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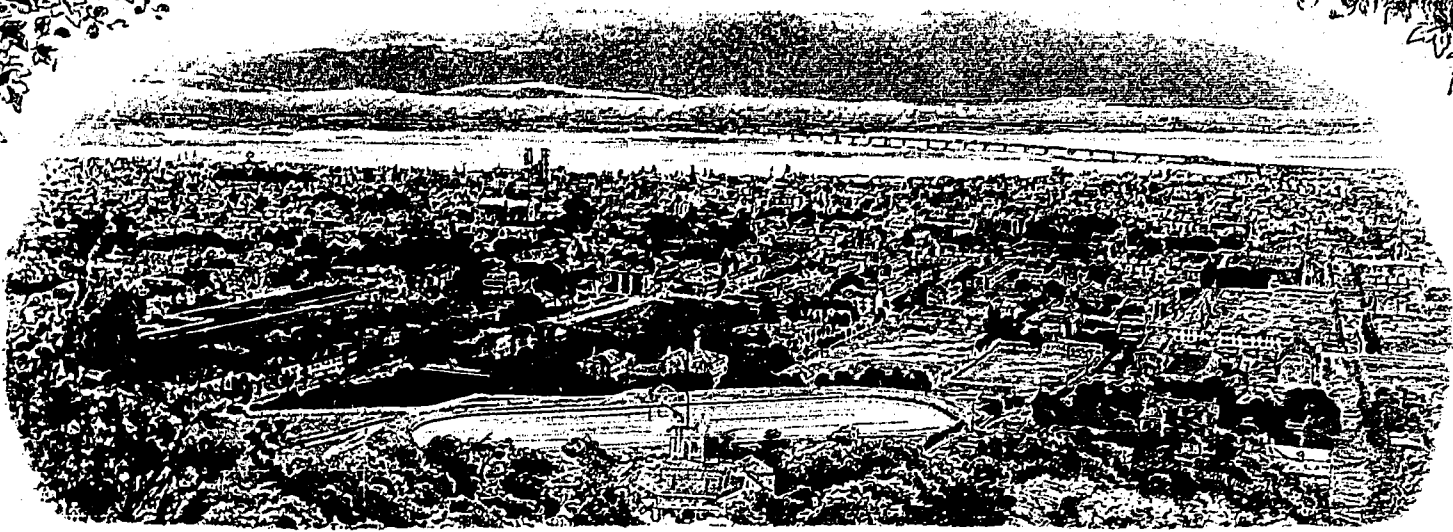
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



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THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude
manger lies:
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to
sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her
lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woo'd the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with
innocent snow:
And on her naked shame,
Palliate with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden
white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's
eyes
Should look so near upon her
foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed
Peace:
She, crowned with olive-green,
Came softly sliding
Down through the turning
sphere,
His rosy harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous
cloud dividing:
And, waving wide her myrtle
wand,
She strikes a universal peace
through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were
high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood:
The trumpet spake not to the
armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful
eye,
As if they surely knew their
sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the
earth began:
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the
mild o'cean,
Who now hath quite forgot to
rave,
While birds of calm sit brood-
ing on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious
influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned
them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs
did glow,
Until their Lord Himself be-
spoke, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his
wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no
more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burn-
ing axle-tree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic
row:
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with
them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their
sheep,
Was all that did their silly
thoughts so busy keep.



When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did
greet,
As never was by mortal finger
strook:
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful
rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to
lose,
With thousand echoes still pro-
longs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such
sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy re-
gion thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its
last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth
in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the
shame-faced night arrayed;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with
wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn
choir,
With unexpressive notes, to
Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of
morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on
hinges hung:
And cast the dark foundations
deep,
And bid the weltering waves
their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our
senses so:
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time:
And let the bass of heaven's
deep organ blow:
And, with your ninefold har-
mony,
Make up full consort to the
angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch
the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from
earthly mould;

And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her
high palace hall.
But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so:
The Babe yet lies in smiling in-
fancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss:
So both Himself and us to glo-
riety:
Yet first, to those onchained in
sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom
must thunder through the
deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smoul-
dering clouds outbreako:
The aged earth ash-blast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the
centre shake:
When, at the world's last ses-
sion,
The dreadful Judge in middle
air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss,
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wrath to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine.
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint:
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And moaned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyan Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Bath left in shadows' dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark,
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew.

MILTON.

HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS AT HATHERLEY GRANGE.

BY WILLIAM T. URQUHART.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

HATHERLEY GRANGE, DEC. 15, 18—.

HENRY MERTOUN, ESQ.,

MY DEAR SIR:

"If you have no previous engagement come and spend your Christmas at Hatherley. I can promise some good shooting and a 'mount' with the V. W. H. I shall expect you not later than Tuesday, the 23rd."

Yours, very faithfully,
JOHN KINGSFORD.

The above is a copy of a letter which I found lying upon my desk at the War Office when I entered the scene of my accustomed daily duties, one dreary morning about the middle of December. At first I could not remember who this same John Kingsford could be, and it was not until I had pondered for some minutes that I recollected the stout, old Wiltshire squire, whom I had met some months before at the office, when he came on business connected with his son's appointment to a regiment just on the point of embarking for India, and to whom I had been able to render some slight service. The old gentleman had thanked me warmly at the time, and had expressed a hope that he should see me at Hatherley, during the hunting season, but I had thought little of his invitation at the time, and since then the whole matter had escaped my memory. Here, however, was proof positive that he had meant something more than a mere empty compliment, and really wished me to accept his hospitality during the approaching holidays. Very little consideration was needed, and by the return of post I wrote to Mr. Kingsford, accepting his invitation, and promising to leave for Hatherley, by the 4.50 express, on the evening of the 23rd. On Monday night I had a parting smoke and friendly chat with two or three of my special "chums" at the Club, and on the following evening took my seat in a first-class carriage of the G. W. R. express train. Soon the city with its glimmering lights, its mists and shadows, was left behind us, and we were gliding smoothly over the open country at the rate of forty miles an hour. Even in winter, how delightful the fresh country air seemed to one who, like myself, had been for nearly six months a dweller in the close atmosphere of London. Seen dimly in the starlight of the clear frosty evening, Windsor Castle, loomed up against the southern sky in massive grandeur; while here and there the river Thames was seen winding along among the level meadows which, for the most part, form its banks. On, on we sped, by farm-houses, the reflection of whose bright fires seen for a moment, as we rushed past, suggested ideas of happy Christmas gatherings round the family hearth; on, past humble cottages, upon whose snow-covered roofs the starlight fell, making them glisten like silver as we hurried by; sweeping over dark silent rivers, where, in summer time, the tall rushes grow thickly and luxuriantly, and the water-lilies lift up their heads in meek and tranquil beauty; rushing through stations and past long goods sheds, among red and green lights and flashing signals; on, amid light and darkness, until Swindon junction was reached, and I alighted on its spacious platform.

After making some enquiries as to the best mode of reaching Hatherley, I was accosted by a burly comfortable looking groom who, touching his hat, informed me that he was from the Grange, and had come to meet a gentleman who was expected from London. My "traps" were quietly transferred from the train to the dog-cart, and we were soon trotting along the hard road at the rate of ten miles an hour. After about three-quarters of an hour's ride, I saw lights glittering among some trees on the left-hand, and my companion who, up to this time, had scarcely opened his lips since we left Swindon, informed me that we were just approaching the Grange. Entering through an avenue of fine old elm trees which, even at this season when their gaunt branches were divested of foliage, looked grand and imposing, we drove up the broad road to the porch of an Elizabethan mansion of moderate size, from almost every window of which lights glistered, while the sound of music, and peals of silvery laughter proved that it was not a bachelor's Christmas party at which I had been invited to assist, but, that in addition to the hunting and shooting, of which Squire Kingsford had spoken, the still greater attraction of female society might be anticipated. Just as we drove up to the porch, the door opened and my friend appeared. He looked the very incarnation of Christmas time, in fact he might have sat for a portrait of "King Christmas" himself. Tall and strongly made, his features bronzed by exposure, and his open genial countenance wearing an expression of good humour and benevolence, Mr. Kingsford looked the *beau idéal* of the old-fashioned country squire. In his hand he carried a silver tankard containing some warm compound, from which a delicious aroma proceeded. I hastened towards him, and was about to thank him for his kind remembrance, when he prevented me by thrusting the tankard into my hand, exclaiming: "Not a word, my dear sir, not a word, until you have drunk this,—take something to warm you after your ride, there will be plenty of time for talk afterwards."

After having obeyed my host's behest I was conducted through a large hall, the walls of which were decorated with antlers, foxes' brushes and the portraits of certain favourite horses and dogs, and thence was led by the squire upstairs into a comfortable apartment, where he left me to make my toilet, telling me that the dinner-bell would ring in a quarter of an hour.

When I descended I found the drawing room filled with guests, most of them neighbours, but some, friends from a distance, who were staying in the house. Mr. Kingsford met me at the door, and leading me up to where two beautiful girls were seated upon a sofa, introduced them to me as his daughters—Miss Maud and Louisa Kingsford. Both were equally lovely, though, in appearance, altogether unlike. Maud, the eldest, was a tall, well-developed girl, with large blue eyes, a profusion of golden hair, and a fresh clear complexion; in fact she was a perfect type of English beauty; Louisa was much shorter than her sister, her hair of a dark-brown shade, and her brown eyes sparkled with fun and vivacity. Her little figure was perfect, and her tiny hands and feet models of symmetry. In disposition, as I afterwards found, they differed as widely as in appearance. Maud was quiet and sentimental, while Louisa was of a lively and mercurial temperament, and young as she was, had already driven more than one young country squire to the verge of madness by her coquetries. Such were the two young ladies before whom I made my bow on that eventful evening. I discovered that Mr. Kingsford was a widower, his family consisting of two daughters and one son who, as I have already mentioned, was attached to a regiment serving in India. When dinner was announced, Maud, the eldest daughter, was conducted to the dining-room by Sir Gilbert Broadfield, while Louisa was assigned to my care. I found her an exceedingly lively companion, and Londoner though I was, and, as I flattered myself, thoroughly *au fait* in small talk and repartee, I experienced considerable difficulty in holding my own with this pretty little country damsel, whose sharp sallies were full of wit and pungency. Nevertheless, beneath all her fun and merriment, it was easy to discern that she was possessed of a kindly disposition and a warm heart. In our conversation about Christmas, she told me about the plans which she and her sister had formed for the benefit of their poorer neighbours, and made me promise to walk with her on Christmas morning and hear her class of Sunday scholars sing their carols, a promise which, as it turned out, I was unable to fulfil.

When the ladies left the room, the conversation turned upon hunting and sporting in general. I found that the V. W. H. hounds were to meet on the following day, at Bramford Wood, a celebrated covert in that neighbourhood, which had never been drawn blank within the memory of man, and almost always held a "straight goer." The squire promised me a mount on one of his most reliable hunters, and at a somewhat late hour we joined the ladies. Maud and Louisa were at the piano, and we had quite a musical evening. Our concert was brought to a conclusion by the following song from the squire himself, which he sang in a rich baritone voice:

KING CHRISTMAS.

Mournfully, wearily,
Sadly and drearily,
Hear the shrill winds of old Winter sing,
Through the woods going,
Shouting and blowing,
Harbingers they of the Christmas King.
Who shall dethrone him?
Who dare disown him?
Who will gain say his lordly will?
Banish all sorrow,
"Let care come to-morrow."
Hurrah for a merry Christmas still!
Then he not down-hearted,
Though sin's last we parted,
From this stout old King of the closing year,
Loved ones have left us,
And death hath bereft us,
Of those who were loving and true and dear.
Let's welcome him merrily,
And sing to him cheerily,
And cheer in his presence the falling year:
With holly we'll crown him,
In wassail we'll drown him,
And hope for the best in the coming year!

When I looked out of my bed-room window the next morning, the mist was rising from off the meadows, the sky overhead was dull and cloudy, and everything betokened the dawning of a day in all respects well-fitted for hunting. On descending to breakfast I found most of the gentlemen in pink; the two Miss Kingsfords did not appear, but when the hour for mounting approached they joined us in the dining-room, dressed in well-fitting riding habits and white plumed hats. Soon we were all *en route* for Bramford Wood. We jogged pleasantly along the rugged narrow country lane, which led to the place of meeting. Just as we arrived beside the covert, the hounds with the huntsman and attendant whips came in sight. In a few minutes the hounds were thrown into the cover, and I, in company with the Miss Kingsfords and one or two others, proceeded along one of the rides. Scarcely a word was spoken as we rode along, and not a sound was heard, save the crackling of the whips, the rustling of the horses among the dead leaves, and now and then a word of encouragement to the hounds from the old white-haired huntsman.

Soon, however, the music of the pack rang cheerfully through the woods as they came upon the trail of a fox. Now commenced a tightening of girths, a setting of hats more firmly on the head, and a series of single combats between impatient horses and irritating riders. The initiated, however, trotted briskly on, followed by most of the field; the trot soon became a gallop, a faint "tally ho" was heard in the distance, and then the old wood resounded with the thunder of hurried horse hoofs: now we dashed across the wide pastures, up the hillside, and along the valley—crackling through the fields of stubble, sweeping along the velvet meadows on, on, over ditch and gate, and hurdle, and fence, rendering the field more select; no fear now of over-riding the pack, the only trouble was to keep near them. On by the copse side, startling the pheasants as we passed, without check, for more than an hour did this headlong race continue. Now dashing among the beech woods that clothe the hillsides, and then crossing the narrow slip of table-land on the top, we sweep like an avalanche down the other side. As we neared the bottom, a loud, wild halloo announced that the fox was in sight, and there sure enough he was, but a few yards in advance of the pack. He sprang at the high park wall which was at the bottom of the hill, and after one or two efforts, succeeded in climbing it—the hounds close upon him. The huntsman cleared it, while the rest of the horsemen galloped down the steep, chalky lane in search of a gate.

Meanwhile, mounted on a steady going old hunter, I had managed to maintain my position, not, indeed, among the foremost flight of riders, but among the stragglers who, following in their wake, were far in advance of the main body of the field. Louisa Kingsford, who was a much more daring horsewoman than her sister, was near me, her pretty chestnut thoroughbred skimming easily along, and taking the fences in his stride. Side by side we rode down the steep lane which I have mentioned, and then leaping a low stone wall, struck across the level meadows over which the hounds were now running with their heads up and the fox in view. Across the second of these meadows a black, sluggish stream crept slowly along. Its width was comparatively trifling, and all that rendered it at all formidable as a jump to a well mounted rider was the rottenness of its banks in some places, and the fact that it abounded in deep holes. As we approached I glanced round at Louisa to see if she intended facing it. She smiled gaily, and I saw that neither she nor the chestnut had any idea of refusing it. The banks on either side at the point at which we were approaching the brook appeared to be tolerably firm, and my horse went at it and cleared it without any difficulty. As soon as I was over I looked back to see Louisa safely over. At the moment I did so there was a cry of terror, and then I saw that the overhanging bank had given way, and that my companion's horse had fallen headlong into one of the deep holes I have mentioned. Louisa had been thrown from the saddle, and as I dismounted and hurried back, I saw her face upturned for a single moment, and then sink beneath the cold dark waters. Meanwhile the chestnut was splashing and struggling violently, so that poor Louisa was not only in danger of drowning, but incurred an imminent risk of being killed by a blow from her horse. It was not more than a few seconds that I stood horror-stricken on the bank, and yet the thoughts that crowded upon my brain in that brief space of time would take many minutes to describe and enumerate. It was not the mere pain of seeing a lovely girl die so cruel a death that caused that deadly pang at my heart, and chilled the blood in my veins. In an instant I felt and knew beyond all question that I loved Louisa Kingsford; that if she perished then my life henceforward would be a hopeless blank, which no ray of light or love could ever illumine. I hesitated no longer, but hastily throwing off my hat and coat, leaped down the steep precipitous bank, determined to rescue her or die with her. The waters closed over me as I sank down almost to the bottom of the pool. As I did so my hand came in contact with the skirt of her riding habit, and then with a violent effort I succeeded in extricating her from the saddle, to which she was attached by the folds of her dress, and I rose to the surface bearing her on my arm. A number of horsemen had now collected, and were taking measures for our rescue. The chestnut, still struggling furiously, was vainly endeavouring to scramble up the bank. As the poor animal did so, his foothold gave way, and he fell backwards upon me, almost crushing me by his weight, and bearing me down into the pool once more. I exerted all my strength to pull Louisa as far as I could towards the bank, then the waters closed over me, I felt a terrible blow upon my chest and shoulders, and I remember nothing more.

A scent of rose-leaves, the sound of a distant peal of bells, and the soft rustle of a lady's garments—these are my recollections on waking to light and life again. The pleasurable sensation of extreme languor, with neither the desire or necessity for exertion, was upon me.

Gradually and slowly the events which preceded my accident came back to me,—the hunting-field, the long run with the catastrophe at the brook; but all beyond was an entire blank. I found my arm bandaged, and an extensive wound on my head, which was covered with damp bandages also. While I lay striving to connect the past with the present, I heard the door open very gently, and Squire Kingsford stood at my bedside. He shook me warmly by the hand, and told me with many protestations of gratitude that I had saved his daughter's life, and that henceforward he should regard me as a son. From him I learnt that Louisa had been rescued uninjured, and that I, with considerable difficulty, had been extricated from beneath the body of the horse, whose back had been broken by the fall; that I had then, with all speed, been conveyed back to Hatherley, and that the doctor who had been with me during the night believed that the injuries which I had received, although serious, would not prove dangerous, if I remained quiet and free from excitement. It was ten o'clock on Christmas morning, and the bells which I had heard were the bells of Hatherley Church. The doctor soon afterwards visited me, and congratulated me on my escape and the probability of speedy restoration to health. Towards night I was sufficiently recovered to leave my bed and recline upon a sofa. Ah, how well I recollect the events of that joyous Christmas evening; when, as the soft mellow light faded and the shadows deepened in my room, the door opened, and Louisa, her face suffused with blushes and her eyes beaming with gratitude and tenderness, entered and knelt down beside my couch. How well I remember that, as with my hands clasped in hers, and the tears starting from her soft brown eyes, she poured out her words of thanks, my arm stole round her taper waist, and, drawing her yet closer to me, I asked her for that most precious boon that man can win, a true woman's love. I know not now, I knew not then, what her answer was; I only know that her head, with all its wealth of dark and silken hair, rested upon my shoulder; that her breath fanned my feverish cheek, and that in spite of wounds and pain I was happy, deeply and intensely happy, with a happiness such as I never had known before. At length she left me, and for a few minutes I was left alone to muse upon my unexpected good fortune, and to vow that to win such love as hers it were good to risk a thousand dangers.

I have a theory,—some may regard it as old-fashioned and utopian, still it is one to which I cling with steadfast faith,—that no man loves, in the fullest and truest sense of the word, more than once in the course of his life. This one, real love, may come in early youth, to some in more mature age, and to others even in middle life; but when it does take possession of the soul, it differs as much from the caprices of the voluptuary or the morbid fancies which the sentimentalist dignifies by the name of love, as the warm glowing sunshine of a tropic morning does from the cold calm starlight of an arctic night. It may be the lot of some to pass through life without once experiencing the feeling; not always because they are case-hardened or unimpressionable, but simply from the chance of circumstances. Or it may be that it is not until youth has past and the shadows of time are lengthening across our path, that the love light falls upon us, awakening in our hearts feelings to which we have before been strangers. Thank Heaven that my case was different, and that while I was yet young I became deeply and truly in love, and with so thoroughly good and amiable a girl as Louisa Kingsford. For three blessed is he who while yet his pulses throng with "the fullness of the spring" wakes to that passion.

"Generous and refined,
The hallowed soul, invited on the mind,
That in its blossom, though with blush repressed,
Vegete to beauty on congenial breast;
But Heaven descends, still its tendrils spread,
Round nature's breast, the living and the dead,
Till at the last, the sun and stars above,
Be grafted in the fields of light and love,
By that best hand from whence its being came
To bloom through all Eternity the same."

I have little more to tell, for in our case the truth of the old adage was for once refuted, and the course of true love ran smoothly along. Although I was unable to join in the Christmas festivities below stairs, a short visit from the Squire and a longer one from Louisa made me so completely happy that I had no desire to mingle with the crowd of merry-makers, whose songs and laughter made the old mansion ring.

The Yule log blazed and crackled, the holly and mistletoe adorned the walls, and every heart seemed filled with glee and merriment, as it should be at this jovial Christmas season; but a calm content reigned in my mind, as with Louisa by my side I listened to the voices of the little carol singers ringing sweetly through the frosty air.

"Rejoice and be merry, cast sorrow aside,
For Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide."

Seasons of all the best and brightest; filled with holy memories and kindly associations, when peace and love and charity should reign in every heart, when old feuds should be forgotten and old friendships renewed, how sweetly and how clearly through the mists of years long past away, the echoes of your cheery music seem to linger on mine ear. But never through all the changes time has brought, have I for one moment regretted "HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS AT HATHERLEY GRANGE."

IN THE SNOW.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

Everything was prepared. The turkey, a jolly fat fellow, had been killed weeks before, and two days ago was taken out of the ice, so as to be thoroughly thawed before the time came for being adorned with a rich brown skin in the oven, to the delight of the youngsters; all the materials for the plum pudding had been laid in; the presents for the little folks had not been forgotten; green boughs from the bush had been drawn up in the wood sleigh, more than sufficient to adorn and beautify all the rooms of the little grey wooden house, that stood under the shelter of the gently rolling hill, which sloped gracefully to receive the first beams of the rising sun, and in

the glorious summer weather lay bathed in sunlight from "morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve." It was but a small house, but inside a few choice pictures were on the walls, and a book-case with its shelves well filled with a miscellaneous collection of literature, was probably not an unapt representation of the curious mixture whom the house called master.

It had been thawing for a couple of days. I, the aforesaid master, had been engaged drawing wood all forenoon, but after dinner—taken at the primitive hour of noon—had to go to the village, about two miles distant. It was a pleasant day. The sky, to be sure, wore a leaden hue. The clouds, or rather the covering to the blue firmament, were dull and slate coloured. A rift here and there allowed the slanting rays of the sun to stream down, like the pictured Jacob's ladder in an old engraving of the Patriarch's dream. Away to the north were little blue black lumps of clouds, indicative of an approaching storm, and the sharp peaks of the distant hills, rising white beyond the rolling land, dark with black timber, shone dimly through a purple haze, which tinted even the pure undriven snow. The silence was unbroken as I started to walk down, save by the tinkle of the water of the creek, making itself heard through a glade in the ice, and the rustle of a few yellow leaves, still hanging dead and hard on the beeches, like ghosts gibbering round the scenes of their youthful joys.

I tramped on steadily along the road, reached the village, called at the Post Office, and shortly after was deep in discussion of municipal matters, road squabbles, and half a dozen of the little local disputes that the township Council had been specially called that day to consider. The Council chamber was primitive. An old-fashioned stove of the regular three foot style was in the middle of the room. The pipe was led through the window, one pane of which had been replaced by a sheet of iron, through which the stove-pipe passed, not fitting very well. At a rough table, between the stove and the window, sat the *patres conscripti* gravely deliberating, when at once, as if the witch of Norway had unloosed the strings of the bag in which was tied up the North Wind, came a sudden squall which made the crazy building rock again; filled the room with smoke, and nearly blew the ashes and half-burned boards out on the floor. A small sifting snow began to penetrate, and darkness setting in, it was agreed to defer further consideration of important questions till another day.

There were two roads to the little grey house on the hill. One, that by which I had come; the other, only used in winter, up by the river road till it crossed the creek already mentioned, on the top of whose frozen surface, sheltered from every wind, except one, there was a smooth and level road. One of my neighbours who lived on the side of the river road above the creek, offered me a "lift," which I gladly accepted. How the wind howled as we drove along. The small snow beating on one side of our faces pricked us as with innumerable needles. The road became heavy, but the stout Canadian pony jogged along, fair weather or foul seeming to make but little difference to him. Every blast of the icy northern wind mocked at the thickest coverings, and searched through to the very bones, till we turned up the creek, my neighbour insisting on driving me to the mill dam, which barred further progress on the water, and from which my own house was but a few minutes' walk. Sheltered by the high banks, covered with hemlocks, spruce, and balsam, we could hear the furious gale roaring overhead, now dying away in fitful moanings, and then rising again as if lashed into fury by ten thousand demons.

The jingling of the sleigh bells brought to the door some of the youngsters of the owner of the mill, whose house lay close down upon the edge of the creek. It was a small wooden house, not of the most pretentious style of architecture, but snug and cosy within. Somewhat exposed in summer time, it is true, to the attacks of mosquitoes, which harboured among the low shrubs and bushes by the water side, and sallied forth to enjoy a feast of blood in the evenings. Now they had retreated, and the high banks which then reflected unpleasantly the hot sun, now stood as grim sentinels to keep off the raving winds from the low-roofed cottage.

I had a stiff tramp before me to ascend the hill and face the tempest on the higher ground, so the invitation of Mrs. Milton to step in and have tea before proceeding further, was not declined. The change from the piercing cold outside to the cheerful blaze of the fire within, was by no means one for the worse. On the hearth was sparkling and crackling a bright wood fire; a stove was roaring in one room, and the coal oil lamps, then a recent introduction, added to the bright fire light, made a cheerful picture, as I took off my outer wrappings, from which I shook off the snow. Mr. Milton himself was in the woods lumbering, although expected back next day, but his wife and blooming daughters made me heartily welcome; one tall and saucy of tongue, the other dark-haired, black-eyed, and demure. It is not a love story, for I had long been settled down, with a family growing up around me, and the young ladies were young enough to be my daughters. We had tea as it is only given in the country; and then Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, intermixed with lighter music, filled up the time, which passed rapidly away, for in the rural districts we are not quite savages. At nine, the fury of the gale appearing to have passed, I prepared to start, muffled myself up, and answered gayly to the invitation to return if I could not reach home, that I certainly would, laughing at the idea of not being able to get over a few hundred yards of ground.

How cold it was! I passed through the gate. I shivered as I drew my great coat closer round me. Above me was the high snow-covered bank, round which the road wound about mid height, the lower side going sheer down to the water. The wind appeared to have lulled, the blowing of the surface snow from above being the only indication that there was still a breeze. But overhead a star might be seen here and there, soon blotted out by the rapid send of the wreck, showing that in upper air there was still fierce elemental disturbance. As I wound up higher

and higher, the wind seemed to increase, till as I turned the shoulder of the hill which had hitherto protected me, and began to face towards the North-West, there was a rush and roar, and with pitiless pelting half frozen sleet came rushing slanting down, blinding me for the moment and struggling as if to rend me to pieces. I caught but one glimpse of the light gleaming from the window of my own house, and then the air was filled with snow, driven furiously before the wind and mixed with frozen rain. Staggering, I almost recoiled before it. But setting my teeth resolutely, I pushed on with lowered head, in my blind desperation not caring to look where I was going, for I knew every inch of the way.

As I stumbled on nearly stifled with the blinding snow from above and the drift raised swirling aloft from the ground, until the whole atmosphere seemed filled with the white fury of the storm, my mind turned as it were mechanically to that night, well nigh nineteen centuries ago, in which the Shepherds kept watch with their flocks under the peaceful skies of Judea, when the angel appeared to them and a glory shone round them. The gale roared, its icy breath freezing my face; my body was drenched in perspiration, while my feet were deathly cold; yet as in a dream I passed the little shanty where lived one of the mill hands and struggled downwards into the hollow through which the winter road wound, turned aside from the ordinary highway to avoid the annual drifts. Sometimes my feet were on the beaten path, and I could plunge through with the snow considerably above my knees. Then I would by a false step slip from the path, and feel myself struggling up to the shoulders, and yet without firm footing till I again could painfully and laboriously work over to the track. Yet through all kept sounding in my ears an old Christmas song, long since familiar, and years ago, it had seemed, forgotten. Slowly, step by step, I fought my way as for very life. Deeper and deeper I was descending into the hollow through which ran a stream, crossed at one point by a temporary bridge of a few loose planks. More and more laboriously came my heaving breath; the torpor of death was stealing over me; the old carol mingled itself confusedly with the howling of the storm; and I was yielding myself up to the slumber which would have been my last, when the faint sound of a bell roused me for a moment. I recovered consciousness enough for a supreme effort as I realized my danger. Drawing the cape of my coat round my face and head, I stood still for a minute or two, and turning my back to the wind, I raised the high pitched call which carries so far, and can be heard for a long distance, repeated it again and yet once more, and the drowsiness had fast hold of me ere the last call had well left my throat.

A sharp stinging sensation on my face, a painful pricking of my feet seemed to recall me to consciousness. I was sitting, half lying, near a roaring fire. Half dazed I looked and recognised the mill labourer and his wife, who had been aroused by my call, had gone out with a lantern and directed by my last cry had managed to reach me, and had led me into their shanty, walking like one in a state of somnambulism. Fortunately I was not much the worse. I stripped off my stockings and dried them, filled and lighted my pipe and was ready to take the road again, not forward but back to the house I had left, which I reached with little comparative trouble, under the friendly shelter of the hill; and stretched on a sofa near the fire, slept without a gleam of consciousness till the grey dawn and the household sounds awoke me.

It was a lovely morning. Freezing hard and not a cloud to be seen. I breakfasted before leaving, and rejecting snow shoes started on my way. When I once more ascended the hill up which I had struggled the night before, not a vestige of a road could be seen. The smoke was curling up in the keen morning air, from the house in which I had found timely shelter and from my own grey cottage. One smooth unbroken expanse of snow, unbroken by even the shadow of a fence, all buried out of sight, lay between me and it. I struck across in a direct line for my own door. For a few dozen yards I could walk on the hard packed surface, and then, without warning, down I went, dragged my legs up, sometimes having even to do so with my hands, then mounted the hard snow again, got briskly on for a few yards and then the same wearisome floundering. At last the shrill cry "Here's papa," was heard, and a little figure seen at the front door. The hired man, who had been out breaking a road to the bush, was summoned and came trampling a path to meet me. A short time longer and I was seated cozily at home; learned that my wife did not think I would have been mad enough to leave the village in such a fearful storm, and so had kept her mind easy. The turkey was done to a turn; Santa Claus had visited the children's stockings and his gifts were gleefully shown me; and thankful for my safety, I looked back with a grateful heart to the narrow escape I had made when on that Christmas eve, I was struggling IN THE SNOW.

A SEVERE JOKE ON AN APOTHECARY.—Macready's hand-writing was curiously illegible, and especially when writing orders of admission to the theatre. One day, at New Orleans, Mr. Broughan obtained one of these from him for a friend. On handing it to the gentleman the latter observed that, if he had not known what it purported to be, he never would have suspected what it was. "It looks more like a prescription than anything else," he added. "So it does," said Mr. Broughan; "let us go and have it made up." Turning into the nearest drug store, the paper was given to the clerk, who gave it a careless glance and proceeded to get a vial ready and pull out divers boxes. With another look at the order, down came a tincture bottle, and the vial was half filled. Then there was a pause. The gentlemanly attendant was evidently puzzled. At last he broke down completely, and rang for his principal, an elderly and severe-looking individual, who presently emerged from an inner sanctum. The two whispered together an instant, when the old dispenser looked at the document, and with an air of pity for the ignorance of his subordinate, boldly filled up the vial with some apocryphal fluid, and duly corked and labeled it. Then handing it to the gentleman who were waiting he said, with a bland smile, "A cough mixture, and a very good one. Fifty cents, if you please."

PEMBINA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

The village of Pembina, heretofore but vaguely known as an American settlement about two miles south of the boundary line, on the road *via* St. Paul to Fort Garry, has within the past two months become a place of much interest to the Canadian public. Indeed there are ties of intimate personal relationship existing between hundreds and thousands in this country and the gentlemen who, by force of unfavourable circumstances, have been compelled to take up their temporary abode in that hereafter-to-be-historical village. We are glad, therefore, to be able, through the zeal of our Red River special artist, to lay before our readers a graphic description of Pembina, accompanied with a diagram of the village, shewing all the principal (and all the other) buildings it contains. This will form an excellent "guide" or "hand-book" to winter tourists who, desirous of paying their respects to absent friends, may take a trip to Pembina before the settlement of the Winnipeg disturbance. And those who by business engagements or other cause are prevented from taking such a trip, will find it no less interesting, for they will thereby be able to judge of the attractions of Pembina society, and of the kind of "quarters" to which the Hon. Mr. McDougall and his party have been for a time condemned. Though our artist has also introduced the prominent "citizens" of Pembina in the following description, it was, we may say, his interest in the Canadian strangers now residing there, that induced him to make a personal survey of the village, hence he has been especially particular in describing their residences, and our readers may rely upon his fidelity:—

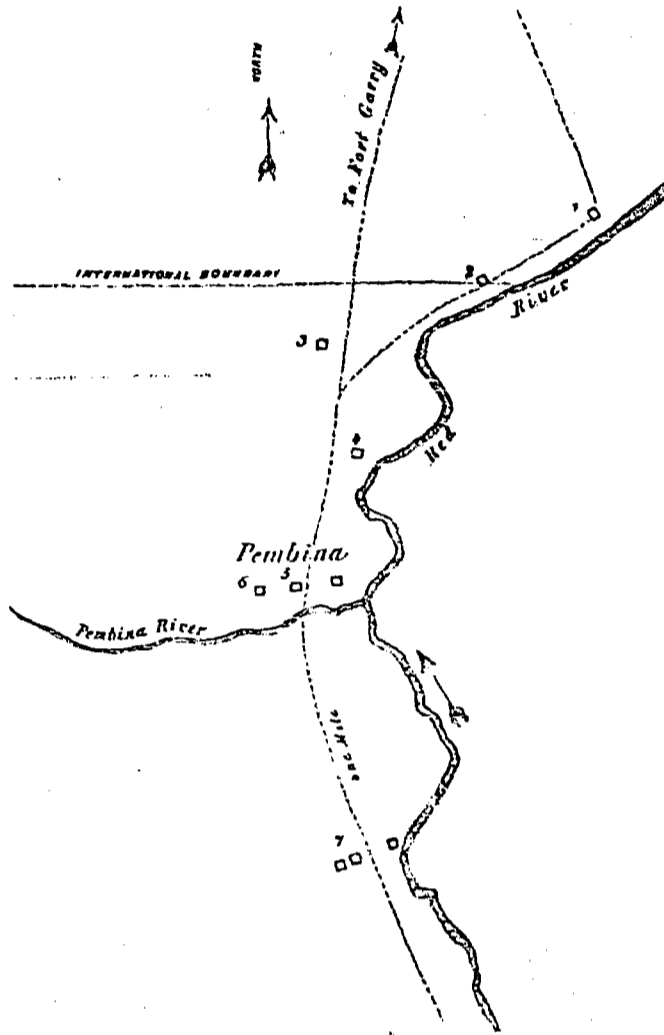
"The first buildings (except a shanty or two) which the traveller meets on his way from Georgetown to Pembina, a distance of over 180 miles, are those now occupied by Governor McDougall, a little over a mile south of Pembina River, as shown on the map, and named the "Governor's Retreat." (7) in commemoration of that being the only house he could find near Pembina in which to find shelter for himself and family when expelled from British territory by a troop of French half-breeds on the 3rd of November. When first taken possession of by the Governor, on the 5th of November, only the main building on the right was erected; since that time the other buildings to the left have been added. They are all built of partially hewed oak logs, with the spaces between filled in with clay moistened and mixed with hay. The roofs of the buildings are also covered with the same material, and it furnishes tolerably fair plastering for the walls inside. The small building at the extreme left is shown as just being built. The mud in winter has to be mixed with hot water carried up in buckets and applied whilst warm. The proprietor of the main building, who left it to accommodate the Governor, is to occupy that humble dwelling.

"On the right are log stables covered with hay; also, the waggons (dismantled of their gipsy covers) belonging to the party, also the tents on the bank of the river, still occupied (November 23) by a portion of the party until the mud and plaster in the new house becomes dry. Lumber for flooring, &c., window-sash, glass and nails, had to be drawn thirty miles to complete the building, and stoves and pipes sixty-five miles from the Red River Settlement.

"Approaching the village of Pembina from the south, the most conspicuous object in view is a half finished log building, the property of the Hon. Joe Rolette, ex-member of Congress. In the distance it has the appearance of a handsome church. To the east of this weather-beaten, unfinished structure, which has stood as it is for several years, is the residence of Mr. Rolette, who now holds the offices of high constable and chief marshal of Dakota Territory. His mansion

is a collection or conglomeration of several shanties joined at the highest part of the roof; and being only one story in height, the group is almost eclipsed by the surrounding stables and the aforesaid unfinished building, which doubtless is intended some day to be the principal house in the village. In a comfortable room in one of the shanties is the headquarters of A. N. Richards, Esq., Q. C.

"A few hundred yards westward is the United States Custom House. It is one story and a half high. The architect, however, neglected to secure or bind the side walls together; the consequence is that the front is bulged out considerably, and but for a couple of props, ingeniously boarded over so as to form a porch, the wall would have tumbled down long before this time. Two small cross windows in front, in the upper half story, look like eyes peering out on each side of the props, which in the distance suggest the resemblance of a huge nose. A piece of stove-pipe at each end, extending through the roof instead of chimneys, appear like horns. Mr. Provencher has his headquarters in a small room up-stairs in this building.



"On the south side of Pembina River, which is but a sluggish creek about thirty feet wide at the mouth, is a small log hut, covered with bark, the only apology for a hotel (?) in the village. The whole establishment consists of only one room for family, boarders, and travellers. This is Mr. Begg's headquarters, and that gentleman has the distinguished privilege, with other travellers, of sleeping on the floor.

"The next house is occupied by Judge Lemay, ex-collector of customs and general trader. He is a portly gentleman—fond of card-playing and smoking—indeed these exercises occupy a very large portion of the spare time of all the villagers.

"No. 6, is the Post Office and the residence of Dr. Cavalier. The Collector of Customs boards here, and so does Colonel Stutsman, a deformed man with only one leg, about eight inches long. The Colonel is an active sympathiser with the half-breed insurgents.

"Another house is the suburban residence of General Harrison, and ends the list of all the residents of Pembina, all of whom, it will be observed, are men of distinction and high titles.

"Following the road northward, Captain Cameron's headquarters is next observed on the right.

"Hayden's farm is next on the same road (No. 4). This place will always be an historical point as the farm on which the Governor pitched his tents when compelled to retire from the Hudson's Bay post by the armed half-breeds.

"No. 3 is a small Catholic Church, built of logs and plastered with mud. The windows are closely barricaded with wooden shutters. On the east end is a tall wooden cross and a small bell. Service is only held in this church about once in two months.

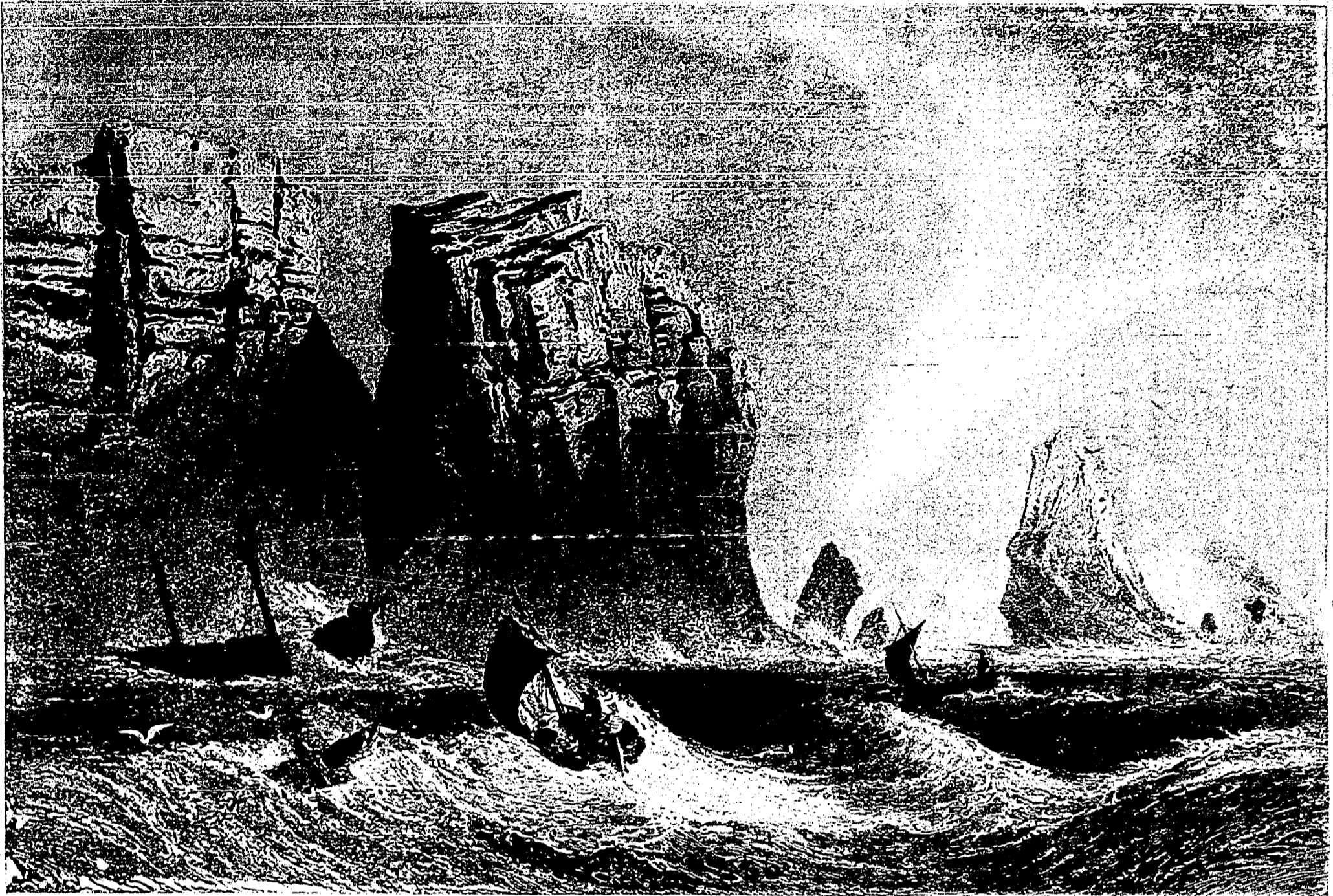
"Across the line is a neat house, also of logs, but shingled, and partitioned with boards inside. The boundary Post, to which Governor McDougall was conducted, is to be seen close on the right.

"About a quarter of a mile further is the Hudson Bay Company's Fort (No. 1), from which Governor McDougall was expelled."

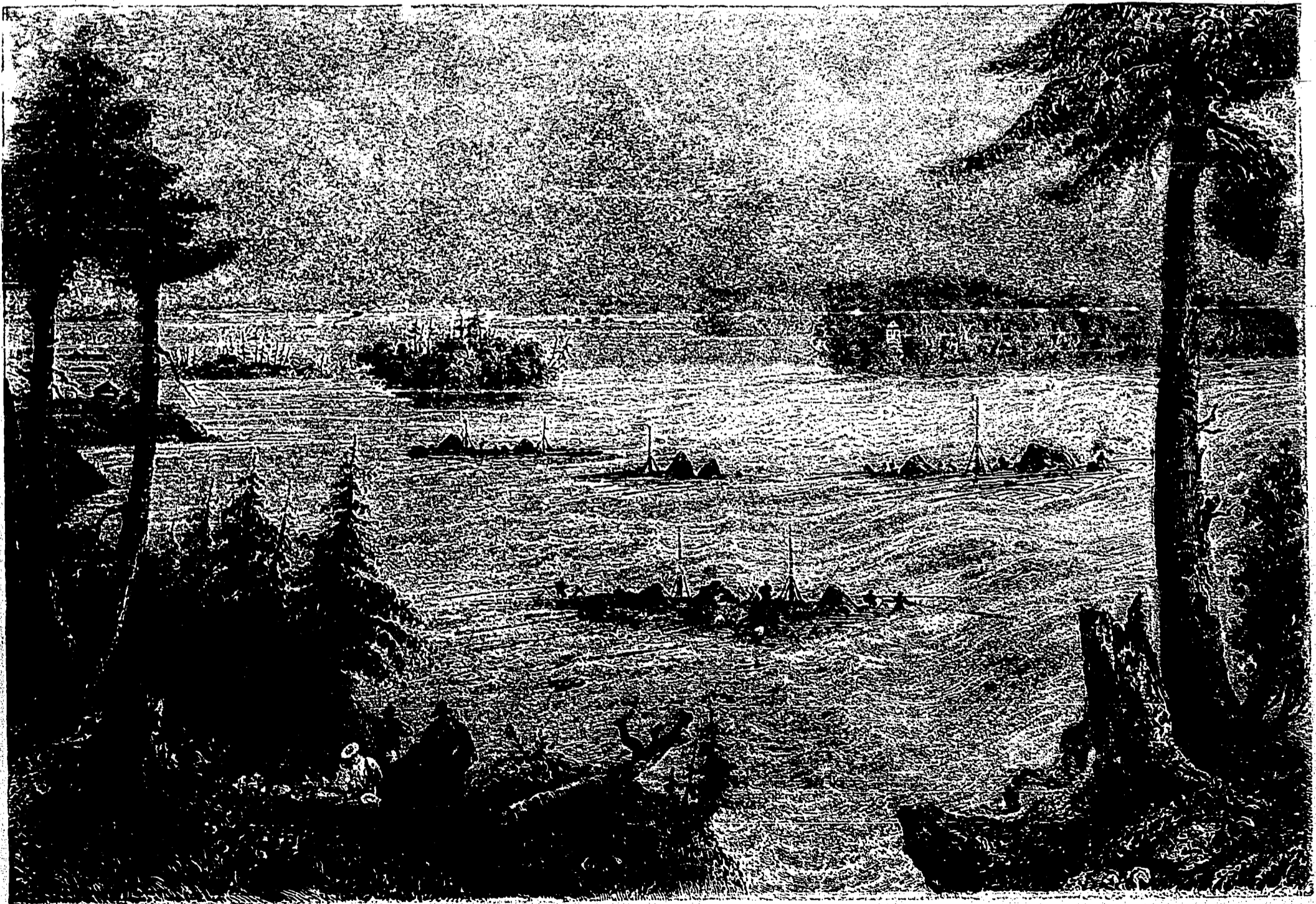
Too late we discovered that our artist had made his sketches from which our diagram is copied on his way from the boundary line to Pembina while, unhappily, he had written his description, beginning at the south side of Pembina and ending with the fort beyond the boundary! In justice to him, we have to state that a sketch for this route was also forwarded, and though less artistic, was more full of detail, in that it indicated the sites of five more houses than are here shewn. This defect in the diagram is, however, amply made up by the fullness of description. The "Governor's retreat," as the most important work of Pembina architecture, at least in the Canadian point of view, is separately illustrated below. The view is from the south—the inmates probably finding it more congenial to look towards the south at this season as well for climatic as for other reasons—and shews the men at work on the roof putting on the thatch of mud and chopped hay. The front building was the only one available for some twelve or fourteen days after the return of the Hon. Mr. McDougall and party to Pembina. This consists of but one room, and for the time specified, the Governor, with the members of his family who accompany him, and his servants, had to occupy it in common with the owner and his family—about eighteen persons in all. It will thus be seen that serious personal inconveniences, if not great personal risk, have been incurred by those gentlemen who have gone towards the North-West Territory to assist in establishing Canadian institutions there. Despite the discouraging news recently received and elsewhere referred to, we still hope that they may be able to enter peacefully on the performance of their important duties. When the existing difficulties are surmounted our friends now at Pembina will probably look back upon their forced sojourn in that village with more pleasure at its termination than at any incident in its duration.



GOVERNOR McDUGALL'S RETREAT AT PEMBINA.



CAPE SPLIT, BAY OF FUNDY.



JUNCTION OF THE OTTAWA AND ST. LAWRENCE.

CHRISTMAS, 1869,—NEW YEAR, 1870,

<p>PRESENTS</p> <p>OPERA GLASSES.</p> <p>MAGIC</p> <p>LANTERNS</p> <p>MICROSCOPES.</p> <p>SPECTACLES.</p> <p>STEREOSCOPES.</p> <p>TELESCOPES.</p> <p>Thermometers.</p> <p>COMPASSES, &c.</p>		<p>PRESENTS</p> <p>DRAWING</p> <p>Instruments.</p> <p>BILLIARD BALLS.</p> <p>MODEL ENGINES.</p> <p>Electrified Toys.</p> <p>Pocket Magnets.</p> <p>GOLD</p> <p>EYEGLASSES.</p> <p>Globes, &c.</p>
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IMMENSE IMPORTATIONS OF ALL THE ABOVE AT
HEARN'S, THE OLD SPECTACLE STORE,
 NOTRE DAME STREET.
 SIGN OF THE ADMIRAL.

ORDNANCE LANDS.
 DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
 (Ottawa, 25th November, 1869.)
SEIGNIORY OF SOREL.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that up to the 15th day of January next, (1870) Tenders will be received at this office for the purchase of the *reates constitues* or ground rents of Leis in the Town of William Henry, and in the Country parts of the Seigniorie of Sorel.
 The Annual amount of the above *reates constitues* is \$2,200, or thereabouts, representing at 6 per cent. a capital sum of \$36,000, or thereabouts.
 Parties tendering will name a block sum as the price offered—One-third to be paid down on signing deed; one-third in two years from that date, and the remaining one-third in four years from the same date, with interest at the rate of six per cent. until payment of unpaid balance.
 Purchaser will also be expected to furnish good and sufficient security for the perfect payment of instalments outstanding and unpaid, and for the performance of all the conditions of sale.
 The Department does not bind itself to accept any of the tenders which may be made.
 Further information may be obtained on application at this Department, where Plans of the Seigniorie may be seen at 4:30 at the office of James Armstrong, Esq., Q. C., at Sorel.
 DIRECTOR L. LANGEVIN,
 Secretary of State.

CHAS. ALEXANDER & SON,
 201, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.
 CONFECTIONERS WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
 MARRIAGE BREAKFASTS.
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All Kinds to Order.
 Chocolates, Caramels, French Cream Goods,
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 From 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

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

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

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

The Canadian Illustrated News, for the first time, meets its readers on the joyful occasion of the returning Christmas festival. We, therefore, greet them with some share of the reserve appertaining to a newly-made friendship, but with all the heartfelt sincerity of an old one when we wish them "A RIGHT MERRY CHRISTMAS and many happy returns of the season."

It is a pleasant interruption to the hum-drum of everyday life when the ordinary "good morning" and the "how d'ye-do"—the questioner never waiting for your answer—give place to the cordial greetings of the Christmas season; when friends long apart join together in the grateful task of giving and receiving pleasure; when the scattered members of the family circle reunite under the paternal roof, to drink again at the fountain of home joys, revive the ardour of old affections, and reanimate the tender impulses of the heart, so often dulled by the hard routine of this work-a-day world. Though Christmas is no longer the carnival of enjoyment it used to be in former days; though many of the peculiarities of its jovial celebration have disappeared, the ever-changing world having outgrown their indulgence, yet let us hope that the good and the charitable in these abandoned customs; the leal spirit of the gay old Christmas king—kindness to all, pleasure and sumptuous entertainment to friends, and liberal benefactions to the poor, still inspire the observance of the Christmas holidays.

Other thoughts will obtrude themselves, even in the

midst of a Christmas merry-making. "There is a skeleton in every house," saith the proverb; and the philosophic Roman of old placed a skull upon his table lest his guests might forget they were mortal. There is an "empty chair" in many an otherwise happy household, an empty chamber in many a once joyous heart. But shall Christmas be less cheery, because new faces are growing into fullness and old ones fading into dim shadows? Shall we sup with the ghosts of our fondest memories? Even so, why do it sadly? Would it not be better to enjoy the season as the absent ones would wish we should enjoy it? Changing as are the forms of festal celebrations, the human feelings, through all the long vista of the years, are varied only by a little hardness here and a little softness there—a brighter light of benevolence now and a deeper shade of selfishness then—the elevation of sentiment, or the slavery of impulse—as the influences of their surroundings guide them towards high and noble aspirations, or drive them back into the stuffily fended fold of churchly individualism. The Christmas season, albeit the elements without are cold and freezing, is the season most fruitful of generous impulses; and if we have no longer "Lord and vassal" to mingle in the common revel, we have the rich and the poor—the giver and the recipient—the chosen objects of charity's double blessing. And glad we are to believe that at this time, so necessitous to the poor, the rich and the well-to-do are lavish of their bounty. So may it ever be in the cities and the towns and the country places of our beloved Canada!

To the Christian heart the Christmas festival has higher and holier associations than those which cluster round the family hearth, or entwine themselves in the bonds of personal friendship. Rather, we should say, the Christmas festival ennobles and sanctifies these most admirable of human feelings by associating them in the heart of the Christian with the grandest of the mysteries of religion—God made man for the hope and salvation of the world. It is the memory of this event permeating the thoughts and influencing the lives of men, which has made the "glad tidings," bringing joy to all the people, true, in a material and social sense, as well as in the spiritual intent with which they were proclaimed. Poetry and Art have exhausted their most brilliant conceptions in their efforts to fill up to the measure of the human imagination the love, and the grandeur, and the mystery inspiring, attending and enshrouding the coming upon earth of the Promised One; and human genius itself, elevated beyond its sphere, by the contemplation of this solemn and mysterious theme, has therein achieved its greatest triumphs in the realization of the Sublime and the Beautiful. Thus in Literature and in Art, as in social life, do we discover the elevating influences of the great Christian festival.

The Christmas season invites us also to bid good-bye to the closing year. So intimately does it mark the periodical return of the time for "taking stock" in the great and little affairs of life that commence, ever cunning, ever quick to gild its operations, has even borrowed its genial generous name, to render palatable its demands for payment by calling them "Christmas bills!" While the merchants compounded for this liberty with the name of the King of Good Cheer, by making a "Christmas present" to their customers, there was some excuse for them. But if they should set their faces against this good old custom, we beseech them to cease taking advantage of the liberal inspiration of the time, and to call their periodical exactions for favours received "New Year's accounts." Even this association of "Christmas" with the closing up of matters of trade, shows how deeply the traditions of the festival have been interwoven in the thoughts and habits of men; while the zeal of everybody to perpetuate the glorious Christmas myth of Santa Claus, which brings so much of genuine happiness to the little folks at home, is a singular tribute to the jollity and kind feeling underlying the Christmas observances of the social circle. May these observances, however they change their form to adapt them to new conditions or tastes of society, never lose the spirit of affection and the desire to confer happiness upon others, in which they had their origin. Their recognition keeps alive the love of home, which in its turn, breeds the love of country, and thus the well-ordered, cheerful household becomes, in its happy Christmas reunions, the nursery of patriots.

"FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF COAL, PLEASE?"

It was a very small quantity of coal, a few pounds, ten or fifteen at the outside. The basket in which it was to be carried home was a very small, well-worn basket, and the little boy, who so modestly preferred his very modest request, to the great owner of the great coal yard, was a very small boy indeed. But it sounded strangely in the Christmas time, when the winds were sharp, and the frosts so keen, to hear the little fellow come up in his subdued way, and whisper his order over the coal merchant's counter—"five cents' worth of

coal, please?" What will five cents' worth of coal do towards warming a household? Will it make even one good genial fire? Such were the queries which instantly arose in our mind, as we stood beside this very small retail customer, on a similar errand, but in dissimilar proportion.

"Five cents' worth!" Well! it was like the lad. As he approached the office, the sharp wind blowing against his scanty garments, brought into view, the sharper outline of his tiny limbs; and as he entered, there was a confused struggle for the mastery on his little countenance between the blue and the red, which the cold begets; but neither blue nor red made much by the attempt, for the predominating colour of the thin face was an ashy pale, like a dull sheet of yellow wove paper, and while the ears had yielded to the red, and the lips had surrendered to the blue, all the rest which was visible appeared a consenting, if not a willing, captive to the pallid shade begotten of slim fare. We do not wish to spoil the digestion of our readers, or destroy their appetite for their Christmas dinners by reciting the story of this small coal buyer. Indeed, we do not know it. There he came to make his purchase, not hesitatingly, as if he were ashamed of the mission, not exultingly, as if proud of it; but quietly, and business-like, and withal, wearing an air of satisfaction, as if the work were welcome. If a street and, he was not a wild one. The small regular features, aged somewhat in expression, by the pinched, hunger-look pervading them, were not such as to challenge sympathy at a glance; and there was that in his tone, which plainly shewed that he enjoyed the errand; and at the same time such a matter of course turn in his actions as indicated that it was not by any means an unusual one. The inexpressive eyes, verging on cold-gray, which should (and, perhaps under other treatment, would) have been blue, told no very eloquent tale, unless indeed the tale of a very hard life, seemingly borne with patience, and without the knowledge of a better. But the lack-lustre expression of so young a pair of eyes might suggest some thoughts on the leadening influences of long-continued hardship; and the genial Christmas season, which opens the hearts and the purse-strings of the rich, is a fitting time to consider the claims of such waifs of humanity to the commiseration and material aid of their more fortunate fellow-creatures.

Where did he get the five cents? Were they set aside, after a painful calculation as to how the little family store might be best divided to secure the means of another day's subsistence? Were they acquired by the speculative industry of the investor, or, were they a fraction of the latest earnings of his father or mother? Whencever they came, their investment shows a subdivision of the family expenditure, which is painfully suggestive of the lowest range of the power of self-sustenance. When fuel has to be bought by the five cents' worth, there can be little means on hand for buying in touch-store of other necessities. How much of bread and meat, how much of clothing, in the family which, with a fire fed on five cents' worth of coal, battles against the grim North King? "From hand-to-mouth" has a significance bordering on the horrible, in the light of such a small purchase. There is no field for economy on so close a margin. The poor are too poor to be economical. They cannot take advantage of times and seasons to lay in their stores. When the markets are the least their needs are generally the greatest, and their means the least; and—what household can enjoy "a merry Christmas" with only five cents' worth of coal?

The C. I. News dons a new title this week, which, it is hoped, will be recognized as some improvement on the old one. The chief object in making the change is to permit the insertion, from time to time, of *vignette* illustrations of the cities and principal towns of Canada. We begin with a view of the City of Montreal.

In reply to a question recently asked in a friendly quarter, we beg to state that the "C. I. N." publishes this week, two short stories, written by Canadians, and that one of them—"In the Snow"—is faithfully Canadian in incident. We commence also this week a tale, from the prolific pen of Mrs. Leprohon, the scenes of which are laid in Canada. Other papers are under consideration, and will be judged in the hope that patrons of literature, in the Dominion, will give a patriotic preference to the "native" over the foreign productions. Is our querist satisfied?

"CHRISTMAS EVE," AND "HOME SCENES."—The shops are gay on Christmas Eve, brilliant with the glare of light, and gorgeous in the display of the wares. "Christmas gifts," and "holiday presents" of all varieties, and at every price, with crowds of happy customers laying in their treasures, to be distributed by Santa Claus when the little folks are sleeping, to be stuffed into stockings, or hung upon Christmas trees, and to spread joy and admiration in the household. There are some, however, who are fain to content themselves with a wistful look at the shop-windows; but even to these the Christmas Eve brings comfort in the person of some charitable visitor, whose donations, though not confined to the season, are, nevertheless, then marked by more than usual liberality. The dance, and the merry sleigh ride, and the tobogan are benignantly looked down upon by the jolly Old King, and the turkey comes apace for the Christmas dinner. But our artist has anticipated these and other events incidental to the celebration of Christmas, and to his sketches we beg to refer the reader.

The Local Government of New Brunswick is now in session.

THE RED RIVER DISTURBANCE.

The past week has brought serious news from the Red River settlement, but as our information comes through American channels, it may be accepted with a large margin for exaggeration. The first report that Governor McDougall had called the Indians to arms, turns out to be quite untrue. It appears that a constabulary force had been organized under Col. Dennis; that Governor McDougall, had issued a proclamation on the first December, to the people of the Territory, and that the insurgents immediately recalled their sympathisers to arms, who are said to have answered the appeal to the number of three or four hundred. The St. Paul Pioneer has letter from Pembina, to the 9th inst., which states that when the rebels decided to resist the assumption of the executive control of the country by Canada, they arrested about fifty persons engaged in planning a counter revolution, including Messrs. Schultz, Bown, Muir and Ross, and that Col. Dennis and adherents were retiring and Kiel was sending a force to garrison the Fort near Pembina to prevent correspondence between Governor McDougall and the interior. Another, dated 9th, says Col. Dennis' attempts to organize a counter revolution have failed, but government forces occupy and hold the lower fort. Another letter, written probably by Stutman, who is one of the insurgent leaders, says Governor McDougall's landford (Rose) and George Klin, who carried dispatches from McDougall to Fort Garry, were arrested, as also many others in the interest of the Canadian Government, 300 rebels were occupying Fort Garry, and others coming in. Governor McDougall had an interview with the citizens of Pembina, who protested against his arming Indians while he was on American soil. Mr. McDougall explained that he was appointed governor of the Territory from December 1st, and had been prevented from taking his position by men who refused to receive any explanation from him; that he was sent as a civil officer, knew little of military matters, and had armed no Indians, and did not think such a step necessary. He had corresponded several times with Fort Garry, and had organized a constabulary force to devise plans and means with regard to the employment of any force deemed necessary to restore order and suppress the revolution. He was not responsible for the action of Schultz nor Kiel. If he were at Fort Garry he would know how to deal with them and secure the good behaviour of the Indians. He believed the people were disgusted with the revolutionary movement, and that Kiel would soon be left alone. He concluded:—"I have received a petition signed by 1,200 inhabitants of Red River in my favor. I apprehend no danger from the Indians nor necessity to use them. I have received communications from several chiefs, and conversed with chiefs from both sides of the line, and they are well disposed to recognize my authority and allow me to enter." The latest despatch from St. Paul, dated 21st inst., is probably true as to the capture of the Hudson Bay Company's Fort; it says:—"News just received that a company of mounted insurgents appeared at Hudson Bay Company's Fort near Pembina on the night of the 9th, and on the 10th took possession of the place. The greater part of Governor McDougall's agents and emissaries were captured, Governor McDougall is absolutely without a person to support him save some swamp Indians, the remainder having deserted him."

CANADIAN SCENERY.—We give two views this week: "Cape Split," at the outer entrance of the Basin of Minas, Bay of Fundy, and the junction of the waters of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence at the western end of the Island of Montreal. Between Cape Split and Partridge Island, which shelters the harbour of Parisborough, there is a narrow channel through which the waters of the Basin of Minas flow into the Bay of Fundy. The singular appearance of this Cape, whose detached masses of rock appear to have been shivered by some mighty convulsion of nature, and shaken from their original foundations, excites the surprise and admiration of the beholder. These views are enlarged from Bartlett's illustrations of Willis's "Canadian Scenery."

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.—Drainage bill read a third time and passed. In Committee of Supply Mr. Wood stated that after meeting the expenditure of the present year, there would remain £159,000 sterling in Canadian 5 per cents, 500,000 dollars in Bank of Montreal, 70,000 dollars in Royal Canadian. Investments previously made were 500,000 dollars, and 300,000 dollars, making a total surplus of over two million dollars. The revenue for 1870 may be estimated at 3,002,000 dollars, and the expenditure to 2,361,000 dollars, leaving a balance of 641,000 dollars. He thought by the end of 1870 another million would be added to the amount already invested. The items were agreed to, and reported at several sittings. Attorney-General Macdonald moved the discharge of the Common and Grammar School bills from the order paper, on account of the unfavorable reception with which they had met. Carried. The Attorney-General stated that girls would be admitted to the Grammar Schools on an equality with boys. Several bills passed the second reading and were considered in Committee.

QUEBEC LEGISLATURE.—The Lieutenant-Governor has sanctioned the bill respecting the constitution of the Superior Court. The following is the estimated revenues for eighteen months, from 31st of December, 1869, to 30th of June, 1871:— Allowance from the Dominion, \$1,278,691; Crown Lands, \$839,260; Law and Registration Stamps, \$180,300; Collector's Licenses, &c., \$156,000; Law Fund, exclusive of stamps, \$22,480; Education, \$11,163; Prisons and Lunatic Asylums, \$13,000; Municipal Loan Funds, \$40,000; Quebec Fire Loan, \$1,350; Official Gazette, \$27,200; Casual Revenue and Printing Laws, \$2,060; Fees on Private Bills, \$5,000; Interest on Special Deposit, \$27,000; Total, \$2,597,504. Estimated expenditure for same period—Estimates for six months, \$327,645; do, twelve months, \$1,891,171; unexpended under 32nd Vict., cap. 1, on 1st of December, 1869, \$1,018,601; expected to be saved on same and written off, \$393,000; difference to be expended, \$925,601; probable total expenditure, \$2,844,417,—leaving a balance of revenue of \$261,067. The public accounts, as submitted, show the total receipts for the year ending 30th of June, 1869, to have been \$1,676,152, making, with the balance last year, \$218,959, a total of \$1,895,111. The expenditure has been in total \$1,340,599, leaving a net balance of \$563,200.

It is said that the Local Legislature of Quebec will be prorogued on the 28th inst., eve of the grand ball about to be given by the Lieut.-Governor.

Mr. Rennie, a gentleman long and favourably known as a journalist, and who was recently employed on the staff of the Leader, died suddenly at Toronto on Thursday before last. Mr. Rennie was a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, and was for many years a resident of Montreal, where he edited, in succession, the Pilot, the Transcript, the Saturday Reader, and more recently was engaged on the Daily News. Two years ago he removed to Toronto, where he was employed on the staff of the Leader. The immediate cause of death was the bursting of a blood-vessel, consequent upon his accidentally falling down a dark stairway.

"The Colonial Almanac for 1870," just issued by the Standard Life Assurance Company, forms a most convenient little pocket memorandum book, and in typographical appearance is a credit to the well known firm of Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh. Its sets forth the advantages of life assurance and the terms on which it may be effected in the Company.

An Album containing a selection of songs, operatic solos, and poetry; beautifully written and illuminated, and superbly bound, has been shewn to us by its laborious and tasteful compiler, Mr. L. Frasse de Plainval. No more elegant New Year's present can be conceived, no more attractive ornament for the table of a lady's cosy boudoir. Mr. de Plainval intends raffling this gem, and is soliciting lovers of art to take a chance on it. Lucky will be the winner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

La Marseillaise, a new journal published by Henri Rochefort, has already obtained a circulation of 100,000 copies.

The steamship Monarch, with the remains of Mr. Peabody on board, sailed for America on the 21st.

General Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, Marshal of France, died on Tuesday last, aged 73.

Genuine Egyptian mummies are made in Paris from a skull, two fillets of veal and a dog skin.

Kaufman, a native of Germany, has been expelled from France for making violent radical speeches at political meetings.

A lover has been pithily described as a man who in his anxiety to gain possession of another has lost possession of himself.

A New York insurance agent, urging a citizen to get his life insured, said, "Get your life insured for ten thousand dollars, and then if you die next week the widdler's heart will sing with joy."

Woolwich dockyard, England, is to be sold in the spring, and it is expected to realize from three quarters of a million to a million of pounds sterling, which will be carried to the credit of the navy estimates of 1870.

The professors and painters of Dusseldorf have produced paintings valued at 300,000 thalers during the year 1869. Many celebrated artists work entirely for the foreign market. The American orders for this year amount to about 50,000 thalers.

The present Board of Aldermen in Boston, have run up a bill at a noted hotel there, during the last year, of \$1,600 per month. This does not include the bill for committees, &c., which is about \$100 a month each Alderman for blue-bill pokers, champagne and cigars.

Some Roman Catholic gentlemen of Freiburg, in Baden, have obtained, it is said, permission from the Pope to re-organize the Knights of Malta. The vows of poverty and celibacy will be dispensed with. A Cardinal will be their Grand Master, and the chevaliers will wear a crimson uniform with golden epaulettes, and a Maltese cross on the breast.

The California and Oregon and Yuba Railroad Companies have consolidated under the name of the California and Oregon Railroad Company, with a capital of 15,000,000 dollars. The work on the road is being vigorously prosecuted, 350 Chinese laborers were pined at work last week. Fifty-one miles are now completed and in working order, from a junction with the Central Pacific Railroad to Rosville.

A correspondent, whose opinion is entitled to weight in the matter, says, that the new work on "Gold fields of Victoria," by Mr. Brough Smyth, of Melbourne, and published by Tribner & Co., of London, is the most complete work on gold mining that has yet been published. It embraces everything of practical interest to gold-miners that has been noted during eighteen years in Victoria, Australia; and shows how rapidly that colony has grown in wealth and independence, by fostering an important industry.

A despatch from Rome, dated 21st, says:—"The third congregation of the Council was held to-day. The formation of a committee was the only business transacted. Notification was given of the result of voting for 14 out of 24 members who are to compose the committee on questions of faith. Among the Fathers elected to this committee are the Bishop of Poitiers, the Archbishops of Pozen, Malines, Baltimore and Westminster, and the Bishops of Caen, Sion and Paderborn. The Council then proceeded to the election of 24 members of committee on the question of ecclesiastical discipline, at the conclusion of which the congregation was adjourned.

A Rumor is abroad that a reconciliation has taken place between the Duke of Montpensier and Queen Isabella. The son of the Duke of Montpensier was ill, which gave occasion for exchange of despatches between Isabella and the Duchess, and reconciliation followed. This rumour gives rise to much speculation, and should it prove true, new political combinations may be looked for. A plan is already talked of for placing the Prince of Asturias on the throne under the regency of the Duke of Montpensier. It is generally believed that the unionists will coalesce again with the progressists should the news be confirmed.

Chicago is never willing to be outdone in any thing; and has evidently been looking around for something in its vicinity as a set-off to New York's "petrified giant." Therefore it is not surprising that a startling report reached Chicago a few days ago that in the town of Milton, Dupage County, a wonderful discovery had been made—in short, nothing less than the bones of an immense mastodon, two nety feet long and sixteen feet high. A farmer was digging a well when he came across these strange bones; the matter was investigated, and the lovers of anatomical science eagerly inspected the gigantic specimens. Now, half a dozen men are digging to see what else they can find, and scientific curiosity is intense.

Eugénie, during her late visit at Constantinople, took special interest in the costly curiosities collected in the Harem, or Imperial Treasury of the Sultan. The ancient costumes of the Sultans, covered with gold and rare jewels; vases of immense value; daggers, swords, and shields, richly wrought and ornamented; children's cradles of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones—all tell a story of wonderful wealth and grandeur when the Ottoman power was in its zenith. The divans and cushions formerly used in the throne-room of the Sultans were carefully inspected by the Empress and her ladies. The stuff of which the cushions are made is pure tissue of gold without any mixture of silk whatever, and they are embroidered with pearls weighing each about 3600 drachmas.

Recently a young man finding himself short of funds sufficient to pay his hotel bill in Detroit, hit upon a novel plan for raising the required amount. He purchased a quantity of the best bar soap, which he cut into pieces of an inch square, and putting a drop of perfume on each, and wrapping the whole in tin foil, proceeded to a prominent street corner, where he announced "an important discovery that would eradicate grease, tar, paint, pitch, wax or rosin, or any other stain, from linen, woollen, silk, satin, cotton, shoddy, and every other fabric—all for the low sum of 25 cents—only a few more left." Before bed-time the hotel bill was paid, and the speculator had nearly \$10 on hand beside.

Mr. Elizur Wright prints in the Boston Daily Advertiser a highly interesting article on the influence of trees on the public health. His position is that taken by German physiologists, that, "as air purifies, every dense population must have trees or die too fast by half." He is for converting all the marshes in the vicinity of a great city into forests, and he is also for planting trees upon the public streets. Mr. Wright gives many historical evidences of the purifying influence of forests in absorbing atmospheric poisons, and concludes by calling water closets "the abomination of desolation," and is altogether very enthusiastic and amusing.

It is now asserted that the use of coal as fuel is injuring all mankind. We are filling the whole atmosphere with choke damp, or carbonic acid gas, the very substance which renders the air of cities less invigorating than that of the country, and which, when too abundant, causes suffocation and death. The French savant who has been studying the subject, points out that the coal burnt in Europe produces 800,000 millions of cubic metres of carbonic acid gas annually, which lies in the lower region of the atmosphere, and is not absorbed by great forests as it would have been in the earlier ages. In his opinion, disease and weakness will be the consequence of the new composition of the atmosphere, which will ultimately become unfit for human life.

BIRTH.

In Ottawa, on Tuesday, 14th inst., the wife of Mr. James Wood, of a daughter.

TEMPERATURE in the shade for the week ending December 22, observed by John Underhill, Consulting and Practical Optician, 387, Notre Dame Street, next to Charles Alexander & Son:

Table with 4 columns: Day, Max., Min., Mean. Rows for Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

CHESS.

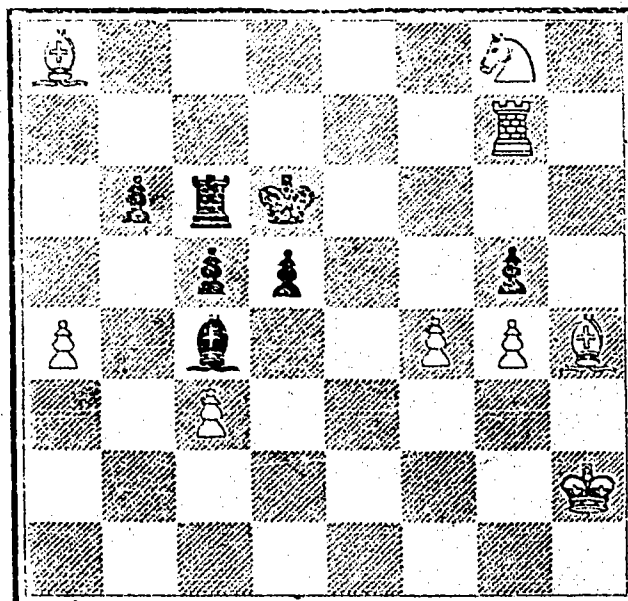
SCOTCH GAMBIT.

(PLAYED IN QUEBEC CHESS CLUB.)

- Attack. Defence. 1. P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. P. to Q. 4th. P. takes P. 4. B. to Q. B. 4th. B. to Q. B. 4th. 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd. P. to Q. 6th. 6. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. B. to Kt. 3rd. 7. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. Q. to K. B. 3rd. 8. Castles. P. to Q. 3rd. 9. P. to Q. R. 4th. P. to Q. R. 3rd. 10. P. to Q. R. 5th. B. to Q. R. 2nd. 11. P. to Q. Kt. 5th. Kt. to Q. sq. 12. P. to K. 5th. P. takes P. 13. R. to K. sq. R. P. takes P. 14. R. takes P. ch. K. Kt. to K. 2nd. 15. B. takes P. ch. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 16. B. to K. Kt. 5th. B. to K. 3rd. 17. Q. to Q. R. 3rd, wins.

PROBLEM No. 1.

BLACK.



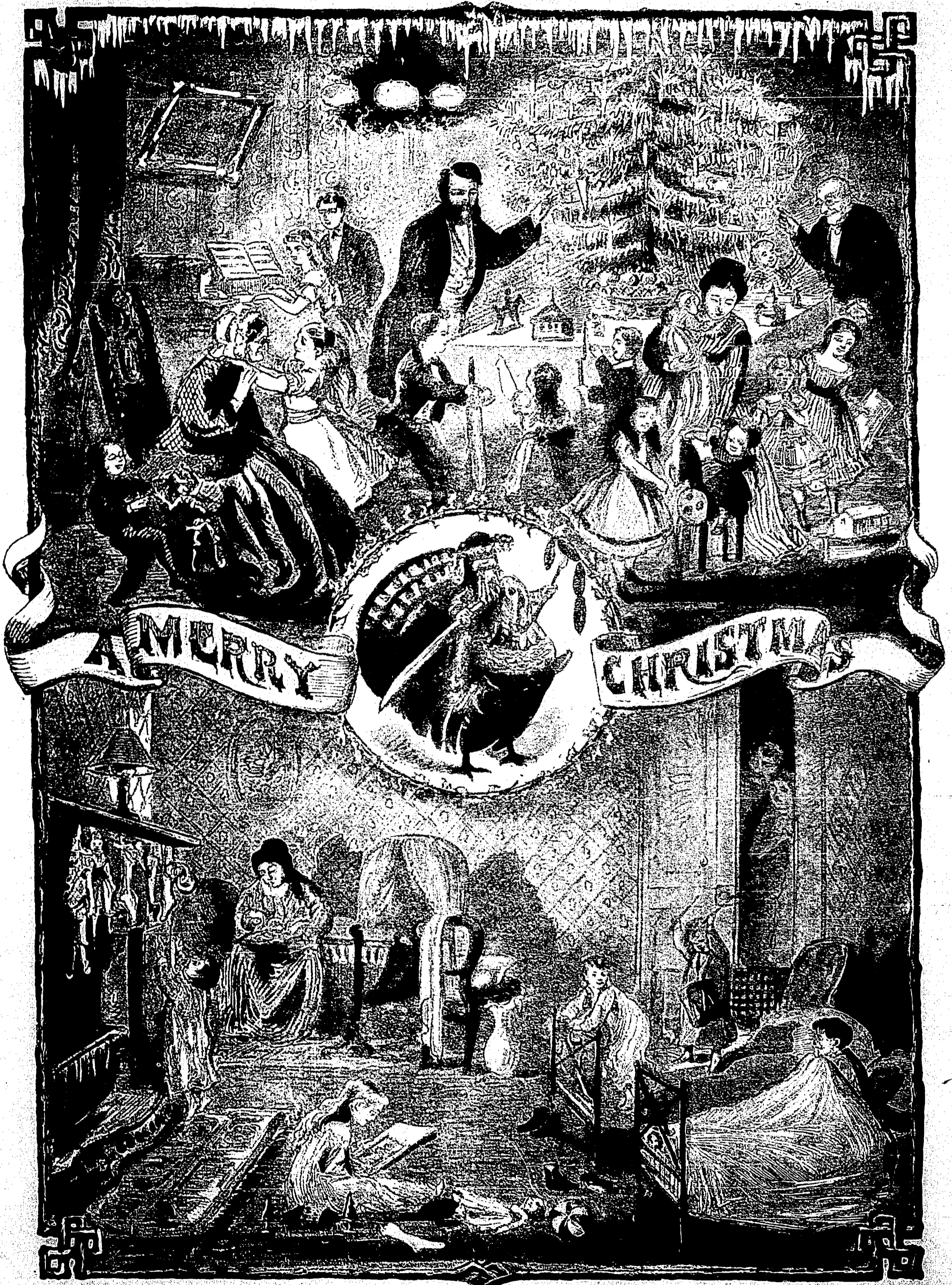
WHITE.

(White to play, and mate in three moves.)



CHRISTMAS EVE

CHRISTMAS EVE. From a sketch by our Artist.



HOME SCENES. - CHRISTMAS. From a sketch by our Artist

THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Thérèse now understood the feelings of Tallien, but she did not share them.

"My dear," said she to him, with the greatest tenderness, "you have fallen from your heaven—rise, the earth is beneath your feet."

Tallien pressing his forehead and staring unceasingly at the letter. At last he muttered:

"This is the work of Cardourel."

"And if he has done it—why would you despair?"

"Robespierre!" exclaimed Tallien, trembling at the sound of his name. "Robespierre! He himself signed that letter."

"Unfortunate, what discouragement plagues you? What do you fear?"

"I am called away from here, I will be accused—Robespierre wants men of blood, wants to keep the headsman active! I have become in his eyes a weakling—a criminal and bad patriot. Yes; he will impeach me!"

"Lambert, how alarmed you are. You are called away, you are wanted in Paris—must this mean accusation, impeachment and death?"

"Yes, yes, my darling, it means death! Oh," continued he, in despair, "how hard it is to die—and yet I have sent hundreds to death, and with a cold heart have deprived thousands of their happiness! Ah, I have never dreaded death—I dread it only now, because I must lose you!"

"My friend, you will not lose me!" answered she, smoothing his cold brow. "Be courageous, give up these dark thoughts! Oh, I felt so happy! I have received a cheering letter from my father in Madrid, who has been acquitted and reinstated into all his dignities!"

Tallien listened attentively; a ray of hope illumined his face.

"Thérèse," cried he, embracing her, "let us flee."

"Heavens! Tallien—why flee?"

"Let us flee to Spain, to your father! Come—come away from here before it is too late."

"No, my friend," replied she seriously. "The man whom I love must not flee from imaginary dangers. We shall go to Paris, and I am sure you will be prosperous!"

"Thérèse!" he broke forth. "You desire to go with me to Paris? You wish to share with me the dangers which I expect there to encounter?"

"Yes, Lambert; for I fear no danger before I meet it."

"You will not leave me, Thérèse? You will remain faithful to me in my misfortune? Oh," he exclaimed passionately, "with you I defy all dangers, all menaces—you are my guardian angel, my protectress. Pardon my weakness, my darling, which arose only from my fear of losing you! To live without you, is impossible; but, to die while I possess you, would be a death full of terror, which I dread!"

He seized Robespierre's letter, and tried to decipher, by its character, with what spirit it had been penned, what thoughts had occupied Robespierre's mind when he signed it. He saw in imagination, Robespierre's beardless face and cunning smile, and at his side Cardourel, with malignant triumph, exciting, by fresh reports, Robespierre's suspicions against him, the commissioner in Bordeaux; he saw also, Cardourel directing Robespierre's attention to the aristocrat Cabarrus, who, he

would say, had only escaped death through violation of duty by Tallien, and should yet meet the punishment she deserved.

Tallien, however, had overcome his fear; he was resolved to brave danger, if it existed, and thought of his friends who were powerful enough to protect him; he doubted not, but Danton and Camille Desmoulins would remain faithful to him, although Robespierre had withdrawn his old friendship. Moreover, his position of deputy shielded him from common prosecution; the convention had to dismiss him, before the tribunal could threaten him, and in the convention he was certain to clear himself by the power of his eloquence. He now felt re-assured; the writing which he was now perusing again, no longer appeared to him so formidable. The words: "citizen commissioner" even expressed the friendly, respectful disposition of Robespierre, otherwise the letter would have run more in this style: "The citizen commissioner is hereby removed from his office in Bordeaux." In fact, the removal itself gave no cause for uneasiness, and might probably have arisen from the commissionership in Bordeaux having become superfluous. Tallien's task was fulfilled; Bordeaux was quiet, and the guilty had met with death. They, in Paris, must know what was going on in the department of the Garonne, and might be fully satisfied that terror here had done its work, and was no longer necessary. Tallien now came to the conclusion, that his removal was an honour to him, and that he was called to Paris to be entrusted with another mission, or to apply his activity again for the convention.

Thérèse was rejoiced at this change in the frame of mind of her lover, and at the new interpretation that he put on the letter, and fully agreed with him. She saw new and higher honours for Tallien, if he were in Paris; was it her own ambition which was developing and staking out its aims, or was it her confidence in Tallien's abilities? She believed in a

brilliant future for him, being convinced that he would hereafter hold a highly influential position in politics. With her usual perception, she foresaw that in the raging fever which affected the government of terror, the revolution must soon exhaust itself. It could not be long before the crisis must be passed, and the malady terminated. As she had linked her fate with that of her rescuer, she considered herself also called upon to give it with her power that turn which corresponded with her ambition. She would exert herself to prevent Tallien from consuming his strength in the wild party-struggle, that his energies might be reserved for a great political career in the not distant time of tranquillity. She deemed it, therefore, fortunate that Tallien was removed from his office under such favorable circumstances; the good impression he would leave behind, notwithstanding his former tyranny, could be taken as a precious capital for the future. And then—she was young, full of life, not without coquetry and love for social diversions; she had once tasted the pleasures and enjoyments of Parisian life, and longed for them again.

They were now making preparations for their departure, and elated with hope, were impatient for their arrival in Paris. Tallien saw Thérèse's favorable opinions about his removal confirmed, by the fact that the committee of the public safety had not sent or appointed a successor; so he, in duty-bound, handed over his charge to his colleague, Isaubeau. The news that they were going, soon spread through Bordeaux, and Tallien had the proud satisfaction of observing by numerous proofs, how painfully the citizens were feeling his departure. The peculiar relation which had latterly been formed between the people and this couple, brought together in so romantic a manner, was broken, not without sincere regrets on both sides. Thérèse Cabarrus, in particular, received the choicest ovals. Though it was at Christmas, the grateful people, to whom she had done such great services, contrived to procure the costliest flowers, and her boudoir was filled with their fragrance and beauty. The bouquet Lucie had given her was one of the prettiest; Henry Tournet, who owed to her his liberty, walked ten miles to procure the flowers from the green-house of a gardener. Though these flowers withered, the name of Cabarrus remained ever fresh in the hearts of the citizens.

One morning early when Tallien and Thérèse were starting for Paris, thousands of the inhabitants were standing at the Ombrière to bid them the last adieu. The mail-coach conveying them could hardly pass the streets. Hundreds of hands were stretched out to them to receive a last pressure. The crowd exultingly shouting: "Long live Tallien! Long



Cardourel in the commissioner's room.—(See chapter V., p. 107.)

live Cabarrus! Long live liberty!" Tallien and Thérèse, their faces beaming with happiness, gratefully bowed from their carriage to the multitude, while the solemnity of the parting depressed their hearts.

Thérèse suddenly started. Her eyes fell upon a young man, pale and haggard with grief, who was leaning against a post at the corner of the street, separate from the crowd, his eyes with a painful expression rivetted on the mail-coach. She recognized Benoit, and bowed and smiled to him. For her, he was only a kind friend from the days of sorrow, an obliging young man to whom she had expressed her gratitude. But he was made happy by her bow and smile, and when at last the mail-coach had disappeared, he went back to the Ombrière, a quiet joy beaming in his eyes. And from the street he still heard with a strange mixture of feelings, the shouts of the dispersing multitude:

"Long live Tallien! Long live Cabarrus! Long live liberty!"

(To be continued.)

What remuneration does distance receive for lending enchantment to the view?

By our SAGE.—Troubles are like dogs—the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

HE HAS.—It is now constantly said of M. De Lesseps that he has "turned Africa into an island." He has also, by thus shortening the route there so materially, turned India into a high land as well.

An English advertisement reads as follows: "Stolen—a watch worth ten guineas. If the thief will return it he shall be informed where he can steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

ADA DUNMORE;

OR, A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MRS. LEPROHON,

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

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

PART-THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

READER, are the reminiscences of your childhood gay and happy; are they connected with pleasant scenes and pleasant places—interwoven with loving smiles and tender voices? Well for you if they are so! Listen now to mine.

'Tis a gloomy, murky evening in the fall of the year. Not the early part of our glorious Canadian autumn with its amber skies, and mellowed, golden sunshine; its foliage, glowing with tints to which neither artist nor poet may ever hope to do full justice; but that dreary season towards its close, when Nature seems anxiously waiting for the snowy covering with which winter will kindly hide the bleakness and desolation of earth. It has been raining heavily all day, and the rain still descends with dismal pertinacity on the neglected lawn and uneven rugged shrubberies encircling an ugly square brick house, situated not many miles from the beautiful little Bay of Quinte, in that part of the Dominion then known as Upper Canada.

The weather is dreary—the building itself, with its many curtainless windows, from which, with but one or two exceptions, no cheering ray of fire or candle light streams, is still drearier, and the landscape, stretching from it on every side, is drearier of all. In the background is a dark line of thicket consisting chiefly of evergreens; on the right, a wide expanse of barren marshy ground extending down to a sullen sluggish stream, and the rest all sodden fields, rendered doubly dismal in appearance by the dead autumn leaves and withered blackened herbage. A long avenue, or rather lane, dusty in mid-summer, dry at all other seasons of the year, leads down from the hall door to the distant highway, the first bend of which reveals, at about a mile's distance, a small village lying in a hollow, snugly protected from the bleak northern blasts by a range of low sandy hills.

We will see now if

the interior of the ugly brick house corresponds in any degree with its outward appearance. The dim light which we have seen relieving the sombre gloom pervading its front (the kitchen and numerous out-buildings were all situated towards the back) streamed from the windows of the dining-room, and into this apartment we will now enter. Scant and comfortless enough are its furnishings. A small square of faded druggot occupies the centre of the floor, whilst the surrounding wilderness of bare boards, interspersed here and there by a stiff, funeral-looking chair, the mahogany of which is black, and the horse hair almost white from age, form prominent objects in the vast chill apartment. Reading by the light of an ill-trimmed lamp at a small table, whose worn baize covering and skeleton supports are in admirable keeping with the funeral-looking chairs, is a

tall, stern, gray-haired man, with a face furrowed by care or mental pain. This is Noel Dunmore, my father. At the farthest corner of the room, seated as far as possible from the silent reader near the lamp, are two children, conversing in low, almost inaudible whispers. The eldest, a fair, curly-haired, bright-looking boy of nine, is recounting in exultant, though carefully subdued accents, some boyish exploit to a pale, slight, little girl with large, dark eyes, his junior by about two years. The boy was George Dunmore, sole heir of the name; the girl was Ada, his only sister—myself.

For a long time we two children kept up our animated though whispered conversation, when suddenly George momentarily forgot, in the engrossing excitement of his narrative, (his forte lay in describing, mine in listening) the awful presence in which we sat, and allowed his voice to rise clear above the hushed strain it had hitherto maintained, accompanied by—still more serious offence—a burst of half-smothered laughter. The motionless figure at the table merely uttered the one word "silence," but the grating harshness of the tone—the iron severity of the brow that was raised as if in astonishment at the late audacious infringement of discipline, was enough to hush into confusion and utter stillness more daring spirits than ours. After a few moments of awe-struck silence, we crept softly to the window and there stood watching for a half hour, through the rain blurred panes, such indistinct glimpses of the gloomy landscape as the darkening twilight yet left visible. Our monotonous pastime was interrupted by the entrance of an elderly female servant of respectable appearance, bearing the tray with supper, which consisted of two bowls of milk and a plate of cut bread. We rarely had any addition to this, our only evening meal, but of its simplicity we could not reasonably complain as our father's only refreshment was a tumbler of clear water, his supper a slice of our

bread, with a morsel of cheese. This primitive repast over, and the tray removed, we brought over our study books and seated ourselves near the lamp, George rejoicing in the variety and scholastic appearance of half a dozen different volumes, whilst I was yet restricted to the dulllest of all spelling books, without even a childish tale of twelve lines to enliven the monotonous columns of spelling, or the equally arid moral axioms and proverbs of which the reading part entirely consisted. A half hour's study was followed by a half hour's instruction from my father—he was our only preceptor—and then the same servant re-entered to bring us to bed.

The latter, Dorothy Hurst, a tall, angular woman, singularly plain in point of feature, had lived with my father in the capacity of house-keeper for many years before his marriage, and though abrupt, even harsh at times in manner, was really a devoted, faithful servant. When my father bade farewell with his young wife, a few months after their nuptials, to the quiet English town in which they had both been brought up, and emigrated to Canada, Dorothy had accompanied them, and continued to hold undisputed, in the New land as she had done in the Old, the responsible post of house-keeper. On the night in question, Dorothy happened to be in what she herself termed one of her "cross-grained humours." She angrily turned upon us as we somewhat haggardly followed her through the long bare passages, up the unpainted, uncarpeted stairs, to enquire if we intended keeping her all night in the damp passages and bring on an attack of her rheumatism. On this we hurried our steps, but as we parted in the hall—George occupied a small bed-room next the large desolate chamber in which Dorothy and I slept—he encouragingly whispered, "all this is precious dull, Ada, but it won't last for ever. Wait till I'm a man, and I'll take you out of this gloomy barrack of a dungeon!"

When my brother was excited he always employed two or three superfluous adjectives to give additional force to his sentences.

Alas! poor, bright-eyed, fair-haired George, that dream so confidently indulged in, was never to be realized, but the hopes it inspired cheered many a lonely day, enlivened many a sorrowful night!

Morning dawned, dark and rainy, a chilly east wind bringing with it those dispiriting influences so fraught with suffering to many delicate organizations. We children, however, blessed as we were with childhood's usual happy birthright—I speak of childhood neither over-fed, over-clothed, nor over-indulged—found sunshine or storm make little difference to us. The routine of our lives remained the same, except that the hour's exercise, taken after our breakfast of bread and milk, was confined to the upper part of the house instead of being passed on the banks of the aforesaid sluggish stream, floating miniature boats on its surface, or, gathering with infinite eagerness, pebbles that were destined to be remorsefully thrown aside a few moments afterwards. Three hours of mingled study and instruction under our father's direction was followed by an early simple dinner, from which pastry, jellies, and condiments of every kind were rigorously excluded—the master of the house disapproving of them on hygienic principles—then came a couple of hours of recreation, generally passed out of doors, study again, our simple supper, study, and bed. Such a life, despite its monotony and our complete isolation from the outer world, from the companionship of children of our own age, might still have been happy had it been brightened by affection or tenderness; but beyond what George and I cherished in our lonely little hearts for each other, none fell, at least in outward seeming, to our share. Our household retainers were but two in number, an elderly man-servant, as surly and disagreeable as it was possible to be, and Dorothy. The latter, as I have already said, was kind-hearted and sincerely attached to us. She often used to take me on her lap, and whilst encircling me with one arm, draw George towards her with the other, and tell us about the pretty young mother who had landed fair and blooming in Canada one bright spring morning, and who, after five years of wedded life, had quietly breathed out her existence in Dorothy's arms without a single sigh or sign of regret, more than the infant son who had preceded her by some months to the tomb.

"But what did she die of, Dorothy?" I would sometimes question.

"Well, the doctors called it decline. They may have been right, but, for my part, I think it was fretting for the home and friends she had left, as well as the mortal dullness of the place here that killed her; though, to be sure, it was gayer and finer in those days than it is now," and the speaker would fall into a train of musing from which it was sometimes difficult to rouse her.

"And was she as much afraid of papa as we are?" outspoken George would boldly enquire.

"No, child, no! Why should she be? Mr. Dummore loved her dearly, but somehow he hadn't much the way of showing what he felt. Not being used to the ways of the country here, he lost lots of money, one way or the other, when he first came out. Later, he was worried with law suits and many other vexations, so that perhaps he hadn't as much liveliness and cheerful ways as such a winsome young creature might have liked or expected. Well, her death nearly broke his heart. Six months after, his hair was as gray—himself almost as stooped as he is to-day. He has never been the same man since."

"But, Dorothy, why isn't the house gayer? Why don't we have fine dinners, horses, dogs, and visitors? All that would soon cheer him up."

"Because, Master George, there is neither means nor money for such things. The law suits all went against your poor papa, and he is obliged to live very sparingly now. I, who have known him so long, can tell you he is anything but stingy or ungenerous by nature. He never looked closely after money when he had it."

"And did you love mamma very much?" I would question in turn.

"Did I love her very much, Miss Ada? Aye, did I, or I would not be here to-day perhaps. The place is lonely—the work heavy—the wages—though I do not mind that much—light, and the Master, but my tongue runs too fast, so I'll just say the master at times is dull-like; and yet, please the Lord! I'll never leave this house till I'm turned out or carried out."

"That means till you are dead, does it not?" asks practical George.

"Just, my boy. Your poor mamma, the very day she left us for Heaven, turned to me and said, 'Dorothy, I can die as happily and willingly as a little tired child falls asleep—her very words, I have never forgotten them since—if you'll promise me to always stop with my poor motherless darlings,

And you, Danmore, you'll give me your word that you will always keep her with them?' and she turned to your papa. He could only say yes, short and sharp-like, for his heart was full, and he was always afraid of showing what he felt, so I believe she died without knowing half the great love that was in his heart for her. Well, well, she wasn't one for this troublesome world. Too gentle, too delicate-like. Ah! it's well for them that's called early home!"

With such reminiscences as these did Dorothy while many a gloomy autumn or winter evening as we all three sat round the stove in our bleak bed-room, dimly lighted by one poor candle, whilst the wind rattled the ill-fitting windows and doors, or filled the large half empty house with strange echoing noises, wailing and moaning meanwhile outside in a weird manner that made us draw closer to the old servant with beating hearts and suspended breathing.

How often did I lie awake long hours after Dorothy had carefully tucked me up in bed, thinking of the loving young mother I had so early lost, and yearning with a passionate longing to be clasped in her arms, to feel even once her fond kisses on my forehead. Then, as the thought would arise, that this never, never could be, I would give way to paroxysms of grief, stilling my sobs under the thick coverings with an instinctive dislike to betraying my emotion, unusual at so early an age.

Time sped on, but brought no changes to our household, except that George and myself increased daily in strength and stature, advancing rapidly also in our studies, always, of course, under my father's sole care. Only son of an English country gentleman, a careful classical education had fully developed in him a natural love for science and study, the pursuit of which formed now the chief occupation, as well as solace, of his existence. A residence, during his youth, of two or three years on the continent, had enabled him to add to his classical lore, a perfect knowledge of the French and Italian languages. Though the course of education we were pursuing with such unlagging industry was admirably calculated to prepare my brother for almost any career in life, it must be acknowledged it was not so well adapted for a young lady. At fifteen years of age I knew nothing whatever of music, drawing or fancy-work, but then I was well acquainted with French and Italian, had mastered the rudiments of Latin and Greek, whilst many a tall, over-grown school-boy might have envied me the facility with which I could construe a difficult problem in Euclid. History, biography, were to us what the perusal of amusing tales is to other children, mere pastime; and more than once George and I bitterly deplored in melancholy conclave, the unfortunate accident of my sex, which would prevent me accompanying him to College, my father having hinted that he intended sending him there at a later period—and would keep me moping at home with Dorothy, instead of striving for the honours which I would have so fair a prospect of winning, if only afforded a chance in the race. As I grew older, this thought induced a certain discouragement, a conviction of the inutility to one of my sex of the abstruse masculine studies to which I was devoting my time and energies. My father at once perceived the change, and on sternly questioning me as to the cause, was frankly answered.

"Listen to me, Ada," he briefly and coldly said. "I have no dower to give—no inheritance to leave you. Accept then, all I have in my power to bestow. It will, at least, serve hereafter to render you independent."

"But, father!" I timidly remonstrated. "I know nothing whatever of music, which is, I believe, considered essential to a woman's education, nor of drawing."

"Nonsense, child!" he sharply interrupted. "You know that which is far more important. Any boarding-school chit can give a smattering of the accomplishments just mentioned, but you will not meet many women capable of imparting as thorough and complete an education as you will, hereafter, be able to do, if you only persevere in what you have so well commenced. Besides, as I cannot afford to send you to a boarding-school, you have no other resource."

After this, I returned more cheerfully to my usual studies, concentrating entirely on them the attention and care, which differently situated, I would probably have frittered away as many young girls of the age I was then, generally do, on dress, pleasure or frivolous reading. Greek roots, however, and mathematical problems, had not imparted to my nerves the degree of strength and masculine power they might possibly have done to my intellectual faculties, and I possessed as inveterate a terror of fire-arms, as great a dislike to fishing, boating or shooting pursuits, as any young Miss "finished" in the most genteel Ladies' Academy. In vain, my brother, who was passionately fond of all such pastimes, remonstrated, ridiculed and encouraged. My timidity, which was constitutional, inherited probably from my poor mother, was proof against every persuasion. I remember distinctly, even at this distant date, how, when he had sometimes succeeded in seducing me into the light little skill, which he had called by my name, the quailing of my heart as we went farther and farther from shore, and how a sudden ripple on the water, a curl of foam, or a brooding dark cloud overhead, would make me turn sick with terror, till George, moved to compassion by my pale agitated face, would turn back to shore, solacing his annoyance by muttering: "Tis certainly fortunate after all, Ada, that you are not a boy, for you would have been an awful muff, a miserable coward!"

"A disgrace to the sex, George," I would smilingly rejoin, as I stepped on land again. "Who knows though, that I may not possess a double share of moral courage to atone for the want of that physical bravery in which I am so lamentably deficient?" Whether I possessed and displayed at a later period, the quality thus lightly alluded to, my readers will judge for themselves; but that I had ample, terrible necessity for it, is, alas! beyond all doubt.

CHAPTER II.

One of the most unpleasant results of my unconquerable timidity was my being deprived of a considerable portion of my brother's society, which I would otherwise have enjoyed. Many of his leisure-hours were devoted to shooting, and as game abounded in the part of the country where we lived, the temptation to a youthful sportsman often proved irresistible.

It was sufficient for me to see him throw his game-bag over his shoulder or take up his fowling-piece; that instant I put down my hat or took off my shawl, deaf to all entreaties to accompany him. He might trip or stumble, I argued, and his gun go off by accident; or, in aiming at a plover or

partridge, the ball might glance towards myself; or, in short, I was a coward whose pusillanimity was incurable; and often after a futile discussion of the point, George would march off in stately wrath, declaring that for a girl who was so thoroughly at home in the classics, so well read in all the laws and phenomena of science, such cowardice was at once disgraceful and ridiculous. I have sometimes wondered since was there anything prophetic or instinctive in the shuddering aversion I always felt towards the long brown rifle, with its gleaming bore and delicate trigger, which George carried with such careless grace on his shoulder.

As my brother advanced in age, my father somewhat relaxed the severity of his domestic rule, at least in his case—George had always been the favourite—and when the usual routine of instruction and study was over, would permit him to be absent for hours at a time without questioning him in any manner. One day that he had been away for a considerable period, he and I were sitting alone after his return in the chamber adorned with a few old-fashioned maps and scantily-stored book-shelves, which were dignified by the name of study, and were both occupied with our tasks. On suddenly looking up I found that my companion, whom I had supposed deep in his Greek translation, was attentively regarding myself.

"Do you know, Ada, that you are growing very handsome?" he abruptly said. "I met Nellie Carr to-day, and though she looked as pretty and blooming as a rose, when I came to examine your face, I find she is not to be compared with you. Her features are small and regular enough, but she has not that refined intelligent look that you have."

Astonishment kept me mute for a moment. The gratuitous information that I was handsome—the first time I had heard or imagined such a thing, for Dorothy had but one standard of beauty, my blue-eyed golden-haired mother, whom I in no manner resembled, and she had always led me to infer by her lamentations over the latter circumstance that I was deficient in point of good looks—coupled with this familiar mention of an unknown female name, overwhelmed me with surprise.

"Pray, Ada, do not look so bewildered!" he laughingly remarked, the colour mounting, however, up through his fair skin to the very roots of his hair. "Nellie Carr is the daughter of that good-natured farmer, at whose place, on the outskirts of the wood, you and I stopped once last summer for a drink of milk, when tired out with our long dusty walk."

"But we saw no Nellie then, George?"

"No, she was in a neighbouring village with a childless aunt of hers who has almost brought her up. If you remember, though, we made the acquaintance of a little rosy-checked fellow, whom you took on your lap and wanted to coax walking with you for a half hour. I met this little youngster to-day, strawberrying in the wood, with a slight full pretty sister as rosy-checked as himself, and there was a formal introduction, then a sociable chat, and finally a strawberry feast, eaten out of an earthenware bowl and a cracked soup plate. A couple of old mossy logs served for tables and seats, and you have no idea how delightful it all was."

I mused for a moment in silence over this piece of information, scarcely knowing whether to feel pleased or sorry. Remembering, reader, George and I were as inexperienced as two children, destitute of the worldly knowledge which the perusal of even a few novels of the day would have imparted.

"Well, what are you thinking of, Ada? Why don't you speak? Would you like to come with me to-morrow. She said they would be strawberrying again, and I will leave my gun at home?"

"I do not know what to say," I slowly rejoined, shaking my head. "In the first place papa, who has always kept us in such complete seclusion, would not like it, I feel assured; then she is of common parentage."

"Yes, but her waist and hands are as small as your own, and she had a prettier hat and dress on than you wear even on Sundays."

"That may be," I replied, still unconvinced, "but I feel certain she is not as well educated."

"Oh goodness! No," he returned, going off into a succession of ringing, merry laughs. "Such grammar! such pronunciation! why she doesn't know her own mother tongue, much less the different languages that you have at the tip of your tongue, as perfectly as your prayers. I may laugh now," and he wiped the mirthful tears from his eyes, "but I tell you it was no laughing matter when I was with her. Why I felt so much for her, I scarcely knew where to look, and at each new blunder or barbarism, used to colour up like a school-miss. You are right, Ada," he continued, becoming suddenly grave, "we must give up the strawberry feasts, for she would be no fitting companion for you."

"Nor for you either, George," was my prompt reply.

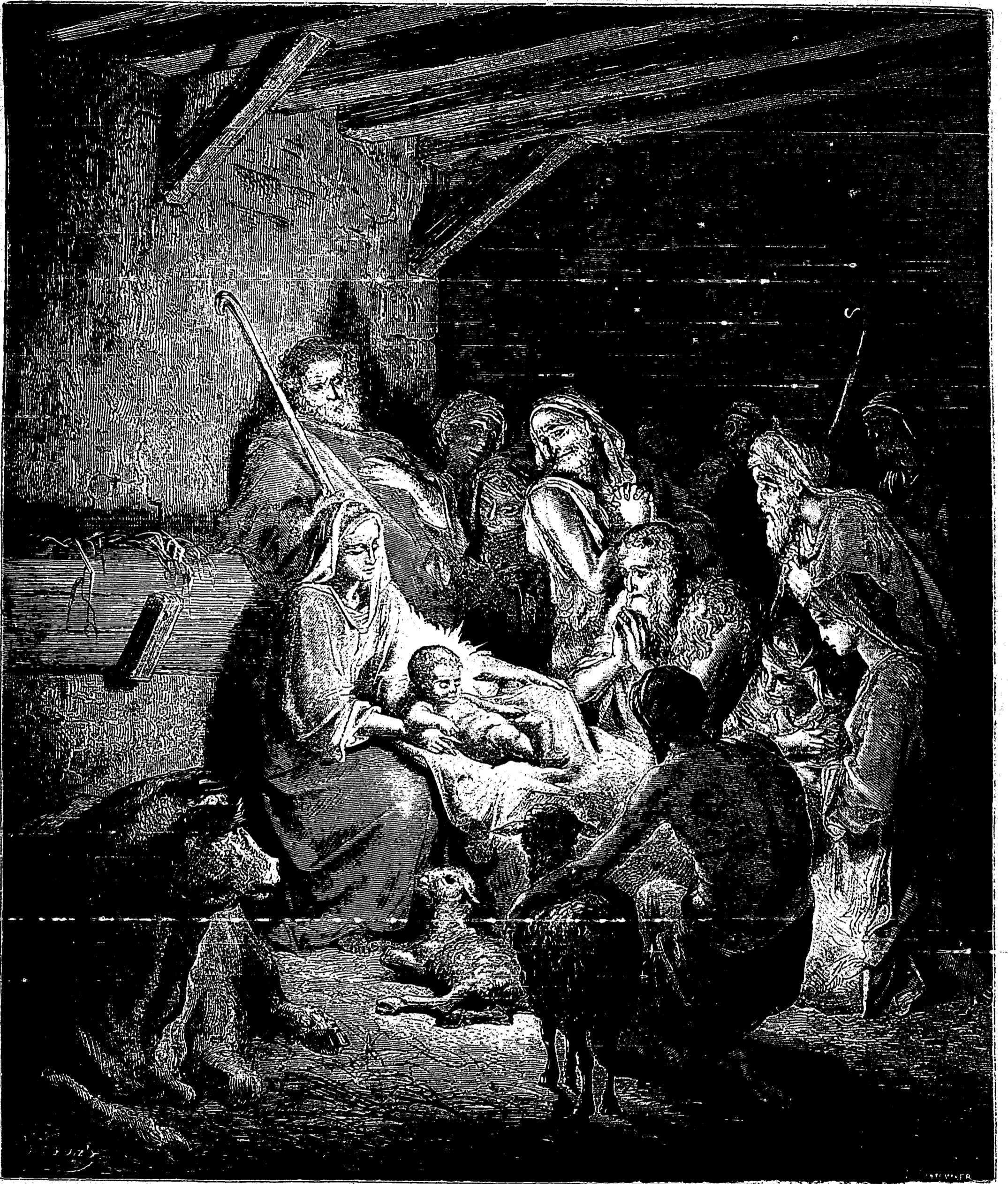
"I don't know that. You see our sex have wider privileges than yours, but, perhaps, you are right in that respect too. There is one point about her which I could not help admiring. She is as full of pluck and courage as you are wanting in both. I had left my gun standing against a tree at some little distance, when she chanced, in making preparations for our banquet, to approach it. Take care, it is loaded, I said. Instead of recoiling with a little feminine shriek or a terrified start, as, hem—I will not be personal, Ada, but will only say, as some young girls would have done, she coolly took it up, and before I could divine her intention, discharged both barrels in the air, apologetically remarking to me, brother Johnny might get near to it and do mischief. I always look after father's—she pronounced it father's—gun when I happen to be at home."

"And you are not afraid?" I enquired. Her laugh of mingled surprise and mirth was answer sufficient. She can row, spear as well as catch fish. Is it not too bad, Ada, that such a glorious girl should murder our fine old Saxon tongue as she does?"

"I will not say a word for or against her," I rejoined, "till I have seen her, though when that will be, I have no idea."

"Not later than next Sunday, for she told me that since her return home last month, she attends church in the village regularly, and occupies a seat, almost opposite our own. She acknowledged she had watched us both with great interest, these two last Sundays, we being the only quality (so she phrased it) apart from Doctor Jackson, his wife and old maiden sister, who attended there. She said she wondered much at the great plainness of your dress, and at your not wearing even a ribbon or a trinket about you. But there is eight o'clock striking, and I have not even commenced this senseless Greek ode."

To be continued.



THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

(After Gustave Doré.)

Behold a simple tender Babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies ;
Alas ! a piteous sight.

The inns are full, no man will yield
This little Pilgrim bed ;
But forced He is with silly beasts,
In crib to shroud His head.

Despise Him not for lying there,
First what He is inquire :
An orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

● Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by Him feed ;

Weigh not His mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's court,
The crib His chair of State ;
The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate ;

The persons in that poor attire,
His royal liveries wear ;
The Prince himself is come from Heaven,
This pomp is prized there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King ;
And highly praise His humble pomp,
Which He from Heaven doth bring.

SOUTHWELL.

Immortal Babe, who this dear day
Didst change Thine heaven for our clay,
And didst with flesh Thy godhead veil,
Eternal Son of God, all hail !
Shine happy star, ye angels, sing
Glory on high to Heaven's King.
Run, shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See Heaven come down to Bethlehem's cratch.

Worship, ye sages of the east,
The King of God in meanness dressed.
O blessed maid, smile and adore
The God thy womb and arms have bore.
Star, angels, shepherds, and wild sages,
Thou virgin glory of all ages,
Restored frame of Heaven and Earth,
Joy in your dear Redeemer's birth !

[BISHOP HALL.]

CHRISTMAS POEMS.

THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS.

When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
 Are bawled, in frequent cries, through all the town;
 Then judge the festival of Christmas near,—
 Christmas, the joyous period of the year.
 Now, with bright holly all your temples strew,
 With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe,
 Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed;
 Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head;
 Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
 In humble roofs, make glad the needy soul!
 See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
 Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
 Clothed are the naked, and the needy glad,
 While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

JOHN GAY.



CHARITY.

BOAR'S HEAD CAROL.

From an ancient book of Christmas Carols, printed by Wynkin de Worde.

Caput Apri defero

Rebrens laudes Domino.

The Boar's head in hand bring I,
 With garlands gay and rosemary;
 I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio.

The boar's head, I understand,
 Is the chief service in this land;
 Look wherever it be found,
Servite cum cantico.

Be glad, lords, both more or less,
 For this hath ordained our steward
 To cheer you all this Christmas,
 The boar's head with mustard.



BOAR'S HEAD FEAST OF THE OLDEN TIME.



CHRISTMAS PARTY.

CHURCH BELLS.

Wake me to-night, my mother dear,
 That I may hear
 The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear,
 To high and low glad tidings tell,
 How God the Father loved us well,
 How God the Eternal Son
 Came to undo what we had done;
 How God the Paraclete,
 Who in the chaste womb formed the Babe so sweet,
 In power and glory came, the birth to aid and greet.

Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
 May hear the song
 About with me in the world's throng;
 That treasured joys of Christmas tide
 May with mine hour of gloom abide;
 The Christmas Carol ring
 Deep in my heart, when I would sing;
 Each of the twelve good days
 Its earnest yield of dutious love and praise,
 Ensuring happy months, and hallowing common ways.

Wake me again, my mother dear,
 That I may hear
 The peal of the departing year.
 O well I love, the step of Time
 Should move to that familiar chime:
 Fair fall the tones that steep
 The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
 The New guide softly in,
 With hopes to sweet, sad memories akin!
 Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart, conscience win.

JOHN KERLE.



BELL RINGERS.

CHRISTMAS IS A COMING.

(From "Round about our Coal Fire," 1734.)

O you merry, merry souls,
 Christmas is a coming;
 We shall have flowing bowls,
 Dancing, piping, drumming.

Delicate minced pies,
 To feast every virgin,
 Capon and goose likewise,
 Brawn, and dish of sturgeon.

Then for your Christmas-box
 Sweet plum-cakes and money,
 Delicate Holland smocks,
 Kisses sweet as honey.

Hey for the Christmas ball,
 Where we shall be jolly;
 Coupling short and tall,
 Kate, Dick, Ralph, and Molly.

Then to the hop we'll go,
 Where we'll jig and caper;
 Dancers all a-row,
 Will shall pay the scraper.

Hodge shall dance with Prue,
 Keeping time with kisses;
 We'll have a jovial crew
 Of sweet smirking misses.

IN SORROW.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

When thou art sorrowful, and cares around
Crowd fast upon the steps of happier days;
When thou believ'st 't on brightest things can lend
The saddest echo to the gayest lays—
As men of old were fed with angels' food,
Go, seek thy remedy in doing good.

When those to thee the dearest shall have died,
And each fresh day grow weary to thine eyes;
When every hope that others build upon
Comes to thy senses with a sad surprise—
Take up the burden of another's grief;
Learn from another's pain thy woe's relief.

Mourner believe that sorrow may be bribed
With tribute from the heart, nor sighs, nor tears,
But nobler sacrifice of helping hands,
Of cheering smiles, of sympathetic ears,
Of having the saddest words the sweetest strain;
In angels' music let thy soul complain.

Thou Grief shall stand with half-averted foot
Upon the threshold of a brighter day;
And Hope shall take her quietly by the hand,
And both kneel down with Faith to meekly pray,
Lifted from earth, Peace shall immortalize
The heart that its own anguish purifies.

"FROZEN UP."

"Oh! how dearly I should like to live there," exclaimed a pretty, gushing girl, as she was led a few miles away from the nearest railway station by the village, hanging on the arm of her lover, and admiring a picturesque cottage which formed the centre of a pretty rural scene. Then it was summer, and June had put on all her roses, and the landscape showed no sign that it ever was whitened with winter.

"It is all very well, and very pretty now, and captivates the eye, as you do," replied the young gentleman, with a smile; "but did I never tell you how our friend Smith fared, when he took apartments in an out-of-the-way cottage in the middle of winter?"

"Smith is such an oddity I shouldn't be astonished at hardly anything he did," said the young lady; "for he must differ from other people, if only to be what he calls 'original.'"

"He had been reading some work which showed, as he said, the right man in the right place," was the reply. "It related to one of our Arctic explorers, who lost his way while sledging, and had to winter among the natives in an Esquimaux hut. All they had to live on was whalebone, as there were no seals to be caught. This you could neither champ nor swallow whole, only roll it about on your tongue for hours, then bolt it as you might do a piece of indiarubber. But then, as he said, you had nothing else to do from rising in the morning to lying down at night, so that all the long hours you were awake you were occupied in eating your dinner, or whatever meal you pleased to call it."

"Is that a fact?" said the young lady.

"Undoubtedly; I will send you the work," was the answer. "Smith said he could have done the same thing. We told him he had better try a lonely cottage in the country in the middle of winter by way of practice. He said he would, and he did. With what result I will tell you. Smith made many journeys, and had a good deal of hunting about before he could find a place that suited him. We met him at the club once or twice a week, where he afforded us great amusement in what he called 'reporting progress.'"

"You know, Smith used to say, 'I don't want rooms in one of your cottages where they are in the habit of letting apartments during the summer. But a real, downright labourer's cottage is what I am seeking, where I am to live just as the family does, as that gentleman did among the Esquimaux—same fare every day. All I shall order down will be a little wine, and I don't think I shall be reduced to the masticating of whalebone until it is gelatinous enough to be swallowed. Of course, labourers do not live on luxuries; those I don't expect. Brown bread, bacon, cheese, milk, eggs, butter, and vegetables are sure to be plentiful, and no gentleman must expect more who has made up his mind to live on 'pot-luck' among the village labourers in winter.'"

"I daresay the early country people enjoy such strong food," said the white-handed beauty; "I have heard that the women brew and bake, churn butter and make cheese, bake custards, cheesecakes, fruit pies, and have plenty of bacon and cabbage to eat. I could live on such fare well enough for a time, with ham and chickens and cream sauce."

"But you will only find such in a large well-to-do farmhouse," replied the gentleman, "not in the cottages of labourers. But Smith found a place at last, though he had to bolt at the expiration of a month, for he was frozen up!"

"Frozen up!" exclaimed the young lady. "He'd plenty of money, took wine with him, and no doubt kept up a good fire—how was it?"

"Well, you have met him at one or two pleasant parties, and been highly amused with him," was the reply. "What he says he'll do he will do if it is possible. The old grandmother of the family with whom Smith took up his winter quarters explained how the gentleman got on, as she termed it. 'Now my good people,' said Smith, 'no alteration, remember, in any way. I live as you live, and as you would live were I not here; you will only have to provide a little more food, but it must be the same as you are accustomed to. I shall go back to town and show my friends that a gentleman may pass the winter in the country on labourer's fare, if he is 'the right man in the right place.' 'But,' continued the old woman, 'the very day he came the frost set in, and you know how sharp it froze. The brook was frozen, and when my daughter brought the water in for the gentleman's breakfast, it was all lumps of ice, and there was such a many funny-looking things frozen up in it as were not at all relishing for a gentleman's breakfast. Then the snow came down, and the carrier never came with the butter. I offered the gentleman some nice dripping I had skimmed off the pot when I'd boiled the bacon, but he shook his head, and said 'No; thank you all the same,' for he was always the gentleman. He complained of the cold one night, and I made him a nice basin of oatmeal gruel, with a lump of dripping in, and quite tasty with salt, and two or three onions I sliced up; but he only took one spoonful, and that he spat out on my clean bright blackleaded grate. It was the only time I knew him to swear. He wanted me to kill the ducks, but there was no meat on their backs, for after the frost set in they could get no sludge, nor anything to eat or drink. The fox stole my only laying hen, and the noise she made woke me out of my sleep. I went out with a good thick stick, but I might have looked for the wind

that was blowing. My little grandson Jack snared two or three starlings, for we have a great many about, but the gentleman said there was nothing on 'em, and that they tasted very queer—as if they had been fed on smoke. Of course there wasn't such picking as there is on a goose; but then I didn't make 'em. We only baked once a fortnight, and if the bread was a little bit mouldy, it wasn't rosy, as it sometimes is in summer. I know it got very hard, but that made it go a long way, for you couldn't eat so much. The ground was so hard we couldn't get a spade into it to get up a potato, carrot, or parsnip—the cabbages all frosted off. But he'd plenty of bacon and bread, such as it was. He ate all the cheese the first week, and drank all my beer, and the carrier couldn't get round to bring any more, for we were all frozen up. The gentleman didn't like our brook water, but said his tea tasted of frogs and snails. I have had such a thing as a frog get into my tea-kettle, when I've left the lid off to sweeten, but never in winter; but I soon found it out when I tasted my tea."

"Poor old woman, I should think she did," said the young lady. "I should say Smith very soon had enough of it."

"He had; but then he couldn't get back," answered the gentleman. "It was such an out-of-the-way place, he couldn't find any conveyance to move away, and couldn't walk on account of his chilblains. The roads were snowed up. Three attempts were made to get him to the railway-station, but all failed; to add to his troubles, he was half mad with the toothache. A blacksmith came three miles through the snow with a pair of large pincers, and wanted to pull the aching teeth out, but that Smith couldn't stand; besides, the pincers were so big that the head couldn't be got into his mouth."

"But, surely," said the lady, "there was no lack of tea, coffee, and sugar?"

"There was a lack of everything after they were once frozen up," replied the gentleman. "Beside, Smith wouldn't allow any extra stock to be laid in, except what would suffice for one in addition to the regular weekly supply for the family, and such as the labourer was accustomed to bring home from the village on a Saturday. On the strength of his new lodger, the labourer got 'beery' and put the tea and sugar in the pocket in which he carried his pipe; they became loose and got mixed up with the tobacco ashes, which gave a very peculiar flavour to both the tea and sugar, so Smith was at last forced to rinse his wine-bottles out with hot water, and drink that."

"And how did he get away at last?" inquired the lady.

"In a wheelbarrow," said the gentleman. "Two sturdy labourers went first with a strong rope over their shoulders, the third wheeled. They stuck fast several times in the snow, and had a good many upsets. Smith, with his feet bandaged up for the chilblains, and an old flannel petticoat tied about his jaws to ease the toothache, was wheeled at last on to the railway platform. I had the honour of receiving him among many others as I was returning from a shooting excursion, and seeing a crowd on the platform, I stepped out of the carriage, and there I found 'the right man in the right place.'"

"Poor fellow! what a Guy he must have looked!" said the lady.

"A Guy that had been stolen from a rival party of boys and not carried off without a severe struggle," answered the gentleman; "and he stood like Bunyan's monument."

The same to testify."

An Iowa editor is so belligerent in his style that he always engages a lawyer to defend him before inserting an editorial.

Lord Mulgrave, eldest son of the Marquis of Normandy, is about to take orders in the English Church. He will be ordained by the Archbishop of York, on Trinity Sunday.

An Irish orator, speaking of an opponent's love of praise, described him as so vain in that respect "that he would be content to give up the ghost if it were but possible to look up and read the stone-cutter's pull on his grave."

A man, complaining of being turned out of a concert-room, said that he was fired with indignation. "If you were fired," added a by-stander, "perhaps that was the reason they put you out."

Never trust a man who assents to everything you say, who falls in with all your views, without making a single suggestion or correction of his own. A man, in fact, who is incarnate "you," is either a fool or a knave.

Pope Pius IX. has confided the task of writing the history of the approaching Council to the Italian author, Cesare Cantù. For that purpose he has been authorized by the Holy Father to be present at the sittings of the assembly. He is the only layman to whom that privilege will be accorded.

A person calling himself Antonio Cereghino, an Italian, has been imposing upon the credulity of the people of Galt and neighbourhood. Pretending to be an agent of the Waldensian mission, he collected a considerable sum of money, part of which he speedily expended in "whiskey cocktails" and other beverages of that kind. He was compelled to disgorge a portion of his plunder.

A communication in the *Wandereer*, of Vienna, states that Prince Iturbide, who considers himself heir to the Mexican throne, is about to marry a rich heiress of Stuttgart, Mlle. de Kaufmann, who, before the nuptial ceremony, will embrace the Catholic religion. The Prince proposes returning, after his marriage, to Mexico, in company with Father Fischer, who administered the last religious consolations to the "Emperor" Maximilian.

The Greek text of the polyglot inscription for the monument in honour of the completion of the Suez Canal has been composed by Dr. Reinhold Klotz, Professor eloquentiae at the University of Leipzig, in consequence of a commission to that effect which he received from Paris. This text, literally translated, is as follows:—"In the year of the Hegira, 1282, (1869), under the renowned government of the illustrious Padisha Abdul Aziz Chan, Emperor of the Ottomans, and under the wise rule of the noble Ismael Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, this monument was erected to celebrate the excavation of the Suez Canal, which is destined to approximate the nations of Europe and Asia, to multiply their commercial relations, to promote the beneficent conquests of civilization, and to favour a more intimate union between all the members of the human family. This great work of peace owes its origin to the courageous perseverance of Ferdinand Lesseps, with the co-operation of the principal maritime nations, and under the patronage of the Emperor of the French."

The opinion seems to be gaining strength, that the Pacific Railroad is working a great change in the climate of the Plains. Instead of continuous droughts, all along the railroad, rain now falls in refreshing abundance. This result has been remarked upon in other sections of the West. In Central Ohio, for example, it is said the climate has been completely revolutionized since the iron rails have formed a net-work all over that region. Instead of the destructive droughts formerly suffered there, for some four or five years there has been rain in abundance, even more than enough to satisfy all the wants of farmers. This change is thought to be the result of an equilibrium produced in the electrical currents, which has brought about a more uniform dispensation of the rain.

Gold has been discovered in Lapland. Two men who had formerly worked in the California mines, wandered last summer over a part of Lapland, and it is said, found gold in large quantities. One nugget, as large as an eight-ducet piece, was pure. The government of the district in which the discovery was made bought this piece for ninety-three marks, and then forwarded it to Helsingfors. The men endured many privations during the four weeks employed in traversing an uninhabited region, and they were finally compelled to discontinue their search by scarcity of provisions. In conjunction with a third person, who has earlier been engaged in gold washing in Australia, they are now petitioning the Government for permission to search for gold in Lapland. The results of the summer's work of the two men were satisfactory, for they obtained sixty ounces of gold, for which they received six thousand marks.

The New York *World* says of the annual report of the U. S. Revenue Commissioner:—"It is, on the whole, a gloomy, saddening document. It proves, by incontestable evidence, that the great mass of our people have had their incomes and their scale of comfort greatly reduced since 1860. Nominal wages are indeed higher, but the purchasing power of what is called money is so much diminished that our industrial classes have lost their former command of modest luxuries, and are restricted in their enjoyment of the barest necessities of life. The ratio of paupers to population has greatly increased. The appraised value of property has not kept pace with the former rate of increase. We have fewer houses in proportion to the number of families, fewer domestic animals, a smaller percentage of profits on capital invested in business, and a stunted growth in every department of production. Some important branches of business, like ship-building, are in a state of almost total collapse. Our navigation interest, prostrated by the war, does not revive. We are every year sinking more deeply in debt to foreign countries."

SUSPENSION BRIDGES IN CHINA.—The construction of suspension bridges has been thought a signal achievement by the Western nations, but in China they are of great antiquity, and many still exist. They are made of iron chains, and their mode of construction resembles, in the main, that used in the Western countries. They are, however, generally confined to the mountainous regions, and span rivers whose navigation is interrupted. There is one over a river in the Yunnan province that is said to have been first built by one famous Chu-koh-hand more than two thousand years ago; and there is a second and much larger one in the Kweilchow province, spanning the river Pei. This latter was built during the Ming dynasty. It consists of many chains stretched across the river and fastened firmly in the stone on either bank; from natural elevations above, other chains depend, and are made fast to the span, and there are also chains fastened to it from below, the object being to make the bridge as firm as possible. A plank floor is laid on this bed of chains; it is repaired at regular intervals of from three to five years at the imperial expense. The span of this bridge is said to be several hundred feet.—*Scientific American*.

THE INSULT TO THE BRITISH FLAG AT MUSCAT.—An extract from the *Bombay Gazette*, dated November 6, states:—"By the arrival of the B. I. S. N. Company's screw steamer 'Burnah' yesterday, we learn that the insult to the British flag at Muscat has been apologized for. Immediately on hearing of the affair, Colonel Pelly, political agent in the Persian Gulf, left for Muscat in the screw steamer 'Dalhousie,' and on his arrival there he demanded an explanation of the firing on the gunboat 'Clyde.' Azan bin Ghes, the present ruler at Muscat, tried to get out of his awkward position by saying that the Muscat authorities had expected an invasion from Zanzibar, and that they had fired on the 'Clyde,' thinking her to be the Zanzibar vessel. That this was a mere subterfuge was, however, evident, for the 'Clyde' had the British ensign flying all the time the fusillade went on; and Colonel Pelly, with his usual determination, required apology to be made to the captain and officers of the 'Clyde,' which was tendered on the quarter-deck of the 'Dalhousie.' On the arrival of H. M. steamers 'Daphne' and 'Nymph' at Muscat, it is expected that they will be despatched to Bahrain, to chastize the Sheik of that place for some recent offences against British subjects."

A MAD WOLF.—An extraordinary story of a mad wolf in Lithuania has been recently given. The wolf was first seen one evening last month in a field near a village called Pocié. He sprang, so runs the story, into the field, out of an adjoining wood, and in an instant tore to pieces a woman who was working there at the time. Her companions fled to the village for assistance, but when they returned with their husbands and brothers, the wolf had disappeared, leaving on the ground the bleeding body of his victim. A guard of six well-armed peasants was then set over the corpse. They lighted a fire, and seated themselves round it, one of them only marching to and fro as a sentinel. In a few hours the wolf again made his appearance, and fiercely attacked the peasants, killing two of them, and putting the rest to flight. He next ran into the village of Pocié and Ptorani, broke into the houses, wounded the people in them, and then entered a farm where there was a number of horses, ten of which he killed. Some of the stablemen now rushed forward to seize him, but he broke through them, severely wounding three of their number, and after committing similar ravages in two other villages, disappeared in the nearest wood. The peasants who saw the animal declare that he must have been mad, as he foamed at the mouth, and did not suck the blood or eat the flesh of his victims. Next morning all the able-bodied men in the district turned out to hunt the wolf. He was caught in the wood, where he had taken refuge, by a peasant, who seized him by the throat, while his companions beat him to death with their sticks.

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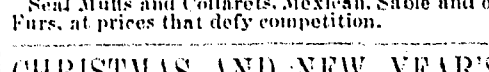
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OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.—A SCENE NEAR PEMBINA, (supposed.)



Hon. Mr. McD—l. Gentlemen, here we shall stay until we can advance with safety, into our own Territory. Mr. P—r. Oh, M. l' Gouverneur! the only plan with safety is to go home! Mr. B—g. (trying to warm his fingers, and practical withal). P—r, my dear friend, when will you pass me that flask?

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