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# CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

## SENATE,

Feb. 20.—Several motions were made and carried, among them one for papers relating to the Arbitration, and another for an Address complimenting the Governor-General on his elevation to the Peerage. The Horse adjourned at 3:25 p.m.

Feb. 21.—No business of importance was transacted in the Scuste, and after the appointment of Standing Committees, the House adjourned till Thursday, 23rd.

Feb. 23.—Several petitions were presented, and Senator Wark moved for a Special Committee to enquire into matters connected with the Survey, &c., of the Intercolonial Railway since the appointment of Commissioners. The Senate then adjourned at \$20 p. m.

Feb. 24.—After preliminary business Hon. Mr. TESSIER moved for the correspondence relating to the Arbitration, and spoke for two hours in defence of the claims of Quebec. After some discussion the motion was carried, and the House adjourned until Monday, the 27th.

# HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Feb. 20.-Mr. CRAWFORD, in the absence of Mr. Abbott, introduced a Bill to amend the Act respecting Banks and Banking, and Mr. Mills bills to prevent Dual Representation, and for the Extradition of Offenders. Sir George E. Cartier, in answer to Mr. Stephenson, explained the policy of the Government respecting the Red River troops. Two companies of forty men each would remain at Fort Garry for six months, if necessary. The volunteers would be entitled to free grants upon the condition of remaining in the country, or, if they refused these, to a free passage home. All those who had obtained their discharge since the 1st January, as well as the depot companies at St. Helen's Island, would be entitled to these grants. Sir John A. Macconald brought down the correspondence between the Dominion and Imperial Governments respecting the Fisheries. He first recapitulated the steps taken for the protection of the Fisheries, and then referred to the appointment of a Joint High Commission for the consideration of this and other questions at issue between the United States Government and the Governments of Great Britain and the Dominion. With regard to the Claims for the Fenian Raid he stated that, in consequence of a communication from the Canadian Government, correspondence had been entered upon on the subject, and it was probable that it would be introduced. Sir A. T. GALT said the correspondence between Sir E. Thornton and Mr. Fish did not appear to him to include the claims. Mr. Thornton had made a request that it should be included, but Mr. Fish had not accepted. In answer to Mr. Mackenzie, Sir George E. Cartier said it was part of Mr. Campbel.'s mission to urge Canada's demand for indemnity. Mr. MACKENZIE then moved for the correspondence on the St. Clair Canal. He stated the facts of the case and expressed a hope that the Government would yield neither that nor any other right connected with our territory. If the matter were yielded, we should be utterly without a channel on this side of Walpole Island, and would not be able to send a vessel from one lake to another. Sir John A. Macdonald said the correspondence was not yet complete. Mr. Bonwell moved for an address on the claims made on the Dominion consequent on the North-West insurrection. Sir Francis Hingks stated that the greater part of the refugees' claims is on the Hudson Bay Company. Dr. Schultz' claim amounted to nearly \$76,000, and he (Sir Francis) had taken the personal responsibility of making him an advance of \$11,000. Dr. Lynch got \$300. Sir John A. MacDonald said he had no doubt the claims would be paid though he could not say from what source. Mr. BLAKE moved for the correspondence between the Canadian and Imperial Governments relating to the Manitoba Act. The motion was carried, and the House adjourned at 5:15 p. m.

Feb. 21.—Hon. Mr. Dunkin introduced a bill to amend the Census Act, the intention being to include Manitoba and the N. W. Territories, and to make provision for the census of any other Province that may be admitted this year; and also to extend, in certain localities, the time for taking the census to the 1st of May. He stated that it was intended to obtain correct returns of the Indians of the N. W. Sir Francis Hincks brought down a statement of unforeseen expenses,-documents relating to Mr. Campbell's mission, and the exportation of American silver. Hon, Mr. Hollos complained of the imperfectness of the returns; and also that the fineness of the new silver appeared to rest upon an old Act of 1957. Sir Francis then entered into explanations. After which Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD introduced an Election Bill for the Commons. He then, seconded by Mr. MACKENZIE, moved an address complimenting the Governor-General on his elevation to the Pecrage. Sir George E. CARTIER followed, and the House adjourned at 4:20 p.m. until the 23rd.

Feb. 23.—After some preliminary business a Message was read from His Excellency regarding the Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne. Sir John A. Macdonald then presented the Supplementary Correspondence relating to the Fisheries. Mr. Jones complained of the incompetence and extravagance of the Intercolonial Railway Commissioners, and moved for a return of the names of all persons who have tendered for contracts since May, 1869. Mr. Blake moved for copies of all correspondence between the Canadian and Quebec Governments, and the Canadian and Ontario Governments, touching the Provincial Arbitration and award, and for a copy of award, and for an approximate statement of the result of accounts, as between Canada and each Province on the 1st of February, 1871, adjusted on the footing of the award. Hon. Mr. Chauveau asked that the motion be so amended as to include the Address of both the Quebec Houses. Mr. Godin protested against the terms of the motion, which would lead to the belief that Quebec agreed in the award. Mr. Founnige made an amendment setting forth that in the opinion of the House the award was illegal. Sir John thought the amendment premature. Sir George E. Cartien reminded the Quebec members of the danger of submitting the question of legality or illegality of the award to the members of the House. Mr. Joly thought the Federal Government should have stayed proceedings until the question could have been brought before the Imperial Government. Mr. Blake and Mr. Harrison doubted the power of the House to deal with the question. Hon. Mr. Donion maintained that if the House had no power, neither had the Government. Hon. Mr. Chauveau said the Province of Quebec would never accept a decision from any tribunal which proclaimed an award so illegal and unjust as

this, and if justice were not rendered in the matter the Province would seriously embarrass the legislative functions of the Confederation. He would vote for the motion of the member for Joliette (Mr. Godin). Hon. Mr. Irvine thought they should not ask the Government to act in any way upon the award at present. Dr. Beaubien censured Mr. Fournier's motion as showing a lack of patriotism. Hon. Mr. Blancher said an amendment on a mere demand for correspondence was against Parliamentary usage. The debate was then adjourned, and the House rose at 6 p.m.

Feb. 24.—On motion of Hon. Sir Francis Hencks, the House went into Committee of Supply, and after having passed the usual resolution, the Committee reported and asked leave to sit again. Sir A. T. GALT moved the adoption of the resolutions of which he had given notice in regard to the fisheries, &c. In a speech of considerable length he reviewed the history of the differences with the United States, dwelling more particularly on the Fishery question, and the question of indemnity for the Fenian Raids. He protested against the course of the Imperial Government since October last in ignoring the claims of Canada, and contended that the Fenian Raid Claim could not be treated as an offset to the "Alabama" claims, as the two were entirely different in character, the former being by far the stronger Sir John A. Machonald replied at length to the charges of the member for Sherbrooke. He deprecated any expression of distrust in the Imperial Government, who, he showed, had in every way given us both moral and material support in the maintenance of our rights. No doubt the loss of our fisheries would be a great commercial calamity, but it would be as nothing in comparison to the misery, the irreparable ruin that would be entailed upon this country were war to break out between Great Britain and the United States in consequence of the non-settlement of the Alabama Claims. On the other hand, were these claims to be amicably settled, new vista of prosperity would be opened up to the country. Mr. MACKENZIE denied that there was no reason to distrust the British authorities with regard to our affairs, as, with the exception of the Reciprocity Treaty, our interests had invariably been sacrificed through the ignorance displayed in the British negotiations. He declared himself opposed to the resolutions and hoped that the mover would withdraw them. Hon, Mr. Turren denied that our affairs had been mismanaged by the British authorities, and contended that Canada was never in such a prosperous condition as now. Hon. Mr. McDougall and Mr. Young supported the resolution. Mr. BLAKE requested the member for Sherbrooke to with Iraw his resolution. Sir A. T. Galt replied that as the Premier had taken the responsibility upon himself he would withdraw the resolutions. After some further discussion respecting the Fisheries, the House adjourned at 10:30 p. m.

## "THE TRAPPER."

The trapper, a familiar character on the outskirts of North American civilization, is somewhat different in character from high-souled member of an old world "Hunt" who loves the chase for its excitement and delights to bring down his quarry after a fair fight. In fact the trapper is somewhat of a sneak, though he does not probably think so. He waylays his intended victims in their most frequented paths, catches them in his trap and despatches them in the most unromantic manner with the sole view to make merchandize of their peltries, or carcases, or both. The trapper is, however, an historical figure; himself a civilized man, he takes the van in the westward march, and disputes with the Indian the supremacy of the forest. Wise in the customs of the beasts he capturesto say he hunts would be a prostitution of language—he turns his knowledge to the best practical account, and makes the habits of his game subservient to its destruction. He is thus an exceedingly practical man; shrewd, keen, intelligent after a fashion, and ought to have a countenance expressive of the peculiar mental qualifications fitted to his somewhat solitary, musing, and, withal, exciting life. In spite of his skill there is a dash of gambling about his pursuit. He must depend upon chance for a large share of his success; and though long experience may enable him to gauge his chances with almost mathematical exactitude, he can scarcely be supposed to take his rounds without some degree of uncertainty and anticipation-uncertainty lest his calculations may have failed, or expectation that they have been more than fulfilled. This enforced habit of meditation, or speculation rather, throws a philosophic shade over his countenance; but we may imagine that according as success or failure attends his efforts he will give some facial indication of the state of his feelings. "The Trapper" whom we present in this issue is indeed a perfect He has found on his morning round his snares well filled, and he enters on his homeward march with a feeling of contentment. He enjoys his pipe, and as he trudges along he evidently meditates upon fresh captures. His bearing is that of one inured to solitude, yet he looks not uncompanionable, and very far from being destitute of intelligence. Nay, one might lay a wager that he could a hundred tales unfold of adventure in the woods that would make him a welcome member of the fireside circle on a winter evening. He has his fowling-piece, of course, for the trapper by no means disdains the more fashionable mole of bagging game; indeed he is rather distinguished for his resort to every known mode of capture, caring less about the means employed than the end aimed at. For this reason we do not look for any specially "high toned" traits in him; his standard is the dead level of unromantic honesty among men, and unrelenting war upon such of the creatures of the woods and wilds as may be turned to profitable account. The sculptor, Mr. Freret, whose statuette we have copied from a photograph by Notman, has been singularly felicitous in sustaining the character. There is an unconstrained freedom in the carriage which makes the figure a perfect model of real life. Mr. Freret has good reason to be proud of his "Canadian trapper," and we have seen some other models from his hand no less faithfully true to nature. The statuette, modelled by hand, and about twentyfour inches in height above the pedestal, may be seen at Notman's photographic rooms, Bleury street, and as a work of art is well worthy inspection. Doubtless M. Freret, whose genius is made manifest by this and other life-like productions, will pursue art in some of its higher flights that will bring his name more familiarly before the public. He at present is, we believe, engaged at Mr. Forsyth's marble works in this city, and those who desire to test the fidelity of his modelling need only step into Notman's and examine the well-known profile of the late Bishop Mountain. It has been suggested that "The

Trapper," with a companion figure—say the Lumberman—yet to be made, should be cast in bronze, or reproduced in Parian marble, and thus offered to the patronage of the public. The idea is a good one, and its realization would be creditable to Canadian art. It may be stated that at Notman's a photograph shewing a front view of "The Trapper," may also be seen; both It, and the view in profile, which we reproduce, are admirable photographs.

## VIEW ON THE THAMES.

"Ah! a beautiful piece of English scenery!" Not a bit of it. Canada has its Thames and its London as well as England. We cannot say that with respect to geographical nomenclature in a new country we admire the imitative system; but it has its advantages in avoiding the unpronounceable barbarities, some of which are here and there preserved throughout the country; it also carries with it a familiar sound, and may have some influence in the preservation of old associa-Our Canadian Thames, though not so large, or of such historic importance, as that which empties its muddy waters into the North Sea, is a stream of considerable extent. It rises in the watershed of the south-western peninsula of Ontario between Lakes Huron and Erie, and flows in a southwesterly direction through the rich and fertile counties of Oxford, Middlesex, and Kent, entering Lake St. Clair, near the junction of the last-named county with Essex. Its whole course is about a hundred and sixty miles, and it affords a navigable channel for boats from its mouth to the town of Chatham Besides London and Chatham, there are several thriving towns and villages on its banks. The view in this issue represents a scene near Woodstock, in the County of Oxford. The river skirts the northern limits of the town, which, we need hardly tell our Canadian readers, is one of the most pleasant inland county towns in Canada, on account of its healthful site and the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

## BURLINGTON BAY.

The bay on the shores of which the settlement of "Port Burlington," now known as the City of Hamilton, was founded, is one of the finest and most placid to be found among Canadian lakes. Completely landlocked and connected with Lake Ontario only by the narrow channel of the Burlington Bay Canal, it is sheltered from the northern blasts, while the configuration of the country effectually protects it on the other three sides. Deep enough to be navigable throughout nearly its whole extent, and, we believe, since the rigid enforcement of the fishery laws, pretty well stocked with fish, it furnishes a valuable adjunct to the city on its shore both in the interests of trade and for the recreation of the citizens. Our view, from a photograph by Starke, shows the south-western portion of the bay (which runs further inland than the eastern part), with the Great Western Railway threading along close upon its bank. On the surrounding plateau stands the "Ambitious City" stretching southward to the foot of the mountain, whose sides and crest are crowned with many handsome villa residences; and eastward along the flatter shore of the bay, where various branches of manufacturing and other industries are conducted on an extensive scale. The Great Western, in passing through the north-west quarter of the city, runs under several of the streets and abuts on the south-west angle of the bay, a portion of which was reclaimed for the purposes of the road, having been readily alled up from the immense excavations necessarily made in constructing the track and clearing the way for the depôt buildings, &c.

# A FEAST AMONG THE GLACIERS

There has, perhaps, seldom been a truer adage than that which sets forth that "what is one man's meat is another man's, poison." With us western "barbarians" the very mention of the favourite Chinese delicacies, "bird's-nest soup and puppy-dog pie," creates an aversion bordering on nausea, except in such a case as that in which the unfortunate Parisians lately found themselves, when anything earable that would keep body and soul together was eagerly snapped up and no less eagerly devoured. By the same rule, on the other hand, (and it is a poor rule that will not work both ways) the heathen Chinee" would doubtless turn up his nose—as much of it as would turn up—at such strange, unaccustomed dishes as a royal haunch or a Potage à la Julienne.

The adage, however, holds good in another way, and is quite as applicable to beasts of prey as to the nobler animal, man. Our American bear, for instance, would find himself in a queer "fix" if, after a life's long diet on flesh and honey, he were presented with such a meal as that which his white-coated brother in our illustration is enjoying with every mark of the fullest appreciation-just as much so, perhaps, as we should were we invited to dine at some "nice" people's house, to find that the menu consisted mainly of potage à la train-oil, with whale-blubber cutlets and tallow-candle friensee to follow. But a feast on the prairie and a feast among the glaciers are two entirely different things. The various species of bears that are to be found in the temperate regions require a substantial flesh nourishment, possessing a moderate amount of nutriment, but not so much as is necessary to the well-being and good condition of the Polar bear. The latter, living among eternal snow and ice, exposed to the greatest extreme of cold, requires, in addition to his thick fur, a kind of food containing a maximum quantity of nourishing and heating matter. This is provided in the fat of the blubber-whale, the favourite and, in fact, almost the sole diet of the white bear. When a dead whale is discovered by these sagacious animals, floating in some secure ice-cove, or stranded upon the ice, the bears have a busy time of it, and lay in a sufficient stock of the blubber to last them for many days of fasting and abstinence, imposed upon them by the desolate condition of the regions they inhabit.

# FRENCH CAVALRYMEN KILLING THEIR HORSES ON THE EVE OF CAPITULATION.

From time immemorial it has been the fashion to sing the praises of the Arab's affection for his "matchless steed." The animal always is "matchless," though it is difficult to see where its claim to the title lies, unless indeed, as an anatomical curiosity in the scarocrow line with but few equals. But, in the meantime, the French trooper and his handsome charger, both no mean examples of reciprocal affection between

man and beast, have been consigned to an ignoble oblivion from which it is high time to rescue them.

It is true that the French trooper is not in the habit so frequently practised by the Arab, if we are to believe the Poets, and those equally mendacious humbugs, the Eastern Travellers, of refusing untold sums of gold for their steeds, when their families are starving, and, after throwing their arms round their Beauty's neck and giving way to a most incoherent and ungrammatical burst of lamentation, speeding away far into the desert to avoid the proffered temptation. No. For in the first place people are not in the habit of offering purses of gold for cavalry-horses, though, as a rule, these, in comparison with the Gothic specimens of horses known to the Arabs, are as "Hyperion to a Satyr." In the second place they have no desert to which they could fly, and, lastly, there is no doubt that, even if they could they would not—under the circumstances. The French trooper certainly does not go quite so far as this. But he makes a pet of his horse—almost a friend. He pampers and fondles, plays with it, heaps no end of caresses upon it and invents for it all sorts of pretty, endearing names. He talks to it as one would to a child, and the horse appears to understand. And when the poor animal is wounded or sick, he lavishes upon it such a wealth of tender affection as would have excited the tearful admiration of Sterne himself

At Metz, just previous to the capitulation, this trait in the French trooper's character was exhibited in a most vivid light. The city could hold out no longer, and Bazaine had determined upon a surrender. Men and horses would fall into the hands of the enemy; the former to be sent off to some grim German fortress, the latter to be used in the service of some Uhlan brigade or some train of artillery on its way to Paris. It was a bitter thought, shared alike by all the men of the cavalry regiments, that their beloved chargers, after so gallant a resistance, should fall into German hands, and be used for the further humiliation and devastation of France. So the men made a stern resolve. Their favourites should never be other than Frenchmen's mounts. It was the same principle as that which afterwards impelled them to destroy their arms. Each man, after an affectionate leave-taking with the charger that had borne him so well, shot him as he stood in his stall.

There was no heroism in it, but it showed a good deal of affection and patriotism, and is worth more than the absurd, worn-out story of the Arab's turreted old plug and the untold gold of the poets and travellers.

## SNOW-SHOEING IN NORWAY.

In Norway and Sweden snow-shoeing is as much a fashionable amusement as with us in Canada, and during the long winter, when the snow covers the ground for more than half the year, snow-shoe races and lunting on snow-shoes constitute the sole out-door attractions. The illustration on another page shows one mode of carrying on the pastime which is new to us, though it has its counterpart in our toboganing. The two sturdy young fellows, each with his rifle slung over his shoulder, are taking the hill, on their long shoes, in the most approved fashion, partly running, partly gliding down the slope, in a manner that seems to threaten the safety of their necks. Snow-shoers will remark the extraordinary length of the shoes.

## WAR INCIDENTS.

The Echo du Luxembourg says that pestilential odours are arising from the places of interment at Sedan, as the bodies of the fallen have not been buried deep enough. They will have to be taken up, it is feared, and interred at a greater depth.

The Prussian correspondent of the Times says that, to spare the feelings of the minor Sovereigns, King William's new title is not "Emperor of Germany" (as it is given in the English Press), but "German Emperor." "Emperor of Germany" would imply that the territories of the other Sovereigns are situate in a land belonging to the owner of the title; "German Emperor" simply means the head of the German nationality.

Speaking of the public feeling in France with respect to M. Gambetta, a correspondent of the Daily News writes:—In the railway carriage the other night, in which there were about forty people pent up, I heard such conversations as this among soldiers:—"That Gambetta's the cause of all this useless loss of life" "Yes," said another, "he thinks he will hook it when it becomes too hot for him; but he should not if I were anywhere near him," &c. When somebody proposed a song to while away the time, a voice suggested with a sneer the "Marseillaise," but that suggestion brought on a storm of groans and hisses.

A Le Mans letter states that when the Bretons ran away from Yvré l'Evêque, they threw down their knapsacks and arms, leaving the high road strewed with them. When the first batch of the cowards got into Le Mans, they found a railway train ready for starting, in which a great many wounded were lying upon straw in cattle vans. Without any scruple they pulled the wounded out of the train, laid them down on the cold flagstones, and took their places. A good many in their precipitate flight tried to cross the little river Huisne, which was swollen beyond its ordinary proportions, and were drowned.

Socially and conversationally speaking, says a war correspondent, the French have become a nation of porcupines. I could reckon on my fingers' ends the Frenchmen I can speak to for five minutes without putting them in a passion. One of my oldest and best tempered friends left my house in a huff three months ago, and has never reappeared. He was hurt that I did not join in his desire to deluge Europe—and especially England—in blood. The only safe thing to say is that the Huns and the Goths were angels compared to the Germans. This might be thought too moderate, but it would be forgiven.

General Trochu is thus spoken of by a writer in a French Republican journal published in Jersey:—"It may be said of him that he has too long stood with arms a-kimbo, and he may well be called the 'Governor of the national non-defence.' The Parisians have made a grand mistake in allowing themselves to be so long deceived by his professions with regard to his boasted 'plan.'" The writer, who professes to have a long personal acquaintance with the General, says he never had faith in his plan, or the least confidence in him—the "returned Orleanist." "Trochu who, on the 4th of September,

betrayed the Bonaparte whom we do not love," he says, "is just as capable of betraying the Republic that we do love, and has never, to our eyes, appeared otherwise than as a booted Jesuit, totally unfitted to govern the destinies of the Republic, never having been himself a Republican."

The Carlsruhe Official Gazette is informed by its Strasburg correspondent that Count Bismarck has the following intentions as to the future organization and destinies of Alsace and Lorraine. "It will be for the Emperor of Germany to form an Imperial Administration for these Provinces, to which will be entrusted the right of governing them in his name, and an Imperial lieutenant will be the administration in person. The salary of the Governor of Alsace will be furnished out of the surplus revenues of Alsace-Lorraine, which are estimated at 30,000,000 f. per annum at the very least. The amount of the salary will be somewhat considerable, inasmuch as the Imperial Government will have to provide a sum for a new library, in addition to maintaining the theatres and art-museums which generally are paid for out of the civil list of the crown."

Some of the characteristics of the German nation, especially in regard to their mode of warfare, seem to have undergone but little change since the days of Drusus; witness the following:—"The other night," says the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, "the bombardment was so noisy that I could not sleep, so I took Tacitus' 'De moribus et populis Germaniæ,' as a 'lecture pleine d'actualite.' I saw there some things which are to be observed to this very day—for instance, that they (the Germans) 'consider that to retreat, provided they return to the charge, is prudence, not cowardice.' The French are very much struck with this now, and are constantly taken in by the manœuvre. Also Tacitus says that the Germans even in doubtful encounters carry off their dead. This is also true now."

The Parisians appear to have taken a peculiar and quite exceptional interest in the bombardment. Since its commencement they have been seized with a mania for collecting at points within the range of the Prussian shells. They simply want to see; and then it would be so very extraordinary, thinks each one, for a shell to fall just on the spot where he is instead of anywhere else. How characteristically this paragraph reads in the papers:—"Citizens are invited not to assemble in places where the obus are falling!" The fragments of the shells themselves are scrambled for; some want them as curiosities and souvenirs; others to carry off and sell to less venturesome folks, at the rate of ten sous if the dangerous splinter be cold, and fifteen or even a franc if it still be hot from the explosion. Even the shells which fall without bursting are picked up and borne away, to the most imminent danger of all who touch or approach them, although, of course, this has been strictly forbidden; and artillery-men, accustomed to handling such deadly objects, are now stationed to watch and carry off and discharge them in safety. A national guard, who ought to have known better, actually carried one of these shells into a wineshop, where he dropped it to complete his act of folly, and it exploded, killing one and wounding two persons. Elsewhere, a boy was found working at an unexploded obus with his penknife.

Even a bombardment has its queer incidents. The other day two celebrated French sculptors, M.M. Falquière and Moulin, both members of the Garde Mobile, were on guard with their company on the ramparts. The snow lay on the ground, and they and their comrades feeling very cold, and seeing the nice sheet of snow spread around, formed the gamin idea of having a good game of snow-ball. But, as the white projectiles were being quickly made, it was proposed (for was not M. Falquière there?) that these heaps of snow should be built up into a statue. The young sculptor was quite willing, and with Chapu the painter, and a dozen others as his working sculptors, a rock of snow was piled, a cannon soon placed beside it, and against this Falquière reared the figure of a woman, her round arms folded across her breast, her hair flung back from her brave, fair face, her small feet firmly planted on the soil, and beneath he traced the words "La Résistance." Meanwhile—two or three hours' work sufficed for each—M. Moulin executed a colossal bust of the Republic; and the two figures obtained such unanimous applause that the authors had to promise their comrades to remodel the works when their guard was over. Théophile Gautier went himself to see the snow originals on the ramparts, and, in giving an account of the scene, reminds us of a mighty precedent—of Michael Angelo, one winter of rare severity, heaping up a colossal statue of snow in the court of the Grand Duke's palace of Florence, and dealing such blows of genius on the pile that the thing won him the favour of Pierre de Medicis henceforward.

A sympathiser with the cause of France, writing in the Westminster Review, speaks in no very flattering terms of the courage displayed by the French people during the war. He says :-- "We can state positively that in more than one inon being threatened with arrest by the Commandant, and, we may add, that the fuss which the National Guard made everywhere in perfecting their drill in order—to lay down their arms—is a fact of public notoriety. Their searching for the enemy, too, was a magnificent farce. In the most daring manner they advanced wherever he was not. If by chance they met him coming towards them, with the complaisance of the most polished people in the world, they politely retired. When there was no prospect of a siege in Paris, stalwart Frenchmen asseverated over their absinthe that it was neces-sary to 'tuer,' 'ecraser,' 'manger' the Prussians. But when there was a likelihood that they would have to assist on the ramparts in these sanguinary and masticatory operations, they became suddenly delicate in health, and discovered that the air of Dieppe, or even a foggy November in England would be most salutary for their enfeebled constitutions—not vigorous enough, no doubt, to digest German bullets. The French showed great energy, we admit, in arresting as spies people that no person would have sent anywhere in that capacity. This involved no danger, and is not unnatural if we remember their gigantic ignorance of all other peoples and everything which is not French. In one other point, too, they showed energy in hunting away harmless tradesmen who had lived all their lives in France, and in howling like maniacs after a prisoner, 'Crush him,' 'Kill him,' 'Throw him into the river,' 'Ah, the brigand!' As a correspondent of one of the papers said, 'Voilà un Prussien' was regarded by the French as a signal for a charge; 'Voilà les Prussiens' as the signal for a rapid retreat.

## VARIETIES.

It is rumoured that Garibaldi is coming to this country.

Believe but half the ill, and credit twice the good said of your neighbour.

He who can surpress a moment's anger, may prevent many days of sorrow.

How to get the exact weight of a fish. Weigh him in his own scales.

Objects seventy-two feet long can be distinctly seen on the surface of the moon by the great telescope of the Earl of Rosse.

In consequence of the prevalence of the small-pox epidemic the British naval authorities have ordered all the cadets and boys throughout the service to be revaccinated.

Every time a shot is fired from Krupp's 1,000-pounder, it costs the Prussian Government 600 thalers (\$600), and the monster of a gun itself has cost more than would keep an infantry regiment for a whole year.

The immigration of French families to the Channel Islands has entirely ceased, and many have already returned, by way of St. Malo and Granville, to their homes in the provinces removed from the scene of hostilities.

An Austrian drum-major is now at Detroit looking for employment, who, according to his own account, has been in the army sixteen years, taken part in fifty-seven battles, twelve times wounded, speaks fourteen languages, and plays thirty musical instruments.

A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.—A young woman delegate in the recent Ohio Convention of Woman Suffragists, said:—"For my own part I love man individually and collectively better than woman; and so, I am sure, does every one of my sex, if they, like me, would utter their real sentiments. I am more anxious for man's elevation and improvement than for woman's, and so is every true woman."

To show the preference given to British artillery, it is stated that while Prussia and Russia alone have adopted Krupp's system, Austria, Spain, Italy, Denmark, Norway, and Holland have Armstrong guns; Turkey, Egypt, and Greece are arming with ordnance of British manufacture. France and Sweden, like Prussia, make their own guns.

A religious contemporary did a bit of poetry the other day which caused a sensation, as it was thought a little too jolly. The words printed were "Carouse thee, and live." This was believed to have a touch of the Caspar's "Karten Spiel und Wurfel Lust, mit ein Kind mit," &c. But that idea has been crushed, as it turns out a printer's error (as usual), and ought to have read thus:—"O arouse thee, and live."

In the cathedral at Grenada is the splendid marble monument and tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella. The forms of the king and queen are represented as lying side by side on a bed. It is notable that the head of Isabella lies deep in the pillow, whilst that of Ferdinand hardly makes an impression. The tale goes that the sculptor said that as Isabella had all the brains, her head must necessarily be heavier than Ferdinand's, and make a greater impression.

OIL OF PEPPERMINT AS A LOCAL ANÆSTHETIC.—Dr. Alfred Wright, writing to the Lancet, says that a few years ago, when in China, he became acquainted with the fact tuat the natives, when suffering from facial neuralgia, applied oil of peppermint to the seat of pain with a camel hair pencil. Since then, in his own practice, he has frequently employed oil of peppermint as a local anæsthetic, not only in neuralgia, but also in gout, with remarkably good results. He found the relief from pain to be almost instantaneous.

A Non-Angelic Practice.—A preacher, not long since, asked to stay at night at a country house, but was forbidden by a lady. Knowing her to be a member of the Church, and generally known to entertain ministers, he began to quote Paul to her, hoping that she would understand by this that he was a preacher. He had hardly got out "For thereby some have entertained angels unawares," when she said, "I know, sir; but angels would not come with quids of tobacco stuck in their mouths." The preacher left without any further ceremony.

An "American innovation" has crept into the Imperial House of Commons. The old Tea Room has disappeared and a handsome refreshment room has taken its place, while in a convenient recess a bar has been opened where members and their friends may refresh themselves as men do at such institutions. In other respects "improvements" have been made for the greater comfort of legislators, and all of them receive the unqualified approval of the London daily press.

"FOURTEEN NEWS-BOYS STRANGLED!"—The United States newspapers are having a good deal of fun over the new and expansive name of our St. Mary's friend the Argus. Under the above heading the Star Spangled Banner, published at Hinsdale, N. H., gets off the following: "Up in Canada a new paper has been started, called the St. Mary's and North Middlesex Argus and Review, and Granton, Lucan, Ailsa Craig, Parkhill, and Widder Advocate and Lucan and Exeter Gazette. Upon the morning of the first day of publication fourteen dead news boys were found stretched upon the paverment of the office. They had been all strangled trying to cry the name of the paper. When the editor is pushed for editorial subjects he prints the title two or three times in a column, and jams it right full."

DEAN STANLEY'S CALIGRAPHY.—A reporter who had taken down one of his sermons, but who was in doubt as to some parts of it, or rather, as to some words in it, requested the favour of being allowed to look at the Dean's notes. "You can have them," was the ready reply, "but they will not be the least use to you; you will not be able to read them." After a moment's thought the Dean suggested that the reporter's MS should be sent him, and intimated that he would supply the missing links. Of course nothing could be kinder. Alas' the kindness was in vain; the words supplied by the Dean in the Dean's handwriting were perfectly illegible. Young people who are seeking a literary career perhaps will do well to remember that in these days no man can succeed to the press who does not write a good hand. If Dickens had been a bad writer he would very properly never have been heard of, and the world would have missed the Pickwick Papers.

## No. 59.—HON. JAMES COCKBURN, Q. C., SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the galaxy of eminent men whose portraits grace the spacious corridors surrounding the chamber in which Her Majesty's faithful Commons House of Parliament in Canada holds its deliberations, Mr. Cockburn will take honourable rank. He was chosen to preside over its sittings at a time when the Speaker's duties were exceptionally arduous. Under the new Constitution the limits of Parliamentary jurisdiction had been greatly enlarged, and the number of members correspondingly increased. Gentlemen of experience in the Legislatures of the Maritime Pro-vinces found themselves unfamiliar with former Canadian practice, and the increase of representation trom Ontario necessarily added a corresponding increase of inexperienced members, so that the duties of the Speaker of the first House of Commons of Canada were obviously reudered exceptionally onerous. Legal acumen, Parliamentary experience, and suavity of manner were qualifications essential to the satisfactory performance of the duties, and these were happily united in Mr. Cockburn. His selection by the Government for the office of first Speaker of the first House of Commons under the new Constitution gave very general satisfaction, as was proved by his unanimous election, and his rulings have always commanded the ready and respectful assent of the House, his bearing being strictly impartial to both sides, and lenient towards individual members, while his decisions have been based upon the merits of the points of order raised. The latter have neither been few nor always unimportant, and doubtless his judgments, recorded in the journals, will be frequently consulted hereafter in relation to

Jas. Cockburn was born at Berwick-upon-Tweed on the 13th February, 1819, so that now-a-days he may be considered an Englishman, though the time was when the natives of the same place could scarcely determine whether they were English or Scotch. and also when they were neither; that border-keep asserting, in those days, uality of its o Mr. Cockburn, we should judge, however, is an Englishman in sentiment, preferring the associations of the South to those of the North of Tweed, but as he emigrated, with his family, to Canada, when in his fourteenth year, his sympathies for the ancient nations on either side of that historic stream may be regarded as purely sentimental, and all the practical ties and associations of his life as thoroughly Canadian as if he had been born in the land consecrated to the beaver and the maple leaf. His education, begun at Berwick, was finished at Upper Canada College, Toronto; and having devoted himself to the study of the law, he was called to the Bar of Upper Canada in 1846. He practised his profession in the thriving town of Cobourg, where he now resides; and at the general election in 1861 he was returned for West Northumberland by a very narrow majority over the Hon. Sidney Smith, the then Postmas-

the practice of Parliament

# OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



THE HON, JAMES COCKBURN, Q. C., SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FROM a PROTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



VIEW ON THE RIVER THAMES, NEAR WOODSTOCK. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STARER.

ter-General in the Cartier-Macdonald Cabinet. This circumstance indicates a temporary estrangement from the political party with which he has since been associated; but from 1854, when the coalition was formed, up to 1861, when the second general election was held under its auspices, it was found that the formation of the "Moderate party"—then so called — which sustained the Ministry, led, through-out Upper Canada, to another coalition - that of extreme Conservatives with extreme Reformers. The Candidates returned through the last named alliance were generally classed as "independent," to distinguish them from the regular party sup-porters of the Ministry and the Opposition. Practically, they were the enemies of both the old parties, as constituted by the arrangement of 1854, and the most prominent Reform member in their ranks was the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, the present Premier of Ontario, who was returned to that Parliament against the streuuous efforts of the regular Opposition, though Mr. Cockburn-for the reason that he opposed a Minister -had its undivided support. The election of 1861 should be ever memorable for the rout it made of mere party men; the Hon. George Brown himself was defeated, and from that circumstance alone, the supporters of the Government felt-many of them, we have reason to believe, without regret-that its days were numbered. The bete noire had been killed and the fears of followers could no longer be operated on. The vote on the Col. Lyson's Militia bill in May, 1862, proved the altered state of party allegiance. With the compact party phalanx against the Government which the general election of 1857 had created in Upper Canada, that bill, or any other, would have been accepted by the Lower Canada majority rather than that the country's destinies should have passed into the hands of the Opposition. But when only men from whom nothing was to be feared stood on the left of the Speaker, then down went the Government, though both Messrs. Sandfield Macdonald and Cockburn voted for the second reading of the extravagant measure of which Ministers had assumed the paternity. A change of Government followed, and the Macdonald-Sicotte Cabinet held office for a year, when another general election in July, 1863, took place. The re-platrage effected after the adjournment of Parliament, and before the election, did not meet with Mr. Cockburn's approval, and he appealed to his constituents a second time on a ticket still more decisively "independent." He was returned by acclamation, and in the session of '64 voted generally with the Coposition. When, on the 30th March, 1864, the Macdonald-Dorion Ministrythe leaders disgusted by the faint-heartedness of their supporters-resigned, and the old Coalition, under the name of the Taché-Macdonald Government, returned to power, Mr. Cockburn was gazet-ted as Solicitor-General for Upper Canada in the new Cabinet, and continued to hold this office up to the going into effect of the Union Act. He was, as a matter of course, a member of the Quebec Conference at which the seventy-two resolutions in regard to Confederation were passed in 1864, and he also discharged the duties of Attorney-General for Upper Canada, during the Hon. John A Macdonald's absence while attending the London Conference at

which the Union Act was framed.

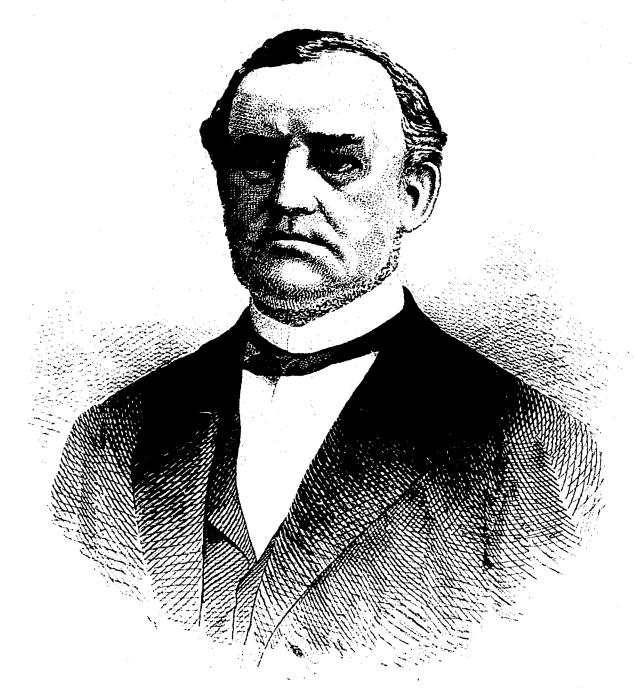
Mr. Cockburn, like the Hon. Mr. Cauchon, has had the good fortune to establish himself in the confidence of his constituents. for at the last general election he was returned by acclamation; and, like his brother Speaker in the Upper House of Parliament, we can truthfully say that he dispenses the hospitalities of his office with a tact and liberality that will almost make the position embarrassing to his successor, unless, indeed, he should prove to be a man of singular taste and judgment. Mr. Cockburn is a Queen's Counsel, ranking from 1862, and also a Bencher of the Law Society of Upper Canada. We do not predict for him, as we have done for Mr. Cauchon, a return to the stormy arena of political strife. Rather we should judge that from the qualities of mind and traits of character he has displayed, he may some day be called upon to take a seat upon the Bench, in the talent and purity of which Upper Canada has had, heretofore, and we hope Ontario will have, hereafter, one of its greatest glories.

No. 60.—THE LATE HON. JOHN ROSS, Q. C

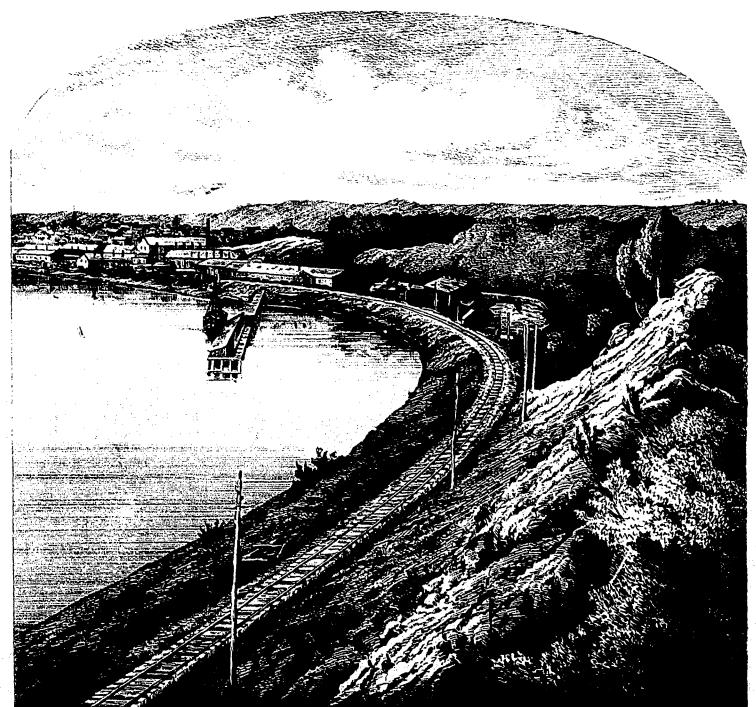
By the death of the Hon. John Ross, on the 31st of January last, at his resi-dence, in the Township of York, near Toronto, a publie man has passed from the scene of his earthly labours, who in former years exercised no small share of influence in the direction of Provincial affairs. He was a native of the County Antrim, Ireland, having been born on the 10th of March, 1818, and was consequently in his 53rd year when he died. When he was but three months old his parents came to Canada, settling at Brockville, where, after the completion of his education he applied himself to the study of the law. He was called to the Upper Canada Bar in 1839, and created Queen's Counsel in 1850. Mr. Ross entered political life as a nominated mem-Legisinuve Council in 1848, and continued to sit in that body until the Union, when he was called to the Senate by the Queen's proclamation. He was thus free from the necessity of "pleasing his constituents," and brought to the consideration of public questions a judgment unintimidated by the fear of popular clamour. Allied by marriage to the family of the late Hon. Robert Baldwin, C. B., he was also a faithful adherent of that eminent statesman's political school. In the promotion of the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway he took an active part; for many years he was President of the Company, and under the arrangement which gave the Government a representation at the Board of Management, he was a Government Director from 1852 until 1857, when the arrangement was abolished: He first entered office under the Hincks-Morin

Cabinet in 1851, as Solici-

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



THE LATE HON, JOHN ROSS, Q. C. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



BURLINGTON BAY, LAKE ONTARIO; HAMILTON IN THE DISTANCE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STARKE.

tor-General, which posi-tion he held until June, 1853. He was then appointed Attorney-General with a seat in the Cabinet, and retained that office until the defeat of the Government in Sept., 1854. On the formation Macnab - Morin Ministry, Mr. Ross was succeeded in the Attorney-Generalship by Mr. (now Sir) John A. Macdonald; but he received the appointment of Speaker of the Legislative Council, which office at that time conferred on its possessor a seat in the Cabinet. Two years later. when the Speakership of the Council was made elective and non-ministerial. Mr. Ross retired from office. but re-entered the Cabinet in February, 1858, as Receiver-General, and in August of the same year became President of the Council and Minister of Agriculture. In March, 1862, he retired from the Cabinet, and has not since held office.

Mr. Ross was endowed with a clear head and a kind heart. In the Legislative Council, and subsequently in the Senate, he commanded great respect. But little given to oratorical display, his speeches were characterised by their practical bearing on the question under discussion. Respectful himself towards all, he repelled any unfavourable reflections with the warmth of an Irishman; but he took little part in personal squabbles or even political discus-sion; his strength and influence being most felt in the Committee room, and amongst the individual members of Parliament In early life he had displayed considerable political tact in the management of election matters; and to him it was mainly due that the Hon. Robert Baldwin successfully contested the County of Hastings, defeating Mr. Murney and as would have been said in later days, "redeeming" the county from the Conservatives. He also dabbled somewhat in newspaper writing, for political effect, but it was mainly to his high personal character and shrewd sense that he owed his influence. His retirement from the Government in April, 1856, on the ground that his party did not receive fair consideration from the Conservative section of the Coalition, is alleged to have been one of the main causes that induced the late Sir Allau Macnab to withdraw, somewhat unwillingly, from the Premiership and the Cabinet. Though an earnest, Mr. Ross had never been an extreme party man; but he had taken an active part in the bitter struggles over issues that are now happily settled, and at that time he may well have been excused for watching with jealousy those whom but lately he had opposed with zeal.

For several years Mr. Ross had suffered from brouchitis, and he made many trips to Europe with his family, residing for months at a time in the South of France, in the hope that the genial climale might restore his health. Eight or tem weeks before his death, the disease assumed a more serious form, until at length all hope of prolonging his life was abandoned, and his friends were thus prepared for intelligence of the melancholy event of his death. His remains were interred at the family burying-ground, Spadina, on the 2nd ult.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, the Fenian indemnity to Canada will be permitted to off-MARCH 11, 1871.

SUNDAY, March 5 .- Second Sunday in Lent. Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, 1784. Volta died, 1827. Fenian Risings near Dublin, 1867.

6.—Michael Angelo born, 1474. MONDAY.

changed to Toronto, 1834.

—St. Perpetua, V. & M De Monts sailed for Canada, 1604. Admiral Collingwood TUESDAY died, 1810.

8.-William III. died, 1702. WEDNESDAY, " Aboukir, 1801. Hon. S. Smith Administrator, 1820.

9.—Americus Vespucius born, 1451. Car-THURSDAY, dinal Mazarin died, 1661.

10.—Prince of Wales married, 1863. FRIDAY. SATURDAY.

-Tasso born, 1504. The Daily Courant, the first daily newspaper, published, 1702. Count de Montalembert died, 1870.

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

## MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

CANADA is fast drifting into the assumption of national responsibilities. She is now one of a tripartite commission charged with the duty of determining issues of surpassing importance to three out of the four or five great English-speaking communities that occupy so large a portion of the world's space and bear such a controlling part in its politics. It was intended by the Imperial authorities that Sir John Rose should have held a seat in the Joint High Commission, and though at present a Londoner it might have been supposed that with his familiarity with Canadian questions and his warm interest in our country he would have been a valuable aid to Canada, yet, as private reasons compelled him to decline the responsibility, we may console ourselves with the reflection that Sir John A. Macdonald, who knows our rights so well, will not consent to their being bartered way.

It is an unpleasant feature in the programme of negotiation to be entered on at Washington, that while the Alabama and Fishery questions are specifically mentioned as matters to be adjudicated on, the Canadian claim of indemnity for the cost incurred and injuries sustained by Fenian invasion and the openly tolerated existence of the conspiracy in the United States should be passed over or treated as of minor importance, with a shade of doubt as to whether it will come into the calculation at all. Sir Alexander Galt's resolutions, brought up in the House of Commons, elicited a debate of very great value as indicating Canadian feeling. The resolutions themselves, and his speech in support of them, were all that could have been desired as to the sentiment of this country, except, perhaps, that the resolutions expressed, or at least implied, a want of confidence in Her Majesty's Imperial advisers which at the present time we should be sorry to have to recognize any valid reason for entertaining. The object of the mover was merely to elicit opinion, and in this he was successful. To have pressed them to a vote—to have rejected them-would have been virtually to have confessed that the Canadian Parliament abandoned the rights of the country; to have adopted them, would have been to have sent our Commissioner "with instructions" from Parliament, and consequently a gross breach of diplomatic etiquette. These resolutions could, therefore, only be discussed and withdrawn, and the opinions which their discussion elicited were such as cannot fail to be of advantage to this country. From both sides of the House of Commons—and the members there truly represent the fisheries of Canada are not to be sacrificed; that the natural and treaty rights of the country are to be maintained.

It is true, as Sir John Macdonald remarked, that war would be an infinitely greater calamity to Canada than the loss of the fisheries. But war, though a terrible, is only a temporary scourge, and the surrender of the fisheries without a price in return would be a permanent injury. The maintenance of our rights is so intimately associated with the question of our separate existence that we do not think they should be severed. If the fisheries are to be given up; if our canals are to be made the free property of American commerce; if we only are to be victimised and annoyed by harsh coasting laws and inquisitorial and vexatious customs regulations, let us fathom the depth of our intended degradation at once so that we may make terms while yet we have something in hand. But, despite American newspaper banter, and the buncombe of a Butler, we believe that the American people will listen to reason, and ratify any just compact to which the Commission may give its assent. Probably some concession will be made to American fishermen on the headlands question; and probably, too-though we have much less faith in that-

set a portion of the Alabama claims. But British Statesmen ought to recognise the fact that American politics The Printer's Price List; A Manual for the use of clerks and have developed a systematic course of over-reaching, and a predetermination to harass European powers who have possessions on this continent. The unchecked supremacy of the electoral body, and not any inferiority in intellect or honesty on the part of American Statesmen, has led to this result. American politicians must bid for the popular vote, and it unfortunately happens that hatred Battle of of England is the most popular card with the promiscuous crowd who wield the suffrage. Those who do not hate England of their own accord, take up the role for party advantage; and, at the present time, we have the leading Democratic organs warning the Republicans that their party will not allow itself to be out-bid for anti-English votes through any scruple about declaring hostility to Britain. It is in this that the real danger lies; will the ruling politicians of the Republic be compelled to redeem their ill-judged promises by forcing a quarrel upon Great Britain?

If so, the matter would undoubtedly be a serious one for Canada. But even at the worst, those rights which, by national comity and the stipulations of treaty, are ours, cannot, with dignity, be surrendered for the mere sake of staving off an impending quarrel. If the Americans really mean "fight," Britain will only weaken herself for the inevitable struggle by making concession of rights, privileges, and properties that are now, and if preserved, will remain, sources of strength; and if, on the other hand, nothing is demanded by our American cousins save a fair interpretation of existing treaties and a satisfactory compensation for injuries actually received, the two points cannot be too soon conceded, both in the interests of Canada and England.

It is, however, somewhat discouraging to us that while the Americans make the Alabama claims their leading card, our Canadian right to indemnity for the injury done the country by the Fenians, has only received a doubtful recognition even to serious consideration. In this, as in many other matters of international discussion, Canadians are made painfully aware of their dependent position. Were the United States Greece, Canada the jobbing Jew Jecker, and Palmerston Prime Minister of England, then indeed we should feel the utmost confidence in the immediate redress of our grievances. But, unfortunately, case does not so present itself. Premier of to-day may be no less patriotic than he by whose direction, twenty years ago, the ports of Greece were blockaded; and Canada is of more account to the Empire than a dozen Jeckers. But there remains the fact that the United States is a power alongside of which England, through Canada, is readily vulnerable; and, perhaps, to this source do we owe that British diplomacy which looks so much like truckling to the United States. We have already had the "Ashburton Capitulation;" in the name of all that is manly do not add the further humiliation of the "High Commission Surrender." Whatever our well defined rights may be, let us either maintain them to the last, or part with them only in return for a substantial equivalent. This we trust is the feeling of the Canadian Premier, and in this resolve we hope he may be supported by the Imperial Commissioners. The American gentlemen with whom the British Commissioners confer are men of high character in the Republic, from whom, if from any Republican source, we may fairly expect just conclusions. The result of the the work has been, or will be, in some degree commensurate Commission's labours, though it cannot be waited for with indifference, may therefore be anticipated with the popular sentiment—the firm avowal went forth that hope, despite the sinister signs surrounding the inception of its deliberations.

## NEW MUSIC.

From Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

- "Four Hands"-Galop-by E. Fiori.
- "Saratoga Belles"-Waltzes-by J. S. Knight.
- "Poetry of Motion"—Danse Caprice—by S. B. Whitney. All good,—but the latter especially original and pleasing in rvthm and melody.
- "Good Evening"—Song—by Charles Vivian
- "Those Scenes which were so dear to Me"-Song-by Henry

The former jolly and popular in words and music; the latter a sweet and sentimental ballad

Sir John A. Macdonald has left Ottawa for Washington to take part in the proceedings of the Joint High Commission It is said the Commissioners are to be invited to visit Ottawa when they shall have concluded their labours.

The writs for the Ontario elections have been issued, returnable on the fifth of April.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

book-keepers in job printing offices, by Theo. L. De Vinne: New York, Francis Hart & Co.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

This is a most useful work for the trade, and will, we doubt not, receive very general patronage. Indeed, its importance can hardly be over-rated, for while it disseminates correct and intelligible ideas as to the relation of cost and production, it also gives a scale of rates that may be applied as general rules to determine the cost of work anywhere. Taking the rate paid to the journeymen for piece work per 1000 ems as the unit of calculation, there can be no difficulty in constructing a general scale of prices suited to any meridian, from that laid down in the "Price List" as the average rate in New York. Of course prices are much higher in the United States than in Canada; in fact, master printers there pay their journeymen higher rates than in tanada are charged against customers. But the book is no less serviceable on that account in the establishment of a general and uniform system of rates; and it has, in addition to elaborate calculations of the cost, &c., of work, blank lines, in which the printer may enter a scale of rates to suit his business that will always furnish a safe guide to his foreman, clerk, or other person entrusted with the making of prices for work. The "Price List" is neatly bound, contains about 450 8vo. pages of closely printed matter upon an excellent quality of highly finished writing paper, this kind having been chosen to enable printers to make their own entries either in ink or pencil.

CANADIAN DOMINION DIRECTORY FOR 1871: Montreal, John Lovell.

A want that has long been felt throughout the whole Dominion has at last been supplied by the energy and perseverance of a single man. To furnish a correct and complete index to the cities, towns, and villages of a country with over four millions of inhabitants, and with an area of nearly 400.000 square miles, is a labour of such magnitude as might well have frightened the boldest and most enthusiastic projector from undertaking the task. Yet, thanks to the spirit and "push" of Mr. Lovell, Canadians can boast of a work of a kind that few other nations possess. And when we reflect that the Herculean task has been accomplished with but little outside help, and that what assistance was given was rendered entirely by private individuals, we must augur well for a country possessing such resources, and citizens of such a generous and enterprising disposition. The Dominion Directory, a book of 2,562 pages, may be divided into three distinct parts. Of these, the first gives a succinct account of the history of the various Provinces of the Dominion, and of the Colonies of Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island, from the pen of Mr. James Kirby, Advocate, of Montreal. The second contains actual Directory and Gazeteer information-such as Tables of Routes, City and Town Directories, each with valuable local information, Post Office and Telegraph Directories, &c. The third part contains information of a different kind, such as Customs Tariff, Patents of Invention, Statistics of the Militia, the Pless, and an immense quantity of general information on the Lands, Fisheries, Railways, Marine and Commerce of Canada. The book is a valuable one, and doubtless its circulation, especially in Britain, will prove of advantage in disseminating information about Canada. Indeed it would prove of much benefit to the immigration policy of the country to have a few copies distributed throughout the United Kingdom at places of convenient access to the public. The Legislature might well incur the expense, and thereby testify the country's appreciation of Mr. Lovell's enterprise and energy. We earnestly hope that the public patronage of with its great merits.

## OBITUARY.

We have to record this week the death of Mr. J. R. Stodart, which took place at Edinburgh, on the 5th of February, at the advanced age of 78.

Though latterly living somewhat retired, in his earlier years the late John Riddle Stodart took an active and prominent part in public affairs. He was for some time Treasurer of the City of Edinburgh, and during his tenure of that honourable post, many important civic reforms were inaugurated, the benefit of which remains to this day.

In politics he always took a lively interest and was an rdent supporter of the Liberal party; in the great struggle which preceded the passing of the first Reform Bill of 1832, he bore a conspicuous part, having been a frequent speaker at the large public meetings which were held in the Queen's Park, in support of that measure.

At his house likewise were held numerous political gatherings, when the programme to be afterwards followed by the Scotch Liberal party was determined on; amongst others who were present at these reunions may be mentioned the late Lord Dunfermline, Sir James Gibson Craig, Sir Thomas Dick Laudd, and Adam Black, afterwards M. P. for Edinburgh.

By profession he was a lawyer, and practised as a writer to the Signet for many years; he has left four children-two daughters and two sons, the youngest of whom, Mr. D. R. todart, is at present residing in Montreal.

## OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT, Wednesday Morning, Feb. 8, 1871.

The favourite watering-place, so easily accessible from the Metropolis, being only about three hours' journey by rail, I reached on Saturday, for the purpose of viewing the beauties of the island. It has been long called the "Garden of England," and few visitors dispute its claim to this high distinction, abounding as it do s in picturesque scenery, and its climate mild and salubrious.

I visited yesterday "Shanklin," about twelve miles from here, and went through "the Chine," a beautiful chasm, one of the most attractive features of the island. The other principal places of interest about here are "Osborne," the marine residence of our Most Gracious Majesty-Carisbrooke Castle-Cowes (the great rendezvous of The Royal Yacht Squadron), Newport and Ventnor, near which is "the Undercliff," famous for its wild and romantic scenery.

The Royal Carriage drove through Ryde on Saturday from Osborne, a distance about twelve miles, and I had the pleasure of seeing Her Majesty, Princesses Louise and Beatrice. and Prince Leopold. It was a plain open carriage drawn by four grey horses with postilions, and of course the redoubtable John Brown, with his Scotch cap, sitting in the rumble.

Her Majesty left Osborne yesterday afternoon in the Royal yacht "Victoria and Albert" for Gosport, where a special train was in waiting to convey her to Windsor, for the purpose of opening Parliament to-morrow.

From my window, looking out on a beautiful calm sea studded with sail, one can hardly bring one's thoughts to write about war, and the consequent horrors thereof. The public mind, however, is still occupied with the surrender of Paris and the condition of France. In business circles, especially, the conditions imposed by Germany, as announced by telegram from Berlin, have caused much excitement. Communication with Paris is only attainable through German ermit, so that we have a great dearth of news and really less intelligence than before the armistice. The telegrams relating to the revictualling of Paris are somewhat contradictory, but there is reason to hope that the hour of extreme danger is past. The amount received by the Lord Mayor of London as contributions towards the supply of food for Paris had reached on Monday £40,000—exclusive of contributions paid into the various banks.

The English War Department and Admiralty are also nobly assisting to revictual Paris, and are preparing some 2,000 to 3,000 tons of provisions, principally salt beef and preserved meats, (such as are issued to the R. N.) for immediate transport to Paris. Orders have also been given at Deptford Victualling Yard for the manufacture of biscuits for the poor of Paris, and twenty-four ovens are to be kept at work night and day for that purpose. Peck, Frean & Co. are said to have despatched on Saturday ten to eleven millions, (weighing over 700 tons) of their celebrated fine navy biscuits. So you will see that the much-abused "John," who is accused of sitting quietly in his shop, and supplying the means of carrying on the fight, now in time of need and distress nobly, and with a lavish hand, sends immense supplies to his suffering school-

The result of the elections in France are now watched with anxiety, and I trust some unison of action will be decided on for the government of that unfortunate country. At present France is split up into several parties, which enfeeble and injure her, and it is necessary to submit the conflicting claims of the several parties to a final decision, in order to get rid of political dissension, and restore the nation to pursuits of peace and industry. The future of France is still uncertain, but the hope is that the majority of the National Assembly will be composed of moderate men, and such a treaty decided on as will in time—though no doubt interrupted by civil dissensions -assist to restore her to her former greatness and prosperity. A plucky correspondent of the Daily News managed to enter Paris on the 2nd instant, and I believe was the first one inside since the armistice, and in an amusing letter recounts his adventures in and out.

He states that he was surprised to see so many well appointed vehicles still in the streets of Paris, with well conditioned horses. Nor were the omnibuses few and far between; the horses in the best condition, as were also the horses ridden at break-neck speed through the streets, by officers who looked, and who probably were transmo srifted "petits crevés."

The closed shops, (he adds) appeared to me to be chiefly eating-houses; all the other shops appeared to be open, though in trade doing little He amusingly continues, that when riding through the streets, "he saw a gentleman in a blouse produce a big knife, in dangerous proximity to his well-fed mare, and had serious fears that the aforesaid gent in a blouse was going to help himself to a buttock steak

The organ at the "Royal Albert Hall," which building I already announced would be opened next month by Her Majesty, will be the largest and most powerful in the world, having 9,000 pipes and 120 stops, and will be inflated by two steam engines. Mr. Best, of Liverpool, has been apointed to inaugurate the organ, and afterwards give recitals during the International Exhibition.

The paltry opposition by the labour league and the members for Brighton to the dowry of the Princess Louise, has roused the indignation of the Spectator, which maintains that it is not by false statements as to the cost of the Monarchy, or by dirty little snippings at the gold fringe on its robe, that the course of liberalism, even if liberalism and Republicanism be identical, ought to be promoted. The Throne may be an injury or a surplusage, or an anachronism, but at least (it says) let us sneer down the men who, keeping the Throne as a

symbol, would substitute for its covering cotton velvet.

The *Times* remarks that probably the ruling idea among the opponents of the dowry to the Princess, is that the Queen is rich enough to provide for her own family without drawing upon the public taxes for assistance. The simple answer to

this notion is that the Queen certainly might be rich enough to do all this, if her estates were but left in her own hands, and managed with an exclusive view to her own advantage. But Her Majesty is not allowed any such freedom in the control of her property, as is enjoyed by the least of her subjects. Parliament, in its jealousy of Royal power and its concern for popular rights, determined long ago that the Crown Lands should not be left at the disposal of the Crown; but that the Crown surrender them to the country, and take an allowance instead It is on this understanding that what is called the the civil list is voted every year, and that applications are made for additional votes on the marriage or settlement of members of the royal family. Already during the resent reign there have been half a dozen such grants, and what then can be the justification for suspending or renouncing the custom in the present instance?

Is it meant to express a popular objection to the match itself? On the contrary the match, exceptional as it certainly is in character, is of a kind to commend itself especially to popular sentiment.

For once the money will not even be sent out of the country, but will be kept at home and spent among the people

There is a strong feeling amongst churchmen against another royal marriage taking place in Lent. I hear that in several London churches, should the marriage take place in Lent, (which it undoubtedly will) there will be special penitential services at the same hour.

Col. Peacocke, well known in Canada when commanding the 16th Regiment, has been appointed Adjutant-General in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Preparations are being made for the grand annual Volunteer Review on Easter Monday. Brighton is said to be the place

fixed upon.

The "Week's News" says that the old device on the new overeigns just issued, would be better if it had a portrait of the Queen as she now is, or one of the war-ships of the period, say the "Monarch," instead of St. George and the Dragon, which resembles "the pork butcher in boiler-plates, killing the antediluvian." A gold five shilling piece is a new coin nuch needed.

The Daily News remarks on the vote of the Legislature of British Columbia to join the Confederation that—"the rule of the Parliament at Ottawa will soon reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the frontier of the United States to the North Pole—covering an area as large as that of the United States and larger than the whole of Europe. The Dominion of Canada would be one of the Great Powers if power were coextensive with territory. It is, however, merely a dependency, and according to present appearances, regards connection with Great Britain as a greater boon than independence would be. Having neither dictation nor coercion to dread from the Mother Country, the Canadians are singularly free to make the arrangements most conducive to their interests and progress.

"The fertile belt, extending for 1,200 miles in length and 200 in breadth, is the most valuable portion of land on the American continent. The soil is fertile beyond measure, the climate is temperate, the lakes and streams are filled with fish, game is abundant and minerals are plentiful. A condition of the Union of British Columbia with the Dominon is, that a railway shall be constructed through the country within a reasonable period. Thus, another Pacific Railway will not only join the East with the West, but will also throw open a new home for those who in Europe can acquire neither house nor land."

What will the Annexationists say to this? The general opinion here is that Canada bids fair to be a great country and, properly legislated for, nothing can prevent its advancement in wealth and importance.

The repelling of the Fenians by our Volunteers is highly

applauded.

# W. M. F.

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE WAB.

At last after much haggling about terms, and much shillyshallying on both sides, the terms of peace have been agreed upon by Bismarck and the French Commissioners, thereby affording the Emperor an opportunity for another of his celebrated religious despatches. "With a deeply moved heart and in gratitude to God," so runs the telegram, "I inform you that the preliminaries to peace have been agreed upon." This, however, does not prevent pious William from turning his guns upon Paris, ready once more to open fire should the terms not be accepted by the Bordeaux Assembly, to whom they must be submitted before the armistice becomes an actual peace. The terms are hard enough, and it is question-able if they will be accepted by the members of the Assembly. They involve not only the cession of Alsace and part of Lorraine, as far as Metz and Pont-à-Mousson, and the payment of an indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs, but also the occupation by German troops of a portion of the French territory, with some fortified towns such as Sedan, until the two first terms shall have been fulfilled. They also provide for the triumphal entry of the Prussians into Paris. This, and the cession of the "virgin fortress" that was, Metz, are the two sore points with the French. Thiers has offered to purchase Luxemburg and cede it to Germany, if France be allowed to retain Metz; and also to purchase the fortress for a million of thalers, nearly \$750,000, but both the offers were refused. With regard to the German entry into Paris, the despatches vary so much that it is difficult to say what will be done. One account states that the English Government has interfered at the last moment and persuaded the Germans to abandon the idea. Another says that the troops will only pass through the open spaces on the south side of the city, while a third has it that only a portion of the army will enter Paris, but that the Emperor and the Prince Imperial will not. Great apprehension is felt that, if the entry does take place, a conflict will occur. Thiers has warned the Germans of the responsibility they will incur if they insist upon the triumph, but Bismarck, it appears, will not forego it, and, it is said, hints at the restoration of 200,000,000 francs of the indemnity if no hostile manifestation be made. The Prussian authorities are very uneasy, as inflammatory placards have been posted on the walls calling upon the citizens to make a last struggle should the Prussians enter the city. And, to crown all, Trochu, who has retired into private life since the capitulation, has written a letter to the Liberté, in which he protests against the entry. The following is the text of the letter;— "You ask what is the state of my feelings concerning the Esq., Writer to the Signet, in the 79th year of his age.

report gaining ground of the approaching entry into Paris of the German army. I give it frankly. After four and a half months' siege, after eight combats, after bombardment, and after a convention, dictated by famine alone, the enemy owed Paris the honours of war. Public opinion demanded this, but the enemy wish to enter Paris, not having forced any point of the enceinte, nor taken by assault any single detached fort, nor carried any exterior defence. If, under these circumstances, the enemy demands possession of the city, he should bear the odium of the responsibility in case of violence. As a speechless and solemn protestation, the gates should be shut, and let him open them with cannon. Disarmed Paris will not reply, and leave to the truths and justice of history the task of judging between us." It is said the police dread very much the effects of this letter.

Should the terms of peace be ratified by the Bordeaux Assembly, it is stated that Thiers' plan is to bring back the French army to France, giving command to Changarnier, induce the National Assembly to proclaim the charter of 1830 the supreme law, and provide for a plebiscite to decide whether the Count de Paris shall be King. The removal of the Govern-ment to Tours or Blois is much talked about, but there is really no belief in its probability. After the declaration of peace the National Assembly will prorogue its sitting, and upon reassembling will meet in Paris.

#### ASH WEDNESDAY AT NOTRE DAME.

The ancient custom of the Roman Catholic Church, which has given a distinctive title to the first day of Lent, of sprinkling ashes on the heads of those of the faithful who attend service on that penitential day, is still punctually observed by the members of that communion. These ashes are made from the "palms" blessed for use in the procession, or at the service of the Palm Sunday of the previous year; and the celebrant, who is always a clergyman, accompanies the sprinkling of the ashes with the solemn Scriptural admonition, "Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Our artist has sketched the scene at the Parish Church of Notre Dame, in this city, on the 21st ultimo

French army contractor has been arrested for having delivered 15,000 pairs of boots, the soles of which were made of pasteboard.

## CHESS.

T. B.-Correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 26.

Black. White.

1. Q. to K. 6th, ch. K. to Q. Kt. 4th. (best.) K. takes Q.

2. Q. to Q. R 6th, ch. K. takes
3. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd, dis. ch. and mate.

## CHARADES, &c.

## REBUS No 1.

1. A part of a bird. A place of business

- 3. The relation of one thing to another.
- Was a celebrated French General.
- The act of taking rest. To act.
- 7. To be in a debilitated state.
- A city in the Western States
- Was one of the greatest of the Roman lyric poets. 10. Was a famous geometrician, who once used burning
- glasses to set ships on fire.
- 11. To harass by tumult.
  12. A Chinese Temple.
- 13. Was a celebrated reformer.
- 14. One of the great continents.
- 15. A premium for the use of money.16. A city in Italy.

The initials form the name of a celebrated Canadian publication, and the finals the name of its publisher. XENOPHON.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 25, 1871, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

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## Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

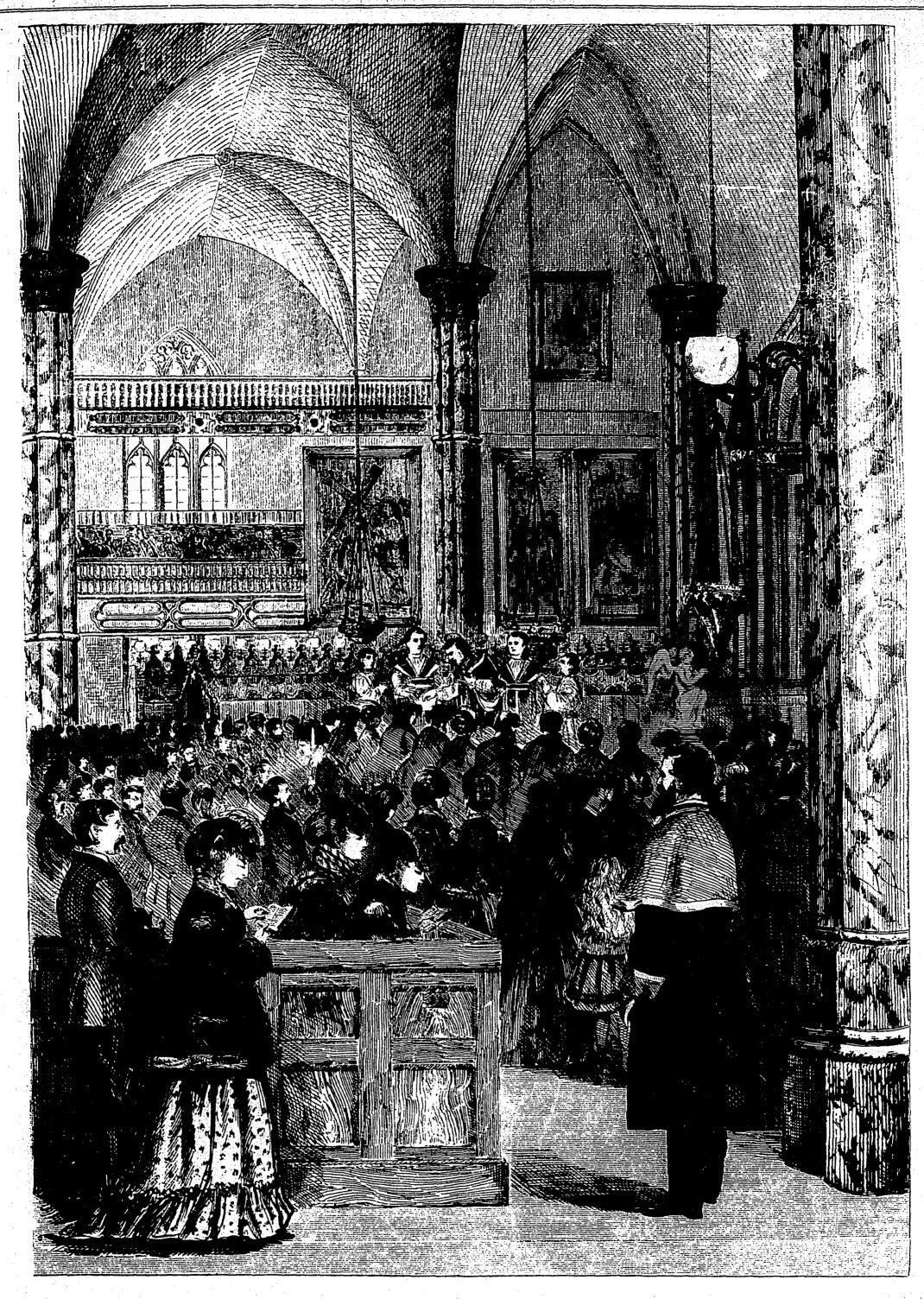
			9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Sunday,	Feb.	19	29 95	29.93	29.90
Monday,	"	20	30.16	30.19	30.26
Tuesday,	"	21	30.52	30.57	30.62
Wednesday,	"	22	30.80	30.81	30.78
Thursday,	"	23	30.66	30.64	30 52
Friday,	"	24	30.20	30 06	29 85
Saturday.	"	25	29.75	29.80	29 94

# DIED.

At Edinburgh, on the 5th of February, John Riddle Stodart,



THE CANADIAN TRAPPER.



ASH WEDNESDAY AT NOTRE-DAME, MONTREAL, DISTRIBUTION OF THE ASHES. FROM A SECTION BY OUR ARTIST.

# ont subtracements with a subject to the second of the subject of t [Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

VIOLETS IN THE CITY.

Child of the vernal year.

Dear harbingers of radiance and of bloom.

Nestling amid the forest's leafy gloom,

Whence sped ye here?

A poet's holiest thought Contains no meanings like your petals show. Soft shadowed with the azure's tenderest glow. With purity inwrought.

Your stainless loveliness Rebukes the uneasy and tumultuous throng. Who heed not, as they wildly rush along.

The love your looks express.

I marvel at your life. Shining where darkest mists enshroud the ways Of London streets, to blot the vernal rays, Amid trade's jarring strife.

What charm you must possess.

To bloom near courts where crime, the child of woe.

Crowches and creeps, or wandering to and fro
Might dim your leveliness!

Whence sped your subtle power? To shine with such sky-dowered constancy. Amid a crowd who lacks the time to see Perfection in a flower!

Type of that trust divine. Of hope that waits—of faith that never dies— Living alone amid a myriad eyes That have no light for thine.

ike a strange memory Of giddy raptures when the world was new. When visious sparkled like the morning dew. Your fragrance seems to me.

Or like empurpled dreams Of shadowy joys, that haunt the idle brain. That have no shape and only flash to wane, Your softened beauty seems.

The valleys cast ye forth.
The mossy mooks, where Henven smiled to see
The blue-cyed token of her purity
Mirrored so near the earth!

And placed you near our sight Charming it to reverence—as we gaze
On leveliness amid unlovely ways.
To edge our thought with light.

London, (Eng.) 9th February, 1871.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.] "CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE."

(See Title Page of this No.)

Oh! fleecy clouds that float upon the air.

Aderned with changing colours by the beams
Of Anciem Son, whose ever burning rays
Dart through void space, and strike the bosom fair
Of shivering Terra, chained in Frost's embrace. Bringing the vernal colour to her face;

Possess ye aught, in all your wondrous charms.
Your wealth of imagery and varying form.
That equals, in its beauty and its grace—
That in the Spring-time of life's current warms
Man's heart, as does—the face behind the cloud
Of youthful maid who jostles in the crowd?

Avanua! Ye diary changeful clouds of sky. Ye are but vapoury, watery emanations
Drawn upward by the strong rays of the Sun.
And, for a time the sport of wind on high.
Anon you visit Mother Earth again
In form of snow, or hail, or pouring rain.

The other clouds, adorning ladies fair. Half hide the sunshine in their many folds. But yet the smile, the blooming cheek, the eye, Sources of sunshine brightening life's "dull care." And all the charms which face of woman shows. These fleecy clouds do also half disclose.

ALPRA.

ISDORE G. ASCHER.

Montreal, 1871.

# SCIENTIFIC.

The microscope reveals the fact that a speck of potato rot the size of a pin-head contains two ferocious little animals. biting and clawing each other savagely,

A substance has been found in Pancake Mountain, Nevada, which is said to resist intense heat better than anything heretofore discovered, and it is to be used in lining smelting furnaces in the silver mines.

Professor C. Nicati has investigated the causes of the curious redness of the snow, sometimes seen on the Grisons, Switzerland, and seems to have demonstrated that it is produced by not easy to see how these unions can be annulled. It should the dust of the desert of Sahara, transported over sea and land

An ingenious and simple method of examining the structure of flames has been suggested. The flame is to be cut across horizontally by a flat lamellar jet of water or of air, and may then be examined at leisure by looking down upon it from

A scientific lecturer on walking says his experiments show that one side of the body always tends to outwalk the other side. It is not possible when the eyes are shut to walk in a straight line for any length of time, and it will be found where persons lose their way, that they almost invariably wander off to the right rather than to the left.

How to avoid Wet Cellars.—An excess of water, or too much dampness, in some instances, arises from surface water, and in others, from spring veins that crop out in the cellar. In many instances, when the excavation is being made for a cellar, in a heavy, springy ground, water veins are cut off two or three feet below the surface of the ground. When such is the case, the water in those veins will be discharged behind the cellar wall, and will settle down and pass along on the surface of the cellar bottom Sometimes, however, the veins of water are not reached till the excavation is about completed. Then, when the water veins, which pass through the earth like the blood veins through the body of a living animal, are filled with water, the bottom of the cellar will often be covered with water, even when a good underdrain has been provided to convey it away as soon as it has accumulated in sufficient quantities to flow out through the underdrain.

Now for the remedy. The correct way to avoid a wet cellar, is to lay a tile drain entirely around the outside of the excavation, nearly a foot lower than the bottom of the cellar, before the foundation walls are laid. But after an edifice has been erected, and water appears on the cellar bottom, the most satisfactory way to render the bottom dry is to sink a chan-most likely to buy.

nel nearly a foot deep entirely around the cellar close to the wall, and lay a course of drain tiles in the bottom, which will cut off all water veins, and thus render the cellar quite satisfactorily dry, by conducting the water into the tiles before it can work along toward the middle of the cellar .- Scientific American.

# MISCELLANEA.

Gold having been discovered in Madagascar, (says Nature) the Government of the island has prohibited the search. gold is discovered in remunerative quantities, there will be such a rush of Europeans to the country as will dispossess the native inhabitants.

AULD LANG SYNE .- The Ormskirk Guardians have just granted the workhouse porter, Luke Hemer, a week's holiday. The fact is that Mr. Hemer, notwithstanding his humble position, is going to spend a few hours at Hawarden with no less a personage than the Premier. Luke and Mr. Gladstone were school-fellows together, and, although they now stand so far apart in the social scale, Luke every year pays a short visit to the right honourable gentleman.

An Italian journal reports the discovery, in a barn, of two precious pictures, one of them a Correggio. This picture is above one metre in height, and represents a Presepe, with many figures, in very good preservation, of extraordinary strength of colour, with wonderfully painted accessories. The other is the upper part of a Christ, life size, and bearing the cross, painted on a panel by Gaudenzio Fermio. stupendous anatomy of the hand supporting the cross is 'very remarkable. These two masterpieces are now being exhibited in the Museum of Dr. Rusconi, in the Gallery of Vittorio Emanuele.

THE COST OF DIMPLES .- Six bottles of brandy or wine are popularly supposed to make a gallon, and six imperial quarts do fairly make up the gallon. Mr. Church has been at the pains to measure the contents of some reputed quart bottles in which different wines and brandy were sent out by a respectable house. They contained, in nearly every instance, less than two-thirds of the full measure. Port at 66s, a dozen was really sold at 82s, full measure. Cognac at 60s, was sold at the rate of 86s, full measure. Santo was sold at 84s, a dozen; the bottles consisted of only 22 ounces, instead of 40, and the cost was, therefore, at the rate of 87s. Even the 20s. Roussillon, bought by the bottle, counts up to 30s. a dozen. The kick or dimple in each bottle often holds as much as a small tumbler. Evidently dimples are a considerable, and probably a not sufficiently considered, item in our family expenditure .- British Medical Journal.

A committee has been formed in England for supplying with seeds the small French proprietors of land in Alsace, Lorraine, and other districts of France devastated by the war. The progress of the war has deprived large numbers of the peasant farmers of the means of cultivating their lands, in of hostile armies, and partly of having had their horses, cattle, and seed corn requisitioned.

Notwithstanding the varied distresses and heart-rending events of the siege, the birthday of Molière was duly celebrated in Paris on the 15th of January, at the Theatre Français. After the Dipit Amoureux and the Amphitrion had been played, a recitation was given by M. Coquelin.

The Emperor-King has "inaugurated" his new accession of dignity by a very unpopular exercise of his prerogative. As is well known, in the Prussian army officers are forbidden to marry without first obtaining the consent of the Sovereign -a consent accorded or withheld according to circumstances. It has come to the Emperor's knowledge that during the very exceptional order of things which has existed for the last six months this rule has been disregarded, and that marriages have been contracted without his sanction. This is clearly a breach of military discipline which the Emperor is fully competent to punish, and he has issued an order cancelling all these marriages, and rendering them null and void. It may easily be understood under what circumstances these hasty marriages have been contracted, on the eve of bitter separations, many of them for ever. As among the Lutherans in Germany marriage is purely a civil ceremony, to which the rites of the Church are quite secondary, it is possible that the Royal dictum may be sufficient to put asunder those whom man has joined; but should any of the contracting parties, as be added the Emperor is pleased to add that any engagements which may have been formed may continue in force. It is to be hoped his subjects will be duly thankful for the small

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES WITH LIMITED MEANS .- A COITESpondent of the Queen makes the following sensible remarks on this subject, so frequently mooted :-"I am sure the secret of failure lies in the fact that ladies, when they work for money, do not compete with tradeswomen by offering for sale articles sold in trade and of every-day use, but make and try to sell pin-cushions, sofa cushions, crochet cuffs, screens, and fancy work of all sorts, which not one lady in a hundred can afford to buy, and which most ladies make for themselves; here I believe lies the secret why so many associations for the sale of ladies' work have failed-not in the sense of putting up the shutters and returning the work to the senders, but failed to be much practical help to women of the better classes to help themselves in poverty. No lady, however industrious, has ever made an income out of any depot. The largest sum I ever knew a worker receive in one year was £20, and that was an exceptional case. About £1 is a more usual sum, while many, of course, are out of pocket altogether. I believe that shops or stalls not stocked with one special thing would answer. Many ladies are good milliners, dressmakers, &c., and many would learn useful arts if they found them remunerative. I need not particularise the things which find a ready sale in the open competition of trade. Pride and prejudice prevent ladies (and want of capital also) entering into trade; but under the protection and with the assistance of a work society, they might practically become tradeswomen with ease; and, their industry being steadily rewarded by sure gains, they would rejoice in giving up a fruitless struggle to make the public buy illuminations and fancy work they don't want and can do without, instead of offering them hats, boots, stays, jackets, and what-not, which they must have and are

THE PRUSSIAN CAMP .- A writer in an English paper gives some interesting details concerning the conduct of a Prussian camp. The Prussians always form their camp in the shape of a square, whatever may be the strength of the force obliged to bivouse. Their brigades, divisions, and army corps, are distinguished by electric beacons, or ordinary lights covered with white or many coloured glasses, the object of which is, first, to mark the abode of the Generals; secondly, to facilitate the communication of orders emanating from those in command. This mode of lighting might be introduced with advantage into the French army, for there have been many instances during the late campaign of orders from headquarters never reaching the generals at all. The Prussians camps are guarded by sentries icattered on the wings and fronts, thirty or forty paces from each other, taking care to cross each other continually, so as to prevent any soldier or stranger from going out without orders, or entering without a safe conduct. The sentinels at the outposts are generally placed checkerwise, and united to the guards (who are placed in the manner prescribed by Frederick the Great) by little posts of cavalry charged with immediately informing the main body of any surprise. The fires are lit in the morning and let out at nightfall; no cooking is done by the Prussians when they arrive at the bivouac by night. There are some fires to show the general direction of the line of sentries, but they cannot be seen, the flank on the side which the enemy might attack being masked by slopes. The Prussians always throw up earth-works; they carefully avoid sounding clarions or beating drums, either in their camp or in action. Every officer or soldier has a whistle which enables the chiefs to perform the different calls and the men to give warning of the approach of an enemy, to call each other, and to seek their company when they have strayed. The Prussians never use the drum or clarion except in a conquered country, as, for example, the Meuse

The Paris correspondent of the Queen writes :- " Our grandes dames have turned out very brave little women; one with whom we were talking the other day inhabits the smallest rooms of all her big apartments, so as to bear with the least possible bit of fire-for wood has become horribly scarce, almost unattainable; and the lady had taken six wounded soldiers into her house, and they must have their rooms well warmed, she said. Another, who attends the ambulances, and whose horses have been claimed by Government, now goes to her self-imposed avocations on foot through the frosty streets, and, as she goes and comes daily in her comfortable-looking winter dress, none of her sister-nurses from the humbler classes can understand how much resolution on her part the act betokens. One lady, the wife of an officer in the army went as far as the Plateau d'Avron, braving cold and fatigue and sights of pain, to carry help and consolation to the wounded there; and others, though less adventurous, still do their part of courage and kindness, since many evenings see them return home faint and tired, after hours spent at the consequence partly of the destructive marches and conflicts soldiers bedsides, having refused, as all these volunteer injirmières do, to touch any of the soup for fear that the supply for their patients should run short. Young Mme. Heintzler, who was wounded on the Plateau d'Avron, is recovering, though the injuries she received were somewhat severe. She had gone out to see her husband, the commandant Heintzler, whose battalien was quartered at Ayron, and had remained to breakfast with him while the Prussian shells were roaring and crashing near. The soldier's wife must have been a brave woman, although of course the commandant's breakfast room (in one of the little houses of the village) was supposed to be out of danger. And then, while the party were talking, crashing on to the tiny house came the terrific bomb, bursting on to the very breakfast table, and laying dead around it four young officers and the almoner of the regiment, and wounding several others, amongst whom were the colonel and his wife. M. Heintzler, it is feared, is in a dangerous condition

The correspondent of the Daily News with the Crown Princa of Saxony relates the following incident, which we recommend to the attention of Canadian volunteers:-Presently theredrops in a very intelligent young Saxon volunteer, who likes to sit down and have a chat over the contents of the paper he read the day before. He is a one-year volunteer, finding his own uniform and serving as a private soldier. This morning as he sat down and lit his eigar he burst out suddenly, "Napoleon was quite right about you; you are a nation of is quite possible, happen to belong to the Roman Catholic shopkeepers and hucksterers to the very marrow." I thought Church, in which marriage is regarded as a sacrament, it is the vehemence of my young friend might have something to do with our view of the neutrality question, and was preparing to annihilate him with the tu quoque that a Gorman baron is acting as European agent for a great American fire-arms house, and selling his wares to the French with patriotic rendiness; but I was mistaken. "Your London volunteers," he continued, "claim the right to do as they please, to kick discipline to the dogs-not because they are volunteers, not because they hold themselves free men, but because they paid out of their own pockets for their uniforms. They make the question of the liberty of the subject turn, not on Magna Charta, not on the Mutiny Act, not on any broad principle, but on the price of a coat, and who pays that price. Surely you will own that you are a huckstering lot." I could not help laughing at my young friend's vehemence, but presently he imported into the question a matter personal to himself. "Do you see this coat?" said he, holding up the tail of his tunic-" well, I paid Mohr and Spehr for that out of my own pocket, and for every scrap of kit I own. On the shoddy reasoning of your volunteers, I am as free to disobey orders as they are while I am inside a cont I have myself paid for. I took an oath of allegiance when I joined the army. Is any oath of allegiance exacted from your free and easy gentlemen, who make the pivot of civil liberty turn on the question who pays for a coat? If I-a volunteer, and wearing the coat I have myself paid for-were deliberately to disobey important orders deliberately issued, I should be taken out into a field and shot in my own cont that I paid for, and serve me right, too," "I expect," he continued, "if it should ever happen that any of your volunteers, wearing their own uniform, should fall in action, their representatives would have a claim on the Government for the value of the suit, and if the tailor's bill were unpaid he would have a right to send it in to your War Office." The young fellow was piling up his irony so high, that I assure you I felt quite relieved when the doctor came in. I should have desired Mr. Merriman to have been present to have said to the volunteer, in the words of the poet :- "In me, in me, convertite iras.

[ Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

# TALES

OF THE

#### OF LINKS LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

# LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE PALACE DRAWING-ROOM CARS, DAY EXPRESS WEST.

The Donna Eurynia dwelt in tents in the summer, coming out of the south to York State and to Canada with the birds of Alabama, Florida, Mexico. Few people at the North ever knew where this sister of the summer lived in winter, but all noted that she came with the birds of passage, or soon that, from point to point of the land; across following. Some alleged the Donna did not go further away than Michigan, where, in the be hidden; or, like a flying fish, leap in the lieve." Casa Eurynia, she manufactured Florida Witch air, catch the fly and dart into the water

"Ring for the clerk, Settle bills to-night; we depart with the Day Express West in the morning."

It is now morning. The Donna and suite are at the depot, and occupy a Palace Drawing-room car specially engaged for the party of twenty. Attaches of the company having arrived by night mail train from the New York Central.

Other hotel passengers are at the depot, and many not from hotels. De Peri, attended by Dod, the small, curly-haired, loveable boy, serviceable; incomparably more pliable for very loveable if not so sharp and well-informed, goes west with a dim grim expectancy that papers found in the trunk of lost luggage yesterday might gain for him a thousand pounds sterling if secretly attainable. He is " working up" a case of " Over Niagara Falls by foul play," and goes to trace, in preliminary excavations for building the fabric, the destination of this Eurynia party, which none chose to tell him when he inquired.

Also Tobias and Irlam, having now arrived at conversational intimacy as two strangers sometimes do, talking of their travels in the States, and of a native country loved the better the farther and longer its sons are away, they make a sudden resolve and go west by this train.

"To observe other people," Irlam suggested, "or talk of old England, or the land we travel in, or have fun with that fool De Peri.".

To which Tobias assented, but remarking:

"De Peri is no fool, sir."

Irlam was silent at this, but in thought conversed with himself in detached emotional

"De Peri no fool, ch? You are a fool"

"Thave lured young Lud to this journey, and may in time entrap him."

"That may depend on how small his money becomes; and on the entting away of supplies."

"I lay myself out to interrupt supplies. What, possibly, could Solomon Schoolar intend by sending him to travel in this country? To get him away from Agnes in the first instance, but why continue to supply money?"

"The empty young fop thinks I do not know him to have been the parish workhouse boy, son of Simon Lud, the Yorkshire Radical."

"Audacious rogue to make love in the streets to his master's daughter, Adam's intended wife."

"I like Toby, though, for making love to his master's daughter, and for licking Adam." " His andacity, vanity, ignorance, innocence -comparative innocence, are favourable for

present purposes." Quarter to nine, a.m., the train is in from Niugara Suspension Bridge, forty-three miles, conveying from the New York Central a goodly

complement of travellers bound west. Fifteen minutes for breakfast and time nearly up. "All aboard West. Detroit and all West. Aboard. All aboard." Such is the command.

And the conductor, still on the depot platform, watch in hand reading seconds, raises the arm as signal to the observant engineer, springs upon the train like a bird, and they are under way,

Scated at his case, Irlam resumes the cogitations:---

"Strange, indeed, were I in the sequence of events to be the agent of destiny in giving Earl Royalfort a spurious successor after assisting to lose the true heir, the babo Eustace De Lacy Lillymere. A bad business that was, but it seemed not so reprehensible at the time. Well, the creature died in its innocence in the Fniry Oon, and, as intended, was secretly buried by Moll Fleck, good honest Moll! Wonder what became of her? Wish I, like the heir of Lillymere, had died

"Yes, when this weak youth, flighty as a butterfly, is lured in the toils I lay for him, and trained to know that the highest function of the human mind is in political life diplomatic craft, in social life craft and deceit, his ambition shall have fuel to go ablaze on.

By the proposal and plans to make him, on cement of society; the all in all of honour and birth to the magical invention of the psychos-documentary evidence easily forged, the lost honesty. I believe in the good that is in cope; an instrument which reads the secret Heir of Lillymere and successor in the Earl- everybody. Even in you there may be some dom of Royalfort, his vanity will be like to good thing, although you be very like-" lose its wings in brilliancy of the vision. Must take care the insect do not really scorch itself. And in this matter of scorching that I do not burn my fingers."

Then Irlam addresses Tobias, who with him shares the double seat:

"A notable phase in the mental constitution of man, aint it, that the younger he may be in years, the more ancient are his ideas?"

"If that be so I don't know it." "It is so, and you don't know it of course. Another perceives the anomaly. Could you know the misfortune as a fact it would be amended."

" Is it a misfortune?"

"It weakens manliness; rendering a young gentleman like you nerveless in struggling up stream against the world. One must float with the current; or better, strike out and swim with the friendly rapid from this side to arose not from my choice." or athwart one's fate diagonally; or dive and again. How else do successful men in any walk of life, in every walk of life, attain to a oung gentleman."

" But the morality, Mr. Irlam?"

"The morality is success." "Is truth old fashioned?"

"Yes, very ancient indeed, and unserviceable if not demanded by policy, or exigency." " Aren't lies old fashioned?

"They are. As old as truth almost, or older for aught I can tell. But lies are elastic and use than truth."

"What would society be but for confidence in one another's veracity?"

" What would society be but for the courtesy

knowing it?"

of mutual deception? " "Nay, successful men don't deceive. The trader, for instance, whose word is his bond." "He deceives in the secrecies of enterprise,

if not in his quantities, qualities, prices. "The patriotic legislator is a true man, surely?"

"By necessity of position and policy the legislator is a strategist; diplomatic, secret,

"The lawyer faithful to a client. Have not

the courts of justice many such?' " What if the client be a rogue, the lawyer

"The journalist, informing the world of events as they occur? Accumulating knowledge from earth and ocean; from past and the author shook his head, saying: "I may present; from the heavens above and deeps below; the false and the true-sifting out the false, preserving the true-and diffusing this knowledge? Fertilizing soils of barrenness, sowing seeds of wisdom and truth. Protecting innocence, denouncing guilt. An arm to the weak, a smile to the strong. Corrector of wrongs done, guide to goodness yet to do. Director of statesmen. Controller of legislation. Monitor of thrones. Brother of the sciences, extending currents of friendly communion from land to land, in all the languages of all the lands. Conductor to exalted thought. Herald in Hosannahs. Helper in the most glorious of human avocationsbrother in help of the ministers of Christ,

" Even the sun has spots."

soul adoring one fair being who loves him in return? Is there deception in him?"
"Were you deceiving Emily Inkle, of Con-

Intellectual irradiator in the wide empire of

moral life, as the noonday sun irradiates

physical nature. Have you aught to insinu-

ate against the colleague of the noonday

way, day before yesterday? Were you deceiving Agnes Schoolar, of London, two years ago? One or the other must have been deceived; I think both."

"Who are you, sir, to name Agnes Schoolar? To presume to name her? To presume to name her, sir?"

"Don't get angry. I like you all the better for loving Agnes Schoolar. And still better for thrashing Adam. Only you cannot be true to Agnes and to Emily Inkle also."

"Agnes Schoolar, sir, despised me, and with apparent good reason, though a bad reason. I was derided, disliked, detested for misfortunes not of my making; and she took care to let me know and feel that. I owe her no fidelity."

"Softly, young gentlemen. You are in error. That lovely girl was touched by compassion, admiration, enchantment, from the first time she beheld your handsome presence in her father's office. Wept when Adam maltreated you. Chid him for cruelty and cowardice. Said one lock of Toby Oman's bonny brown hair was worth more than all the Schoolars ever born, except her father. She loved passionately then, and loves you

"Mr. Irlam, you assail me with a sweet falsehood. I never before felt how delightedly one might incline to believe a lie. But I'm proof against the alluring deceit. With me veracity is primary moral element. Truth is

" Very like what, young man?" "I'd rather not say."

"Do say. Out with it all. I'm never of-fended. The world is one huge lie. No ac"They tell over in our Sta cusation injures me. What am I like?"

"Like a fiend seen in my dreams. Like a yellow-skinned Gipsey in form of the Arch Fiend. I often see it, oh horror! horror! when dreaming of a mother I never saw. In its hollow spectral heart are words in red flame: 'Murder!' 'Murderer.' Your eyes are its eyes. Colour of your yellow skin its colour."

" A bad dream that, Toby. You had better not dream that again. Or not tell it; not tell it, Toby. 'Murder' is a bad word. 'Murderer' is worse. Both worse than saying 'Arch Fiend.'"

"Well, sir, let us drop the conversation; it

"Yes, change a little. Go back to Agnes and the 'sweet falsehood' you would fain be-

"You profane her name, sir. You offend unwilling ears, disturbing, or seeking to subvert my confidence in the moral beauty of desired object? You are too old fashioned, truth. Let us say no more in this direction. Choose rather to look out upon the green and flowery country flying past; on that brilliant pure celestial sky; boundless ether high and high, arch of the Holy Heavens."

"So long, for the present. At another time I will show you when and under what circumstances you may have the beauteous Agnes Schoolar to wife, or a choice of young ladies of birth and fortune far superior to hers." And

so they sat for a time silent.

One of the boy booksellers of the train came through the cars. Toby looked at the literature for a Canadian magazine, or volume, and failing to find such, for some English book, but saw none. He had choice of many good works, however, products of the American mind, of original genius, a few. And he saw English copyrights reprinted in the States: the two classes of works making together the staple literature of Canada.

A gentleman from New York sitting with De Peri remarked the absence of Canadian books, saying he would prefer buying such when travelling this side the line if any were offered for sale. "Has this British America no authors?"

"One sits immediately behind us, inquire of him why no Canadian books are on the

The stranger from New York inquired, but as well leap Niagara Falls as tell why original works are not produced in Canada."

Then De Peri, seeing the wretched author afraid to speak, said :

"The literary art glorifying other lands and which might irradiate this, and one day will, enhancing commercial values in every other interest by exalting the country in the eye of the world, is the one human accomplishment with no domestic recognition in Canada?

"But," said the other, "your people buy

books and read?"

"They are not my people, sir; I am but a stranger passing a time in the country, yet I answer the question: Yes, they buy books and read if first stamped with critical approval in some other country. If a writer in Canada get an original work published in England or in the States it is purchased and read when imported here, but an adverse tax intended for the benefit of printers and publishers, obstructs this book; in practical fact prevents "The lover? Charmed by the graces of its coming into existence. Professors of the cushions, in the gorgeous palace drawingbeauty, of youth, of truth, his impassioned several universities and colleges working on room, surrounded by her ladies; in the runpublic funds get their scientific works pub- ning, swiftly rolling, onward running, running, lished in England to be critically approved there and partly sold here, but the author on beauteous Canada, swimming down to meet his private resources is extinguished. The her, swimming in the air. Meeting her every book tax, instead of encouraging literary talent moment, then eclipsing to the rear. in the Provinces, deprives it of the little life it had."

"You have printers and publishers?"

"Yes, but with one or two exceptions just. emerging to a prosperous and prominent eminence by their sagacity of enterprise, the Canada printer prefers to reproduce the book of some other country and so avoid paying the author. To give existence to a native literature the author who inspires its life must first

"How do Canadian authors live?"

"They die. Once in a while some stubborn old idiot refuses to die, defies fate, sups on hope, breakfasts on the east wind. And young genius, native of the soil, budding out now and again shifts as it may with its mother. But the day of a literature in Canada dawns. It is in destiny. It is to arise with pictorial art. The twain to grow and be loved as sisters, daughters of Beautiful Canada."

"Science stands high I have heard say, and

schools? Is that so?"

"That is so, you bet. Science stands high in the universities, in the manufactories, laboratories, workshops. But passing over, for the present, the classical learning, the philosophies and theology, the geological, mineralogical, chemical, mathematical, astronomical, mechanical, and engineering sciences, this country, let me whisper, has just given along.

cope; an instrument which reads the secret thoughts of my neighbour through the eye, and writes the intelligence for me to read.

"Do you say? Well, that is a caution?" "Yes siree; that is so. A step in science

"They tell over in our State that Canada has the smartest rogue in creation, or roguecatcher; one or other, not sure which, roguecatcher I think, one De Peri."

"Sir, I have the honour to be that person: and have had the benefit of reading, by aid of the new science, your innermost secrets for the last half hour."

"Then you read that I knew you all the

time, and that I am a Captain of Police in New Was looking for you a long while York. before the De Peris became scarce in the States." "Knew the Captain from New York all

along! Didn't we, Dod?" says the man with eyes now dull as orbs of a cat in the sun, anon electric as the basilisk. "Dunnow, pa, think we did; sure you did."

"Train up a child in the way he should go, De Peri, and when he is old-you know the rest?

"When he is old he will not be a New York policeman, you bet"

"No, nor knowing too much for his happiness anywhere else, I sincerely hope. Enough. You and I know too much, De Peri, let us say quits. Glad to meet you; really refreshed to meet a smarter man than myself."

"Say? What game are you on out this

"Good of my health. Pure air in Canada." "That is so. Pure air in Canada. Good of your health, eh?"

"Beautiful country just here, De P.; don't you think?"

De Peri willingly accepted this more agreeable subject-face of the country. Which the traveller must indeed be cheered to look upon if not consciously seeing it for the last time in

A charming day in June. Journey from Niagara Torrent to Detroit, two hundred and thirty miles due west. By town of St. Catherines through orchards of forty miles. Ontario lake alow on the north; the green hill slopes aloft on the south. Up by Copetown on a rock in the woods. Dutch Harrisburg in the deep drift cuttings-junction with the Guelph and Elora line. Up by Lynden, charming Lynden, fair-haired maidens, mild blue eyes. Through the deep excavation ten or more miles along: the water-worn stones laid there in the vortex of ancient river floods; layer upon layer, ages and ages in succession as read in the valley; the stones made round from fragments of ocean floors; oyster and marine fossils telling the wondrous tale.

Flowery the wayside cottages and gardens. Comely farm-houses in neighbourhood of barns nestling in orchards, and in fields of wheat and clover. Freehold farms of wealthy proprietors, once poor immigrants. Rural homes knowing no scarcities except in desires following possession of abundance.

Pretty little Paris in the vale of Grand River, deep below the viaduets of the two great railways, arteries of life in the Provinces, Grand Trunk of fifteen hundred miles, and the Western. Head of the town on a hill, tail and wings spreading to other acclivities. Named so finely this charming embryo city, because it sits on the planet geologically with the European capital. Plaster found abundantly proline of wheat and vines Paris of Canada four and a half degrees south of its sister of France.

Now, Eurynia, reposing on sofa and satin running, swiftly flying palace, beholds the

They told her Paris. And now Princeton, Woodstock, Ingersoll, Eastwood, Wabuno, all on the wheatland plains. Or on eminences and meadows, dipping in the pellucid river, the virgin stream Thamesia, flowing serencly westerly to be wedded with St. Clair.

Church spires, white and tapering, reaching into ether, affirm by the ringing of the bells-the pealing of the old country bells, that immigrants coming here clearing forest, making farm lands, building dwellings, planting gardens-planted also faith and prayer.

Zigzagging rail fences laid to last a lifetime, widely spreading shade trees, fly to the rear. And the train speeds on.

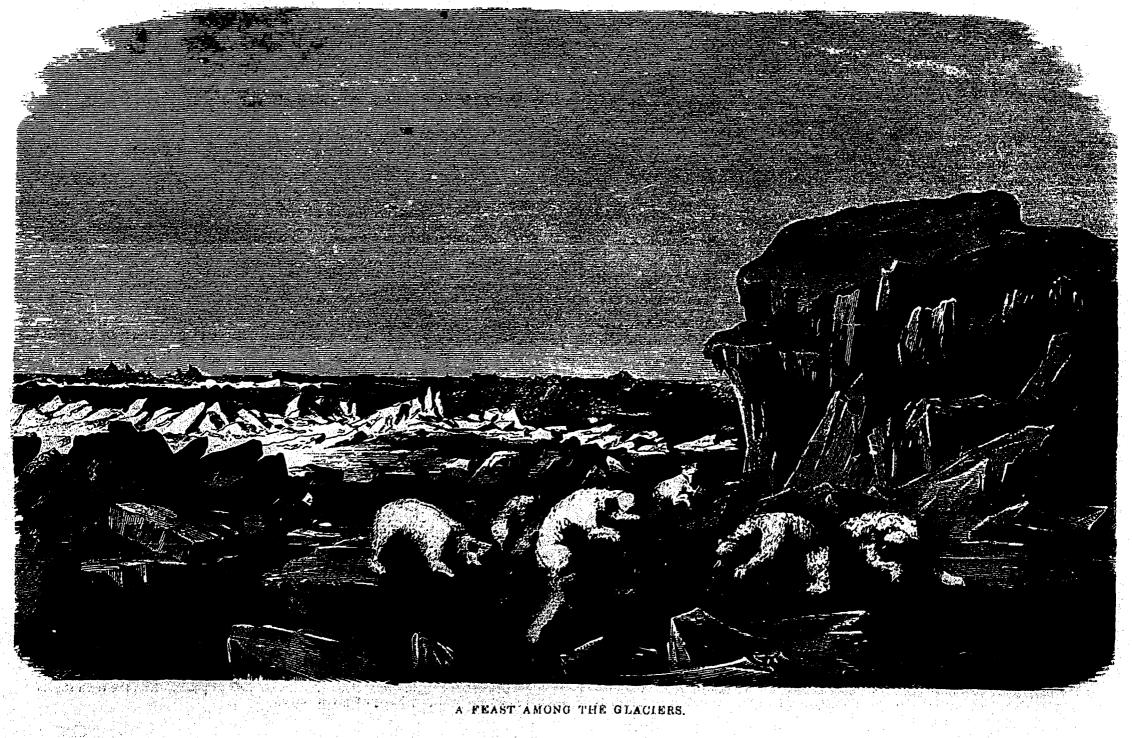
Feathers of a country on wing. To the rear and far behind the buildings of the farm, the smithy and the school-house; the calves scared in the orchard; scampering colts with their minnys; cows at peace in the pastures; in the straw the snorting swine.

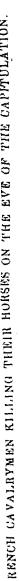
The chucky hens and chickens, turkeys, and hissing geese. Funny little lambs running to be suckled, wagging woolley tails.

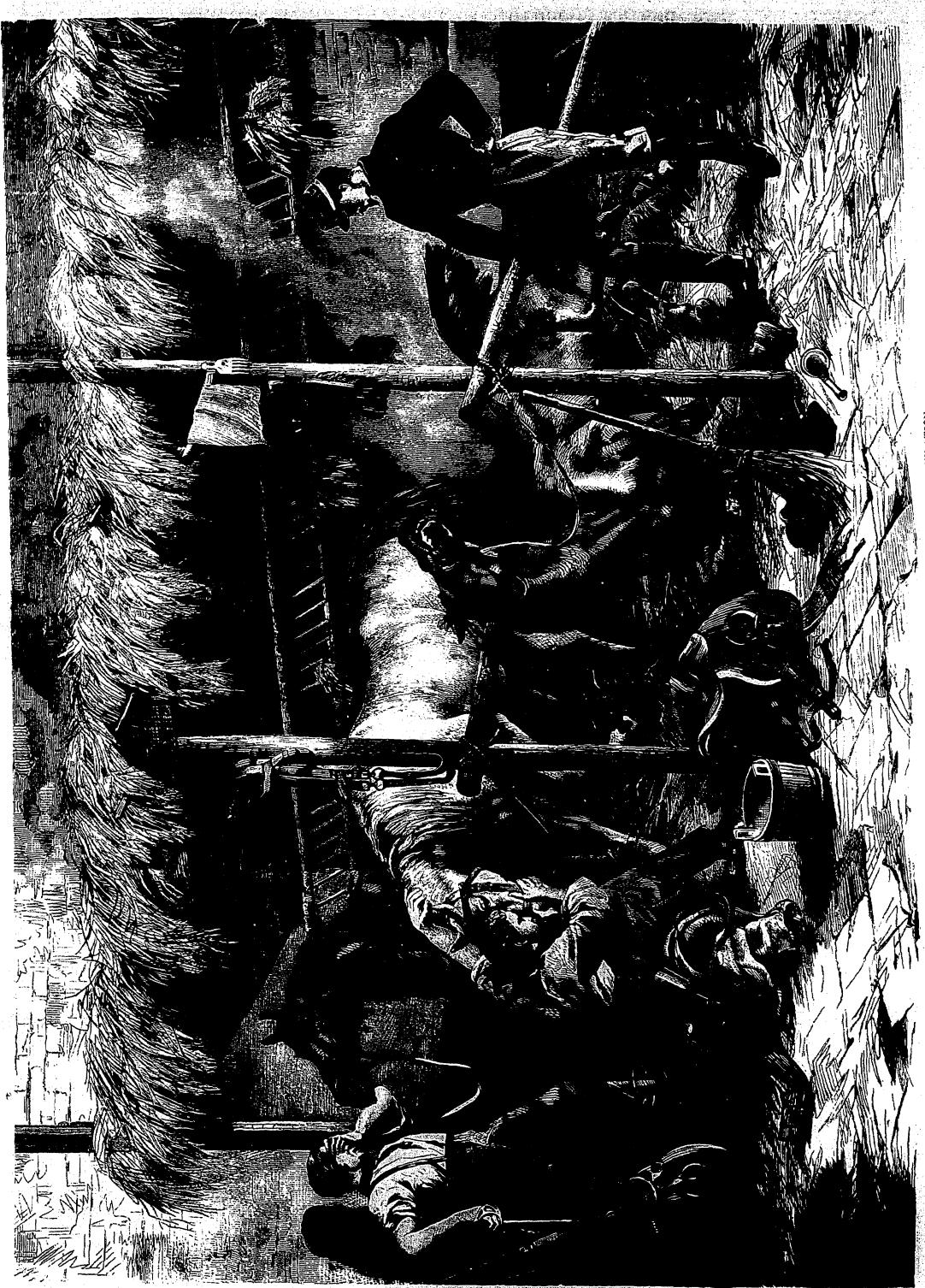
The old horse in his bridle nibbling like an author, nibbling by the wayside, tethered out of the clover. Honest old horse, he knows all the noises. Long, long used to noise he eats the prickly thistle, abiding by the wayside, screnely at peace. And the train shoots



SNOW SHOEING IN NORWAY.







Dogs bark but cannot bite. And bulls bellow at the engine, the grand old bulls. Defying the railway thunder in fury of controversy, tearing up the earth with angry hoof and horn,

Sisters fair and young glimmer on the eye a moment, looking through the palings, instant flash of beauty seen no more.

Mother with babe and water-pail resting in the garden gateway, hand to the eyes, shading

Her children on middle rails, or climbing to the uppermost, clapping hands, waving hats. "Hooray! and hooray!"

All coming, swimming, flashing past, flying; flying and eclipsing in the rear. As the Day Express West shoots impetuously on and on.

Remnants of the forest retained for fuel or timber; hickory, elm, maple, walnut, chesnut, cherry, leafy branches blosssomy shimmer on the eye a moment, unwinding as a ribbon, as a rich and dazzling ribbon, a flying, flying

rainbow falling from the sky.

London: fifteen minutes for refreshment. Depot of three lines. Babe of Imperial name. Fair to look upon, this nursling city enfolded by its river, the virgin Thamesia. Around it gardens, hop grounds, vineries, orchards and the wide plains of wheat.

Eurynia is seen at a window of the Palace drawing-room car, and the emotion of the whole depot crowd is: "Oh! the beautiful woman !

"All aboard! All aboard!" "Whoo, whoo," the engine, and the train again moves. Puffing and snorting it speeds along the bridge. De Peri in the cars gives wonderous performances with his magnetising eyes. The Donna Eurynia holds court in the gorgeous saloon. Let them alone.

At Komoka, to Wyoming and Strathroy, sonoriously musical the names; to Petrolia, to St. Clair, and intervening region of oil-field fortunes on this branch. But the home of Eurynia is reached along the main line.

Up by Mount Brydges, highest land of Canada, cultured to the summit. Appin and Glencoe, homes of old Highlanders. Historical clansmen-Macdonalds of the second

By the Thames and vales of wheat. Native soil of the curling walnut. Woods, precious in workshops. Cherry trees five feet through, read by their rings four centuries old. Oh, the blossoms of the centuries, and the ripening of the cherries all that time! And the festivals of birds in the deep forest solitudes, in times before the coming of white men and wheat. Counties of Middlesex, Kent, Essex to-day. Land of cattle for the shows; of milk and butter and honey; of corn and wine and oil. And of oil well engines. Hundreds of timber pyramids, tapering like towers of churches, rise in the forest, a mystery to the stranger. They encompass the machinery, the tanks and the wells.

To Chatham on the plain, county town of Kent, town of wheat and walnut woods, port of Lake St. Clair.

By the marshes of Essex. Myriads of voices in melodious notes and cadences; tenor, bass treble, high key and low, fast time and slow. Myriads of voices intoning a psalm of the universe, song of the rana awakened by the

Out of the swamp, on a ridge by the river. Arriving at Windsor, Michigan State but a mile away, and City of Detroit.

Steaming and sailing fleets of gaily painted ships, singly or in trains led by tug-boats up the stream, or free in the wind flitting hither and thither, up to Lake Huron, down to stormy Erie.

To the depot at Michigan Central. The train of freight cars aboard one ferry-boat. like a section of the shore. It goes out upon the river like an island to be "annexed." It "Whose hand is this?" pointing returns with another train of cars; the ship and its loading like a fragment of Michigan mainland.

The smaller ferry steamers; dancing on the water, skip around from shore to shore, carrying for the two countries the visiting friendly people.

Says the Captain of N. Y. Police, when about to cross from Canada:

" Won't you come along, De Peri ?"

"Nay, I think not. Business keeps me on this side."

Says the boy to his father: "We lose the chance of the five thousand

dollars by not going over." "You go, Dod. Follow the Eurynia people. Take note of Toby Oman, and of that bad man Irlam. Cannot go myself at present. Am not sure if that Captain really meant

'quits,' when he said 'quits.' " "Whisper, pa. Afraid you be annexed.

"Doddy, you know too much. Go follow the Donna Eurynia and carn this five thousand dollar reward. Get the papers they found in the old trunk."

# To be continued.

Some sinner has stolen the thermometer from the Fond du Lac Reporter office. That paper informs the thief that it will be of no use to him where he is going, as it does not work higher than 313. 

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

# HOW I WAS GUILLOTINED.

BY K. Continued.

"What is the name of this house?" asked the girl.

The Cafe des Bons Garçons,-very good fellows you are, I shall know you again."

This sealed his fate. Dread of discovery pointed to assassination. They demanded another cheque, and just as the signature was complete, one of them, it is supposed, struck him on the back of the head with the butt-end of a pistol. The poor victim was then dispatched with a dagger. Securing the property, the old man and the girl escaped, and after an interval, just sufficient to allow them to fly, the proprietor of the Cafe ran to the poste, and gave the alarm. His story was artfully concocted. Finding his guests sat long,-but this did not surprise him,-a pretty girl and her lover, voyez cons,-he knocked at the door. Receiving no reply he entered, and was struck with horror to find the man dead and the others gone. How had they fled? The room was near the ground, and they had got through the window, no doubt. A shred of female habiliments hanging to the open window lent a probability to this surmise The man was arrested, but as he knew nothing and was a useful agent of the Police, he was soon afterwards liberated.

All this I recollected. But, by a most unaccountable phenomenon, the paper seemed to act like a talisman, conjuring up the whole scene of the murder. I distinctly saw the face of each actor, and though the police had failed to trace them, I felt sure I should know them anywhere. "Ah! now, I see!" I repeated this aloud, as a new light broke in upon me, and Victor coughed significantly to remind me that caution was necessary. After reading the journals, I had rode in the Bois de Boulogne, and after various calls, had retired as was my custom to the Cafe Anglais to dine. Opposite me sat a middle-aged man, of military exterior, wearing the legion of honour. By some circumstance I could not recall, we opened a conversation. I invited him to drink with me and we grew communicative. I recalled, our conversation had turned on Presuming on my nationality I had said very disrespectful things of the Emperor. and even lamented the fate of Orsini and his associates. But this man-Good heavens! It the suddenness of the conviction. I looked again and again at the face, limned before me with the rigid exactness of a photograph. I felt sure that I could identify that man in a crowd. Now the rest was induction. My treasonable utterances had been denounced to the public, probably by this man. It had been conjectured that the person which the murdered man had encountered was a countryman. of his own. I remembered that there were stains of blood on my clothing from a severe cut received in shaving. Evidently I had been arrested on a charge of murder, and as there was not sufficient evidence on this head, I was to be executed as a conspirator in reality. but ostensibly as an assassin. The bulletheaded proprietor at the Cafe had said " it is certainly him," meaning that I was the murderer of the Englishman.

The discovery was overpowering. It was some time before I recovered myself sufficiently to read the beautiful compline service. Never had I read it so devoutly. None but the Eternal could save me.

I looked up from my book, and Victor gave Amazing leviathan. Ark of the Canada Great an intelligent glance, indicating that we were Western Railway. It lies by Windsor town free from observation I scarcely dared trust

paper.

û Adèle's."

" How came she to know all this mystery?" "Monsieur, she is a mystery in herself-she is what they call a clairvoyante."

"A claircoyante! That explains." Then I began to reflect on the subtle union of kindred spirits said to be en rapport. Evidently this girl's mind had a connection with mine. I had been a firm unbeliever in all this kind of thing. Following the hard dry theories of the schools, I had doubted everything that is undefinable. Yet now my theories seemed shaken. Here was a pure child gifted with seemingly preternatural intelligence able to invoke a similar apprehension of facts in me. What is this Soul of ours after all? Where is the terminus that separates it from mind? The deepest intellects both past and present have been involved in endless speculations about it. The Chaldean astrologers believed it to be lucid fire which is the creative and motive power of all things. So thought Zeno. It was held to be Number by Xenocrates, and Harmony by Aristoscenus. The essence of Descartes' Principia is "cogito, ergo sum," which is only a repetition of Milton's thought in the " Paradisc Lost."

"That I am, I know, because I think."
But the Ego that thinks proves a prior existence. Malebranche believed that we exist because we think. Others, again, adopt an abstract spiritualism, as Bishop Berkely, who the passage, "Je mourrai scul !" Others, even

believed that he existed because others thought of him. Locke held to consciousness; Pascal to a sense of pain; Hume to idealism; Paley to material psychology; Priestley to mental corporeality; and Pyrrho to absolute nonentity. The most assiduous study of the subject only reveals the fact that over the philosophy of mind the Creator has thrown an impenetrable veil. The most we can know is its modus operandi. And this sometimes is so erratic as to upset every received theory. We perceive free faculties in the mind. Perception, Association, Memory, Imagination, and Judgment. Closely observed, these convey the impression that the mind is a combination of faculties and their sympathy with the senses. Modern anatomy proves a plurality of organs in the brain. Very considerable portions of the brain may be removed, and the individual still exist. The vital functions may continue, the animal functions being deranged or lost. In tubercles of the brain the memory is principally affected, the fancy being often more retentive and vivid. Mind is not the product of organization. It only works by and through it.

Plate says: "The soul has a plastic power to fashion a body for itself, to enter a shape and make it a body living." Plutarch remarks, "The soul is older than the body, and the source of its existence and the intellect is in the soul." Holy writ infers that our immortal part is an emanation from the one vivifying soul of all things-Gon.

The Greeks by their divisions of Nous. Pneuma, and Soma, soul and spirit, spiritual body, or eidolon, and earthly body, conveyed the idea that soul and mind are the same under different combinations. Mind is soul evinced through the medium of the brain. Soul is mind emancipated from matter. principle could be established many anomalies might be explained. The existence of two minds, the sensitive and intellectual, was held by the Alexandrian philosophers and by Bishop Horseley. Christian philosophy recognizes the Spirit to be the Eiken "been, the Image of God, the essence of life and Immortality. Whether or not it presides over the animal body, as Stahl held, or directs the functions of life, according to Aristotle and Galen, it seems to have an existence totally independent of its surroundings. In sleep we live in the soul alone, and there is no reason why its perceptive faculties may not be quickened to the height assumed by clairconunce.

Reader, do you understand this subject any was the man connected with the murder in the Cafe the better for all this? I do not. My condes Bons Garçons! I almost leaped up with clusion is that of Faust, "all I know is that I nothing know."

Victor informed me that for some time his little girl had been oppressed with melancholy about me, although he had only briefly mentioned my case. That she went into her room on the day he was absent, and was found in a state of semi-trance, on recovering from which she wrote this paper. I handed it back to him to avoid any discovery, for I was periodically searched, to ascertain that I had no weapons concealed. With the same precaution, the bars of the cell window were struck each day with a heavy hammer to discover if they had been filed.

The ninth day dawned, my last! I rose at day-break to have as much time as possible. The curé came early, and it was arranged that I should make my general confession that night. I was visited a few hours later by the Procureur-General, and the chief officials of the prison, who read the death-warrant, and very respectfully bade me adicul. They announced that the execution was to take place at midnight. It struck me as a strange hour, but as well then as any time.

I disposed of my books and wearing apparel At four the cure returned, and the guardian needing myself forgiveness." "Whose hand is this?" pointing to the retired. I had prepared for this hour carefully. I seemed indeed to forget him. The presence, consciously felt, was eternal. I poured out, in slow and deliberate phrases, carefully selecting those that best expressed my thoughts, the entire history of my life. The soul-combats, the doubtful mazes of studious enquiry; the coquetting with unbelief; trials of epicureanism; desperate rejection of all creeds; lowly returns to Faith, prompted by an all-absorbing sense of need; passionate prayers, holy aspirations; a strange revelation of the extremes of being, the multitudinous combi-nations of the soul that is held down to the mortal, while its longings for better things torture itself, until existence is louthsome. abhorrent!

The priest confessed himself frightened. He enquired if I had not a unething else to confess, in view of an immediate death. He alluded to the accusation made against me. No. He looked in astonishment, exclaiming: "Is it possible you are then iunocent?"

"Do you think me guilty, after such a recital?"

"I cannot, I cannot," he said; "yet, I am bewildered, overpowered. If you are innocent, it is a terrible thing to die so."

"It is," I rejoined, "but I am resigned."
Words failed the poor, good-meaning man,
to express his sorrow at the suspicions he had entertained of my guilt. After he had gone, I took up Pascal's Pensees, and my eye fell on

this writer, had been enabled by a Faith, which lends second-sight to the mind, to realize, like Bernard of Cluny, the world of bliss, in sensible images. To absorb the real into the ideal. To me this was impossible. Only one thought was uppermost. Shall I feel after death? That is, will consciousness linger in agonising concentration-making a separate death-pang of each instant, the last more intense than the forerunner, until all that poets have written of hell, is gathered up, and condensed in one supreme sense of horror and torture, the very birth-pangs of despair

They say Charlotte Corday was conscious. as exhibited by her blushing cheek. eves of the man who had promised to think of his wife to the last, sought her with one long look that grew fixed in death.

How fast the time went that day! A very choice dinner was sent in, and some brandy I ate and drank well, and my health was as sound as it had ever been. After dinner I dressed myself in my best attire, with scrupulous care.

"Eleven o'clock!" It sounded hollow and wail-like over the court-yard. I retired to my own meditations, accepting the office of the cure, who began to recite in Latin the prayers of the dying. Some sentences impressed me deeply, especially, "Deliver, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant, as Thou didst deliver Daniel from the lion's den!" Mine would be a similar deliverance. At half-past eleven, a glass of hot claret was brought me which I declined. It is called in such cases, the Viaticum, or companion on the way. After a brief thanksgiving, I drank the wine gratefully, for a chill was creeping over me.

The door opened, and the Procureur entered, to announce that it was time. He was accompanied by the executioner and his aide. I requested that my arms might be pinioned last. The whole process was familiar to my mind. from my visit to the Requette, 1 directed the executioners. They wished to remove my coat, but I ordered them to cut it away around the neck. Then the cure, out of courtesy, out off my hair from the nape of the neck to the crown, quite close to the head. The cold steel of the seissors gave me an unpleasant thrill, but less so than the touch of the executioner. He was singularly gentle, however, and even delicate in his manipulation. My hands and arms were then pinioned tightly to my back. The curé recited the "Miserere," to which I responded, and we proceeded on our way. We descended into a large stone vault, which struck a sensation of cold and damp into the bones. The first object I saw was the guillotine. I had made myself perfectly familiar with it. The scaffold was much smaller than usual, and on it stood an elegant black cloth coffin with silver plates. I ascended the four steps leading to it without assistance, and then I turned to the spectators, some fifty or sixty persons. The torches they held gave a very unearthly aspect to the scene. I seemed to recognize some faces, but evidently those present were government employés. There was an awful silence as I spoke:

"Gentlemen, you have doubtless heard many a criminal protest his innocence at this extreme moment, in face of incontrovertible evidence of guilt. Consequently, you may rate my protest at the same value, Aumonies here, and many who know the truth of this case, must be aware that I am innocent of the crime of murder." (They all started perceptibly.) "That you may deem me worthy of death for treason is possible, although I deny ever having done more than say some harsh things of your Emperor. As sure as you live, and I am about to die, this blood of mine will be exacted from each and to Victor, with a special souvenir for Adèle. all of you. I forgive, as best I am able,

> They listened to the end, when the executioner asked if Ilwas ready. I noded assent, and received, on my knees, the final blessing of the cure. I was then laid carefully on my back, and strapped to the plank. My eyes were bandaged, but I saw everything as vividly as if they had been otherwise. A moment which seemed an age ensued, and then I felt a sharp keen blow on the head. I realised that the knife had fallen! Breathing was suspended, and my ideas grew confused, as through a blow aimed on the temples. Four or five things remained distinct amid the gathering haze-my mother's face as I had seen it last; the home of my childhood; a very dear dead friend; and the face of the man of the Cafe Anglais. Then a sharp three of hot, consuming pain; a sense of sinking, falling, floating, and I knew no more.

"Why, Monsieur is awaket" exclaimed a voice that I recognised as my old nurse's.

"Dieu Mercil" devoutly ejaculated Dr. Colville, "You've had a tough bout of it, friend!"

"Awakel Alivel Could it be possible? I tried to speak.

"What has been the matter?"

"Catalopsy, I should think," rejoined the physician. "You narrowly escaped premature inter-

ment." "How long have I been here?" "Three days, and but that I could just feel your pulse, I should have been sure that your

soul had left your body." I was prostrate, but I was alive. A bouquet of violets and tube-roses that stood near seemed more fragrant than odours of Elysium. By slow degrees I got better, and resumed my former habits of life. But I was in a great measure changed. The first thing I did was to ascertain how much of my vision, so terribly real to me, was true. The prison was, in the most minute detail, just as I have pictured it. There was the same kind of officers, and a guardian named Victor. I saw him, but he was a stranger to me. Did he live in the Rue des Martyrs? Yes. Had he a little girl named Adèle? Yes. I grew more and more confused. Some days after, I turned over my writing-case, and found the exact copy of the letter I had dreamed was given to Victor, be-Two years passed away, during which I quenthing money to his child.

grew so reserved that my former acquaintances scarcely recognised me. Addle was at school, at my expense. I was as happy as I could be. Driving one day on the road to Marly, I saw a man approaching me, whose face I thought I recognised. The vehicle was going slowly, and he was walking. More and more the stranger's face became familiar. I drew up, and made some enquiries about the road. He was going to Paris. I felt that I must turn back and go too. I offered him a ride, which he accepted. I scrutinized him closely, and he evidently felt uncomfortable. At last I said: -

" We have met before, Monsieur!"

"I think not," he answered,

"I am confident. It was on the 17th of March, at the Cafe Anglais You wore the Legion of Honour in your button-hole '

"You will consider yourself my prisoner," I added. This he had anticipated, and attempted to jump out. I struggled with him, and by the aid of a revolver, kept him down.

"Now I am sure," I rejoined, "I know

Fast as the spirited mare would gallop, we hastened on to Paris, and the first gendarme I met, I invited to mount and take charge of the prisoner.

We will drive first to the Cafe der Rons Garçone."

Not there, not there!" said the man. "I see you know it," I added, my feelings rising in bitter execuation of this mysterious

cause of my sufferings. The proprietor, the same bullet-headed man

I had seen that night, looked astonished at our visit. The two were confronted, and recognised each other. Of course they were both conveyed to the poste.

"Monsieur is very courageous," said the Commissaire, " we had lost all traces of this luan."

Next day the papers contained an account

of the uffair, headed:

Remarkable capture of the assassins of the Cafe des Bons Gurgons.

As Engaged Ring .- A young man becoming engaged recently, was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring appropriately inscribed, but being at a loss what to have engraved on it, called upon his tather for advice. "Well," said the old man, "put on 'when this you see, remember me". The young The young lady was much surprised, a few days after, with receiving a beautiful ring, with this inscription: -"When this you see, remember father."



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Full particulars may be obtained at the Control Office, Quebec, office of Director of Stores, Militia Department, and the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

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By direction.

F. BRAUN.

Department of Public Works, I Ottawa, 10th February, 1871. 9



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JOHN CARLING,

Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works for the Province of Ontario.

DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION. Toronto, Oct., 1869.

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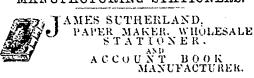
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# SATURDAY NIGHT, AFTER HOURS.



CANDLERO, (seeing the "bobbies" approach.)—" Kneel down, boys, and pray!" (They kneel accordingly.)
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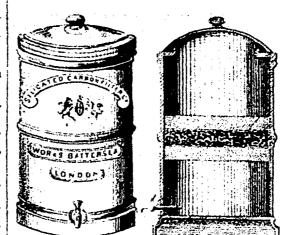
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