily taken here. It is because of the local character of the grievance that the General Government may well be excused from assuming any responsibility which would entail expense in the removal of the depreciated currency. But if it only receives American silver at the rates already mentioned, there can be no danger of loss. The fractional currency, to the extent to which there will be a demand for it, will repay the Government for its issue and management, because the amount in circulation will represent so much of a loan to the Government, bearing no interest. It will be a public convenience, however, especially in the transmission of small sums of money by mail, for which, at the present time, postage stamps are generally used.

THE Americans, despite their devotion to Republican institutions, have no personal objection to Princes. On the contrary, they like to see them, to look upon them well; whether in the railway carriage, at church, hotel, or public parade, in ball-room, or theatre, a Prince is a welcome sight to them. Of course they administer a little abuse now and then to us poor Britishers for our supposed flunkeyism, or something worse, because of our respect for hereditary rank. But even a sham Lord—Lord Hubert Ainslie "of England," to wit—can excite among them a degree of curiosity and enthusiasm which is quite surprising to those who make no profession of despising rank and dignity of birth. How enthusiastically the Prince of Wales was received by the Americans nearly ten years ago! Canada with all its loyalty was then outstripped by New York, even as Washington threatens now to outshine Montreal. Prince Arthur has had a right royal reception from our Republican neighbours. Though going amongst them simply in the character of a private gentleman, desirous of seeing the country, or of spending a few days with Mr. Thornton at Washington, the Prince has been everywhere treated with the most marked distinction.

At Boston only, if we except some newspaper vulgarisms, did the American taste for giving unprovoked, and perhaps in this case unintended insult, display itself, for there the Common Council resolved that H. R. H. should not receive a public reception! This silly resolve was so generally laughed at, that it is not likely even Boston itself will care to repeat the proceeding. To inform a man that you do not invite him to dinner does not yet rank as an act of social courtesy; and beyond the limits of the Modern Athens, Boston's resolution not to give the Prince a public reception, was generally regarded as having that meaning.

During the two weeks the Prince has spent among the Americans, his popularity has grown amazingly. This is not surprising. The Prince has the easy grace of a gentleman, and such a pleasing, unaffected manner, that he could not but captivate the Americans, who, while affecting a fondness for *brusquerie*, are, nevertheless, quick to discover and as quick to appreciate good-breeding. They are fond, too, of overdoing each other; if Washington is grand, New York resolves to be magnificent. The dinners at the British Legation, at the President's, at Secretary Fish's, &c., at all of which the Prince was the honoured guest, have been descanted upon by the American papers to an extent which only American papers go in noticing private dinner parties; while of so much importance was the ball at Mr. Thornton's—"the Prince's ball,"—that the New York morning papers devoted some three or four columns to a description of it. One writer thus describes the arrival of the principal guests:

"The arrival of Mrs. Thornton, escorted by Mr. Trench, the Private Secretary of the Legation, at 9:15, found about fifty guests assembled. Mrs. Thornton received alone at first everybody who entered the ball-room, and it must be said that she received with exceeding grace. All had not assembled when the Prince arrived, at 9:40, to the music of the coronation march. He was attired in the full uniform of his regiment, and wore the Order of St. Patrick and the Garter. Lieutenant-Col. Elphinstone and Lieut. Packard, of his suite, wore also the military uniform. It was nearly 11 o'clock, after the Prince had stood at the side of Mrs. Thornton and received the people who thronged in, when Ulysses S. Grant, President, accompanied by his wife and several members of the Cabinet and their wives, entered the ball-room. The band played "Hail Columbia," in honour of the President, who marched up along the middle of the ball-room, with Mrs. Thornton, followed by Prince Arthur with Mrs. Grant. The Cabinet, gorgeous diplomatic corps, the Justices of the Supreme Court, Senators, Members of Congress, and divers dignitaries of some note, followed in the procession to the upper end of the hall. Here steps arose to a platform extending across the extreme farther end. There the President, the Prince, and most of the others comprising this august procession posted themselves within view of the now altogether magnificent assemblage, whose devoirs they received.

"The guests are supposed to be the clect of society. Not only Washington, but Philadelphia and New York have sent their dignitaries and choicest beauties to honour Minister Thornton's reception. Few hosts have gathered such a company of station, notoriety, and beauty successfully since the war. On the whole, the Prince of Wales did not meet so well-chosen people at the large parties made at his visit. The first officials of the nation are there; for the President has set aside his reception to see the Minister's decorations, and enjoy once more the freedom of a guest instead of an entertainer. Congressmen of eloquence and influence, the aristocratic admirals and generals of the army, the brilliant diplomatic corps, men selected for their social talents as well as their ranks, the most noted scientific men of the city, whose presence adds as much dignity to a reception as a score of decorated attaches, are the darker side of the reception list; while scarce a woman enters without prestige of fashion, wealth, or beauty."

QUITE an unexpected change of affairs is reported from Red River. It is now positively stated that the Hudson's Bay Company has reasserted its authority, quelled the insurrection, and made General Riel a prisoner. What has become of President Bruce is not reported, nor is it very clear whence the new strength of the Company had come. This turn of affairs is said to be due to a compromise between the English and the French half-breeds, but it implies a little more than that. Riel must have been deserted by his subordinates, otherwise it is quite inconceivable that the Company so powerless against him before would have been able to turn the tables so completely upon him.

It will be seen by advertisement on our last page that the Life Association of Scotland is doing a large and safe assurance business in Canada. The Company has erected a fine block of buildings on St. James street, near the Place d'Armes.

THE CANADA HEALTH JOURNAL, Edited by C. T. Campbell, M.D. London, Ont.: John Cameron & Bro. No. 1 Vol., January, 1870.

This small periodical, to be issued monthly at the rate of 50 cents. per annum, is devoted, as its name implies, to the dissemination of correct ideas on the laws of health. To teach men how to live so as to preserve the vigour of their physical constitutions, is a noble mission, and none should miss the opportunity of acquiring this valuable information, when it is placed within their reach for such a modest annual disbursement. The *Journal* is intelligently written, and has in its first number developed no undue leanings towards any particularism.

The Year Book and Almanac of Canada, 1870, Arthur Harvey, Esq., F. S. S., Editor. John Lowe & Co., Publishers, Montreal.

This valuable annual has now entered on its fourth year, and from the variety and accuracy of the information it contains is well deserving the very general patronage it receives. Mr. Harvey is one of the ablest and most painstaking statisticians in Canada, and the *Year Book* places the result of his labours in this department within easy reach, at a trifling cost. Not only in statistical information, but as to the legislation and the general condition and progress of the country the *Year Book* is a reliable authority.

QUEBEC LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature of Quebec was prorogued on Tuesday last by the Lieutenant-Governor, who, after sanctioning a number of bills passed, delivered the following speech:—

*Hon. Gentlemen of the Legislative Council,—
Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:*

I am happy in being able to congratulate you in the name of our gracious sovereign on the result of your labours and on the harmony with which you have examined and discussed the important questions submitted to your consideration. Although you have deemed it incumbent upon you to defer the formal adoption of the municipal code to another session, the zeal with which you have investigated this measure, and the solicitude manifested by you in regard to it, lead me to hope that the work will be thereby rendered more complete, and that it will thus hold out more ample security to the inhabitants of our rural districts.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly,—

I thank you in the name of Her Majesty for the liberality with which you have voted the supplies. I have observed with pleasure that you have devoted your attention to a provision for the better accommodation of the Public Departments.

Honourable Gentlemen and Gentlemen,—

Your devotion to our gracious sovereign and to the constitution to which we are subject, will, I have no doubt, insure me your assistance in the execution of the laws and in the administration of the Government.

I earnestly pray for the success of your exertions in the public behalf, for your own prosperity, and for the welfare of your families.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—Please allow a subscriber to furnish you with a pleasing item of news for your "Canadian Illustrated" from the above tight little Isle of the Sea, with the inhabitants of which your Dominion folks are so very eager to shake hands at the present time. The splendid harbour of Georgetown, in King's County, the most capacious and safe in the Gulf of St. Lawrence at all seasons, and now as free from ice as in the month of July, on the 19th inst. invitingly called on the Regatta Club of that ilk to embrace its waters, and this spirited Club, accepting the invitation so lovingly given, at once had the good old flag, the "Union Jack," reared at the extremity of the Queen's Wharf, there displaying its graceful folds to the breeze.

Men, boats, flags, and oars, were the order of the day, when all being ready, at 2 p. m. the first race was started by a signal gun; two four-oared boats started in this race from the Queen's Wharf to a boat moored three-quarters of a mile across the harbour to Montagne side; this was a splendid race, well contested, and won by Messrs. A. A. Macdonald & Bros.' boat, by one length, in seven minutes. Second race: five two-oared boats started; this was a glorious race,—the sun shone forth in splendour on the line of marshalled boats, the elastic spring of whose rowers, as the signal gun fired, made their prows rise in homage to the occasion; four boats rounded the distance boat, competing the race to the last; this race was again won by Messrs. Macdonald's boat.

A sculling race terminated the sports of the day: five scullers started to round a vessel anchored five hundred yards off; the contest in this race was eager, and great energy displayed by the scullers; the race was won by Mr. Wm. Allan, pilot.

A number of ladies and gentlemen promenaded the Queen's Wharf during the afternoon, and appeared to enjoy a scene so rarely to be viewed at this season of the year in these parts.

The Georgetown harbour must be the station where the fall and winter communication with the "Dominion" will be established, and where the Eastern Terminus of the Trunk Railroad of Prince Edward Island (to be), will be located.

Yours, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

GEORGETOWN, P. E. I., January, 1870.

THE TRUE MISSION OF AN EDITOR.

In an obituary notice of the late George D. Prentice, the *New York Times* says:—

"The true journal is no longer a personal organ. Personal journalism has only a limited mission. When a man considers that because he is the editor of a powerful newspaper, he must, of necessity, make it the echo of his anger, his hopes, his ambitions and his disappointments,—his influence is feeble and purposeless. An editor is to the paper he controls what the governor is to the commonwealth. He is its minister, not its master, and must govern it with wisdom and prudent consideration for the rights of others, remembering that there are always higher and nobler aims than any individual whim or prejudice. We see in England, and the time has come when we are beginning to see in America, that there can be no powerful and respected journalism that is not impersonal, and that no editor can fully do his work unless he is independent, untrammelled, and above all party influences. The editor sees that his mission is infinitely superior to that of any other profession, and that it is his privilege to command respect and obedience."

Sir Walter Scott, in a foot-note to one of his metrical romances, narrates the following characteristic Scottish anecdote—An old woman, residing in Fifeshire, lamenting her desolate condition to one of her neighbors, death having been very busy in her household, thus relates her bereavements:—"Four years ago I lost my daughter, fine sonsie (Stout) lassie; the next year, my son, a really wieslike (Handsome) lad, was ta'en frae me; the year after that, my guidman (Husband) departed this life, and that was a sair grief and tribulation to me; an' last year oor coo deed, but, I am thankful to say, I was able to sell its hide, an' that brocht me fifteen shillings!"

ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE POPE.

Stories about the Pope are numerous now-a-days, the presence of so many newspaper correspondents at Rome causing the publication of a great variety of anecdotes which would, perhaps, otherwise have never seen the light. Mr. Hurlburt, of the *New York World*, in his last letter to that journal, relates the following:—"Apropos of the curse of Babel, I must tell you here a story of the Pope and one of his Oriental bishops, which, if not true, is apt, but which I have reason to believe well founded. Pope Pius IX., as you know, has a keen eye for harmony in form as well as a quick sense of the humorous. When the Oriental bishops were presented to him, one of their number came up so deplorably hideous, such a caricature of a man, so small and weakened, and seamed and scarred, and tinted and wry, that it was beyond human nature to look upon him undisturbed. 'What language does this one speak?' asked the Pope, in amazement. 'None but his own, your Holiness!' responded the Cardinal Camerlengo, 'none but his own; he can scarcely speak a few words even of Latin.' 'Ah! said the Pope, and, bending forward, with a gracious smile, he extended his hand to be osculated by the doleful little Syrian, murmuring gently as he did so, 'Voi siete bene il piu brutto figlio di Gesu Cristo che mai ho veduto,' which, being interpreted, is, 'You are certainly the very ugliest son of Jesus Christ that ever I have beheld.' The sweet Tuscan words, the gentle smile, and the sacred name, doubtless sent the poor little man away as happy as if he had received the most elaborate of conventional benedictions."

A WOMAN WITH ARTIFICIAL HANDS AND FEET.

On Saturday evening several distinguished members of the medical and surgical profession assembled at the house of Mr. Heather Bigg, in Wimpole Street, to inspect one of those cases in which art has endeavoured to replace the ravages of disease. A Scotch woman, named Anderson, was seized in the course of last summer with gangrene in the hands and feet, and the amputation of all four extremities became necessary. The operation was performed at Dundee, and the woman was subsequently sent to London. Whilst here, the case came under the notice of Mr. Heather Bigg, and he volunteered to supply her with artificial hands and feet. This work was accomplished about a fortnight since, and those who assembled on Saturday evening came to witness the success of an experiment unique in its way, as the instance of an individual losing all four extremities is believed to be without a parallel in the records of medical science. Although not as yet habituated to the hands with which science has supplied her, Mrs. Anderson was, nevertheless, able to use a knife and fork, to write a fair legible hand, and even to crochet. By an ingenious contrivance she is enabled to exercise that prehensile power with the fingers and thumbs which anatomical mechanicians have so long sought in vain to secure. As to her feet and ankles, when she stands erect they might challenge, in respect to beauty, the criticism of the most severe, whilst as regards utility, it is sufficient to say that she can walk with ease supported on the arm of a friend, and it is confidently expected that when, in a few weeks' time, she has become habituated to the use of her new feet, she will be enabled to walk without assistance. Those who were present expressed their satisfaction at the success of this novel experiment in the application of the science of orthopraxy.—*London Morning Post.*

PRINCE ARTHUR AND THE LATE DR. ROBERT LEE.—In May, 1864, the late distinguished minister of old Greyfriars and Professor of Bible criticism in the University, Edinburgh, was summoned by the Queen to officiate in Crathie parish church. In his "Life and Remains," recently published, his biographer, the Rev. R. H. Story, of Roseneath, relates the following incident in connection with this occasion:—"Talking to me, afterwards, of the members of the Royal Family whom he met, he specially mentioned Prince Arthur, who had been at Balmoral at this time. Dr. Lee said that after breakfast he had gone out to smoke a cigar, and was trying to strike a light, when he was joined by the Prince at the door. The match missed fire, and he was looking about for something on which to strike it again, when Prince Arthur, taking it from him, struck it on the sole of his boot, and handed it back, duly lighted. Dr. Lee, thanking his Royal Highness, said he would remember this lesson in match lighting, and jokingly added, that when his biography came to be written it should be recorded that his cigar at Balmoral was lighted for him by Prince Arthur; whereat the Prince had laughed, and said he would be glad to have his name associated with Dr. Lee's in that or any other way."

NEW ASTRONOMICAL THEORIES.

The *New York Citizen and Round Table* says: An accomplished astronomer, one Dr. P. E. Trastour de Varano, has published a book in which he deliberately proceeds to upset the universe; or what amounts to the same thing, he completely crushes Copernicus, and annihilates Newton. As will be seen from the following summary of the conclusions to which he has arrived, he has proved that everybody who has previously written on astronomy has been guilty of the most atrocious errors. We are not clear as to what theory he has built up in the place of those which he has destroyed, and we are a little uneasy as to the position of the earth, now that the new celestial law-giver has shown that it neither revolves around the sun, nor is revolved about by that excellent luminary. However, we trust it will manage to maintain its present condition for the remainder of our natural lives. After the end of that period, Dr. Trastour de Varano may do as he likes with it. Here are his conclusions:

Contrary to the teachings of the system of Copernicus, the only one that now gives law to astronomy, the sun is not placed in the centre of the planetary system, and the earth and the planets do not revolve annually around that luminary. Contrary to the belief in the system of Ptolemy, the earth is not situated in the centre of the universe, and the sun and the planets do not accomplish their annual revolutions by revolving around it.

Contrary to the system of Tycho Brahe, the earth is not motionless in the centre of the planetary system, and the sun does not revolve annually around our globe, carrying with it, in its revolution, all the planets that circulate around it.

Contrary to the doctrine of the astronomers of our days, the orbit of the earth and the orbits of the planets are circles and

not ellipses—Kepler having mistaken illusions for realities in ascribing to the ellipse a power in space which it does not and cannot possess.

Contrary to their doctrine, the moon does not revolve around the earth while the latter is said to revolve around the sun.

Contrary to their doctrine, the earth, the moon and the planets pursue their course continually in the plane of the ecliptic and never go out of it.

Contrary to their doctrine, the diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic is a chimerical idea.

Contrary to their doctrine, the precession of the equinoxes, upon which the most important works of modern astronomy are based, is something that does not exist.

Contrary to their doctrine, the equinoctial points and the solstices always preserve their same positions.

Contrary to their doctrine, the terrestrial meridian varies annually, and the latitudes and the starting point of longitudes change from year to year.

Contrary to their doctrine, our civil year is not of constantly equal duration, as their almanacs represent it. There is never a year of duration equal to the one that preceded or follows it.

Contrary to their doctrine, the Gregorian rectification was founded on no astronomical basis. Instead of preventing it has augmented confusion; at a future day Easter will come round again in the middle of Spring, although the almanacs will call it Winter, if they persist in keeping the 21st day of March as the date of the Spring equinox.

Contrary to their doctrine the climates of the earth are not nearly invariable, but are subject to extreme vicissitudes.

Contrary to their doctrine, the stars have a general movement that carries them from West to East.

Contrary to their doctrine, at a future day the sun, the plane, the moon and the stars will rise in the West and set in the East.

Contrary to their doctrine, the dimensions, distances and movements of the planetary bodies, as set forth in their compilations and tables, possess no reality whatever; for they have been determined without taking into account one of the most indispensable conditions.

Contrary to their doctrine, no comet ever precipitates itself into any sun whatever in the realms of space, or can in any event come into collision with the earth.

Contrary to their doctrine, Kepler's laws are but pure illusions. It is only necessary to study them experimentally in order to recognize the fact that they have not the least connection with the fundamental law of celestial mechanism.

Contrary to their doctrine, Newton's theory of gravitation offers neither evidence nor probability. It is a fantastic commentary, built upon the chimerical ideas of Kepler, radically foreign to all mathematical truth and even transgressing the limits of common sense. Newton stepped beyond the sphere of the difficult only to enter into impossibilities.

The Newfoundland papers contain accounts of the murder of a young girl, named Miss Elfrida Pike, aged about sixteen years, on the road leading to a place called Mosquito, near Harbour Grace. Miss Pike was seen at five o'clock on Wednesday, Jan. 5, on her way to Harbour Grace; at six she called at a shop and purchased some trifling articles for the kitchen, which were afterwards found upon her person. At half-past six or seven she was seen on the Mosquito road, in company with a young man, whose identity is unknown, and was not again seen until her mutilated corpse was discovered on the road side. The evening of the murder was mild and bright. About nine the wind veered to the northward, accompanied by snow showers. The murder must have been committed before the change, as the poor girl's hat, itself slightly covered by snow, rested on dry grass. Although several persons had passed and repassed the spot the same night and the next morning, the murder was not discovered until the sun melted the snow off the road, revealing a pool of blood resulting from the last savage act of the hell-hound, who there completed his work. Eight wounds of frightful character marked her head and face. The lower jaw was broken by a compound fracture, three teeth were knocked out and two loosened in their sockets; a cut over the chin laid it open to the jaws; another wound perforated the lower lip. All these wounds seemed to have been made by some blunt instrument, such as a stone. Apparently, these wounds were inflicted on the side of the road, as shown by the blood stains, when the murderer may have dragged the body into the road and then cut the throat from ear to ear, the right end of the wound being marked by five distinct cuts, and the left by three, all apparently inflicted by a sharp instrument. Having waited until all the blood had flowed from the body, the murderer drew it to the opposite side of the road, and placed it behind a large stone. Miss Pike's moral character, known to be perfectly free from stain, was, on the evidence of the medical examination, pure and un sullied. She was a regular attendant at the Wesleyan Church and punctual in the Sunday school. On Sunday, 9th, her remains were followed to the grave by an immense concourse of sympathizing friends, the funeral being from the house of her grandmother, in Bear's Cove.

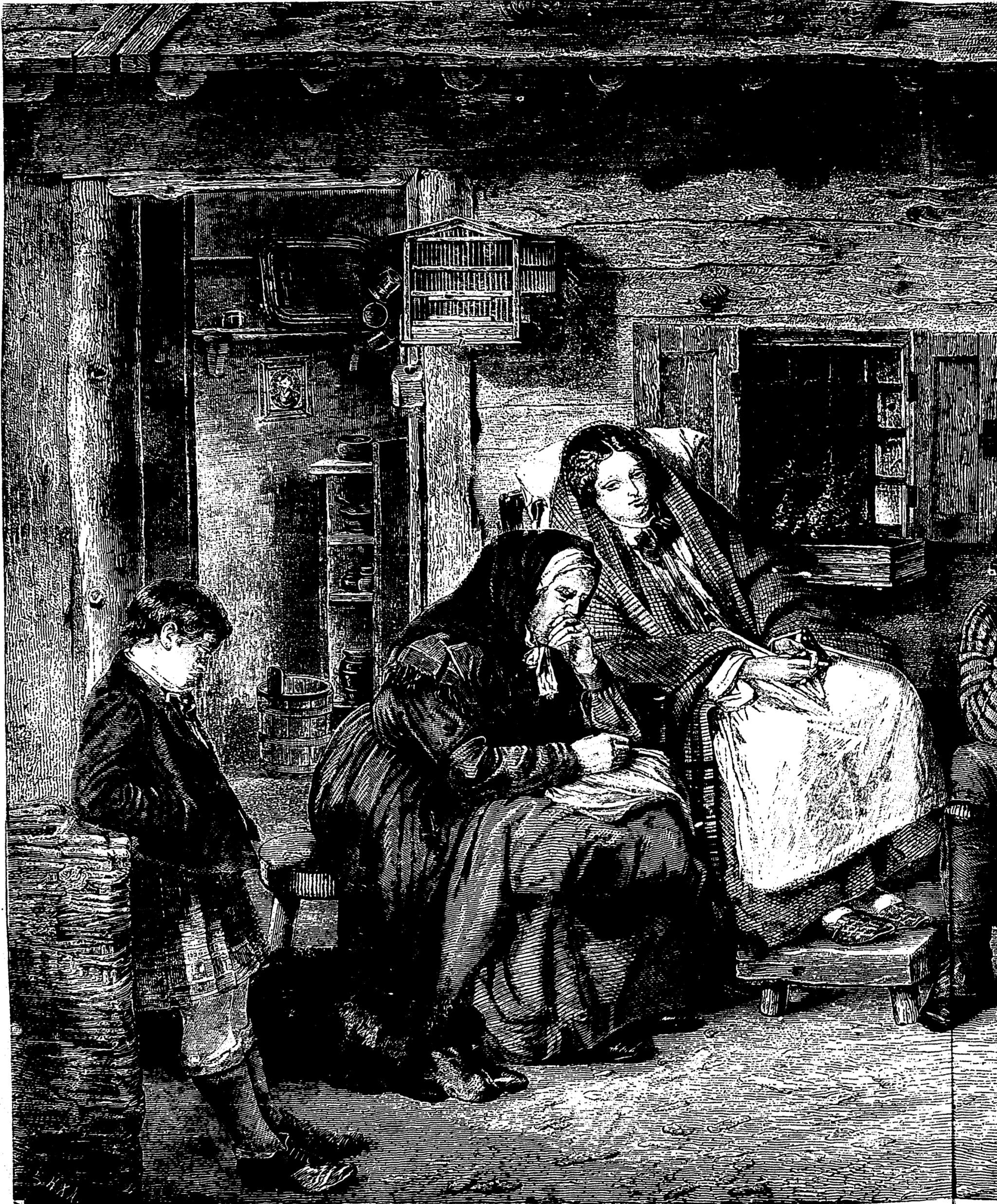
Temperature in the shade for the week ending February 2, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Consulting and Practical Optician, 387 Notre Dame Street, (next to Chas. Alexander & Son.)

| | MAX. | MIN. | MEAN. |
|------------------------|------|------|-------|
| Thursday, Jan. 27..... | 38° | 22° | 30° |
| Friday, " 28..... | 38° | 16° | 27° |
| Saturday, " 29..... | 32° | 6° | 19° |
| Sunday, " 30..... | 30° | 23° | 26° 5 |
| Monday, " 31..... | 20° | -4° | 6° |
| Tuesday, Feby. 1..... | 24° | 8° | 16° |
| Wednesday, " 2..... | 8° | -6° | 1° |

CHESS.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3.

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 1. P. takes Kt. | P. takes Q. (best). |
| 2. R. takes R. | Either P. moves. |
| 3. R. checks. | B. takes R. |
| 4. P. to Q. Kt. 7th, dis. ch. and mate. | |



A SUNDAY IN THE BACKWOODS



ADA DUNMORE;

OR. A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

BY MRS. LEPROHON,

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

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

RETURNED from three years' pleasant wanderings in other lands, behold me installed in my new home at Ellerslie, for such was the name given by my husband's father to the tract of land in the neighbourhood of Toronto, which he had received in return for services rendered his majesty King George, whilst serving as Colonel in the —th foot. The house, built shortly after the acquisition of the property, was large and commodious, though somewhat pretentious in style, and furnished with the cumbersome stiffness of an earlier date. I eagerly declined Rupert's offer that it should be dismantled and fitted up in more modern style, for everything was in perfect order and preservation, and the outbuildings and grounds, though partaking also of the stiff, heavy style our ancestors affected, were most carefully kept.

How happy I was! With what a joyous feeling I used to waken to life each morning, health and happiness bounding through my veins, feeling that existence was blissful beyond all I once thought imagination could conceive or language express. In all my rides, drives, rambles, my husband was my constant companion, and we never experienced, even for an hour, that peculiar apathetic indifference which seems to creep over so many married people when alone, even, though in the main, sincerely attached to each other. No young betrothed—no newly wedded wife ever sought more eagerly, during the first months of domestic happiness, to gratify her heart's chosen than I did to please Mr. Ellerslie. The colours he preferred, the style of dress, or of wearing the hair which he admired, were always preferred by me at my toilette, and I sometimes almost grieved that I had no other means of showing my affection for one whose love for myself approached almost to idolatry.

Ah! it never crossed my mind at this time that there was something too engrossing in this love, innocent and lawful as it was. I never perceived that I was losing sight, each day more and more, of the Creator in His creature.

Basking in earth's sunshine, I thought but of the present. That future life, for which this should ever be a preparation, scarce won a thought from me; and even Rupert, so earnest in faith and practice when I first met him, was growing cold and lukewarm, learning like myself to follow in the flowery paths of pleasure, utterly forgetful that life to the true Christian has duties and heavy responsibilities.

Of course the neighbouring gentry called immediately upon us, and we were constantly invited out. Some of these invitations we accepted, for Rupert laughingly urged if we did not occasionally do so, people would say he was jealous of his charming young wife, and he would soon find himself stigmatized as a cruel domestic tyrant—a sort of modified Blue Beard. His wish was law to me, and we accordingly made our appearance abroad sufficiently often to preclude anything like remark.

On these occasions I had no cause to complain of lack of attention, but it was ever with a feeling of vivid relief I turned from the fashionable or foppish men who thought fit to surround me with their homage, to the solitary companionship of my husband, who had sought me out when I was a poor, discarded governess, and elevated me to the high and courted position I now held. How often, when the meaningless homage just alluded to was pushed somewhat far, remembering with a sudden flush akin to anger, how those butterflies of fashion would have ignored me in the day of my isolation and poverty, or perhaps persecuted me with attentions still more insulting than their neglect would have been, I have suddenly turned from them with a contemptuous look that must have awoke within them mingled wonder and irritation. Every idle compliment I received, every sarcastic rejoinder I uttered, would I repeat to Rupert when we were alone, and though these communications were generally received with just and smile, there were times when he would suddenly draw me towards him and whisper in tones tremulous with deep feeling: "God bless you, my true-hearted wife."

There was but one secret chamber of my heart that was not laid bare to his gaze—but one passage of my past life that was not again and again recounted to him with the talkative frankness of a child, and that was the sad episode in which my poor brother had played so fearful a part. Heaven alone know what my silence cost me, and had the oath exacted from me by my deceased father been less solemn and explicit, I would some time or other have yielded to the temptation that beset me occasionally with a violence that almost exceeded my strength, and throwing myself on my husband's breast, revealed all. That could not be, however, and nothing remained but to overlook as thoroughly as I could, the shadow that obscured a portion of my sunshine. Yes, there was another one too on which I rarely dwelt, lest it should acquire larger and more formidable proportions than it had yet attained.

Few evil qualities of the human heart are more rapid in growth when freely indulged in, and at the same time more fatal to human happiness than discontent; and aware of this, I resolutely ignored, as far as lay in my power, the very existence of this cloud—strove to forget that I was a childless wife. Not on my account did I grieve over this, for happiness filled up my life so completely as to leave me scarcely room for a sorrowful feeling, but it was for my beloved husband's sake that I grieved over it. He had never worried me with expressions of regret or disappointment, barely even expressed a wish in my presence that it were otherwise; but I, who studied him so closely, who loved him so well, had often noticed when he fancied himself unobserved, the wistful look in his eyes as he watched some proud father caressing his child, or the gentle tenderness with which he ever accosted any little one that came in his way.

Very unexpectedly one morning Mr. Ellerslie received a letter from his brother-in-law informing him that Mrs. Sherwin was in immediate danger from hemorrhage of the lungs, and requesting him to proceed to Elmsford without delay.

Much moved, for despite her wayward petulance of character and determined estrangement from ourselves since the period of our marriage, he had continued to cherish a sincere

affection for her, my husband determined on setting out at once. No mention of my name was made in the letter, beyond a polite hope on Mr. Sherwin's part that I was well, and conjecturing that I was still obnoxious to my sister-in-law, I at once saw that Mr. Ellerslie must go alone. The thought of this separation, the first that had yet marred the sunny course of our wedded life, was inexpressibly painful to me, and I was sitting dejectedly in my husband's dressing-room, watching the completion of his preparations for departure—he was to leave in another hour—when suddenly looking up from some papers which he was arranging, he drew me tenderly towards him, whispering:

"My darling! you must not look so down-hearted! The distance is comparatively short, and I need not say the time of separation will appear as long to me as to yourself. I must say that I, too, feel unreasonably sad at the prospect of parting, but what would our fashionable friends say if they overheard us? Why they would laugh at us both for a month to come. I would almost prefer the Blue-Beard imputation!"

The time of Mr. Ellerslie's absence lagged wearily, and I counted with feverish impatience the days that yet intervened between me and his return. A letter came—poor Mrs. Sherwin was very ill; then another message informed us that she was dead, and my husband would join me as soon as possible after the funeral.

I was sitting in my dressing-room some time after the reception of this last letter, feeling unusually languid and ill, when Dorothy entered and handed me an epistle addressed in irregular straggling letters to myself.

"A bare-footed lad has just left this ma'am. He wanted to see yourself, to give it into your own hands, he said, but I knew you were poorly, so I just told him to either leave it, or take it back with him. After a minute's thinking he handed it to me!"

"Some petition or begging letter, I suppose," was my weary rejoinder. "Put it down there, Dorothy, and I will look over it just now."

After a few moments, feeling with something like a twinge of remorse that I should not let it lie there because the writer was probably a petitioner, I took it up and negligently glanced over it. Alas! my indifference soon fled, and trembling in every limb, my cheek paling to a death-like whiteness, I read and re-read the letter. It contained but a few lines hastily scribbled in pencil, but the characters, not disguised like the address on the envelope, were but too well known to me. It ran thus:

"Dear Ada, I would see you once again before leaving Canada for ever. Meet me to-night, if possible, at ten o'clock in the thick grove at the back of the house, for I dare not venture there earlier lest I should be known. For the sake of olden times—of our early love—come Ada, come!"

It was from George, my poor, hapless brother, whom fancy had at one time pictured as dead—at another, as residing in some far distant lands. The reception of this note agitated me strangely, and for a time I felt so ill that I almost feared I would be unable to leave my room. The thought of this was perfectly unbearable, for time had in no manner weakened the warm sisterly love I had ever felt for the light-hearted manly boy, whose affection had been the only ray of sunshine that had ever brightened my gloomy childhood.

I suddenly remembered how providential—even under my actual circumstances the feeling seemed strange, unnatural to me—was Mr. Ellerslie's absence, for a secret visit to the grove at so late an hour of the evening would have been a feat almost impossible to accomplish had he been at home. And now, without danger of detection, I could meet poor George, utter the tender farewell words, probably the last we should exchange on earth, give him my father's dying message, all of which would serve to cheer him on his desolate path. Ah! why was his in such gloomy shadow, in such hopeless darkness, whilst mine lay in the brightest sunshine?

As the hours wore on, my feeling of sick lassitude in great part left me, but was succeeded by a nervous, feverish restlessness almost equally overwhelming. I ordered tea in my dressing-room, and after swallowing a cup, took my writing-case and proceeded to examine what money I possessed. I had over fifty pounds—my husband was always lavishly generous to me in money matters—and putting this sum into a beautiful little portemonnaie, one of Rupert's countless gifts, I slipped it into my pocket, determining to give it to poor George. I quieted the uneasy sensation this intention cost me, by the remembrance that Mr. Ellerslie had given me the money entirely for dress or pleasure, and I resolved to practise strict economy in my toilette expenses for some time to come.

The hour drew nearer, I dismissed my maid for the night, telling her I would attend on myself—a thing I very frequently did, for I had learned the lesson thoroughly in early life—and then, at five minutes to ten, threw a large shawl over my shoulders, and with beating heart, stole down a side stairs that led to the grounds without meeting any member of the household. As I reached the coppice I saw by the starlight a tall slight figure in sailor costume emerge from amid the trees and draw near to me. I was quickly strained to a panting heart, whilst burning tears rained down on my face.

"Pardon me, my sister, for my selfish prayer, but I could not, oh! I could not bid farewell for ever to Canadian soil without seeing you once more. 'Tis for the last time!"

Ah! I forgot the criminal, the murderer in the brother, and wept with him and clung to him even as I had done in the olden days of my childhood!

He told me how, once arrived in New York, he had engaged as a common sailor on a vessel bound for Bermuda. Arrived there, crushed to the earth by remorse and grief, he had succeeded only in earning enough to support existence; frequent and severe fits of illness making even this difficult to accomplish. At length, weary of everything, he resolved to yield to the desire that haunted him night and day, to see Canada once more. He had worked his way home as a common sailor on board an obscure merchant vessel, and learning through some accidental channel my poor father's death, and my own marriage, as well as my place of abode, had ventured on the step of seeking an interview with me. I at once gave him a rapid sketch of all that had happened subsequent to his flight from Danville. Then he eagerly questioned me about myself and husband, and whether the latter were very kind to me, all of which questions I answered with an enthusiasm which seemed to impart deep happiness to my companion.

"Thank God! Ada! the usual Dunmore destiny has not been yours! Every night shall Rupert Ellerslie be mentioned in my unworthy petitions, and even should I forget to pray for myself, I shall not fail to pray for him!"

It was near midnight before I could tear myself away from him. Again and again I said farewell, yet still I lingered on. Once I passionately exclaimed:

"Why need you go at all, George? Remain here under a disguised name. Who would ever suspect that you are the George Dunmore whom men supposed they had seen buried in Danville church-yard?"

"Whoever would look at me, mention the name of Dunmore in my presence, would see my guilt at once in my conscious face. No, no, Ada, true, fond sister, it cannot be, and now, indeed, farewell!"

Here again a delay ensued, caused by my forcing on his acceptance the small purse I had previously prepared, and which he at first strenuously refused to take. Finally, seeing the grief and pain his refusal caused me, he unwillingly consented. The late moon had by this time risen, and though often cloud-obscured, her tremulous silvery light fell in long flickering lines on the fair expanse of wood and field that lay outstretched around us. All was profoundly still, hushed in its solemn quiet beauty, and together we slowly advanced to the edge of the wood, and emerged one step into the moonlight. I wished to see my brother once again, to have a more pleasant remembrance of him than the terrible night on which we had last met, had furnished me with, and I eagerly scanned his face as it bent sadly, tenderly towards mine.

Alas! alas! even by that deceptive light it was sadly changed. The fair hair still clustered in wavy masses round his head, but the cheeks were sunken and the face had grown strangely old. In a paroxysm of anguish I flung myself on his breast and sobbed and clung to him like a grieving child. After renewed tender farewells, he tore himself by a sudden effort from me and disappeared in the gloom of the wood.

CHAPTER II.

Slowly, languidly, I dragged my steps back to the house, worn out in body and mind, and threw myself on my bed, where after a time I fell asleep. That sleep, however, proved anything but refreshing, for all sorts of unpleasant dreams haunted my slumbers, the prominent feature in all of them being danger to my brother of pursuit and discovery. Once it seemed to me I was again in the wood talking with George, when suddenly, without previous warning, I saw my husband within a few steps of us, wearing a stern dark look which boded no good to the luckless fugitive. In sharp imploring tones I exclaimed, "Oh, fly, dear George, at once!"

Terror, perhaps the echo of my own voice, awoke me, or was I not still under the influence of a dream, for there, close to me, a stern look on his rigid features such as I had never yet seen there, was Mr. Ellerslie. Without a word he turned away, but ere he could reach the door, collecting in some measure my bewildered senses, I was at his side. I would have thrown myself in his arms, but he kept me off, the stern look on his face never varying.

"My darling husband, what is the matter," I gasped.

"Enough, enough of this hateful mockery!" and his tones were so hoarse and changed, they seemed unknown to me. "There, on your dressing-table, is a letter that will explain all. Only for the necessity of placing it here where it might fall into no other hands than yours, only for the irresistible impulse that led me to take one last look on the face of her of whom I have made an idol more than a wife, we should never have met on this earth again."

"Do you want to drive me mad, Rupert Ellerslie?" I asked, feeling a death-like faintness stealing over me. "Explain yourself!"

"What! Acting to the last! I will speak out then. Listen! I witnessed your midnight interview in the wood with your tall curly-haired lover, saw you clinging to him, weeping in his arms. Oh God! that I should have lived to talk thus of my own dishonour!"

For a moment I was stunned, bewildered by this terrible shock. The difficulty of explanation, the solemn oath that sealed my lips, the improbability of my tale, even should I violate the latter, that the brother at whose interment he had himself attended with my unfortunate father and a crowd of fellow mourners, was identical with my companion of the previous night, all this rushed with despairing force upon me, and throwing myself at his feet, I wildly exclaimed:

"Oh my husband! Condemn me not unheard! All can yet be explained."

"Enough of this!" and he strove to disengage his hand which I had caught in mine with despairing energy. "Your own acts have judged and condemned you. Let me go!"

"No!" I almost screamed, "you shall not. By the memory of our wedded love I conjure you to give me a moment to collect my thoughts, to enter on explanations which will make all clear to you."

"Ah, I understand!" he interrupted, and for the first time there was an inflexion of mockery in his voice. "Yes, time to invent some plausible tale which may blind anew the husband who has been a dupe so long, but that is impossible now. He has unfortunately seen too much!"

"Rupert!" I resumed in the same frenzied tones of entreaty. "Pause for a while before you leave me! I can swear in the presence of that God whom we both revere that I have never wronged you even in thought."

He drew back from me with a sudden gesture of horror, and I, utterly crushed, blasted as it were by that terrible look, fainted at his feet.

When consciousness returned I was lying on the bed in my own room, the windows darkened—unbroken silence round me. Slowly the remembrance of all that had lately happened stole over me, and with it came a feeling of bitter, numbing, mental anguish, which I would have exchanged, oh how thankfully! for the most acute physical pain. Suddenly my ear detected a slight movement in the room, and with the thought that it might be my husband, a tide of tumultuous happiness surged up through my whole being. Ah, if it were indeed he, there was hope yet! For a moment I feared to speak lest I should dispel the blissful thought that had suddenly dawned on my misery, but suspense soon grew intolerable, and I faintly asked, "Who is that?"

"Me, ma'am—Dorothy! Are you better?"

Sick at heart with disappointment, I whispered "yes," and turned away my head. After a while I spoke again.

"Where is Mr. Ellerslie, and who placed me here? Speak the truth, Dorothy."

My voice, though low and constrained, was calm, and somewhat reassured, she rejoined:

"Some time ago, your room-bell rang, and coming up, I met the master, who said: 'Attend to Mrs. Ellerslie! You were

lying on the bed, ma'am, in a dead faint. After a short time you began to come to, and he said, hurried like, I'm going away for a long time, Dorothy. When your mistress is stronger, give her the letter on the dressing-table, and never leave her. Good-bye!"

"And that was all?" I asked, in a still lower tone.

In a husky voice she replied:

"He just took one long look at you, as you lay there, life struggling back to your white face, and left the room. He went down to his study and shortly after left the house, taking nothing with him but a travelling valise which he carried himself. You were a long time, ma'am, coming to. Just as you'd begin to get better, you'd go off into another faint, but, at last, you got a little round, and I think you are better now!"

"Yes, much better, thank you!" I replied, with a calmness more dreadful under the circumstances than the wildest agitation would have been. "Give me the letter, please, Dorothy."

She hesitated.

"What do you fear?" I quietly asked. "It contains needful explanations from Mr. Ellerslie. Draw the curtains back and leave me for a little while. I will ring if I want anything."

Only half deceived by my forced tranquillity, but fearing to agitate me by opposition, she did as I desired, and then reluctantly withdrew.

I took the letter—kissed it first, for no matter how harsh or cruel might be the denunciations it contained, the writer would be supremely dear to me whilst life should pulsate in my veins, broke the seals and read my doom. It ran thus:

"Ada, when I first sat down to write this letter, the last communication that shall ever pass between us, angry denunciations, cruel bitter reproaches thronged on my thoughts, but a moment's reflection convinced me that it would be better otherwise. Your own heart will hereafter prove my best avenger, and I leave you to its upbraidings and remorse. I will endeavour to speak calmly, dispassionately, and to keep down the lava-tide of wrath and despair, surging up from the depths of my being!

Fondly flattering myself that you were pining for my presence as I was for yours, I made unheard of efforts to get away from Elmsford a day earlier than had at first seemed possible. I succeeded and left immediately after my poor sister's funeral, yearning in my sorrow for the sympathy of her who was to inflict on me the deepest and deadliest anguish my life had ever known. Travelling night and day with all possible speed, I reached home after eleven at night, and seeing the house in darkness, save one faint light burning in your room, let myself softly in with my latch-key and noiselessly mounted the stairs, thinking all the while, poor fool that I was! how joyful a surprise I was preparing for my worshipped wife. I entered your apartment, it was empty. So also was your dressing-room. Vaguely perplexed and anxious, I looked around me, when a small scrap of paper lying upon the carpet, beside the chair that you had evidently lately occupied, for your handkerchief and smelling bottle still rested upon it, attracted my notice. I picked it up and read the appointment it solicited from my wife—for the love of olden times! Your rooms were vacant—you had gone, then! Well, the bitterest curse I can call down on the betrayer of my happiness and honour, is that he may yet know what I endured at the moment. Still, I would not be rash. I would not condemn—like one under the influence of some awful dream, I went out to the place of meeting. I had not long to wait, for even whilst I was glancing along the belt of wood, you emerged into the moon-light, and I saw you—oh! the agony of that moment! fling yourself on his breast—twine your soft deceitful arms round his neck even as you had countless times done round mine, whilst he bent over you, alternately kissing your up-turned face and pressing you to his heart. If anything could have added to the mortal suffering of that moment, it was the fact that my rival could not even afford me the poor satisfaction that one gentleman owes another, for, as he stood there in the moon-light, too distant for me to clearly note his features, I could see that his garb was that of a common sailor. 'Tis wonderful that spectacle did not blast my sight forever. It did my moral sense a moment, for, listening to the promptings of evil, I turned back to my study, took out of its closet the loaded pistol that always hung there, and again approached the outer door with the intention of taking sure and deadly vengeance. As I stood covering him from my unsuspected nook, conscience whispered: Why should I do this thing? What will it avail to shoot down the wretch in cold blood, but to make myself as culpable in the sight of my Creator as he is? His murder will not restore my blasted happiness—will not make my wife other than the guilty fallen-creature she is. Grace was given me to resist the sinful impulse, and shortly after I had re-entered my study, the soft rustling of your dress sounded in the corridor as you stole up stairs to your room. A short half-hour of reflection and my decision was taken—the plans for my future barren, miserable life laid. Listen to them now. When your eye shall peruse this I will be on my way to leave Canada—mark me, Ada Ellerslie—never to return to it. To no earthly being shall I reveal the cause of my departure—of my life-long exile. You may give what reason you like—say that I have gone on a long journey—that I have deserted you without the shadow of a cause—no word or writing of mine shall ever contradict your tale. You shall remain mistress of Ellerslie—its revenues shall be yours, to revert, only after your death, to my niece, Helena Sherwin, alas! my nearest now of kin. Perhaps you may wonder why I am thus lenient. I will tell you in this solemn hour of deepest suffering and humiliation, when I sit with convulsed heart and aching brain, looking back on our past happy married life, recalling your winning, endearing ways, your rare graces and beauty. It is that I also am in part to blame. I should not have profited of your hour of trial and desolation to tempt you to barter your freedom for a home. I, an experienced man of the world, should have known that, between us there could be no real, lasting, affinity or sympathy, and that young, beautiful, gifted as you were, a time would come when you would feel your position and home—had been purchased far too dearly! Alas, the deep love and admiration with which you had inspired me, blinded, warped my judgment. It seemed to me that your rare intellectual powers elevated you alike above the weakness and sympathies of your sex. God help us both—it has not been so! And now, one parting word. Writing to—enquiring for me, if such should be your future pleasure, will be utterly unavailing, for I shall depart from Canada and leave no clue behind. A couple of letters of business to my lawyer, making provision for the present—the future, and then my correspondence shall utterly drop. If I

were on my death-bed and you in the room adjoining, pleading for admittance, I should refuse your petition; if you summoned me to your own final moments, my answer would still be No. In life or death we shall never meet again.

RUPERT ELLERSLIE."

I read this letter over and over again, feeling it but made the writer more immeasurably dear to my heart, and my loss more overwhelmingly great—then I rang for Dorothy, wishing to put away this precious letter, whilst I had strength or reason to do so, for I felt both were rapidly giving way. I asked for my jewel-casket. She brought it wonderingly, and whilst she busied herself in the room, I put it into a secret drawer. Then, I locked the box, gave it into her hands, and lay back on my pillow with a wild happy hope that the feeling of strange sickness I felt creeping over me, was the precursor of Death. It did not prove so, for though I lay struggling for weeks in the grasp of dangerous illness, youth and a sound constitution triumphed. I recovered. Then came fresh troubles. Visitors pertinaciously called—gossips pitted that poor young Mrs. Ellerslie, abandoned at so critical a time by her heartless husband. Then again, others wondered what had I done to drive him away from me.

The firmness with which I persisted in refusing all social overtures added perhaps fresh fuel to curiosity, but after a time, calls became fewer and fewer, till at length they ceased entirely. Dorothy once remonstrated, but, looking in her face, I mournfully said:

"Dorothy, my old, well-trying friend, you do not, you cannot ever know all, but you know at least that I am very wretched. Leave me, then, all I ask or hope for—the refuge of solitude!"

She sighed a long heavy sigh, but after that she never renewed her solicitations, and I was left in peace. In peace did I say? Yes, such peace as the criminal condemned to perpetual imprisonment knows in his dark, unless cell. No alternations had I of hope and despair—no illusory dreams—nought but the stagnation of utter misery.

Ah! my stubborn heart would not, could not bring itself to say 'Thy will be done,' and thus the only source from which I could have derived one gleam of consolation was, through my own wilfulness, closed upon me.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER a few additional months of wretched health, the child, once so eagerly coveted—so ardently longed for, was born. Poor Dorothy, who had lately dropped the more ceremonious style she had adopted towards me after my marriage, and resumed the motherly, half authoritative way of olden days, had anxiously looked forward to this event, hoping that the advent of my baby, if its little life were only spared, might rouse me from the state of dull, apathetic misery into which I had fallen. But it was not so. I did my duty towards my infant son as well as my feeble health allowed—nursed, tended him, but of a mother's rapturous feelings I knew nothing. If I pressed a kiss on his waxen face, a burning tear fell on it too—if Dorothy hinted at his delicate health and fragility of frame, I rather secretly rejoiced, for I felt I was not long for earth myself, and I did not wish to leave my boy—a poor, little, desolate waif—behind me. At times if I caught him to my breast, remembering he was the child of the husband I so passionately loved, and rained fervent kisses on his unconcious brow, the remembrance flashed across me that my little Rupert had never seen, and never would see his father; that that father had disinherited him before his birth, and would probably refuse to even acknowledge his son if he were presented to him, and then I would bury my head in his tiny, white robes, and sob and cry till fairly worn out, when I would wearily put him from me.

Partly from inclination, partly from a wish to lay aside as much as possible of my yearly income to make a provision for my child in case he should survive me, as the property would go, after my death, to Helena Sherwin, I determined to retrench my expenses without delay. Dorothy readily coincided in my views, and when I began to rally after baby's birth, and saw that both of us were likely to live, my intentions were at once carried out. The large, productive farm was leased on good terms to the man who had previously managed it, and our household reduced to one man-servant, who kept the grounds in good order, and a young female servant to assist Dorothy. In vain I reminded the latter that she was getting aged, and would require more help than that, she tartly rejoined that none but herself should wait either on mother or child, the other one could look to the kitchen. Our stables were closed, and we kept but one pretty, gentle pony, which Rupert had trained himself for my special use. This latter I determined to retain for the dear giver's sake; and occasionally it would draw Dorothy, baby, and myself in my low pony carriage through some lonely country road, where we were sure of meeting but few people. My only other consolation was to go down to my husband's study, and after fastening the door, carefully arrange his books and papers, dust the desk and furniture, then burying my head in the arm chair in which he had so often rested, cry till the choking feeling at my heart was in some degree relieved.

About a year had elapsed since Rupert's departure, and during that time I had never heard either directly or indirectly from him. I had had no tidings from George, either, but that did not greatly surprise me, for I knew how much he would dread the thought of committing either of us by any attempt at correspondence.

I was sitting sadly thinking of both one pleasant September afternoon in the sitting-room opening on the garden, in which I had been gathering a few blossoms—my love for flowers being almost the only one of all my former tastes that still survived—when I was startled by the voice of Dorothy exclaiming somewhat impatiently:

"I tell you, Sir, she sees no one, and 'tis unmanly of you to wish to force yourself on her in this way."

"Nonsense, my good woman. Out of the way! I tell you she will see me. I am a very old friend."

I could not remember at the moment to whom the voice belonged, but it was certainly familiar to me, and springing to my feet—for so unusual a circumstance troubled me—the door opened, and I stood confronted with Mr. Sherwin. He hastily seized my hands, and grasping them in a friendly pressure, warmly exclaimed:

"Dear Miss Dunmore, how glad I am to see you."

"Mrs. Ellerslie now," I coldly replied, as I disengaged my hands from his grasp.

"Yes, so I should have said. Forgive me, but my using your old name arose from no puppyish impertinence. I trust

I am pretty well cured of that sort of folly now, but from genuine pleasure at seeing you again."

Somewhat relenting, for his tone was feeling and respectful, and farther, touched by the mourning he still wore for his young wife, I enquired in a gentler tone about my former pupil, Fairy.

"She is well, and at a boarding-school. After Mrs. Sherwin's death I broke up house-keeping immediately, and following the advice of some sincere friends, placed my daughter in a superior educational establishment, where she would be treated with that mingled firmness and judgment which neither my poor wife nor myself had ever been able to show her. Her undisciplined character rendered such a course absolutely necessary. Leaving Elmsford in charge of a couple of trusty old servants, I went abroad for many months, and have only returned lately. Having first seen Fairy, who is wonderfully improved in everything, especially in disposition, I then naturally thought of paying yourself and Rupert a visit. Imagine my grieved astonishment when I learned what has become so old and well-known a story here that you will pardon my alluding to it. Reasons were not wanting to account for Ellerslie's long disappearance, and your own sad isolation. They poured in upon me, and I was left to choose between a dozen equally absurd and improbable. One of those most generally received is that my poor wife, on her death-bed, made some important revelation to him, exacting at the same time, a solemn promise that he should leave you for ever. Others say that doing as men have done before him, he simply grew weary of you and home—in short, left both—but that is the most absurd supposition of all. Rupert Ellerslie is not a man to commit such an act, nor are you, Mrs. Ellerslie," and his earnest gaze became rivetted on my face, whilst his voice involuntarily softened, "nor are you a woman to be lightly left! Surprised, grieved by all I heard, I hurried down here, trusting that in my near relationship to your husband, you would find a plea for the apparent indiscretion that leads me to ask where is Rupert Ellerslie, and why are you and he thus living apart?"

For a moment I paused. Under the circumstances I really had no right to feel annoyed or wounded by his enquiries. At length, I rejoined:

"I know not where Mr. Ellerslie now is, but the circumstances that led to our separation are known but to him and myself. No other shall hear them, at least from my lips; and little as I have told you, it is more than I have yet said to mortal. Now, let us change the subject—it is one inexpressibly painful to me! You have known sorrow also, you have looked on a vacant chair by your hearth-stone."

He sighed.

"Yes, and a great part of my sorrow arises from self-reproach—remorse. When I wooed and married my poor young wife, I saw, asked for no more than a very lovely face. I never enquired as to qualities of heart or brain, for, as I once before told you, I had a sort of idiotic dread of clever women. Well, I met my reward. My wife was a spoiled child—a beautiful drawing-room ornament—a being with thoughts and anxieties all centered in herself and her personal charms, whilst I was a frivolous, conceited, egotistical coxcomb, with no higher aims or aspirations than her own. You were a witness to the unhappiness of our union—of our ill-assorted marriage, surrounded, as it was, by an atmosphere of egotism that stifled every better, nobler feeling in the hearts of both parties. All this you saw, Mrs. Ellerslie, but you did not penetrate the feelings of bitter disappointment, regret and self-reproach that lurked beneath my topkiss absurdities of language and manner. The very first year of my wedded life I found out the grievous error I had committed, and formed a pretty correct opinion of the degree of happiness that was destined to embellish life's course, but I resigned myself to my fate, supposing our felicity was a fair specimen of connubial bliss in general, and that all women strongly resembled my poor Helen, only being perhaps less beautiful than she was. You, Ada Ellerslie, taught me otherwise—taught me how happy a gifted, amiable woman can make a home—how she can turn it into a paradise. Do not flush up and look so angrily at me! What harm can there be in my speaking, you listening to the truth? Have patience with me a few moments longer? The very day you left Elmsford, I left also for the States where I remained some weeks. When I returned, poor Helen received me coldly, and I, listening to the dictates of my own evil nature, retorted and taunted, where I was bound to show patience and forbearance. Then, her health, always fragile, began to give way, and roused, though late, to a sense of her danger and of my own duty, I tended her more carefully than heretofore, and for the last few months of our existence we lived on kindlier and more affectionate terms than we had yet done. Such is the history of my misspent life—of time, talents wasted and happiness shipwrecked!"

To be continued.

LONG INTERMISSIONS.—There is a well-known anecdote of a silent man, who, riding over a bridge, turned and asked his servant if he liked eggs, to which the servant answered, "Yes," whereupon nothing more passed till next year, when, riding over the same bridge, he turned about to the servant once more, and said, "How?" to which the instant reply was, "Poached, sir." Even this sinks, as an example of long intermission of discourse, beside an anecdote of a minister of Campsie, near Glasgow. It is stated that the worthy pastor, whose name was Archibald Denniston, was put out of his charge in 1655, and not replaced until after the Restoration. He had, before leaving his charge, begun a discourse, and finished the first head. At his return in 1661, he took up the second, calmly introducing it with the remark that "the times were altered, but the doctrines of the Gospel were always the same." In the newspapers of July 1862, there appeared a paragraph which throws even the minister of Campsie's interrupted sermon into the shade. It is as follows:—"At the moment of the destruction of Pompeii by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79, a theatrical representation was being given in the amphitheatre. A spectator named Laugini, taking advantage of that historical reminiscence, has just constructed a theatre on the ruins of Pompeii, and the opening of which new theatre he announces in the following terms:—After a lapse of eighteen hundred years, the theatre of the city will be opened with La Figlia del Reggimento. I solicit from the nobility and gentry continuance of the favour constantly bestowed on my predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and beg to assure them that I shall make every effort to equal the rare qualities he displayed during his management."

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Toilette*.—Train skirt of white *poult de soie*, entirely covered with box-plaited flounces. Each flounce is sewn on with a heading, and a row of narrow black ribbon velvet. The lowest flounce measures 6in. in depth, and the remaining ones diminish towards the waist. The bodice is half high at the back, and very low and square in front. It is edged with a double row of narrow black ribbon velvet; and a bow of the same, without ends, separates the centre of the front. The bodice fastens with four black velvet buttons. The *basque* is cut out to form four squares à l'Espagnole, and is trimmed to correspond with the bodice. The *fichu* and long sleeves are made of muslin; the latter consist of five *bouillonnes*, separated by a circle of black ribbon velvet. At each wrist there is a row of black velvet edged with lace. White kid gloves, and white *poult de soie* shoes. A small bouquet of roses with leaves above the forehead; necklet, earrings and locket of dead gold.

Fig. 2. *Evening Toilette*.—Train skirt of pale pink silk, trimmed with three flounces of silk of darker shade of the same colour, gathered and sewn on with a heading, and each edged with an inch-wide row of white lace. Every flounce measures five inches in depth, and they cover twenty inches of the skirt. Above these flounces, the skirt consists entirely of perpendicular *bouillonnes*, each measuring five inches in width. High bodice of pale pink silk, trimmed with ruffled braces of the darker shade of silk, edged with white lace. Pale pink waistband, forming a fan-shaped ornament at the back: the square sash ends are bordered with a *ruche* of dark pink silk edged with white lace. The tunic opens behind as a gentleman's dress coat; it turns back in front with *revers*, which are fastened in their place with light pink bows. A dark pink *ruche*, edged with lace and measuring three inches, borders the tunic. Sleeves tight to the elbow, terminating with a wide frill and trimmed to correspond with the tunic. A tuft of pink ribbons in the hair. White gloves and pink shoes.

DESCRIPTION OF BALL COIFFURES.

No. 1.—Bands of hair rolled under, leaving the temples completely bare. Between the two bands, two curls in front; and above, a large and very light triple plait coiled up behind so as to form a chignon, completed by a cluster of curls. On the side a puff of green velvet and a large white feather.

No. 2. (For a young lady).—Three bands rolled backwards. The whole hair is done up in twisted coils, rising one above the other, and on these rests a long sprig of roses.

BALL TOILETTES.

Plain white foulard dress with a flounce, edged with black and pink piping; double tunic of the same. Ribbon trimming in lappets alternately black and pink, and bows to match.

Under-dress of white tulle, puffed; tunic and waist of sea-green satin, with fringe of the same shade.

Dress for a young lady.—White taffeta under-dress.

Over-dress in white tarlatan, with flounces and quilling of the same. Apron puffed, and sash of white satin ribbon.

FASHIONABLE DRESSES.

A CHARMING dress is of peach-blossom silk, with two fringed flounces of white China crape around the skirt. The *crêpe* tunic is trimmed with a wide flounce of black lace. *Basque* corsage with platings of crape and lace. A less elaborate dress



Fig. 1. EVENING TOILETTES. Fig. 2.



BALL TOILETTES.

of bright blue silk has a slight train, with two gathered flounces headed by feather-fringed ruches of silver-coloured silk. *Revers* and ruches of the contrasting colour on the *basque* and coat sleeves. A second blue silk has a wide flounce headed by two rows of white blonde lace, sewed together with the edges outward, and a black blonde lace laid on the seam. The long upper skirt is open down the front, while the back and sides are gracefully draped. The waist is round in front, with a short postilion *basque* of two widths of the silk arranged in double box plaits. Black and white blonde outline a Raphael square in front. Coat sleeves. Pale blue enamelled jewellery. An *aigrette* of white marabouts and turquoises in the hair.

For a very young lady neither a blonde nor brune—is a rose-pink silk, with half-long skirt trimmed with two pointed flounces, headed by bands of black velvet. The apron front of the upper skirt has a black lace ruffle, with two velvet bands above it, while the back width—made over foundation net and shaped to round slightly—is completely covered with narrow box-plaited ruffles, pinked, over-lapping each other, and interspersed with velvet ends. Half-high corsage, with point in front, and short *basque* behind. Another girlish dress of ciel-blue silk has the flounces headed by a ruche of white blonde, with blue satin piping in the centre. Tulle tunic, with blonde ruche around it, and looped with pink roses. Low pointed waist, with postilion *basque*, and two long ends beneath it; Maria Theresa sleeves. Pink coral jewellery, and comb in front of the chataine braids. A water-green *gris d'Afrique* is trimmed with bands of snowy swansdown, and an apricot armure satin has two black lace flounces looped by almond shaped ornaments—*The Queen*.

FLOUNCES.

FLOUNCES are worn as follows: They are arranged in every way possible—in gathers, box-plaits and plaits all turned one way. When gathered, the material is bias, and the lower edge is cut in sharp points, and faced with silk. This facing is not hemmed at the top, but will remain well in place if the points are neatly turned. If the silk is of light quality, or the flounce is of thin material, the edge is pinked or trimmed with narrow fringe. Only very thick silk looks well raveled to form feather fringe. The top of the flounce is gathered on a cord and placed under the edge of the flounce above it. The prettiest heading for a wide flounce, or a group of narrower ones—both styles are worn—is a chain of puffs held by bars of velvet, and edged with narrow lace; but the heading universally worn is a flat bias band holding two or three upright frills or box-plaited quillings. In these frills the material is doubled, or else lined with foundation net, and an inch or more of each frill shows above the one below it, which overlaps it slightly to conceal the seam by which it is sewed on. Plaited flounces are cut straight across the material, and lined with foundation net. They are not left flowing below, but are held flatly at top and bottom. The lower edge may be widely bound with velvet, or have a hem stitched on the outer side and piped with satin, or else have the edge plainly turned under, out of sight. A tasteful fancy is to arrange a broad box-plait four inches wide, with three flat plaits on each side of it, making only one large triple plaiting on each width of a silk skirt. All flounces are placed straight around the bottom of the skirt. On trained skirts there are sometimes only three flounces in front, and five or seven on the train; others,

again, have the front width covered with flounces, and but a single wide flounce on the train. Wide bands of velvet the colour of the dress, with a box-plaited frill of white gauze on each side, trim skirts of evening silks. Plaited ruches of white tulle, edged with narrowest blonde lace, are vapory headings for flounces of light silks. The feathery blonde laces are much used again, especially for very young ladies. Imitation French blonde laces are so admirably made that they almost defy detection; and, as it is impossible to cleanse the expensive real blonde, many ladies use the imitation in preference. White organdy and Swiss muslin flounces, edged with narrow Valenciennes, and laid in plaits all turned one way, trim the skirts of silk dresses. A tunic of the muslin is worn with the same trimming. White gauze flounces—either Chambery or the Donna Maria—are made in the same manner, edged with fringe, and held by coloured satin piping.



BALL COIFFURE.
No. 1.



BALL COIFFURE.
No. 2.

A LOST CIVILIZATION.

Professor Newberry, of Columbia College, New York, who was attached to a Government surveying party that recently explored Arizona, lectured before the New York American Geological and Statistical Society, upon what he saw. After giving an interesting account of the topography of the region traversed, he proceeded to speak of the traces which were found on every hand of a former occupancy by a numerous population now extinct. These were most numerous near the course of the San Juan River. There were found ruins of immense structures, a view of one of which he exhibited, built regularly of bricks, a foot in thickness, and about eighteen inches in length, with joints properly broken, and as regularly laid, and as smooth as any in a Fifth Avenue mansion. This structure, he said, was as large as the Croton Reservoir. Inside were rooms nicely plastered as the walls of a modern house. There were also traces of extensive canals, which had been constructed to bring water to these towns, which were received into large cisterns. The lecturer also exhibited pieces of pottery which, he said, abounded everywhere, showing that in a former age all this vast region had been inhabited. He gave it as his opinion that the depopulation of this region was attributable to the fact that both to the north and south there were warlike hordes, and from the incursions of one and the other of these, the peaceable Aztecs, who had been the former denizens of the country, had been gradually wiped out. The only people left here now were the Mokies, who lived in towns inclosed in high, thick walls, and who were almost inaccessible. These people were visited, and the explorers were received by them with great hospitality.

A DUEL BETWEEN A CROW AND A SNAKE.

A German artist, F. Flinzer, gives an interesting account of an encounter between a snake and a crow, in which the former got the worst of the battle. In a romantic spot in the Schopau Valley, near the city of Frankenberg, in Saxony, which the artist had chosen for the prosecution of his studies, he made the acquaintance of an old shepherd, whose knowledge of the denizens of the forest was acquired from Nature's own book, and from this shepherd he learned much valuable information concerning the services which the crow rendered the farmers by the destruction of mice and other vermin. One day while the two were resting together near the banks of the Schopau river, the crows in the neighbouring trees were fluttering about, and by and bye one of them perched over a rock by the river side, on which it was the custom of a snake to bask itself in the sun. The old shepherd had promised the artist that he would capture this snake for him, as he had frequently watched it and had become acquainted with its usual haunts. However, when the crow appeared on the scene, he hinted that another and very different fate would probably befall his snakeship, and in this he was right. The crow, after watching the projecting rock for some time, suddenly descended upon it with a hoarse war cry, and the snake, warned of the danger, had coiled itself up spiral fashion, and with a hissing sound reared its head for the onslaught. But the snake was outmaneuvered by his enemy, for the crow, by a masterly flank movement, caught the snake by the neck and dealt it many deadly blows upon the head, with an occasional side rap on its tail to keep that extremity in subjection. When...



DUEL BETWEEN A CROW AND A SNAKE.

from strategy or exhaustion the snake suddenly gave up the contest, and lay apparently quite dead. While his crowship was contemplating the body of his enemy, and chuckling over his triumph, he was startled by the sudden uprising of the snake in the same ferocious attitude as before for a renewal of the deadly struggle. It was a duel in which one of the combatants was dommed, and for a moment the crow was in danger of getting the worst of it; but a little skillful fencing, and a gallant pounce upon the enemy renewed its hold on the snake's neck, and this time its claws fell fast and furious, the quick succession of its hard blows on the snake's head soon despatched it, and when fully satisfied by victory, the crow flew off to the rookery, triumphantly carrying in its bill the victim of the duel. Such is a brief outline of Mr. Flinzer's narrative, and here is a faithful copy of his representation of the encounter.

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—First, keep the feet warm, and the head cool; second, eat regularly and slowly; third, maintain regular bodily habits; fourth, take early and very light suppers; fifth, keep a clean skin; sixth, get plenty of sleep at night; seventh, keep cheerful and respectable company; eighth, keep out of debt; ninth, don't set your mind on things you don't need; tenth, mind your own business, and let other people's alone; eleventh, don't set yourself up to be a sharper of any kind; twelfth, subdue curiosity; thirteenth, avoid drugs.

Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy? Because it's a fellow-feeling for another.

Why is a spider a good correspondent? Because he drops a line by every post.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEFORE THE STORM.

REVOLUTIONS exhibit an inner connection with the ideas of the nation; they do not arise through the whims of single men, but through the electric discharge of heaped-up and oppressing ideas, obtaining thereby their authority, generally also their triumph. On the eighth Thermidor, which was the name given to the 23rd of July by the new calendar of the republic, the physiognomy of Paris looked wholly different from that of the preceding day. The streets were crowded with people talking violently together, quarrelling, shaking their heads, and doubling their fists; every one seemed to feel that a political storm was on the point of breaking out, of which no one had been aware the previous day.

But the day passed on quietly; there was an oppressive, gloomy calmness, which, as the fore-runner of great events, like great storms, mysteriously surrounded everything. Everywhere they had their misgivings—in the convention, in the committees, in the commune and the Jacobin club. What course would the revolution take? Which of the circles would open and surround the others with its fiery ring? The centre of gravity for the coming events was looked for; whither would it fall? Into the convention, or into the commune and the Jacobin club? Thousands of people stood before the Tuileries, where the representatives were assembled, curious to hear the particulars of the proceedings. And the news that was carried by people from the overcrowded galleries, spread with the quickness of lightning through the multitude and over the whole city. Sometimes gendarmes passed on horseback, or a guard of pikemen marched across the courtyard of the former royal castle. Deputies pressed with difficulty through the crowd to the entrance of the castle; several were seen coming out shyly as if they were flying, answering only by abrupt words to the questions of the multitude.

"Foudre!" said a stout man in the midst of a large crowd, who looked like a butcher, as he stood in his shirt-sleeves covered with blood, as though he had just come from the slaughter-house; "it would be a pity if those intriguers and proud Jacobins should succeed in being elected to the committees! This is what they want?"

"Of course," exclaimed a barber, "they are jealous. But Robespierre knows how to treat them."

"Why has he not been at the convention for so long a time?" asked a thick-set hucksteress. "To-day he went thither for the first time again."

"Eh, why should he annoy himself?" cried the barber.

"And yet it was stupid of him, citizen," said another of the group. "It gave the conspirators an opportunity to organize themselves."

"Ah, bah, conspirators!" added a third. "You smell conspirators everywhere!"

"Well, if there are some, they will meet with their reward. Thunder and lightning!" cursed the butcher, "short work must be made of these counter-revolutions!"

"Who are the conspirators?" asked the woman.

"Who are they?" said the barber. "It can hardly be believed, they are old friends of Robespierre, are Jacobins, Montagnards, men like Tallien, Fréron, and Barras."

"What do you say?" exclaimed the hucksteress surprised. "Have they deserted Robespierre? Well, I must confess, no one now-a-days can trust to friendship and fidelity! I have, as you know, a daughter whose lover is a brave *Sans-culotte*—in fact, he is such an honest lad that I could never have thought ill of him."

"Well," asked the barber sneeringly, when the woman stopped, "what wrong has this honest fellow being doing? Has he jilted your daughter?"

"Yes, imagine, citizen, he has quarrelled with her, and told her that he would break with her. Who can believe in fidelity and friendship after this!"

A journeyman of the butcher now pressed forward, saying in a much excited manner to his master and those around him: "There is no chance of getting into the Assembly-room; the stairs are thronged with people. But I am told that Robespierre has now possession of the tribune. Not a whisper is heard in the hall, so attentively do they all listen."

"So I believe," replied the master. "Anxiety silences their tongue."

"That's so," remarked the woman. "Robespierre can speak like a book. I heard him once at the Jacobin club, and felt as though he spoke from my own heart."

"If we could only know what he is saying," added the barber. "I am told by a man who is well informed, that Robespierre has drawn up a long list with the names of all the suspected and indulgent deputies whom he will to-day eject from the convention."

"If he only would do so," cried the butcher. "The sooner these scoundrels are turned out, the better."

"But this guillotining and accusing must soon come to an end," harshly cried a voice in the crowd. "If Danton no longer suited, of what use could the rest be? Citizen Robespierre ought to stop this butchering. Yesterday eighty were beheaded at once."

Greatly surprised they turned round to the bold speaker.

"Good friend," said the butcher to him, "you should not display so publicly your bad patriotism. It might fare ill with you."

"So? You call this a bad patriotism?" replied the stranger. "If beheading is patriotism, it is a patriotism of butchers."

"Ho! ho, I will let you feel the butcher!" burst forth the butcher, lifting his arm to strike the bold speaker. But he was prevented by those around him, most of whom seemed to take the part of the threatened.

"The citizen is right," they shouted; "France is not a slaughter-house. Liberty can be adored without the headsman."

"If his children had been beheaded, he would think differently," cried an old woman in a rage.

"Stop! stop!" now rang through the crowd. "There is one coming from the Assembly. Let us make enquiries!"

The man who came forth was surrounded; he was a deputy and showed his willingness to speak.

"Robespierre," he reported, "has made a wonderful speech. I am quite excited by it, citizens, and you may judge that the Assembly was not less so, after the printing of this speech was decided upon."

"They are right!" sounded the voice of the first stranger. "The convention is sovereign, represents the people, is every thing. It cannot submit to the tyranny of this Robespierre, who is usurping monarchy."

"Long live King Robespierre!" maliciously shouted a *gamin* who had been listening.

"Down with him!" answered some of the crowd, while most of them looked anxiously around.

"Perhaps the same cry is now raised in the convention," remarked one who had just come from the castle. "It looked just like it."

"What were they doing?"

"Well, Robespierre made his speech—it was like the screeching of an owl—at the same time holding and rolling a manuscript in his hand like a weapon, with which he wished to crush his enemies."

"But it was said that they all were quietly listening to his speech?"

"That is true; they let Robespierre speak, complain of the malignity of his enemies, of the conspirators. And that he alone had remained incorruptible, and was ready to die."

"It is so," exclaimed the butcher. "Maximilian is an honest Jacobin."

"He is a hypocrite," fearlessly replied the stranger.

"Always the old song," continued the last comer. "But he had no success to-day. His complaints and virtues were not acknowledged. The Assembly was at first very quiet, unenviously quiet; then some began to grumble, laugh, and contradict. Yes, they are no longer afraid of this ambitious man."

"No longer afraid?" asked the hucksteress. "Citizen, you are mistaken!"

"We shall see if he is right," angrily burst forth the butcher. However, he kept on attentively listening to the speaker, who avoided all questions addressed to him by continuing his report.

"It was first moved to have Robespierre's discourse printed and sent to the departments. But this was opposed. They reproached Robespierre, who was much alarmed; they spoke

against the printing, at least demanded a delay—at all events, there was such a violent opposition as this advocate of Arras had never met before."

"Aha," muttered the stranger. "There is a change at last."

The reporter continued:

"Cambon came forward, pointing out Robespierre as the one who maimed the actions of the national convention."

"Nonsense! it is a slander!" interrupted the butcher and several others.

"No, no, it is so. Robespierre is a tyrant," shouted others.

"Fréron," continued the stranger,

"went yet further, and raised the question what had become of the freedom of opinions in the

convention. A great tumult arose, and at last it was resolved that Robespierre's discourse should not be printed."

"Ah!" said the barber cunningly, "this is extraordinary."

"Is it so?" muttered the butcher. "We shall not even read the speech of this brave patriot, and how he declaimed against his enemies and their conspiracy. Ha, is this not oppression?"

"The carts! The carts!" rang suddenly through the air. The crowd started up, thronging into the street, stretching their necks, howling, whistling, and screeching, and like an echo, the cry was repeated: "The carts! The carts!"

They brought the victims of that day. About fifty condemned, just coming from the judge, were taken to the guillotine.

It was arranged by Robespierre that accusation, sentence, and death should follow in quick succession. To save time, he had enforced a law interdicting the speeches in defence of the accused. Quickly, and in masses, they should be dragged to the guillotine, in order that death should dispatch all those who might become elements of resistance against the plans of this ambitious man.

On the carts following each other, there were men and women, old and young. Death made them all equals. Most of the men, on account of the great heat, had taken off their coats; the women were sitting on the benches. The hands of all were tied at their backs. Gendarmes escorted the vehicles. General Henriot himself, the commandant of the Parisian troops, was with a detachment of gendarmes on horseback leading this procession. With a loud noise the multitude rushed forward, stopping the passage in the street.

"No more! no more!" was the excited cry of the numerous crowd. "It shall not be! No more executions! No more blood!"

The crowd surrounded the carts, extending their hands to



Tallien and Collot d'Herbois at the Jacobin Club.

"What were its contents? what did he say?"

"That the guillotine must dispatch without mercy those who are disloyal, should the liberty of France be maintained."

"Very good! very good!" they shouted.

"Fie! shame!" many voices answered.

The deputy then retired.

"No one must have ventured to come forth," remarked the barber. "I thought there would be much noise and opposition. But he has them all in his power."

"Of course," added the butcher. "The conspirators have made a wrong calculation."

"The meeting has not yet closed," put in the stranger.

"Citizen Robespierre has been heard, and will be replied to."

Some one who had caught the last words turned round, saying:

"You are quite right, citizen. I have just come from the hall, where I could no longer suffer the heat of the galleries. Robespierre will remember this day; he has been cruelly disappointed, and it will be a wholesome lesson to him and his men of terror."

General amazement and solemn quiet followed, as if no one dared to express his belief in this communication.

"What?" asked the barber at last. "You talk as if the convention had declared against Robespierre."

"It has done so," replied the newly arrived. "Reason will at last get the upper hand."

"Citizen, let us hear!" asked the hucksteress earnestly. "Eh, it can hardly be believed that Robespierre has no longer the convention on his side?"

"No, no; I tell you that time is passed. The convention has regained its courage."

"Thunder and lightning," cried the butcher; "they have become rebellious!"

the unfortunates, who were animated by hope that a miracle might yet save them from death. They implored their aid, already exulting secretly, or aloud: "Let the headsman be disappointed; the guillotine must have once a day of rest; not once, but often, for ever. We are tired with the headsman's performance."

But Henriot was not bribed by such sentimentalities. He would not violate his duty, and felt not inclined to interest himself in the safety of one single head.

"Away," he cried, drawing his sword. "Make room for the condemned."

His gendarmes rode amidst the crowd, threatening to strike down by force any resistance. They were answered with cries, with threats. There was a strange, variable excitement among the crowd, which with a low murmur fell back.

The thoughts of the people had not arrived yet at that energy which turned them into deeds; but the thoughts existed that the reign of blood must be stopped. The street was free again; heavily and slowly the carts moved on, the crowd looking after them till they had disappeared round the corner.

The meeting of the Assembly had now closed; the members of the convention were coming through the large gates of the Tuileries, singly and in groups, but all in the greatest excitement. Some were silently hurrying away, while others, with violent gesticulations, quarrelling and inciting each other, were crossing the court-yard of the castle to reach the street—the countenances of some depicting anger, rage, or fear, while the eyes of others beamed with joy and triumph.

The crowd surrounding the castle made timidly and respectfully room for a number of deputies who, pale and occupied with gloomy thoughts, were silently approaching. It was Robespierre with his friends. It could be distinctly perceived that he was beaten. But he still appeared in the eyes of the people as the power which could carry destruction. Until such giants are lying on the ground, their fall is not credited. And truly, even those who had worked his first defeat, and who had sworn to vanquish him, had their doubts if they would succeed in completely carrying out their intentions. The decisive battle was now to come, and both parties were preparing for it.

After the meeting was over, Tallien and his friends went to the national palace to dine at one of the restaurants. They deliberated what steps to take, to keep up the victory of this day, and to win the main battle the next day. At all events, Robespierre required strength and reinforcement to avenge his defeat; he must know that "to be or not to be" was for him the question of which the conspirators, on their part, were fully convinced. They must not be idle; they must stir to deal with all force the powerful blow; they must watch, listen, look around, lest the enemy might unawares surprise them. He who was at once the most courageous, cautious and prudent, would gain over night the advantage of carrying the decision for the next day.

"Let us follow him close on his heels," said Tallien, glowing with passion and a desire for action; "let us like the furies persecute him till he is prostrate. Collot, are you going with me to the Jacobin club?"

"To the Jacobins?" replied he. "Yes, there we are sure to meet Robespierre. There is his parliament, his guard, his people; there he will seek consolation for to-day and aid for to-morrow. But I have still some influence with the club; I am listened to, and known as a good patriot."

"For this very reason, friend, I, too, have friends and followers there. We must try to check-mate Robespierre also in the club. The Jacobins, likewise, are tired of his tyranny. If we incite them against him, we hit him in his most vital part."

"It will be difficult," argued Fréron. "He has flattered the Jacobins by telling them that they are more respected than the convention, and they, in fact, imagine themselves to be no more a club, but a court of censure for all authorities, a kind of upper-convention."

"Let us, nevertheless, make a trial," said Collot d'Herbois resolutely. "If we achieve nothing better, we attain by watching Robespierre that we hear and see what he is doing, and how he will endeavour to save himself. Afterwards we can act, friends. We must be at our post during the whole night."

"Under any circumstances," affirmed Barras, "Tallien's residence must be our head-quarters."

"After the sitting of the Jacobins I will meet you at my house," replied Tallien. "Let the friends in the mean time not be idle. Ask them, and make them swear, to remain firm, and not to be alarmed to-morrow at the fall of Robespierre. He must fall; the convention, we have learned, is no more on his side. But now we must act with all energy, and strike the iron while it is hot."

"Provided that the partisans of Robespierre will not outdo us with a coup de main!" remarked Billaud anxiously. "I am almost afraid there will be no more meetings of the convention."

"What faint-heartedness!" scolded Tallien, alarmed at these words.

"It is not faint-heartedness, Tallien. Ah, truly, if there is yet a convention to-morrow, I will show you that I will hunt Robespierre, like a hound does the deer, and not let him loose till he is caught. But imagine only his position: most in the convention, which was his slave, are against him; there is every possibility that he will be ejected, and lose all his offices in the committees of the public and general safety, losing by expected, his liberty and life. What would each of us do in such a position? He would use desperate means, and I think Robespierre is capable of doing it. His creatures are members of the commune, and one of them is Henriot, commanding the troops. If the Jacobin club should make a revolution in favour of Robespierre, what can we do? Henriot, with his gendarmes, will ride over us, and the artillery of the national guards will shoot the convention down, if it does not submit to the ambition of Robespierre. Or he will make himself dictator, and command the gendarmes to arrest us in our beds, or to-morrow on our road to the Tuileries, which he will have garrisoned with pikemen."

The conspirators silently listened to this recital of the coming events according to Billaud's fancy. They had to confess that this fancy could become reality, and that they could not call forth the physical power of preventing such a coup d'état, or of opposing it successfully.

"Let us run the risk," at last exclaimed Tallien. "Such conquests of a whole empire cannot be so quickly achieved by a single man who has no claim to it, no moral cause. What

you say, Robespierre may think, intend, even attempt to carry out; but I do not believe that the people, even the Jacobin club, will agree to acts of violence against the convention. Robespierre would break the laws, betray the country—by such means he would not inspire the *Sans-culottes*, still less the troops."

"At all events, we must prevent such acts of violence by doing our duty," added Collot. "In one hour I, as president of the convention, can call a meeting; five minutes later Robespierre could be declared outlawed. But let us occupy ourselves not with what is possible, but what is in our power to do. Let us think of counterming all plans which Robespierre with his faction may project, and to-morrow we shall achieve that he will be accused by the convention, and that we purge the legislative body of the nation of men who will degrade us to becoming their slaves."

"Yes, yes!" cried Tallien in feverish excitement; "he must be vanquished! I have to defend my head and love against him! I know what I have to do."

With these words he rose, and drawing a dagger, brandished it with a threatening gesture and then quickly concealed it again. They then separated, and Tallien with Collot repaired to the Jacobin club. It had now become dark; the suffocating, dusty July air was now more tolerable. In the streets there was still more excitement than at noon; there were groups of curious and excited people everywhere. In the church, where the powerful Jacobin club, the mother society of many formidable daughters in the departments, held every evening its regular meetings, there was a throng of wildly gesticulating Jacobins. The rows of seats forming a semicircle, each slightly elevated above the other, were densely packed with Jacobins; the passages were no less so—with the exception of the centre, round the tribune, where there was a small space unoccupied. Thither a few lamps threw their reddish light, darkened by dust and tobacco-smoke; the upper rows being almost in the dark, while the Jacobin caps reflected a red glare.

When Tallien and Collot had entered and advanced a few steps, a bell was heard powerfully tinkling in the centre of the church, in which the convention of the Parisian Jacobins, the guards of the government of blood and terror, were administering justice. The bell rang again, and a gasping, unmelodious voice was heard. The noise had subsided; the voice became more violent, creaking and ugly. Now it sank into a low plaintive tone, then it sprang forth penetrating with its alarming sounds to the entrance of the church.

"Hearken," whispered Collot to Tallien. "The good, noble and irreparable Robespierre exhibits his sorrow, his uncommon virtues! Ah, how they are affected!"

"How he complains of the bad treatment, of the ingratitude which has befallen him to-day!" replied Tallien in the same low tone. "Eh, he produces his discourse from this morning!"

"Which failed. Thus we must listen to it a second time." Furious cries and shouts of applause suddenly filled the building. The Jacobins were applauding their master, expressing to him their sympathy on account of the treatment he had received in the convention.

"What do you say to it?" anxiously asked Tallien to his friend.

"I almost tremble," he replied. "If Billaud was right!" New stormy acclamations followed. Robespierre was scarcely able to speak. But he beckoned, and the multitude became silent, while he continued delivering the discourse which had lost its effect in the convention. All eyes were riveted on his lips, and now and then he was interrupted by expressions of adoration, by exclamations of rage against his enemies.

"If we are observed, our lives will be in danger," said Collot, stepping further into the shade.

"Never mind. It is well for us to notice how dangerous it would be to temporize. We are lost if we are not beforehand."

Again thundering applause. Robespierre had finished his discourse, and with happy looks faced the assembly. He then added in a tone of sorrow:

"Brethren! The discourse which you have heard is my dying will."

They were beside themselves when they heard these words and noticed this look of a martyr.

"No! no!" they shouted. "You shall live, or we will die with you!"

They extended to him their hands, expressing their impetuosity to follow him; that he had only to command, and they were ready to destroy his enemies. But Robespierre shook his head.

"Yes," he continued, "it is my dying will. I saw it to day, the league of the wicked is so strong that I cannot hope to escape it. I fall without regret. I leave to you my memory; it will be dear to you, and you will defend it."

The Jacobins rose, their passions were at their height. They rushed towards the tribune on which Robespierre yet stood, as if he was pleased to act the part of an adored, a martyr enjoying before-hand how after his death sorrow and mourning would honour his memory.

"Do you hear?" whispered Tallien. "He has given up all hope; he surrenders."

"It is hypocrisy!" replied Collot. "It may be; but evidently he does not think of an act of violence."

The tumult was increasing. A crowd of men was thronging round Robespierre, shouting, threatening, cursing, asking and imploring.

"We will force the convention to dissent!" cried Henriot, madly gesticulating. "I will have every one massacred!"

"The ruffians! we will turn them out!"

"The insurrection is a holy duty. Robespierre is the father of the country. If he falls, the republic, liberty will fall!"

"Speak! speak!" they cried. "Tell us what to do!"

Robespierre's eyes sparkled, and he said in a sharp, irritated tone, betraying his suppressed anger:

"Be it so, brethren! Separate the wicked from the weak! Deliver the convention from the wretches who oppress it. March and save the country! If, in spite of all these efforts, we must fall, well, my friends, you will see me drink the hemlock calmly."

"We all will fall with you," shouted a thousand lips. "He who falls with you falls for the country."

"You shall not die!"

"Robespierre," exclaimed a Jacobin, the painter David, "I will drink the hemlock with you."

The two conspirators had become pale with fright at this threatening turn of the public opinion. They felt that these

fanatics required but a sign to rush wildly into the street and attempt the assassination of all the enemies of Robespierre.

"Let us now go," said Tallien, and both pressed forward to the entrance in the midst of the furious mass which was streaming forth into the street.

"To the Hôtel de Ville!" they cried. "Down with the convention. Long live Robespierre!"

"Dictature! dictature! Death to all bad patriots! Death to the enemies of Robespierre!"

"Here are two of these ruffians!" suddenly called a rough voice near the entrance, just as Tallien and Collot tried to pass through the narrow door. They saw the Jacobin point at them, and the men that surrounded them stop.

"Who?" was wildly asked. "Who are they?"

"Do you not know Tallien? Do you not know Collot d'Herbois, who, some weeks ago, escaped the dagger? They are traitors!"

"A dreadful tumult arose; sticks were lifted in the air; knives glittered; Collot was seized by the collar. He was in imminent danger.

"Stop!" cried Tallien with great energy, and his angry countenance intimidated the mass. "If you know us, you must be aware that we have proved our patriotism. What does this wretch here want?"

"Ho, ho!" replied this man; "I know that you were grumbling to-day in the convention when Robespierre was speaking. It is you who are conspiring."

"What?" recommenced Tallien. "Is Collot not a member of the committee of the public safety?"

The crowd which had been kept back by this episode at the entrance of the church, without knowing the reason, now pressed impetuously forward, carrying those who had stopped the passage before them.

"Out with them!" furiously cried several voices round Tallien and Collot. "Hang these ruffians at the lamp-post!"

They struck and railed at Collot. But he had, leaning on Tallien's arm, already reached the street, and had an opportunity to disappear among the crowd. Darkness did the rest to free him from danger.

Tallien's dwelling, whither both were hastening, looked like head-quarters. People came to report, went away to reconnoitre the enemy, and to make new preparations for the decisive struggle.

Both friends, who were still much excited by the danger they had escaped, were received with the greatest anxiety, and inquisitively asked what had passed at the meeting of the Jacobins.

"Nothing but uproar and disturbance prevailed," uttered Collot in the greatest rage, showing the disorder in his toilette made by the violent attacks upon him. "They attempt to take our lives, but they shall not succeed."

"Yes, friends," added Tallien, "we must be prepared to defend ourselves. The Jacobins are conducting Robespierre to the Hôtel de Ville to make him dictator. There will be a rebellion, and they will try to assassinate us; I dread this night."

"St. Just is sent to all the prisons with the order that no one shall enter nor leave the prisons within twenty-four hours, upon pain of death!" reported Billaud.

Barras came rushing in, exclaiming:

"It is said that Henriot is collecting the national guards."

"Let us wait and see what they are going to do," said Tallien encouragingly. "The enemy is assembling; our care must be to receive him resolutely. Let us away, friends, to the street to reconnoitre. At three in the morning we will meet here again. Perhaps we shall then be better informed."

Every one went his way to observe the preparations of the enemy. Morning was dawning, yet the streets of Paris were not deserted by people. Quick messengers were flying past the gloomy looking groups of men who with their pikes were stamping the pavement, waiting for further orders from the Hôtel de Ville.

To be continued

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.

About two hundred and eighty years B. C., Hies, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 450, Anthemius, an architect, arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of the leather tube, which rose to a narrow top, from which pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the caldrons, and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Blasco D. Garay tried a steamboat of 200 tons with tolerable success at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water under a moveable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garay.

In 1690, the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The first idea of a steam-engine in England, was in the Marquis of Winchester's "History of Inventions," A. D. 1663.

In 1710, Newcomer made the first steam-engine in England.

In 1718, patents were granted to Savery for the first application of the steam-engine.

In 1764, James Watt made the first perfect steam-engine in England.

In 1736, Jonathan Hulls set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1773, Thomas Paine at first proposed this application in America.

In 1781, Marquis Jouffroy constructed one on the Saone.

In 1785, two Americans published a work about it.

In 1789, William Tymington made a voyage in one on the Forth of Clyde Canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1782, Ramsey propelled a boat by steam to New York.

In 1788, John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam-engine on the Delaware.

In 1793, Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793, Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam-engine to travel on a turnpike road. The first steam vessel that crossed the Atlantic, was the "Savannah," June, 1817, from Charleston to Liverpool.



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Table with 2 columns: Description of financial items and Amount. Includes 'Total Premiums received or receivable in Canada during year ending 5th April, 1869' and 'Number and Amount of Policies issued or issuable in Canada during the year'.

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