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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. I.—No. 15.]

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## HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

We present our readers this week with a portrait of His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir John Young, Bart., K. C. B., G. C. M. G., member of the Privy Council, and at present the highly respected representative in these Provinces of Her Most Gracious Majesty as Governor-General of Canada. Sir John Young has already made the tour of the Provinces, and always holds himself accessible to all who, by right or courtesy, have any claim to an audience, so that many of our readers will be able, from their own recollections, to verify the fidelity of the likeness.

The Right Hon. Sir John Young, Baronet of Baillieborough Castle, County Cavan, Ireland, is the eldest son of the late Lieut. Colonel Sir William Young, Bart., and was born at Bombay on the 31st of August, 1807. He was educated at Eton, and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B. A. in 1829. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1834, and was a member of the Imperial Parliament from 1831 to 1855, having been during that long period one of the representatives of the County Cavan, in which the Baillieborough estates are situated. He is also a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the same County. He succeeded to the Baronety on the death of his father, the first Baronet, in 1848; and during his Parliamentary career held many important Ministerial offices. In 1841 he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury, which office he held till 1844; and from that year until 1846 he filled the more important office of Secretary of the Treasury. On the formation of the Aberdeen Ministry in 1852, Sir John Young was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, which office he held until 1855 when he became Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. For his successful administration of the Septinsular Government, Sir John received the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. His office of Lord High Commissioner having ceased with the cession of the Islands to Greece in 1859, he was soon afterwards called upon to fill a more important



RT. HON. SIR JOHN YOUNG.—From a photograph by Actman.

position, having been appointed in 1860 Governor of New South Wales. He continued to administer the affairs of that distant Colony for the full gubernatorial term—six years—when he was recalled and immediately afterwards appointed to succeed Lord Monck, whose term of office, for reasons connected with the Constitutional changes then going on, had been extended for two years beyond the usual period. Since Sir John Young assumed the duties of Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, in November, 1868, he has been singularly free, though not altogether exempt, from the prying criticism by which nearly all his predecessors in the office have been more or

less persecuted. The criticism alluded to arose from the substitution of the word "allegiance" for that of "alliance" in reference to the relations then and now subsisting between the Empire and the Dominion; and occurred in the report of Sir John Young's speech at the Quebec banquet given in his honour. For a time, in the dull season, this mistake of the reporter, no doubt innocently made, furnished the editors of the daily press with a theme for *pro* and *con* discussion; and singularly enough, when Sir John Young on another occasion, at St. John, N. B., stated the phrase he had used, and the exact meaning he attached to it, the journalists on both sides expressed themselves as being perfectly convinced that the interpretation they had put upon the Quebec speech was exactly the right one! Sir John Young himself has left no room for doubt but that his "mission" to Canada, beyond that of administering public affairs according to Constitutional advice, is to foster the spirit of loyalty and attachment to the Crown, which happily prevails throughout the Dominion.

As Sir John Young's name has been prominently, and in a very unfavourable light, brought forward in connection with the Baillieborough estates and the Irish Tenant Right question, it may not be amiss here to give a brief statement of the case on both sides; for though nearly all our Canadian contemporaries have given the case against him, but few have let their readers hear the other side. As at first reported through the British and repeated by the Canadian press, the charge against Sir John Young appeared a very bad one indeed; it derived additional force that the seemingly plain unvarnished tale was narrated by a respectable clergyman over his own proper signature—and for a clergyman's letter on such a theme it must be confessed that it did not contain more than the orthodox quantum of denunciatory adjectives in the superlative degree. The case was that Sir John Young's factor or bailiff had served notice of ejectment, or was about to "evict" the two aged sisters of a recently deceased Presbyterian clergyman—to send them houseless and homeless upon the world, though

they were prepared to pay the rent; and all this without apparent motive, except the fiendish one of indulging a freak of callous-hearted Irish landlordism, or the no less unworthy design of securing the benefit of the deceased clergyman's improvements for nothing. The other side of the story, except that the figures stated below may not be precisely exact, is this: The Rev. Mr. Bell leased from the Baillieborough estate a small farm at £2 10s. per acre for a period of twenty years, or during his (Mr. Bell's) life. About the time of the general depression in the famine years—in 1845 or '46—the generous landlord allowed an abatement on the annual rent charge of fifteen shillings per acre, and Mr. Bell went on and prospered and improved his farm by the drainage of some marsh lands. He outlived the twenty years named in his lease, which, therefore, terminated only at his own death. But the Rev. Mr. Bell made a will and actually bequeathed the farm to one of his sisters, or in case of her death to her heirs! He, in fact, devised the usufruct of property to which, neither in law nor equity, neither by contract nor implication, he had the shadow of a claim, and directed its enjoyment through three generations, just as if he had been the feuar of the property, and as if the landlord had no rights over it but to receive the annual fees. The clergyman was practically nullifying Sir John Young's title, and it is not to be wondered at that his factor took legal steps to reassert it. But as the threatened "eviction" was accompanied with an offer of an annual pension of £5 for life, together with the homestead and an acre of land, rent free, even the very appearance of hardship was taken away from the transaction, the consummation of which had been delayed for three months, by mutual consent of the parties in Ireland, until Sir John Young might be personally consulted about its final settlement. When such cases are converted into acts of oppression, it must be evident that Irish landlords are not without their difficulties.

Sir John's viceregal residence, Rideau Hall, near the junction of the Rideau and the Ottawa rivers, in that pleasantly situated suburb of the Capital, the village of New Edinburgh, is the scene, especially during the sittings of Parliament, of frequent happy reunions, in which Sir John and Lady Young are conspicuously distinguished for their happy suavity of manner and generous Irish hospitality.

## THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

### THE MORE FERTILE REGIONS—(Continued.)

#### No. 5.—THE COUNTRIES BORDERING ON LAKES MANITOBA AND WINNIPEGOS, &c.

By the Rev. F. N. McD. Dawson, Ottawa.

The country around the Selkirk settlement at Red River is so well known that when the inhabitants of that region, or the passing traveller speak of its rich and fertile soil, their statements remain unquestioned. But when it is affirmed that there are equally fertile lands at a distance from the favoured colony, remote from the banks and valleys of the great rivers, or extending along the tributaries of these rivers, where they dwindle into streams, comparatively insignificant, the powers of doubt, at all times so watchful, are called into action, and we enquire on what authority things so wonderful, and at first view, incredible, are related. It will not now, however, be considered that we hold an extravagant position when we claim to have shewn (See No. 4.) that on the Upper Assiniboine, a river, the whole course of which is about 600 miles, there are extensive countries as fertile and more beautiful than the rich alluvial plains on the same important stream at its junction with the Red River of the north. What was shewn as regards the upper regions of the Assiniboine on the authority of distinguished travellers and parties of accredited explorers, who have made a particular examination of such vast tracts of the North-West Territory, on the part of the Imperial and Canadian Governments, it will now be our object to set forth as characterizing, in an eminent degree, the extensive region which is separated from the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan on the north by the Pasquia, or Wapasquaow range of hills and other heights, from which flow some of the tributaries of this great river, which extends westwards as far as the head waters of Red Deer river, Swan river, Rolling-in river, the Dutch mountains, and Riding mountains: which may be said to terminate towards the south at the heights from which flow the tributaries of the Lower Assiniboine, and which has for its eastern boundary the banks of Lake Winnipeg along the whole length of this magnificent lake—280 miles. A chain of beautiful lakes traverses this region from its northern limit at the heights of the Saskatchewan in a south-easterly direction almost as far as the valley of the Assiniboine. These lakes are of great extent. If they were only one lake they would form as extensive a sheet of water as Lake Winnipeg itself. The largest of them are Winnipegosis, Manitoba, or Petawinipeg, and Lake Dauphin. They are fed by innumerable streams, the principal of which have just been mentioned—Swan river, Red Deer river, &c., which flow from the west, but have their sources a great way to the east of the

Rocky mountain range, even a considerable distance eastward from the south branch of the Saskatchewan.

The portions of this country which are situated between Lake Winnipeg and the lakes of the interior are almost entirely level. There are no eminences that can be called hills, and everywhere there are beautiful woods, with here and there a fine clear lake to vary the scene. Many parts of the country around these lesser lakes are, according to the reports of recent explorers, densely wooded, and there are indications that they have often been a favourite resort of the wild animals of the forest and prairie, as well as of the nomad aboriginal tribes.

The breadth of this region is no less than 100 miles at the points where it is widest, between Lake Winnipeg and Lakes Winnipegosis and Manitoba. Its entire length may be set down at 250 miles. The soil is alluvial and so high in many places, above the surface of the neighbouring waters, as to be quite beyond the reach of inundations. There can be no doubt as to its fertility, when it is considered that the rock, which underlies it, is limestone, and that there is everywhere a luxuriant growth of all kinds of wood.

Along the course of the Little Saskatchewan, the river by which the waters of Lakes Dauphin, Manitoba, and Winnipegosis are conveyed to Lake Winnipeg, the ground is lower, more marshy, and more apt to be flooded. But the valley of this river forms only a small portion of the country of which we are endeavouring to give an idea. For a circuit of 50 miles round the south end of Lake Manitoba, the soil is spoken of by the settlers there as being exceedingly rich, they pronounce it even superior to the fine alluvial lands of Red River. This tract is richly wooded. But there are also extensive meadows or prairie lands.

The White Mud river, about 80 miles in length, belongs to this region. It has its sources in the southern skirts of the Riding mountains, and flows in an easterly direction to the south end of Lake Manitoba. It passes through a very beautiful and fertile country, consisting chiefly of open prairie lands, thickly interspersed with woods. The soil is a rich sandy loam. This portion of the Territory which bears so favourable a description, extends southwards all the way to the Sand hills on the Assiniboine, and eastwards as far as Red River.

Passing to the north-eastern shore of the same lake, we find a low, flat country, the surface of which presents very little variety. Here, boulders of granite are strewn among the water-worn fragments of limestone, which appears to be the prevailing rock of the locality. The Canadian exploring expedition of 1858 reported a dense growth of wood on a high range of land pretty close to the north-eastern shore of this lake. Between this ridge and the mainland there is an open marsh, which varies from half a mile to two miles in width. It extends along the whole coast, and is broken only here and there by points of higher land which run down to the lake. When the Expedition passed, "the marsh was covered with withered bulrushes and long grass, which, although of last year's growth, still evinced the rankness of the vegetation peculiar to this region. The stems of some of the bulrushes, on being measured, were found to be an inch and three quarters in diameter. From the marsh, the mainland—a rich alluvial soil—gradually rises to a moderate elevation, and is not subject to be inundated."

To the west of the inland lakes, there is the pleasing variety of hill and dale. Some of the hills, such, for instance, as the "Riding Mountains," rise to the height of one thousand feet above the surface of Lake Manitoba, about due west from the centre of which they are situated, and seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Between these hills and the lake, there is all the delightful variety of prairie and woodland, with smaller lakes at intervals, and numerous streams. Of these streams, the principal are Red Deer River and Swan River. At the points where these rivers discharge their waters into Lake Winnipegosis, and, indeed, along the whole western shore of this lake, the land is reported by explorers as remarkably fertile, and of sufficient elevation to be quite beyond the reach of inundations. Between the two rivers just named, a level and well-wooded country extends as far as the base of the Porcupine hills. The country around Swan Lake, about six miles from the mouth of the river of this name, is described as highly interesting. The lake itself is dotted with islands. The country extends northward from this lake—an unbroken and finely wooded level, all the way to the Porcupine range, whilst towards the south no height or undulation intercepts the view of the Duck Mountain, the blue crest of which is seen towering above the horizon. The river was explored as far as twenty miles from the lake, near which its banks are low; although rising, gradually, they attain the height of one hundred feet above the river. At this point, the river is impeded considerably by granite boulders and fragments of limestone, which is the prevailing rock of the district. The landships that have occurred in many places where the banks are high reveal the nature of the soil, "which is alluvial," say the explorers, "and of great depth, resting upon drift clay or shale of a bituminous appearance." Ten miles farther, the stream follows a rather tortuous course in "a fine valley." The banks here rise to the height of eighty or one hundred feet. Beyond them, in a northerly direction, towards Porcupine Hill, extends an almost level plain from fifteen to twenty miles, and the same distance, southward, as far as the table land of Duck Mountain. This plain is bounded

on the south-west by Thunder Mountain. It presents, say the explorers of 1858, "one of the finest countries which they had ever seen in a state of nature. The prospect is bounded by the hills just named, while, in the plain, alternate wood and prairie present an appearance more pleasing than if either entirely prevailed. On the 10th of June, the time at which we passed, the trees were in full foliage, and the prairie openings showed a vast expanse of green sward." Travelling among the hills they met with wide valleys which bear the same description. The expedition passed from the country which we are endeavouring to describe by a tributary of Swan River. This stream also flows in "a beautiful valley, with alternate slopes of woodland and prairie."

Red Deer River, although it traverses a more northerly portion of the Winnipegosis country, is no less famed for the fertility of the land which it irrigates. The first and most renowned of travellers in the North-West—Sir Alexander McKenzie—bears witness, as many have done since his time, to the fact that the maple tree grows to perfection. No better proof can be required of the excellence of the climate and the capabilities of the soil. This stream, like Swan River, has a course of about two hundred miles.

On Dauphin River, no inconsiderable stream, for it is forty yards broad and five feet deep, in its shallowest parts, the lands are admirably productive. The banks are of a strong, gray clay, covered with black mould. Oak, elm, and poplar grow luxuriantly; and, it is stated on the authority of the Canadian expedition of 1858, that there are Indians settled at several places on this river, who raise potatoes, Indian corn and melons.

In drawing this paper, now becoming tediously long, to a conclusion, it will not be out of place to make some brief allusion to the productions of a country so beautiful, so well irrigated, and so fertile as the regions bordering on Lakes Winnipegosis and Manitoba. From what has just been stated in regard to the valley of Dauphin River, it will not be hard to believe that in addition to the melon, which requires no slight degree of summer heat and unbroken sunshine, the most valuable kinds of grain can easily be cultivated. At Manitoba and Partridge Crop, as well as at Lake Dauphin, there are settlements of Indians and people of mixed origin, who cultivate *Wheat* and *Indian Corn*, as well as many other kinds of crops. *Wheat*, *Indian Corn*, *Melons*, no less than all the cereal and vegetable crops, may be set down among the productions of the country. But the negligence of the sparse settlers in regard to these precious fruits of the soil, only proves the abundance of other sources of subsistence. They give but comparatively little attention to husbandry, the noblest industrial pursuit of civilized man, and betake themselves to the more congenial occupations of hunting and fishing. And this is highly remunerative employment. Ducks, geese, and aquatic birds of all kinds frequent the waters of this lake country; whilst the lakes and rivers swarm with fish of every description: at rich fishing grounds, not more distant than the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan, no fewer than fifteen families go to fish every year for sturgeon. The Buffalo herds, so numerous, are diminishing, disappearing rapidly. But it is not to be doubted that domestic cattle—oxen, sheep, horses, &c., may be easily reared on the rich meadow lands, where wild animals were formerly sustained in such numbers. When colonization is fairly commenced, the facilities for maintaining such valuable farm stock will necessarily increase, in a country where all kinds of agricultural produce can be so easily raised. According to the descriptions of the country to which reference has been made in this paper, there is no want of wood for building and other necessary purposes. It grows luxuriantly throughout the whole of this lake country. It thrives on the hill-tops, even as high as the summit plateau of Duck Mountain. Coal is found in this mountain group as well as in the Porcupine hills. The passing explorer has not yet, however, been able to say with certainty, whether it can be found in sufficient quantity to become available. Be this as it may, it is quite abundant in the neighbouring countries of the Assiniboine and its tributaries. Meanwhile, as far as fuel is concerned, the oak, the elm and the maple of the land may well supply its place. Lest anything should be omitted that is calculated to give an idea of the many productions of the land, it may be mentioned that there are mineral springs and medicinal waters. Salt is found in several places along the western shores of Lake Winnipegosis and Swan River. The salt springs are utilized by the Hudson's Bay Company, who manufacture salt for their own use. The Red River settlement is also supplied with salt from the same source, a person of the name of Monkman having established works by means of which he provides salt for the whole population.

The explorers of 1858 mention having been serenaded at early dawn as they passed through the land, by innumerable singing birds. The woods, they state, were positively alive with them. This was no new practice. The explorer of an earlier day, Sir Alexander McKenzie, alludes to the same pleasing circumstance. He was often cheered in his journeyings through the wilderness, by the merry tones of the melodious songsters of the North-Western forests.

The Earl of Breadalbane has determined to expend a large sum on the improvement of his estates in Perthshire and Argyle. His lordship has also subscribed £20,000 to the Calder and Oban Railway.

A FOREST SCENE.

This week we give an illustration of a forest scene in Canada—an Indian encampment in the backwoods. In their expeditions, which often lead them through desolate forests, several miles from home, the Indians have the art of rearing, with great expedition, temporary abodes. On arriving at their evening station, a few poles, meeting at the top in form of a cone, are covered with bark, fastened by strips of tough rind. This forms their shelter for the night.

The fire is built in the middle of the hut, and the smoke, after filling the upper part of the chamber, escapes through a hole in the top, causing little inconvenience to the natives, who, within doors, never think of any position except lying or sitting.

The furniture in these native huts is exceedingly simple. The chief articles are two or three pots or kettles for boiling their food, with a few wooden plates and spoons. The former in the absence of metal, with which the inhabitants were unacquainted, were made of coarse earthenware that resisted the fire, and sometimes of a kind of soft stone, which could be excavated with their rude hatchets. Nay, in some cases, their kitchen utensils were of wood, and the water made to boil by throwing in heated stones.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

Had any one acquainted with the state of French affairs at the commencement of last year, been at that time suddenly cut off from all means of communication with France, and denied all possibility of learning what was going on in that country of political change, and then as suddenly restored to a knowledge of the then political state of the country, he would have felt inclined to discredit his senses. He would have almost been tempted to exclaim, "this is a new heaven and a new earth." And certainly the change which has come over the aspect of affairs is no unimportant or slight one. Who would have believed, a year ago, that the commencement of 1870 would see a ministry in which neither Rouher, nor Persigny, nor Baroche, nor Roquette would have a place? And, stranger still, that this reform should take place in a manner so new—without tumult or disturbance of any kind. On the first day of the new year, when the Emperor, in his speech to the members of the Corps Législatif, talked of relegating a portion of the responsibility which he was burdened to the representatives of the country, few thought that his words had so full a meaning. And when he desired M. Ollivier to select the men whom he thought most capable of forming a homogeneous Administration, and more than that, assented to the advice of his Premier, the surprise manifested was unbounded. In acting as he has done, the Emperor has taken a most important step; for, in fact, he has laid aside his personal power and confided the interests of the country to a Parliamentary Cabinet.

The two parties represented in the new ministry are the Right Centre or moderate Imperialists, and the Left Centre or moderate Constitutionalists. Ollivier himself, of whose life and opinions we gave a sketch last week, had of late attached himself to the moderate Imperialist party. The Right Centre claims but two members besides the Premier in the ministry, M. Daru and M. Buffet. After the *senatus-consultum* of the 8th September, it will be remembered that three parties—the Extreme Left, the Left Centre, and the Right Centre—respectively issued their manifestations. The demands of the Right Centre now represented in the cabinet by Ollivier, Chevandier de Valdrôme, Louvet, Maurice Richard, Segris, and Talhouet, were in brief—a peaceful policy towards foreign states; at home representative government, a faithful application of the parliamentary system, electoral reform, trial by jury in cases of infraction of the Press law, and liberty in matters of education. In addition to these reforms, the Left Centre demanded the right of originating measures in the Corps Législatif, and the election of the mayors by the municipal councils. Such was the double programme, the fusion of which produced the cabinet of the 2nd of January; and thus far it has not disappointed the expectations of those who hoped for the introduction of a liberal system of administration combined with a firm preservation of order. As time passes, the Ollivier ministry appears to be consolidating its strength, and while it has evidently nothing to fear from the Republican party, now falling into disrepute by its own excesses, the chances are growing in favour of the ultimate confirmation of the Emperor's assertion on new year's day, that by casting off a part of his load, he had better qualified himself for the remainder of his journey; or in other words, by the great constitutional changes he has introduced, he has strengthened the Imperial dynasty.

Most of the ministers chosen by Mr. Ollivier are young for statesmen. The Marquis de Talhouet, Minister of Public Works, is 49. He was one of the deputies who, in 1851, protested against the *coup d'état*, and, along with the Comte Napoleon de Daru—now Minister of Foreign Affairs—was imprisoned at Vincennes. The Comte de Daru was named after the first Napoleon, who was his godfather, and Josephine was his godmother. M. Chevandier de Valdrôme, Minister of the Interior, is a wealthy land-owner in the department of the Meurthe. He is a Director of the Strasbourg Railway, and member of several learned societies. M. Buffet, Minister of Finance, is a man of great talent; he was Minister of Agriculture under the Republic of 1848, and sat in Faucher's Ministry of 1851. M. Segris, Minister of Public Instruction, is a retired barrister; and M. Louvet, Minister of Agriculture, is the head of a banking firm at Saumur. M. Maurice Richard, for whom has been created a new office, the Ministry of Fine Arts, is a particular friend of M. Emile Ollivier. General Lebeuf and Admiral Rigault de Genouilly retain their places as Ministers of War and Marine. M. Parieu, late Vice-President of the Council, is President of the Council in the new Cabinet. In this number we give the portraits of these newly selected constitutional advisers of the Emperor, hardly any one of whom would have been named outside of France a few weeks ago as a man of extraordinary distinction. Yet their administration, in the face of grave difficulties, has been, so far, remarkably successful, and the Emperor may fairly congratulate himself as well on the wisdom of his choice in selecting M. Ollivier to form the new ministry, as on the statesmanship displayed by the Government in giving effect to the recently proclaimed policy.

A youthful negro is in the Albany penitentiary, for selling a dressed cat for a rabbit to one of the first families in New York.

GENERAL NEWS. CANADA.

Edgar Flynn, a messenger in the Ottawa Post Office, has been caught purloining money from the night-till. For some time previous sums of money had been missed.

The Reformers of Perth gave Mr. Blake, M. P. for South Bruce, a complimentary dinner at Stratford on Thursday last. The dinner to Mr. Sandfield Macdonald came off at Cornwall on the same day.

George Moses, an Indian belonging to the Seneca Tribe, and living on the Tonawanda Reservation, died on Tuesday evening, Jan. 20, 1870, aged 111.

The Great Western Railway Company has very liberally decided that, hereafter, half-fare tickets will be issued to all clergymen travelling over their line.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company have commenced booking through to China and Japan, via the Grand Trunk, Michigan Central and Union Pacific Railways, and Pacific Mail steamers from San Francisco.

The Governor-General will issue his proclamation immediately, as authorized by law, ordering that American silver shall only be a legal tender at rates mentioned in the Finance Minister's circular; half-dollar, 40 cents; quarter, 20 cents; and so on for the other coins, after the 15th of April.

A child, named Thomas Jordan, died at Ottawa on the 3rd inst., in consequence of morphia having been administered to him, instead of quinine, by Dr. Phileon, of that city. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of accidental death, in consequence of poison having been administered by mistake.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The malaria has made its appearance in Rome. Fire-proof garments are the latest novelty in Germany. The festivities at the inauguration of the Suez Canal are said to have cost the Khedive \$6,000,000.

It is said that the creditors of Rochefort, despairing of making good their claims against him, have attached his salary as Deputy.

The Paris *Marseillaise* says that M. Ledru-Rollin will act as counsel for the Noir family at the trial of Prince Bonaparte.

It is said that M. Louvet, the present Minister of Public Works, in the French Cabinet, will very likely leave the Ministry and be replaced by M. Dupuy de Lôme.

The town of Santa Maria, in one of the Ionian Islands, was destroyed on the 23rd December last. Ten corpses were taken from the ruins, and fifty wounded. Not a single house was left standing.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A NEWSPAPER ARTIST.—Ludwig Hanter the special artist sent by the *Gartenlaube* and the *Illustrirtes Zeitung*, of Leipzig, to the scene of the Dalmatian insurrection, had the misfortune of being made prisoner by the Bocchese on November 23, and after having robbed him of his money, and other valuables, they cut off his ears and set him at liberty.

Troubles in Paris are on the increase. We learn by telegraph that Rochefort was arrested on Monday night as he was entering a political meeting. Gustave Flourens, the most virulent opponent of the present Government after Rochefort, and a noted turbulent agitator, was present and proceeded to take the chair. Drawing his sword and firing his revolver in the air, he vowed to revenge his friend, and then proceeded to dissolve the meeting. The mob took to the streets, and erected several barricades, at one of which a fight took place with the military, the latter being repulsed.

ST. VALENTINE OF OLD.

A SKETCH.

SCENE: A lady's chamber, in a baronial hall. On the table lie a number of Valentines, writing materials, &c.

[Enter "DAINTIE DEMOISELLE."]

Demoiselle (approaching the table):

How now, good Bishop Valentine! Methinks Thy crozier hath become a magic wand, Turning men's wits to folly.—By your leave.

VALENTINE I.

"List, O list to love's sweet tune, Thou whose beauty mocks the moon: Hear a faithful lover's tale: Thou that mak'st the sun look pale: For thee he bears these bosom-scars— Thee, the twin-sister of the stars!"

"When to yon skies thine eyes turn not, The moon herself is but a blot: In heavens that see not thy sweet face, The sun himself hath lost a grace: Such radiance streams about thy name, The children stars go hide for shame!"

"O deem this isle the Latman plain, Descend, sweet moon, to earth again! Where, shivering, chilled, I mope apart, Come thou, blest sun, to warm my heart! O radiant searmer, near or far, Thou only art my guiding star!"

Dem. Is woman, then, a puppet and a toy, And worthy only to be thus tricked out In the poor, east-off sweepings of your brains? I pray you, gentlemen, respect us more! Shall beauty thus be coined into a lie? Is Truth a fiction—Love itself conceit— And courtship still a mummery and a mask? Methinks the moon hath more to do with this Than my poor self, or my unlucky stars! Another?—So! hath folly ne'er an end?

VALENTINE II.

"When merry bells do ring their bridal peal, And maids go strewing blossoms by the way, From the too sudden face of joy I steal And down before thy feet my bruised heart lay— When merry bells do ring."

"When Sabbath bells call wandering souls to prayer, Luring Sin its burthen down to rest, Then breathe I straight thy name upon the air, And all my vain presumption stands confest— When Sabbath bells do call."

"When solemn bells toll slow that last sad rite That ushers in the bridal of the grave, In others' darkness find I my true light, Dying, in thought, for thro' whose love might save— When solemn bells do toll."

Dem. Cortes, were I an undertaker's daughter, 'Twere meet thy groans prevailed, most dismal woer!

We'd weep—we'd hold our troth-plight o'er a grave, And wed beneath a canopy of pall. In very truth I would thou'dst been a mute! Why, what comes next? More vain and empty breath? Good Bishop, give me patience to the end!

VALENTINE III.

"Might I but touch thy garment's hem I'd ask no kindly dindem: The silken net that binds thy hair Dearer to me than empires were; Nought envy I save that rich zone Which calls thy beating heart its own!"

Dem. Go to! the man's a milliner! I vow A barber's block were meet for a wife To this so mining, superficial ape, Than such a breathing frame of earth as I! I'll call my firewoman; sooth, he shall have My garment's self, my silken net—ay, even My girle-cord to hang himself withal! But, soft! here's one whose music sounds like truth.

VALENTINE IV.

"Count thou my wealth! A soul without a stain, Born to be free— A soul that never yet could brook a chain, Not even for thee; A right good sword—to succour, not oppress; No sword of state, But one, the wrongs of nations to redress Ever in wait: A lance unsmitched, and ever foremost hurled Where Freedom bled; A shield, to keep the battles of the world Far from thy head."

"If this be wealth, to honour and to thee I pledge my all: Should'st thou below thy higher standard see How far I fall: O, patience, gentlest lady! Breathe that word Whose lightest sound Mid the heart-silence of devotion heard Makes virtue crowned: Then, in the fulness of thy richer grace To thee 'tis given To bid me follow where thy blest feet trace The path to heaven!"

Dem. O, noble soul! Had I a heart to give 'Twere thine without a blush! True soldier thou! What wonder is it that our woman-hearts Still cling about a sword? Who else but he That fighteth for the sanctity of home Should there hold honoured place fore all the world! Would I were troth-free, for thy valour's sake!— What have I said? I would not for the world! Out on the thought, disloyal and untrue! Yet why, O why, send'st thou no single word, O love of all my life? What have I done, What said, or thought, or dreamed, that I should bear This cruel penance? Wherefore dost thou still Walk hand-in-hand with me from childhood up— Wherefore forsake the labours of thy youth To make me pastime, turning toil to sport— If thou'rt too wise for love? Alas! weak heart, That trembles in the silence of the loved! Yet can I but remember of the time When we two roamed together, like the stars In the unchanging heaven—each true soul Upheld and guided by the law of love. Like, too, the stars, we gazed on this green earth, Radiant in smiles—so full of light were we! No word—not one—nor shadow of a word? Yet stay—what is it I behold? A scroll, Looped in a golden ring! It is—it must be: This is the very trick of his dear hand! I asked but for one single word—'tis here!

VALENTINE V.

"WIFE!"

Dem. A simple word! a sweet old Saxon word As e'er took root within an English home, Or blossomed into beauty by a hearth! Blummed, too, with quaint devices strange, Like some rich monkish missal, wrought by hand, That ne'er—pray Heaven he be not a monk! How shall such word be mated? (Taking up pen.) Laggard pen, That will not write what love is fain to say. (She pauses, then writes a single word, a "Wife.") So! there,—no more: 'tis writ: now, on my life, I've given thee, love, a "Husband" for thy "Wife!"

VALENTINE VI.

"WIFE!"

Dem. A simple word! a sweet old Saxon word As e'er took root within an English home, Or blossomed into beauty by a hearth! Blummed, too, with quaint devices strange, Like some rich monkish missal, wrought by hand, That ne'er—pray Heaven he be not a monk! How shall such word be mated? (Taking up pen.) Laggard pen, That will not write what love is fain to say. (She pauses, then writes a single word, a "Wife.") So! there,—no more: 'tis writ: now, on my life, I've given thee, love, a "Husband" for thy "Wife!"

VALENTINE VII.

"WIFE!"

Dem. A simple word! a sweet old Saxon word As e'er took root within an English home, Or blossomed into beauty by a hearth! Blummed, too, with quaint devices strange, Like some rich monkish missal, wrought by hand, That ne'er—pray Heaven he be not a monk! How shall such word be mated? (Taking up pen.) Laggard pen, That will not write what love is fain to say. (She pauses, then writes a single word, a "Wife.") So! there,—no more: 'tis writ: now, on my life, I've given thee, love, a "Husband" for thy "Wife!"

VALENTINE VIII.

"WIFE!"

Dem. A simple word! a sweet old Saxon word As e'er took root within an English home, Or blossomed into beauty by a hearth! Blummed, too, with quaint devices strange, Like some rich monkish missal, wrought by hand, That ne'er—pray Heaven he be not a monk! How shall such word be mated? (Taking up pen.) Laggard pen, That will not write what love is fain to say. (She pauses, then writes a single word, a "Wife.") So! there,—no more: 'tis writ: now, on my life, I've given thee, love, a "Husband" for thy "Wife!"

VALENTINE IX.

"WIFE!"

Dem. A simple word! a sweet old Saxon word As e'er took root within an English home, Or blossomed into beauty by a hearth! Blummed, too, with quaint devices strange, Like some rich monkish missal, wrought by hand, That ne'er—pray Heaven he be not a monk! How shall such word be mated? (Taking up pen.) Laggard pen, That will not write what love is fain to say. (She pauses, then writes a single word, a "Wife.") So! there,—no more: 'tis writ: now, on my life, I've given thee, love, a "Husband" for thy "Wife!"

VALENTINE X.

"WIFE!"

Dem. A simple word! a sweet old Saxon word As e'er took root within an English home, Or blossomed into beauty by a hearth! Blummed, too, with quaint devices strange, Like some rich monkish missal, wrought by hand, That ne'er—pray Heaven he be not a monk! How shall such word be mated? (Taking up pen.) Laggard pen, That will not write what love is fain to say. (She pauses, then writes a single word, a "Wife.") So! there,—no more: 'tis writ: now, on my life, I've given thee, love, a "Husband" for thy "Wife!"

VALENTINE XI.

"WIFE!"

Dem. A simple word! a sweet old Saxon word As e'er took root within an English home, Or blossomed into beauty by a hearth! Blummed, too, with quaint devices strange, Like some rich monkish missal, wrought by hand, That ne'er—pray Heaven he be not a monk! How shall such word be mated? (Taking up pen.) Laggard pen, That will not write what love is fain to say. (She pauses, then writes a single word, a "Wife.") So! there,—no more: 'tis writ: now, on my life, I've given thee, love, a "Husband" for thy "Wife!"

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

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR having graciously permitted the publication of the PORTRAITS TAKEN OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS At my Studio, on October 9, I have much pleasure in notifying the Public that they are now on view and for sale in *Cartes de Visite*, Cabinet, and 9 x 7 Photo-Relieve, 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 NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.  
 M. Buffet. M. de Parieu. M. Napoleon Daru. Admiral Ricault de Beaulieu. M. de Talhouet. M. Leuret. M. de Talhouet. M. Chevalier de Valfranc. M. Segré. M. Emile Ollivier. General Lebeuf.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, is the third son of Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland, his mother being Hortense, the daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first marriage. He was born at the Tuilleries, on the 20th August, 1808, and was baptized by Cardinal Fesch, November 4, 1810, the Emperor and the Empress Marie-Louise being his sponsors. After Napoleon's return from Elba, his young nephew accompanied him to the Champ de Mai, and was there presented to the deputies of the people. He was only seven years old at the time, and the scene created a vivid impression upon his mind. When he saw his uncle for the last time at Malmaison he was deeply agitated, and was with difficulty dissuaded by his mother from following the fortunes of the family. Then followed the banishment of the family. Louis and his mother retired to Augsburg, and afterwards to Switzerland, where the young exile was admitted to the citizenship and served in the army of the small republic. At the time of Louis Philippe's accession he and his mother made application to be allowed to return to France. This was refused, and a second application from the young man, begging to be allowed to enter the French army as a private, met with no better success. In the beginning of 1831, Louis and his brother left Switzerland and settled in Tuscany. After the death of his elder brother in 1831, Louis escaped to England, where he remained a short time and then retired to the castle of Achenberg, in Thurgau, devoting a part of his leisure to the preparation of several books. In the first of these, which appeared, the *Revue Politique*, he declared his belief that France could only be regenerated by one of Napoleon's descend-



THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

ants, as they alone could reconcile republican principles with the military aspirations of the nation. A year or two afterwards he issued two others: "Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse," and a "Manual of Artillery." In 1831-2, when the throne of Louis Philippe was not firmly established, a party in France had fixed their eyes on the Duke of Reichstadt; and the Duke dying shortly afterwards, Louis Napoleon became the legal heir of the Imperial family. His designs upon the throne of France became evident in the early part of 1835, and in 1836 his plans were so far matured as to induce him to make an attempt to seize the fortress of Strasburg; his intention being, should the attempt prove successful, to march upon Paris before the Government could take any active measures. The attempt, however, proved a miserable failure. The prince himself was captured and confined in Strasburg until the close of the year, when he was conducted to Paris. His mother, in the meantime, had repaired to the French capital to try to obtain his pardon and save his life. His life was spared, on condition that he should be sent to the United States. He protested against this, but in vain, and was accordingly conveyed to that country. There, however, he did not long remain, but returned to Switzerland, where he found his mother on her death-bed. French animosity followed him even here, and he was compelled to leave Switzerland and again take refuge in England. At the end of 1838 he took up his residence in London, and in 1839 published his celebrated work, entitled, "Des Idées Napoléoniennes." In 1840 he determined to make another attempt to secure the French Crown. He hired in London a steamer, called the *City of Edinburgh*, and embarking with Count Montholon, Gen. Voisin, and 53 associates,



A PORTAGE. [From Willis' Canadian Scenery illustrated by Bartlett.]

landed with this party near Boulogne, on Thursday, Aug. 6, and summoned the troops to surrender or join them. The attempt again proved a failure; and the Prince was captured while attempting to retire to the steamboat. In company with Count Montholon and Gen. Voisin, he was sent to Paris, to stand his trial on the charge of high treason. The trial took place at the beginning of October, before upwards of 160 peers of France, many of whom owed their elevation to the prisoner's uncle. M. Berryer appeared as counsel for the Prince and Count Montholon, and made a skilful defence, but in vain. The former was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress in France; the latter, with three subordinates, to twenty years' confinement. The Prince was conveyed as a prisoner to the citadel of Ham; and, after having been confined there six years, made his escape, May 25, 1846, having effected his exit from the castle by assuming as a disguise the dress of a workman, thereby deceiving the vigilance of the guards. He crossed the frontier into Belgium, and for the third time took refuge in England, where he resided until the revolution of 1848.

This event he watched from across the Channel with the keenest interest; but he gave proof even at that time of his opposition to rabble government and his respect for law and order, by turning out to be sworn in as a special constable for the preservation of the peace on the occasion of the great Chartist demonstration, by which the late Fergus O'Connor and some of his madcap associates hoped to overturn the Queen's Government. Soon after the revolution Louis Napoleon was elected to the National Assembly, and in the following year to the Presidency of the Republic. Shortly after his election to the latter office he made a pilgrimage to Ham, and there expressed his contrition for his rash attempts at Strasbourg and Boulogne. Encouraged by the secret councils of some enthusiastic Imperialists, Napoleon craftily set himself to work to prepare for the establishment of the second Empire. Early in the morning of Dec. 2nd, 1851, he had the most distinguished Generals upon whose assistance he could not rely, and all the public men opposed to him, cast into prison, and proclaimed himself Dictator. His military arrangements being ample for the maintenance of authority at the Capital, he was now thoroughly master of the situation, and shortly afterwards had himself elected by universal suffrage as President for ten years. Opposition to him at this time was utterly paralysed. The leaders were in prison, and their supporters too few to make an effective show of resistance. Promulgating a constitution which placed the Government entirely in his own hands, Napoleon next laid his plans for realizing his object. Letting it be understood that the salutation "*Vive l'Empereur*," would neither be deemed treasonable nor offensive, he made a tour of the departments, and was frequently greeted with this shout by excited crowds of people. On his return to Paris these cries were represented to him by his adherents in the Senate as unmistakably expressing the will of France, and it was proposed that the question of the restoration of the Empire should be submitted to a formal vote of the nation. This was done, and by a majority of five or six millions the Empire was voted and proclaimed accordingly on the 2nd Dec. 1852. He took the style and title of "Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, by the Grace of God and the Will of the People." The Empire was first recognized by England, and afterwards by other States. The incidents which led to the Crimean war in 1854 were then being skilfully manipulated by Napoleon, and it is said that he drew England into that war and then induced her to make peace when she was fully prepared to have continued it until more substantial advantages had been obtained. In 1853 the Emperor married Eugénie-Marie de Guzman, Countess de Teba, the only issue of the marriage being the Prince Imperial, born March 16, 1856. In April, 1856, the Emperor and Empress visited England, on which occasion the Queen invested his Imperial Majesty with the insignia of a Knight of the Garter. In 1858 the celebrated Orsini conspiracy to murder the Emperor was discovered in time to frustrate the designs of the conspirators, the principal of whom, Orsini, was sent into banishment. The Emperor has not always been successful in his schemes of foreign policy; though the aid he gave to Victor Emanuel enabled that Prince to proclaim himself "King of Italy," it is not yet certain that the ball then set in motion will long remain just where Napoleon would like to see it; and his Mexican policy was a most lamentable failure. In maintaining friendly relations with England there can be little question but that he has done much to preserve the peace of Europe; while his internal policy has been one of steady national development. He has also relaxed his firm hold on the Government and reinvested the representatives of the people, from time to time, with a share in the direction of public affairs. Not until the beginning of the present year, however, when the new Ministry was formed on the liberal basis then proclaimed, could Napoleon lay claim to the title of a constitutional ruler; and even now it will be difficult to dissociate from the direction of affairs in France the idea that it still receives its bent from the strong will of the Emperor.

HOW SOON DOES THE GUILLOTINE END CONSCIOUSNESS?—The *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following: The approaching execution in Paris has revived the old question, whether death instantaneously follows upon the severance of the head from the body. In a letter to the *Gaulois* Dr. Pinel asserts that decapitation does not immediately affect the brain. The blood which flows after decapitation comes from the large vessels of the neck, and there is hardly any call upon the circulation of the cranium. The brain remains intact, nourishing itself with the blood retained by the pressure of the air. When the blood remaining in the head at the moment of separation is exhausted, there commences a state, not of death, but of inertia, which lasts up to the moment when the organ, no longer fed, ceases to exist. Dr. Pinel estimates that the brain finds nourishment in the residuary blood for about an hour after decapitation. The period of inertia would last for about two hours, and absolute death would not ensue till after the space of three hours altogether. If, he adds, a bodiless head indicates by no movement the horror of its situation, it is because it is physically impossible that it should do so, all the nerves which serve for the transmission of orders from the brain to the trunk being severed. But there remain the nerves of hearing, of smell, and of sight.

The death is announced, at Nice, of the Marquis of Pach Badens, at the age of 102. He had lived for many years at Nice, and the Paris paper attributes his long life to that circumstance. In his younger days the marquis was attached to the suite of Queen Marie Antoinette.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEB. 19, 1870.

SUNDAY, February 13.—*Septuagesima Sunday*.  
 MONDAY, " 14.—St. Valentine.  
 TUESDAY, " 15.—Galileo born, 1564. Bishop Atterbury died, 1732.  
 WEDNESDAY, " 16.—Melancthon born, 1497. Lindley Murray died, 1826.  
 THURSDAY, " 17.—Michael Angelo died, 1564. Battle of Meance, 1843.  
 FRIDAY, " 18.—Luther died, 1546. Capture of Trinidad, 1797.  
 SATURDAY, " 19.—Sir William Napier died, 1860.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12 1870.

THE Colonial Office has at length been heard from on the all-absorbing question of the North-West. The British Government has spoken as might have been anticipated, strongly in favour of a peaceful solution, if that be possible, of the existing difficulty. Earl Granville says:

"I observe with great satisfaction the anxiety manifested by the Canadian Government to avoid any collision with the insurgents in the Red River Settlement, and to exhaust all means of explanation and reconciliation before having recourse to force. I entirely agree with your Ministers that bloodshed might lead to the most deplorable consequences, and should not be risked except under the pressure of the most urgent necessity. The illness of Mr. McTavish is much to be lamented. But I have perfect confidence in the Hudson's Bay Company, and have no reason to doubt that their officers in the Territory are animated by an equally friendly spirit with the Company.

A statement has appeared in a newspaper report to the effect that Mr. McDougall was enlisting Sioux Indians with the view of employing them against the insurgents. I do not doubt that this intention was erroneously imputed to Mr. McDougall."

It has been authoritatively denied that Mr. McDougall ever contemplated the mad scheme of arming the Indians; but if he had, the step would have received quite as little countenance in Canada as in England. The grievances in the North-West must be overcome, if possible, by peaceful means; the people of Canada desire no conquest over the original settlers of the Territory; and so far as the policy of the Canadian Government has yet been developed, it is such as to command the general confidence of the country.

It was not without surprise that we read the Hon. Mr. McDougall's Almonte speech, a synopsis of which we published in our last issue. There, a policy was declared of utter and uncompromising hostility to the original settlers; there was proclaimed a war of races; and there too, was announced a new political dogma, that the coalition of 1867 had been brought to a close! The Hon. gentleman may be pardoned for the expression of such feelings as are natural to any one in similar circumstances. Mr. McDougall cannot be blamed for feeling irritated because of the failure of his mission; he may be excused even for believing that his late colleagues in the Government did not adopt the best policy for the settlement of the trouble, when it did occur. All this is matter of opinion on which differences may fairly be entertained. But when the political or party organization of the Cabinet is brought into question, a new and an entirely foreign issue is raised. When Mr. Brown left the Government at the close of '65, he proclaimed the dissolution of the Coalition; when the Hon. Mr. Howland, some years later, was made Lieut. Governor of Ontario, he certainly was not without his friends, or pretended friends, to proclaim that then indeed the Coalition had surely ceased; and now there is Mr. McDougall making precisely the same statement! This is somewhat curious. If it were true, when Mr. Brown first thought it was, certainly neither Mr. Howland nor Mr. McDougall believed it. If it were true, when Mr. Howland left the Government, no one will imagine that Mr. McDougall then believed it; and if it be true now, is it not rather odd that only those who happen to be out of the Government attempt to gain adherents to the doctrine?

Surely it will be a grave mistake to complicate the settlement of the North-West difficulty by the raising of political issues. The acquisition of the North-West Territory, its settlement and organization into a separate Province, or several Provinces, within the Dominion, was one of the well understood aims of the Confederation policy, to which every one, save those who opposed Confederation, was unreservedly pledged. Nothing that has yet occurred ought to give that object a party complexion; and nothing is so likely to lead to that result as the declaration of the Hon. Mr. McDougall regarding French influence in the country. Ontario, from superior members, from proximity and other causes, will, no doubt, have the greatest influence in the North-West; but it does not, therefore, follow that the natives of Quebec should be legislated out of their rights in that distant region. What Rupert's Land is, it owes largely to French Canadian influence; hereafter, it

may become the homes of hundreds and thousands of the French Canadian youth, who now, in the spirit of adventure, seek new homes in the Western States. Would it be remarkable, therefore, that a legal status should be demanded for the French language in the North-West? that French Canadian institutions should be allowed to flourish there as they do in Canada? that Frenchmen should have such power in the government of the country as their numbers and influence may give them? These are most reasonable propositions against which it will be impossible to enlist the feelings of the people of Ontario; and though there is no doubt that a large body of volunteers could speedily be organized among the young men of the West, it is equally certain that the sober judgment of the Province is strongly set against Mr. McDougall's mad proposition for the organization of an invading army. If force has to be used at all, it is of the utmost importance, in fact we believe absolutely necessary, for both internal and external policy, that the force should be British rather than Canadian. There can be no possibility of mistaking the meaning of the Queen's troops putting down a rebellion anywhere within the Queen's dominions. That thing has so often been done before that the whole world understands it perfectly. But it would be another, and a very different thing to arm and equip a few hundreds or a few thousands of the sons of Ontario farmers, and to send them to the Red River with a promise of two hundred acres of land a-piece so soon as they should slaughter the rebellious French half-breeds. There is an utter lack of statesmanship in such a proposition. It implies a misapprehension of the real destiny of Canada which, with all respect to the West, is not to fashion half a continent after the model of Ontario, excellent though that model may be, but to give free scope to all classes for the enjoyment of such institutions as they themselves desire, as far as they are consistent with the principles of free Government established amongst us. According to these principles it cannot be pretended that Ontario has any special right to the North-West; or that the people of the Red River Settlement have a special obligation to submit to and copy Ontario institutions. In the settlement of this question it will be the duty of the Government to consider the interests of the people of all the Provinces, and to legislate for those who now constitute the population of the Red River country rather than for those who may or may not hereafter inhabit it.

The latest news to hand is not confirmatory of the pleasing intelligence we had last week that the reign of Riel had been brought to an inglorious termination; on the contrary, it is now asserted that he is bolder than ever, and concerting measures for the continued assertion and maintenance of his authority. Hopes are entertained, however, that Bishop Taché, who, by special permission of the Pope, has been granted leave of absence from the Eccumenical Council, and who last week arrived in Montreal on his way to his diocese, may be able to quell the disturbance. His influence will undoubtedly have a powerful effect in assisting to re-establish the properly constituted authority. In the meantime, it is satisfactory to know that the Imperial Government unreservedly approves of the conciliatory policy thus far pursued by Canada.

## OBITUARY.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR CHARLES ASHE WINDHAM, K. C. B.

It is with deep regret that we record this week the death of General Windham, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Canada. The General died at half-past seven on the evening of Wednesday of last week at Jacksonville, Florida. He left Montreal some time ago for the benefit of his health, but did not survive long after his arrival in Florida. Since the arrival of the news of his death the flags on the public buildings in the city have been hoisted at half-mast in respect to the memory of the deceased. Sir Hastings Doyle succeeds Gen. Windham as Commander of the Forces in Canada.

## ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF CANADIAN ARTISTS.

The second annual exhibition of the Society of Canadian Artists, in the rooms of the Art Association, Mercantile Library Buildings, Montreal, was thrown open to the public on Monday, and continued during the whole week. The pictures were entirely the work of Canadian artists, and exhibited an amount of labour and talent which was exceedingly creditable.

The most prominent pictures in the room were two large oil-paintings by Mr. Vogt; one of "Niagara Falls in Summer," and the other a "Coming Storm During Harvest." The latter of these, in Mr. Vogt's usual style, is an exceedingly natural picture, painted with much care and exactness. The sky is covered with thick, black threatening clouds, heavy with hail, casting over the scene that peculiarly weird look which presages a coming thunderstorm. In the foreground a team of horses are bearing home the grain, and the driver, anxious to save the safely-reaped harvest from the impending storm, is urging them on with whip and voice. The figures and animals are both well-executed, the latter particularly so

Mr. Vogt also exhibits "Taking a Breath of Morning Air," a faithful picture of a horse's head, stretched out of his stable window to catch the morning breeze.

Mr. C. J. Way holds a high place among the exhibitors. He only shows four oil-paintings, but these are remarkable for their excellence.

Raphael's "Falls of Le Trou," an admirable picture after nature, is perfect in all its details, and can hardly be surpassed by any painting of its kind on exhibition.

Mr. T. M. Martin has won for himself a reputation by his pictures of Still-Life. He exhibits two oil-paintings only this year, but both of these possess merit.

Jacobi exhibits two "Landscapes with Figures," and a "Winter in the Black Forest." We much prefer, however, his small landscapes "Morning" and "Evening," two of the gems of the exhibition.

Allan Edson, a young artist of some promise, has evidently worked hard at the pictures he exhibits. Woodland scenery appears to be his especial study, and he gives us one or two paintings out of the many he exhibits, which speak very favourably for his powers.

Mr. N. Bourassa's portrait of an ecclesiastic (No. 2.) is in every way a fine painting; the artist has succeeded admirably in throwing expression into the features.

Miss Ida Braubach is the only lady exhibitor. She sends two paintings of "Newsboys Tossing for Coppers," a "Sly Peep at the Artist," and a highly coloured picture of the "Return from Market."

The Water Colours were equal in number to the Oils, and equally successful in the choice and treatment of the subjects.

Mr. C. J. Way's "Rocks and Sea at Sunrise" is particularly fine. He also shows a pretty "View on Lake St. George," "San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice," a view "Near Portland, Maine," "A Short Cut up the Hill," the "Matterhorn," and a well executed autumn scene, "At Close of Day."

"Amongst the Boucherville Islands" is a pretty sketch by W. L. Fraser.

Martin's "Dead Duck," an admirable piece of still life, exhibits some fine colouring. The artist has evidently expended no little care upon his subject.

We also noticed among the water-colours, as possessing particular merit, Vogt's "Study of a Dog," an animated sketch, but hung rather too high to attract the attention it deserves.

After a careful examination of the pictures on exhibition at the Mercantile Library, we have to congratulate the Society of Canadian artists on their energy and perseverance in making such a creditable show.

its infancy. Great credit is due to the Society by whose energetic efforts such a fine show of paintings has been obtained. They have proved themselves well worthy of the patronage extended to them, and if we may judge by the immense crowds who visited their exhibition this week, there is no cause to fear any diminution either in the interest felt in their labours, or the support which has been so readily accorded them.

The following is a list of the pictures exhibited:

OIL PAINTINGS.

- 1. Portrait of a Gentleman... A. Boisseau.
2. Portrait... N. Bourassa.
3. Gunn... J. Weston.
4. Noon Tide... Allan Edson.
5. View of Montreal from the Mountain... J. Duncan.
6. Winter in the Black Forest... O. R. Jacobi.
7. Off Arran... C. J. Way.
8. News Boys Playing Pitch with Coppers... Ida Braubach.
9. The Shawanegan Falls... Allan Edson.
10. Habitants Attacked by Wolves... W. Raphael.
11. Taking a Breath of Morning Air... A. Vogt.
12. The Lady of Shalott... Edward Sharpe.
13. Down by the Willows... Edward Sharpe.
14. Coming Storm During Harvest... A. Vogt.
15. Nearest Way Home... Allan Edson.
16. Storm Breaking Up, Lake St. Peter... Hy. Sandham.
17. Morning After Rain... Allan Edson.
18. Portrait of Old Jack... W. Raphael.
19. Returning Home at Sunset... A. Vogt.
20. A Glean of Morning Sunlight—Sargent's Landing, Eastern Townships... J. A. Fraser.
21. Fishermen's Return—Lake George... C. J. Way.
22. Landscape with Figures... O. R. Jacobi.
23. Morning... Edward Sharpe.
24. In the Woods... Allan Edson.
25. The Captive... Edward Sharpe.
26. The Widow's Consolation... Ida Braubach.
27. Landscape with Figures... O. R. Jacobi.
28. The Dull Scholar... Edward Sharpe.
29. The Return from Market... Ida Braubach.
30. Portrait of a Gentleman... C. W. Eaton.
31. Portrait... A. Bourassa.
32. Dead Pigeons... John Murphy.
33. Girl Feeding Pets... A. Vogt.
34. Landscape—Morning... O. R. Jacobi.
35. Do. —Evening... Do.
36. Niagara Falls in Summer... A. Vogt.
37. Cap à l'Aigle... D. Grant.
38. Rocks on the Portland Coast... C. J. Way.
39. The Androscoggin—White Mountains... Do.
40. Fish out of Water... T. M. Martin.
41. Windsor Castle—Evening... Edward Sharpe.
42. Quebec—Unloading Coal... J. Weston.
43. Interior of a Stable... A. Vogt.
44. Dundas Marsh, Coot's Paradise... G. W. Ambrose.
45. Chaudiere Falls, Quebec... J. Weston.
46. Portrait of Mr. B. R. Bedeaux... A. Boisseau.
47. Equestrian Portrait—One of the Montreal Cavalry... S. Hawksett.
48. Indian Boy... C. W. Eaton.
49. Noon-day's Rest... A. Vogt.
50. Taking a Sly Peep at the Artist... Ida Braubach.
51. Amongst the Boucherville Islands... W. L. Fraser.
52. Barn Yard—Sunset in Fall... A. Vogt.
53. Coming up the Current... Hy. Sandham.
54. News Boys Playing Toss... Ida Braubach.
55. Early Morning—Going to the Fishing Grounds... D. E. Grant.
56. Winter Evening... D. E. Grant.
57. Falls of le Trou... W. Raphael.
58. Fruit Piece (from nature)... John Murphy.
59. Group of Canadians—Montreal Wharf... J. Duncan.
60. Quail... T. M. Martin.
61. Portrait of a Young Lady... Ida Braubach.
62. Wee Doggie (after nature)... N. J. Johnson.
63. The Old Tree (after nature)... Do.
64. Portrait of Lady... W. Sawyer.

WATER COLOURS.

- 64. Dead Game... D. Fowler.
65. View from Peak's Island, Portland... J. Duncan.
66. St. Helen's Island, Montreal... Do.
67. Beilstein on the Moselle... D. Fowler.
68. Owl's Head, Lake Memphremagog... Hy. Sandham.
69. Bitternut Creek... D. E. Grant.
70. Sketch of Rapids on Shawanegan River... Allan Edson.
71. View on Lake George... C. J. Way.
72. Dead Saw Bill... D. Fowler.
73. Falls of the Coaticook... A. R. Jacobi.
74. San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice... C. J. Way.
75. Sketch in the Bush... Allan Edson.
76. Falls on the Shawanegan River... D. E. Grant.
77. On Missisquoi River... Allan Edson.
78. Dead Game... D. Fowler.
79. Near Portland, Maine... C. J. Way.
80. Dead Blue-Bill... D. Fowler.
81. View in Montreal—Molson's Brewery... J. Duncan.
82. Amongst the Boucherville Islands... W. L. Fraser.
83. Twilight... Hy. Sandham.
84. The Falls of the Clyde, Vermont... J. B. Wilkinson.
85. Between Summer and Autumn... C. J. Way.
86. Dead Duck... T. M. Martin.
87. Rocks and Sea at Sunrise... C. J. Way.
88. Landing, St. Helen's Island... Hy. Sandham.
89. On Cap à l'Aigle Road... D. E. Grant.
90. Neapolitan Fisherman... D. Fowler.
91. High Alps of the Bernese Oberland, Switzerland... D. Fowler.
92. Fruit... J. Weston.
93. Woodland Scene... Matthews.
94. Wood Engraving, Portrait... John Dalziel.
95. Do. do. do. do. do. do.
96. Study of a Dog... A. Vogt.
97. Bridge and Mill, Carnarvonshire, Wales... D. Fowler.
98. Short Cut up the Hill... C. J. Way.
99. Upper Falls of le Trou... D. E. Grant.
100. Ancient Roman Bridge of the Grison, Switzerland... D. Fowler.
101. Mare and Foal... Do.
102. Wind and Sun Going Down... Hy. Sandham.

- 103. On the Murray River... D. E. Grant.
104. Temple of Vesta, Tivoli... D. Fowler.
105. Bridge on the Pass of the Grimsel, Switzerland... Do.
106. Snowbirds and Pigeon... J. Weston.
107. The Matterhorn from the Riffel... C. J. Way.
108. Dirty Weather—Breakers Ahead... Do.
109. On the Coast, Murray Bay... D. E. Grant.
110. At Close of Day... C. J. Way.
111. On the Beach, Murray Bay... F. Sohns.
112. On the Coast after a Gale... D. E. Grant.
113. On the St. Lawrence... Hy. Sandham.
114. Fog—Morning, Quebec... J. Weston.
115. Evening, Quebec... Do.
116. Montnorenay, from the Island of Orleans... Do.
117. Falls of le Trou... D. E. Grant.
118. Scene in St. Lamberts... R. H. Summersall.
119. Sand Bars, Shawanegan Bay... Allan Edson.
120. On the Sauguen... W. Cresswell.
121. Gulf of Neiges, White Mountains... Do.
122. Lake Shore... Do.
123. Smoke Point, Burlington Bay... Do.
124. Lake Shore... Do.

The lilac bushes in sheltered, sunny places in New York, are green with buds, while the rose bushes are putting out little leaves.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending February 8, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician, 387 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 4 columns: Day, 9 A. M., 1 P. M., 6 P. M. and 4 columns: Day, Max., Min., Mean.

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

Table with 4 columns: Day, 9 A. M., 1 P. M., 6 P. M.

CHESS.

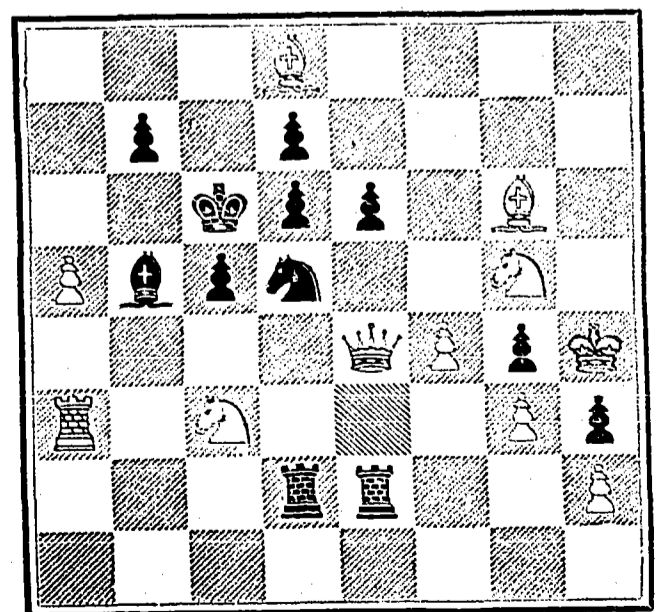
GAME PLAYED BY PHILIDOR, (BLINDFOLD), ABOUT THE YEAR 1780. (From Walker's "Chess Treatise.")

Mr. Leycester. Philidor, (giving P. and move.)

- 1. K. P. 2. Q. B. P. 2.
2. Q. ch. P. in.
3. Q. takes Q. B. P. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.
4. Q. B. P. 1. K. P. 2.
5. Q. K. 3rd. K. Kt. B. 3rd.
6. K. R. P. 1. Q. P. 2.
7. K. P. takes P. K. Kt. takes P.
8. Q. K. 2nd. K. Kt. to K. B. 5th.
9. Q. K. B. 3rd. K. B. to R. 3rd.
10. K. B. Q. Kt. 5th. Castles.
11. Q. K. 4th. Q. B. to K. B. 4th.
12. Q. to B. 4th, ch. K. to R. sq.
13. Q. to K. B. sq. Q. B. to Q. 6th.
14. K. B. takes B. K. Kt. takes B. ch.
15. K. to K. 2nd. K. R. takes P. ch.
16. Q. takes R. K. Kt. takes Q.
17. K. takes Kt. Q. to Q. 6th.
18. K. Kt. to K. 2nd. R. ch.
19. K. to K. sq. K. P. 1.
20. K. R. to K. B. R. takes R. ch.
21. K. takes R. Q. to Q. B. 7th.
22. K. to K. sq. Kt. to K. 4th.
23. Q. Kt. to R. 3rd. Kt. to Q. 6th, ch.
24. K. to — Q. mates.

PROBLEM No. 4.

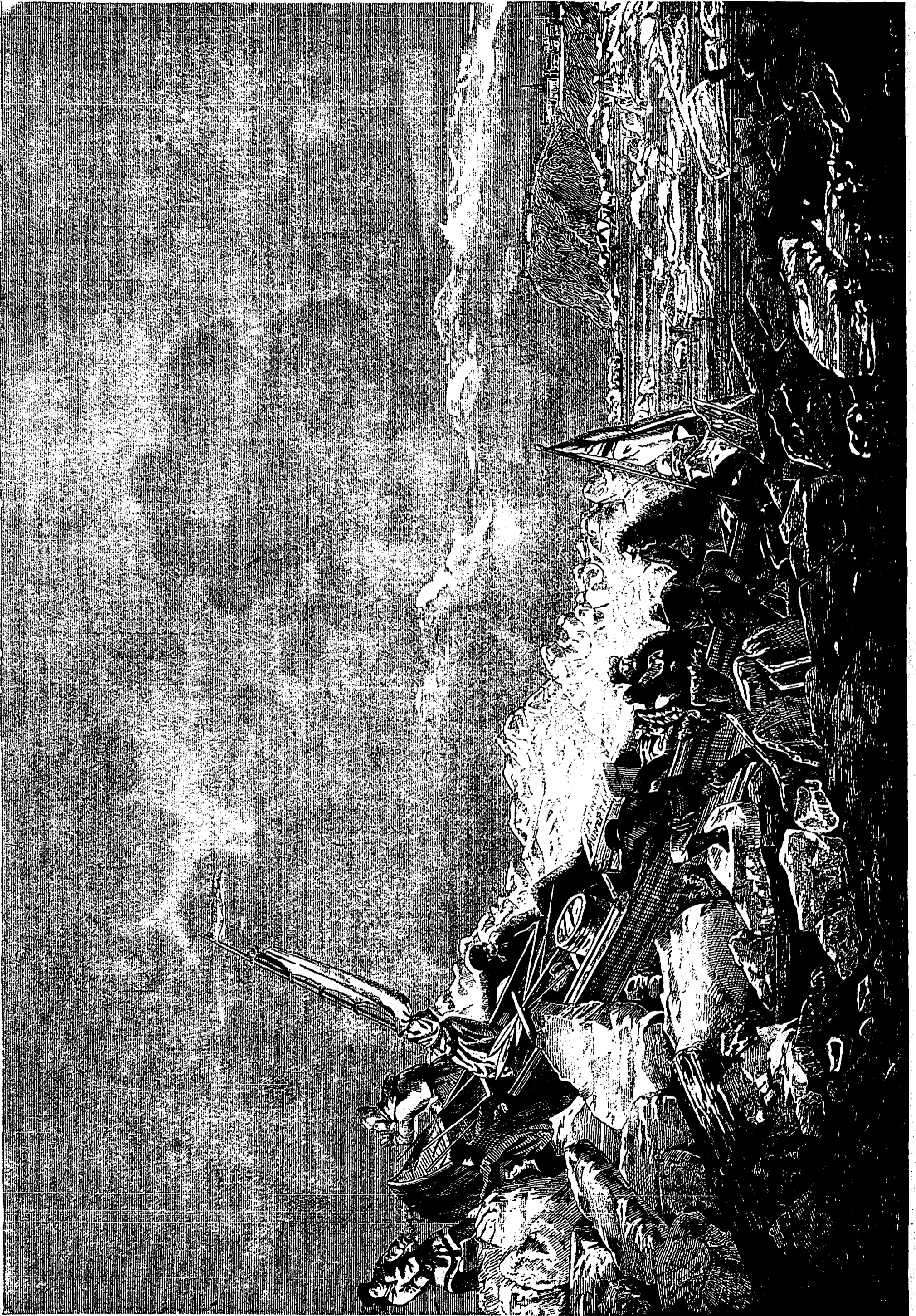
BLACK.



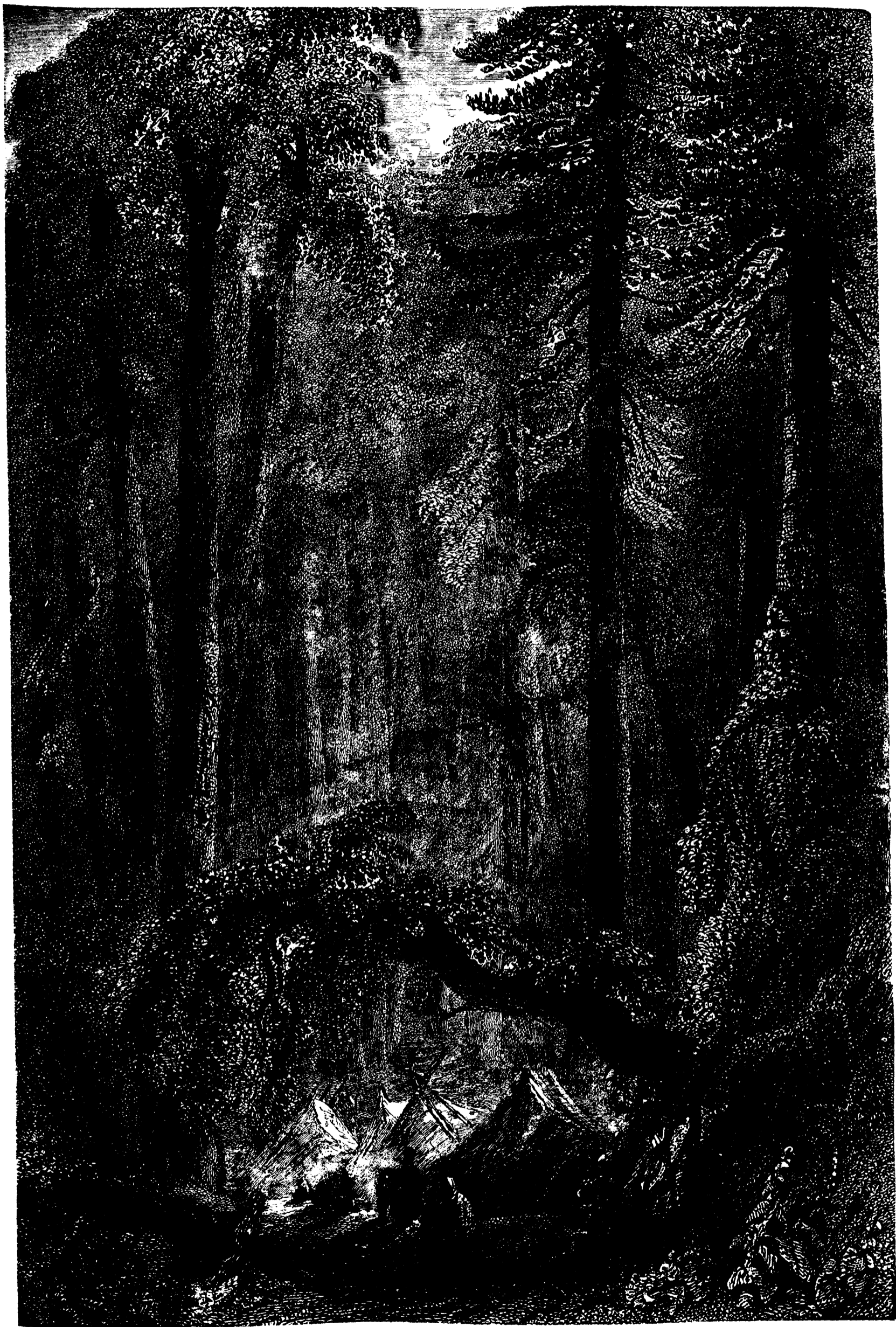
WHITE.

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





CANOE WITH MAILED PASSENGERS CROSSING THE ST LAWRENCE AT QUEBEC, IN WINTER.—SEE PAGE 236.



A FOREST SCENE.—After Bartlett.—SEE PAGE 226.

## 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 Villermac;"  
"Eva Huntingdon;" &c., &c.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The deep dejection with which he spoke touched me, and I gently replied: "But you have still a future before you, Mr. Sherwin. You have still time to redeem the past which you regret so deeply."

"Yes, under certain circumstances I might," and his face lighted up with an eagerness that startled me. "If some noble gifted woman like yourself, would undertake the task, I might yet become a good, if not a great man!"

I half rose to my feet, exclaiming abruptly: "Do not choose me for your standard of comparison, Mr. Sherwin. It is absurd, and as a wife, I dislike it!"

"Ada Ellerslie!" was the vehement reply, "Why cling to a shadow—why talk of a husband who has abandoned you for ever, left you to be a mark for idle gossip—for evil calumny? You will have only to seek a divorce surely, to obtain one, for Ellerslie's conduct has been too flagrant to admit of any defence, and then you will consent to bless the home of a man who will honour and cherish you as one like you should be honoured and cherished,—who will learn from you to live for better things than he has yet thought of?"

Astonishment, overwhelming inexpressible astonishment, kept me silent for a time, and I could only stare at him in silence.

He had risen to his feet, and with an eager flush on his features, stood there in the pride of his handsome manhood; entreaty in his dark-speaking eyes, in his earnest attitude, a petitioner whose claims many unoccupied female hearts might have found almost irresistible, but mine was full of my husband's memory, and when I found voice, I questioned:

"Are you mad, Mr. Sherwin, utterly mad? Have you forgotten that those whom God has joined, no man must put asunder? Ah, even were it otherwise, I would rather be Rupert Ellerslie's abandoned, neglected wife, than the petted bride of any man living!"

He almost stamped his foot as he exclaimed with an angry vehemence:

"And he, blind fool! can despise, trample on such a love! Listen to me, Ada! No husband ever left such a woman as you are without grave and weighty cause, and here his voice lowered and acquired a strange significance. "Consent then, to share my name and fortune—which you know are in some degree worthy of you—seek that divorce which will be so easily obtained, and I promise to never ask of you, either before or after marriage, the cause that drove Rupert Ellerslie from his happy home, and a wife that most men envied him, to be a purposeless wanderer on the earth."

There was much in this last speech to irritate and humiliate me, but the speaker was terribly in earnest, and there was at the same time a certain generosity in the nature of his offer, however unpleasantly expressed, so I contented myself with calmly rejoicing:

"As to the offer you have just renewed, you have already received a clear, decisive answer. Now, as for myself, I do not know what singular suspicions you may have formed concerning me, but I think it right to state that no error or fault of mine drove my husband from me, and he is equally guiltless with myself. A misunderstanding did it all. And now, Mr. Sherwin, please leave me, for this interview has been a very painful one."

"Certainly, since you wish it. Believe me I am unselfish enough to desire, as you can never be mine, that the cloud which interposes between you and happiness may yet be removed, and yourself and Ellerslie reunited. And now before leaving, which it is time for me to do, for you look both pale and ill, will you consent to my occasionally coming to see you? I ask it in the name of our former acquaintance, of my relationship to your husband."

"No, no!" I vehemently answered. "On no account will I even hear of such a thing! Do you not think I have given gossips food enough for talk already without furnishing them with new cause?"

"Will you not give me a faint hope for the future, then? If your mind should change; if—if you heard bad news about Mr. Ellerslie—heard that you were once more free through that last solemn divorce which even your strict principles could not carp at?"

"No, a thousand times no!" I indignantly, passionately interrupted, for the very idea of the possibility he had suggested, pierced my heart sharply as a dagger. "Were I a widow, sought for by the best and noblest of your sex, the very name of Ellerslie would be too dear to me to permit of my ever changing it."

"Yours is indeed love passing the love of most women," he sadly rejoined. "Ellerslie, wanderer, exile though he may be, is still to be envied, possessing the affections of such a heart."

He wrung my hand in a painfully tight pressure, and then, with a moody disappointed look, left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

The rainiest and most inclement autumn that I ever remembered had now set in, and with its chill, damp winds, and weeping skies, my nursing, always fragile, began to droop. Medical aid was at once summoned, Dorothy and myself were unremitting in our attention, but with little apparent success.

One thing that had always grieved me was my little Rupert's perverse resemblance to poor George, instead of his father. He had my brother's fair, curly hair, his clear, bright blue eyes, but as he grew older, a likeness to Mr. Ellerslie became somewhat apparent. When I at times pointed out this to Dorothy, she always declared she saw no resemblance whatever; but I who remembered so vividly that dear, never-to-be-forgotten face, saw it more plainly every day, and as I watched by the child's bed or rocked him in my arms, brooded over it and the memory of my husband till I fell back again into the dull, blank state of bodily and mental misery from which, under the influence of summer's sunshine and out-door

exercise, I had somewhat rallied. The vitality my poor baby exhibited was wonderful, and long after his sentence had been pronounced by the attending physician, he continued to linger, lying for hours motionless in his cot, or in our arms, giving no signs of life beyond an occasional movement of his tiny, emaciated fingers, or a faint moan. All this would have been heart-rending to any mother under the most favourable circumstances, supported, consoled by a husband's loving care and sympathy, expressed by other blooming, healthy children around her knee. What then must it have been to me?

For days no gleam of sunshine had penetrated the leaden skies overhead. The plash of the falling rain—the sighing and wailing of the autumn wind round the house, formed a suitable accompaniment to the gloom that reigned within. At length the closing scene approached. Almost without a struggle life went out from that little frame that had suffered so much, and my poor baby was at rest.

Evidently Dorothy dreaded some violent outbreak of sorrow on my part, some wild display of ungovernable emotion, but it was not so. The weary novitiate of suffering I had undergone had almost completely weaned me from earthly hopes, and I could bow my head on that cold, baby brow, and feel how merciful God had been in removing it so early from a world in which, at least from my own sad experience, to live was to suffer. Perhaps had I been a happy mother, the sight of that little, icy, rigid form would have been painful to me, but in my dreary isolation I felt a strange companionship in the lifeless clay, and despite the remonstrances of Dorothy, spent the chief part of my time, night and day, in the darkened room where it lay. Of course my faithful servant persisted in keeping me company as much as possible, though, owing to my morbid frame of mind, I would infinitely have preferred being alone. She had dressed my little one in its grave clothes, and we both stood silently regarding it.

"Ah," I suddenly whispered with a sort of sobbing sigh, "the sharpest pang of all is in the thought that his father has never seen him. Born and died without one look!"

Dorothy made no reply, but after a while she said, "How little like he is to Mr. Ellerslie!"

It was indeed so. The slight resemblance I had noticed in the baby lineaments to my husband for some time past had disappeared, and I unwillingly answered, "Yes. Does he not remind you of poor George?" I continued,

"He does, and of another, too," she answered dreamily, almost involuntarily, it seemed.

"And who is that other, Dorothy?"

She started violently and hastily ejaculated, "No other, Miss Ada!" She always called me so when under the influence of strong emotion. "My old wits, I fear, are wandering."

"No, Dorothy, but you are hiding some secret thought or recollection from me. Why torment me by unnecessary mystery? Speak!"

"Because I dare not, I ought not to tell you," she replied, growing still more flurried and agitated.

"How or when did you see that other whom my baby resembles? You *must* tell me."

There was a dead silence for a few moments, and then in a low, tremulous voice she spoke.

"On the night Mr. Ellerslie left us for ever. Oh, since you wish it, Miss Ada, I will tell you what has been lying on my heart like an iron weight for so long a time. I saw you, my poor, weak child, in the arms of that fair-haired man, surely a curse will follow him wherever he goes, in life or death, and my poor master saw you too."

Very little this revelation moved me, and I quietly said, "Go on, Dorothy, tell me all."

With a choked sob, betokening the effort it cost her, she resumed:

"On that dreadful night I was lying suffering with my rheumatism pains, which had awoke me, when about half-past eleven I heard Mr. Ellerslie open the hall door with his latch key, and gently come up stairs. Thinking I might be wanted, I got up and dressed, when, before I had done, I heard his step again. Fancying he might be looking for me, as all the other servants were abed, I half opened my door, but drew back again, unseen by master. Oh! ma'am, the light of the lamp that always burned in the hall, shone full on him, and his look was one never to be forgotten. He was white as a sheet, and his eyes were fixed-like in his head. Either he suspected something from finding your room empty, or he had found some writing, perhaps that unlucky letter I gave you a few hours before—I would have burned it and my hand off together before giving it had I only guessed what it was. Fearing, I scarcely knew what I stole out softly into the porch after Mr. Ellerslie, and then in a moment, from where I stood in the shadow of the wall, I saw you and—*and him*. Master suddenly turned and went back into his study with a wild, dangerous look in his eyes, and fearing he meant murder, I remained outside his door to stop him when he should come out. A moment after, you crept in, and it was only by flattening myself against the wall that I got out of your way, so that you could pass without seeing me. Bad as Mr. Ellerslie looked, you looked worse. Your face was ghastly white, your eyes red with crying. After you had gone up, I followed you in my stocking-feet, and crouched down near your door, for I was afraid the master, after what he had seen, might want to take your life. Men have done it before for less. Some time after, I heard his step coming along the hall and up the stairs, and I shook with fright as if I had an ague fit. But when I saw from my dark corner his patient, sad face, from which that wicked look had gone out, I grew less frightened. Still I stayed close to your door, ready to run in and stand between you and him if I heard any scream or loud word; for were you not my own child, greatly as you had gone astray? But all was quiet, and after a while I stole off towards my own room, when your bell rang. I ran back, and Mr. Ellerslie beckoned me in and said: Attend to your mistress, Dorothy, and when she comes round give her this letter. Never leave her! I'm going away for a long time. Good bye! and with a look that brought tears to my eyes he shook hands with me, then gave a glance towards you and went his way. Oh, may the Lord pardon us all our sins and pardon you for that night, child!" she groaned, as she wiped away her fast flowing tears.

"Dorothy, in this sacred presence we shall speak the truth," and I laid my hand lightly on my child's cold forehead. "Do you really believe me a faithless wife?"

"God help me, child, what else can I think?" she asked in tones of querulous grief. "Did I not see you with my own eyes?"

"Well, well, my old friend, one whom I loved more dearly than all the world beside, thought me guilty too, and I did not set him right, so I will not clear myself to you either. This

life is but short and that eternity, in which my innocence will be made known, endless! But, why did you never speak about this before?"

"It wasn't my place to do so, mistress dear, and besides, you looked so awful broken down, like, after Mr. Ellerslie left, I feared the very naming of it might drive you desperate. Then, none could find fault with your life since. Ah! I humbly hope," and the faithful creature raised her dim eyes to Heaven, "that you have truly repented long ago, and that He who pardoned Mary Magdalen and the sinful woman brought to Him by the Pharisees has forgiven you long since."

"Ah, Dorothy, I have sins that weigh more heavily on my conscience than aught I did that night," and here conscience whispered: Innocent of what she charges you with, but guilty of countless murmurs, sinful discouragement and unchristianly want of resignation to the Divine Will. Sinking on my knees I bowed my head on my baby's face, with a strange deep feeling of humiliation and self-abasement. Long, long I knelt there in silence communing with my own heart and that Heavenly Father, whose chastening love I had so long and greatly slighted, and before I rose from my knees I had brought my stubborn heart to bow for the first time since Rupert and I had parted, to His holy will.

Three nights after that I sat alone in my dressing-room in the new mourning robes which Dorothy's thoughtfulness had procured for me. The wind moaned round the house and the bare branches of the necia trees that grew beneath my windows tapped at intervals against the panes with a strange weird sound. The pleasant coal fire that burned in the grate and the cheerful wax-lights on the stand near me failed to counter-balance in any degree the effect of the gloom that reigned without. That morning the last tie that bound me to earth had been broken, my child, sole heir of the old and honoured house of Ellerslie, laid in his humble grave, accompanied thither but by two mourners, my servants, and yet I sat there calm and tearless, a look of relief rather than sorrow on my pallid face. The dark hour was again upon me, and forgetful of my Heavenly Comforter, I yielded as I had so often sinfully, weakly done before, to the whispers of an unchristian-like discouragement. Yes, I could sit quietly down now and await the hour of my deliverance. I no longer felt myself bound to struggle for the prolongation of an existence whose burden had become intolerable to me. Whilst my poor baby lived, I was necessary to him, not only as every mother is necessary to her child, but also that I might lay up some provision for him, so that when Death should summon me away, and Ellerslie go to Helena Sherwin, according to my husband's arrangements, he might not be left utterly destitute. Now, he was richly provided for, more so than any earthly prince had ever yet been, and I was at liberty to lay my burden down and die.

Whilst calmly revolving such thoughts, Dorothy brought in a tray with a carefully prepared evening repast and set it down beside me.

"But you must take your drops first, poor child," she anxiously said. "You know the Doctor ordered them before every meal."

"Not to-night, Dorothy! 'Tis useless insisting. Please put the candles on that far table—their glare is too strong for my eyes—and now go to bed yourself. You have been a whole week without rest."

She looked wistfully at me, but my manner, though very quiet, was decided, and fearing perhaps to ruffle the tranquillity I displayed, by opposition, she did as I told her and left the room.

"Ah! no more tonics or medicines now," I thought—pushing away with a faint wintry smile the small vial she had placed beside me. "No more weary, constitutional walks or drives, nor forcing of food on my loathing palate to prolong life for my child's sake. Free, free at last!" Then, with my eyes fixed on the glowing coals, I lapsed into deep reverie.

And now the reader will, no doubt, be surprised when I say that during the last few months of my dreary existence, I had been favoured three or four times at twilight, or after night-fall, with visions; but do not suppose I wish to insinuate that these apparitions were anything more than mere delusion, the result of weakened health, shattered nerves, and constant brooding over sorrowful thoughts. Once I had seen my brother's resemblance glide into my room and stand looking at me silently and sorrowfully for a moment, then vanish away. The resemblance of my husband had come oftener. Once as I stood bending over my baby's cradle, listening to the faint, gasping breathing which I expected every moment would be hushed in death, I raised my eyes and saw, or rather I fancied I saw, Rupert standing on the other side of the cot, gazing at us both with looks of mournful tenderness. Another time I saw him enter—seat himself in a vacant chair opposite mine, ever regarding me with the same touching kindly expression, but when, after the lapse of a moment, I pronounced his name, the apparition vanished. No greater proof of the morbid state into which I had fallen could be adduced than the fact that I began to court the return of these illusions—to feel a strange thrilling pleasure in the thought that I should see the resemblance of my husband, even though it should be but the creation of my own distempered fancy. Of course, I never even hinted about these visitings or imaginings to Dorothy. They would have terrified her beyond all bounds, whether she would have viewed them in the light of supernatural warnings or as indications that my reason was giving way beneath the iron pressure of long continued grief. Worn out with a week's entire watching, day and night, beside my dying child, the faithful creature, after again seeking me to assure herself that I had no want unattended to, retired to rest in her own room, which opened on the same corridor as mine, and was only two doors distant.

Though greatly wearied myself, for I also had been several nights without sleep, I felt no temptation to seek repose, and remained in my deep easy chair, sinking gradually into that state of half unconsciousness so closely bordering on dream-land. How long I sat thus I know not. For hours all had been profoundly still in the house; the coal fire no longer blazed brightly, but cast merely a sullen red glare around; the candles in their distant corner shone like two luminous specks; all in the chamber had an unreal fantastic appearance, when, on suddenly glancing, I knew not why, towards my door, which stood slightly ajar, I saw it slowly, noiselessly open. No beat of terror quickened my pulse; it was rather a thrilling pleasurable sensation of expectation. Yes, as I had thought and hoped, it was one of my visions—the most welcome—that of Rupert, my husband. Quietly he stole to my feet, and kneeling there, looked up at me with eyes full of imploring, passionate tenderness. Fearing to dispel the bliss

of the moment, I sat as if carved in stone, scarcely daring to open my heavy, half-closed eye-lids, which were bent towards him. Burying his face in the folds of my ermine dress, he whispered: "Pardon! pardon, my darling wife! Be merciful and do not spurn me from you!"

Then my hand was taken, and burning kisses and hot tears were rained upon it. Surely never had vision so distinct as this appeared to mortal before! But still, I did not move or speak, and the vehement words of love and entreaties for forgiveness were redoubled, and the tears and kisses rained quicker on my hands, both of which were now imprisoned in a close clasp.

"Am I going mad?" was my terrified thought as I suddenly strove to withdraw my hands, but could not succeed. Ah! merciful God! it was no vision, but Rupert Ellerslie himself, and with a wild cry I fell forward, almost unconscious, on my husband's breast, the resting place for which I had so long and passionately yearned.

What an awakening was mine! It atoned, amply atoned for all the pangs, the anguish I had endured, and, at times, it seemed to me as if it were too much bliss to know and yet live. My head leaning on Rupert's shoulder, his arm encircling me as it had done in the happy early portion of our wedded life, we spoke together of the past, whose dark shadows served by contrast to render more bright the sunshine that had again suddenly flooded our path.

"And you believe, trust in me now?" I whispered, as tears of bliss forced themselves through my eye-lids.

"Yes, my much wronged, long enduring wife! May you and heaven forgive me my injustice, for I sometimes think I never can forgive myself!"

"But how much of the truth do you know, and how came you to learn it?"

"Not now, my darling, not now! You have already had agitation enough, but why this deep mourning-dress, my Ada?"

"For Rupert Ellerslie, our first-born child," I whispered, with a half sob. "He was buried this morning."

Ellerslie strained me tenderly to his heart, and I felt warm tears wetting my neck and hair. At length he said:

"I deserved such a lesson, Ada, for all the suffering I have inflicted on yourself—for all the thoughts of rebellion, of anger that have so often had the mastery in my breast; and besides, our present bliss would have been too great for earth without some drawback."

"And where have you been since you left me, Rupert?"

"Wherever I thought I should meet with no familiar face, hear no familiar voice. And yet, I chanced upon Eden Sherwin just before embarking on my last eventful voyage. You saw him in September, Ada?"

"Yes," I faltered, and dreading almost to acknowledge I had done so, as well as to tell the substance of our interview, I was silent, whilst a deep flush overspread my face.

"Do not fear to speak, my darling, for never will I misjudge you again. I know all. Sherwin himself told me how he had vainly prayed and sued for your favour, and how you had made him that noble reply worthy of being printed in letters of gold and hung upon these old walls—the highest testimony that woman ever yet bore our race; how if you were a widow to-morrow, the very name of Ellerslie would be too dear to you to permit of your ever changing it for another. He rated me roundly for my incomprehensible desertion of you; said I was unworthy the love of such a woman, and ended by fervently hoping that some other wooer might prove more successful than he had done, and win the treasure that I so blindly disdained. Strange, my Ada, though still labouring under all my former terrible misapprehensions concerning yourself, I found a pleasure in listening to your praises—in knowing that you had won from others the esteem and admiration which, forgive me, darling! I had ceased at the time to feel for you. Making no reply or explanation to Sherwin's angrily expressed surprise and sharp reproaches, I merely said 'It was expedient that you and I should live apart,' and with a great deal of difficulty I obtained his promise that he should never mention our chance meeting to you or any other. Before parting he spoke of the state of isolation in which you lived, the gloom and sadness surrounding you, in a manner that made my heart ache. And has it always been so, my poor wife? None but kind old Dorothy to tend and guard you?"

"Yes, and even she, I learned yesterday, misjudged me as widely as you had done."

"Yes, but she remained faithful and true-hearted, whilst I abandoned you. Ah, my Ada, there were times, after I had discovered the extent of the error into which I had fallen, when I almost despaired of winning your forgiveness, fearing that though a lip pardon might be extended to me, your heart would never return to its early allegiance, and that our renewed wedded life would be but a mockery of what it had once been."

"But why did you not write to me, Rupert, to tell me of your coming?"

"I did, dearest! I sent you a long pleading letter——"

"Which must be still in the post-office," I interrupted, for having no correspondence, expecting none, my servant does not call there sometimes for weeks. "But continue, tell me all!"

"The stage arrived late in the evening at the neighbouring village, and I walked from thence on foot. Arrived here, I found the household had evidently retired. What if I raged, asked for you, and you should decline to receive or even see me? My latch-key still remained through all my wanderings on the ring to which were also attached the keys of my writing-desk and valise. Yes, I would let myself in, seek your presence unannounced, and plead my cause. The letter I had written would have prepared you already in some degree for my appearance. Ah! when I stole like a criminal to your feet as you sat here, so pale and sad, in your black garments, I feared you would refuse me pitilessly your forgiveness, not so much for having misjudged you as for having condemned you unheard, for having closed my ears to that defence to which you so touchingly implored me to listen. You were so long without speaking, dear wife, without giving me word or look of recognition."

"Because I feared if I did you would vanish into thin air." And then I told him about my spiritual visitants, how I longed for their coming, and how I had at first taken him for one.

Though I spoke jestingly, for I could afford to laugh at my own folly now, no answering smile brightened his face, and with a shudder he pressed me to him, whispering, whilst his cheek grew pale:

"My darling! my darling! I came in time. A little longer on the rack of misery, and either body or mind would have given way!"

CHAPTER V.

The delighted surprise of faithful Dorothy when Mr. Ellerslie unexpectedly accosted her in the hall the following morning was unbounded. She at first recoiled from him in terror, half thinking, like myself, that he was a visitor from another world, but he quickly reassured her. Then, when she asked in a faltering tone had he seen the mistress yet, and received the answer, "yes, that he had come back to never leave her again," she asked no questions, like a sensible faithful creature as she was, but raised her eyes in silent thanksgiving to heaven, and then hastened away, wiping the tears of joy that were flowing rapidly from her eyes.

In the course of the morning, as Mr. Ellerslie and I were making the tour of the house together, I threw open the study door, saying:

"Come, Rupert, till I show you in what good order I have kept it since your departure. Look at your books and writing paraphernalia, not an atom of dust on any of them. Oh, if these walls could speak, they would tell of hours of silent anguish, paroxysms of despair, such as I hope they may never witness again."

Again a look of intense pain contracted his features, and he hurriedly rejoined: "It almost maddens me to think of it all, to remember what you must have suffered, but, oh, my darling wife, a life-time spent in tending, cherishing, worshipping you, will make, I hope, some poor amends for that woful page of your life's history."

Wishing to chase the shadow from his face, I entreatingly said: "But when will you take pity on my woman's curiosity and impart where and how you learned the explanation of the mystery that brought so much sorrow to us both. Do not fear for my calmness or self-possession. Happiness gives wonderful strength."

"Then let it be in this room, memorable to us both, for if you spent many days of sorrow in it, I passed part of a night here, the misery of which, even at the present hour, I can scarcely bear to recall. Sit down on this sofa, true wife, where the sunlight which seems to shine so brightly in honour of our reunion, streams in, and rest your head on my shoulder, for the tale is a sorrowful one, and will try your courage and Christian resignation."

Awed by this solemn introduction I silently obeyed, and he began:

"I will not tell you now of my distant wanderings; they will furnish pleasant tales to narrate hereafter beside our winter fires. I will speak only of the chain of circumstances which led to my restoration to a womanly love worth a life-long servitude to obtain. Ever restless, wretched, I had taken passage in a vessel bound to Vera Cruz, where I intended remaining till I should have wearied of it, as I had done of other and fairer lands. I had not been long on board when my attention was attracted to one of the subordinate officers of the vessel, a purser's clerk, I believe they called him. Apart from his general appearance, which was very gentlemanly, and his regular, though somewhat feminine features, there was an air of languid suffering about him, and a hollow ring in his frequent hacking cough that indicated, poor lad, he had not many more voyages before him till he should enter on the last and longest of all. What interested me in him, however, beyond all else, was a strong resemblance to yourself, not in eyes or complexion, but in features, inflexion of voice, and general manner."

"It was George, my poor, poor brother," I whispered, whilst the blood tumultuously flowed back to my heart.

Mr. Ellerslie sadly inclined his head.

"He called himself Hardy; and was remarkably reticent in manner, not exactly repulsing, but withdrawing himself from one or two overtures to acquaintance which I made, influenced, doubtless, though I did not then acknowledge it to my own heart, by the resemblance to yourself which I have just mentioned. The weather, rainy and tempestuous, seemed to exercise a pernicious influence on poor young Hardy's health. I was, therefore, more grieved than surprised on learning one evening that during a violent fit of coughing, which had attacked him whilst on deck, he had burst a blood vessel, and was now lying dangerously ill in the cabin. You tremble, Ada, darling, and your hand is cold as ice! Forgive me if I cause pain, but I warned you my tale was a sad one. Out of grief cometh joy, and had it not been for the sad events which I have now to relate, I would still be a wandering outcast, and you, my true, devoted wife, sitting lonely and broken-hearted by a desolate hearth. When I entered the cabin, I found a medical man with our poor George, as I will henceforth call him, and he had just heard his fiat pronounced, calmly and resignedly. The hemorrhage had been arrested, but he was sinking fast, and voice and features were perceptibly changed. He seemed pleased to see me, and on my proposing to sit up with him for the night, thankfully accepted my offer."

"I have liked you from the first, Mr. Austin, such was the name I went by: you know, Ada, I was baptized Rupert Austin. You addressed me, continued poor George, not with the patronizing condescension which the superiority of your position over mine would have warranted, but as one gentleman addresses another. Your penetration was not at fault. I was born and brought up in the station of a gentleman, though alas! I have long since fallen from it, how or why it is needless to tell." He paused a moment, evidently in mournful thought, and wiped slowly from his forehead the damps gathering on it.

"Have you any letters to dictate, any farewell message to send to friend or relative?" I gently asked, for I feared his time might be shorter than he himself imagined.

"None, none! I have no relative save one dearly beloved sister, to whom I owe more than brother ever owed to sister before. But she, thank God, is the cherished wife of an honourable, high-souled man, whom she loves with a devotion few even among her devoted sex are capable of."

"But would you not like to send her a farewell word or token?" I urged.

"No—why grieve her unnecessarily? There are family reasons also why I should send neither letter nor message to her. Living or dead, I could bring her nothing but disgrace."

Delicacy kept me silent, and after a short pause he resumed:

"Please, Mr. Austin, take this key and open the small writing-desk beside you."

I obeyed, and he continued:

"That packet of letters I wish destroyed. There is a small fold of tissue paper with them. Will you open it?"

"I did so, and started violently, for there between the white folds lay a long silken tress, just like those which I had so often twined caressingly round my finger," and here my husband tenderly laid his hand on my head, whilst I silently

wiped away the tears his sad recital had evoked. "Like lightning the recollection flashed across my mind that when you first came to Elmsford, Fairy had, in her thoughtless, childish way, called our attention to the fact that a long, thick tress had just been severed from your head. 'Tis true after our marriage you had told me that the missing tress had been given to your brother, but I remembered how abrupt and confused your manner had been at the time."

"Ah! my jealous prejudiced heart began to think it had penetrated all the mystery! That dark lock had been given to some early suitor, and that early suitor, the dying wretch before me, was the same fair-haired sailor lover whom I had seen with you the night of our separation, though at too great a distance to note his features well; he who had stolen into my home during my absence and robbed me of all that life held dear. As if to afford one last crowning proof of the correctness of my suspicions, my glance suddenly fell on a small ivory portemonnaie which I had myself given you a short time previous to that ever-memorable night. Oh, the mighty wave of wrath that broke over me at that moment—the desperate thirst for vengeance that swelled within me! But soon came the thought against whom was I to vent it? On the weak pouting fellow mortal before me, on the point of appearing before His Maker to answer for all other sins as well as for the mighty wrong he had done myself? No, he was in the hands of his heavenly judge, of Him who hath said 'Vengeance is mine and I will repay.' 'Put that dear tress of hair,' he faintly whispered, 'on my breast, before I am laid in my resting place beneath the waves.' 'No,' my heart fiercely responded. 'That lock of hair shall lie next to man's heart, even in death! And with a mocking sneer I could not repress I enquired: 'Some love token?' 'A love token, indeed, but from a beloved sister.' 'What say you?' I ejaculated, startled out of all self-command. 'Ada Dunmore had but one brother, George Dunmore, and at his funeral in Danville church-yard, I myself assisted.' 'Who are you? he asked with terror in his voice, 'and how can you divine the name I have never heard for years—have never revealed to mortal.' 'Rupert Ellerslie!' I rejoined, casting off all concealment. 'And you?' He stared wildly at me a moment and then rejoined, 'George Dunmore, your wife's brother. An outcast—a fugitive from justice; but sit down, Mr. Ellerslie, and I will tell you my sad tale before I go hence. I remember now, poor Ada mentioned to me in the one interview I had with her subsequent to her marriage, that my father had bound her by a terrible vow to never reveal the secret of my guilt to mortal. I, however, am bound by no such promise, and I think it but just to relate to you this sad passage in the annals of our family. It will at least make you fonder and prouder of your noble wife, if it forces you to blush for her only brother.' My brain almost reeling beneath the overpowering joyful hope that suddenly flashed across me, I resumed my seat. He told me all, my Ada, even from that memorable Christmas Eve which was to close in such mournful gloom."

"What I felt, what I suffered during his recital, no words of mine, however forcible, can express. Passionate yearning love towards you, keen agonizing remorse for all the suffering I had inflicted on you, and intense unimaginable joy to know that my idol was still worthy of my worship, was all that I had at first imagined her to be. The mournful tale drew to a close, and as I sat listening with head bowed on my hand to hide the emotion so legible in my face, I resolved to spare poor George all knowledge of the misery his last visit to you had brought us both. He left many tender loving messages for you, and breathed more than one earnest prayer for your happiness. The night passed peacefully enough; he suffered but little, and listened with a calm, hopeful look, as I read aloud prayers suitable to the occasion. Then, about day-break, his breathing became more hurried, and after a few short quick sighs he passed away. Of course I disembarked at the first port at which we stopped and hastened home."

"Ada darling! It was a happy release for poor George. Do not grieve that he has left a world that offered him so little to live for, to go to his Father's Kingdom!"

"Yes, I had now two to mourn for—my only brother and my baby son; but then, my husband wept with me, whispered words of consolation—of hope for the future, and the darkness of the shadow passed away, though its softening influence remained long after."

Here I will close, for a recital of the remainder of my life, passed in quiet happiness, would be monotonous. Fair, blooming children grew up around our hearth, including a Rupert, resembling his father sufficiently to please even dear old Dorothy, to whom my husband related soon the sad tale he had first imparted to myself. She was glad to see my name cleared from blame, even at the cost of inculpating poor George, who was now beyond all earthly blame or sorrow."

Eden Sherwin married, after another year, and evidently made a wiser choice in his second than in his first union. Fairy grew up a beautiful girl, often wayward and petulant, but affectionate and high-principled; she was a constant visitor in our pleasant home, where she was ever welcome."

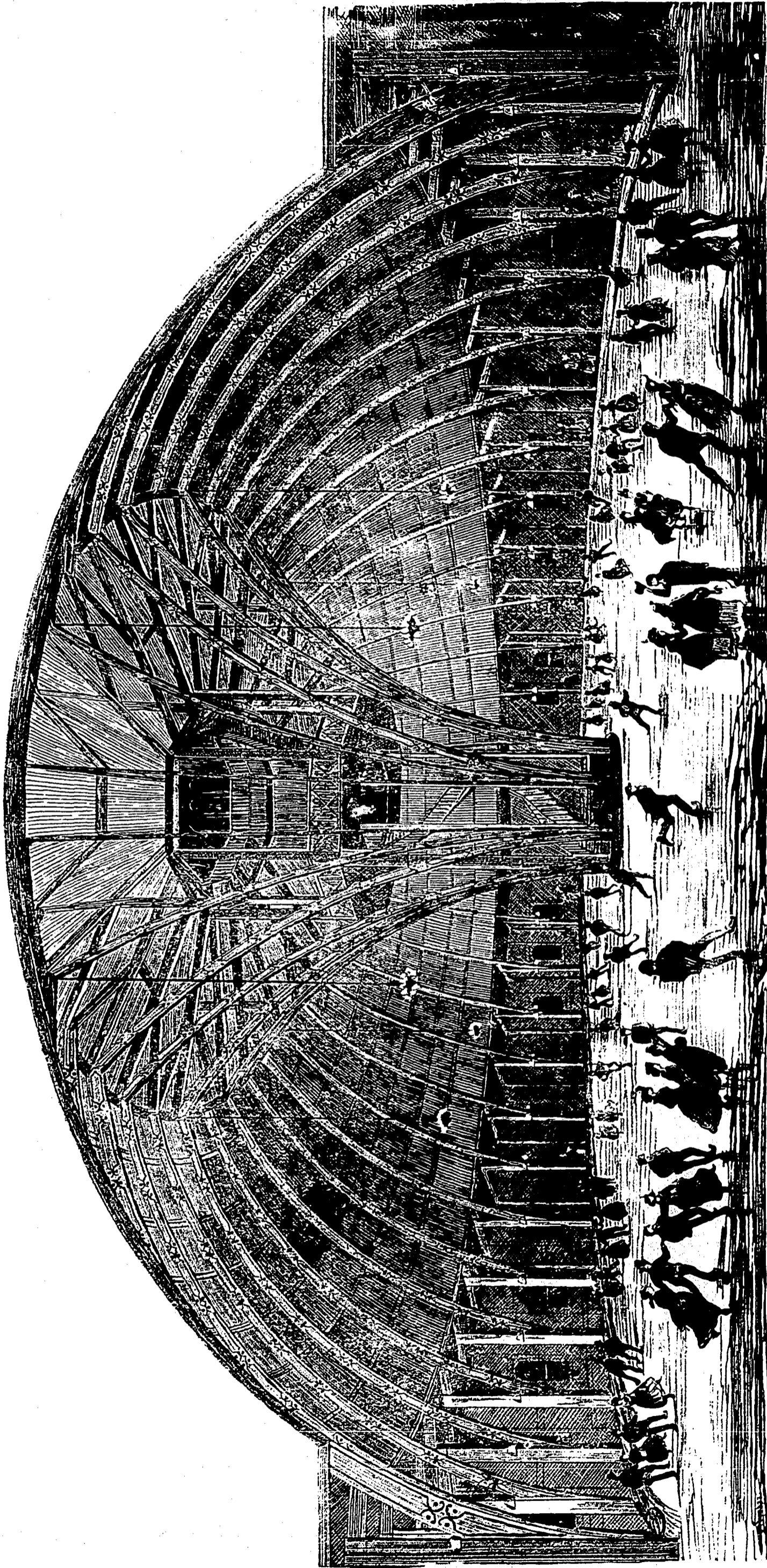
As for Rupert and myself, the discipline of sorrow was of benefit to both. It taught us to live, or try to live for better and holier things than we had yet done—to turn our thoughts and aspirations to that life beyond the grave to which our paths on earth inevitably lead, whether they lie in shadow or sunshine, in joy or sorrow."

THE END.

THE PERFECTION OF FLUNKYISM.

The *Tamboff Gazette* (Russia) publishes the following under the head of "Court News": "Yesterday his Imperial Majesty deigned to wake at 7 a. m., and after a frugal breakfast, was graciously pleased to go for a bear hunt. On entering the wood with his suite, a bear, moved apparently by a happy instinct to recreate the mind of the father of our holy Russia, immediately came to the spot where his Majesty had posted himself. Paralyzed at the sight of the ruler of millions of beings who idolize him, the bear stood still, and it was observed that instead of the fierce aspect by which the savage animal is usually characterized, his countenance bore an expression of anticipation, as if he were looking forward, like a loyal subject, to the happiness of being put to death by his gracious sovereign. On returning from the chase, his Majesty caught cold; but the usual remedies having been applied to him, he deigned to feel better. He then went to bed, and next morning he was graciously pleased to be quite well."

THE DECISION OF WELSH YOUNG LADIES.—It is better to be a "fast" than a "fasting" girl.



THE SKATING RINK, ST. JOHN, N. B.

We are indebted to Mr. Edward Russell, of St. John, N. B., for the photograph from which the above view of the Skating Rink has been enlarged. The "Victoria Skating Rink," as it has been loyally called by the good people of St. John, N. B., is a large and magnificent structure, being, according to good local authority, "one of the most tasteful and commodious buildings of its kind on this continent, and we may say in the world. Within such a building the youth, beauty and fashion of St. John may disport themselves on the ice, enjoying every pleasure that skating can, under the most favourable auspices, be made to yield. But not in winter only is the Rink an available place for recreation or amusement. It was in the Victoria Rink that the Grand Ball given by the citizens of St. John to H. R. H. Prince Arthur, was held on the 7th of last September; and thus it is associated with the brief visit of the Prince to the commercial capital of New Brunswick.

CANOE CROSSING WITH MAILS AT QUEBEC.

The crossing of the St. Lawrence, during the time the ice-bridge is forming and breaking up, is a most perilous proceeding, and one which few attempt except from absolute necessity. The passengers are compelled to seat themselves or to lie down at the bottom of the canoe. The canoe is manned by some ten or twelve Canadians, who, after watching for a favourable opportunity, when there appears to be a larger space of open water than usual between the fields of ice, launch the frail boat into the troubled sea of ice and water, and paddle it through the circuitous and intricate channel, amidst thousands of floating islands. Thus they continue their journey towards the opposite shore, until their progress is entirely prevented by the icy barrier, or probably by the meeting of two of the floating ice-shards, between which they have been threading their course. Then the canoe has to be lifted altogether out of the water, and every man jumps upon the ice, and helps to carry the boat over the uneven surface. Guided by one of their number, who, having attained some temporary eminence upon the blocks of ice, directs them to

the nearest open water, they again launch their canoe and paddle onwards. Sometimes a great portion of the distance has to be passed through small detached pieces of ice, not sufficiently large to carry them upon its surface, in which case the passengers have to keep rocking the canoe to prevent it from becoming frozen amongst these masses, while the boatmen, poised upon the gunwale, with their feet outwards, take advantage of any piece of ice sufficiently large to carry them. A crossing of this sort, when attempted under unfavourable circumstances (as is frequently the case, for the purpose of carrying over the mail-bags, etc.) occupies several hours, and is fraught with such danger that instances have been known where death has ensued simply from fright. Of course the landing is made at any point where the shore can be reached; and sometimes it is miles beyond the point from which they started. The canoes used are those made from the solid tree, called Dog-outs.

The carriage of the mails across the St. Lawrence at Quebec, when that service has to be performed by canoe, has for generations been entrusted to a family named Barron, whose suc-

cessful ferrying under extreme difficulty is the theme of general praise. Despite the evidently dangerous character of the work, we believe there are but three instances on record of fatal accidents occurring, though the daring conduct of the ferrymen in overcoming so many apparently imminent dangers, is a spectacle which tries the stoutest nerves. It is when the *frat* or floating snow, interspersed with small ice, is thick on the river, that the greatest trouble is met with in crossing; for then there is no foothold on the river, except from an occasional passing shoal; and the danger of being frozen in has to be guarded against by rocking the canoe from side to side, at the same time that it is being forced slowly through the thick freezing slush. While the passengers are carefully covered over with buffalo robes, the hardy ferrymen jump about in or out of the water and leap from one block of ice to another, with but very light clothing, and without apparently suffering evil consequences from the cold. Most people who have to cross the St. Lawrence under such circumstances as depicted in our illustration, regard it as one of the most exciting sails that can well be imagined.

GIRLS OF BURGEIS, IN SOUTH TYROL.

This illustration, a scene of every-day life in Tyrol, is from the pencil of a German artist of some note. It represents a group of peasant girls chatting on the wayside, by one of those little chapels to the Virgin which are so frequently to be met with on the high-roads in the catholic parts of Germany and Switzerland. The principal figure, a buxom market-girl—dressed in the picturesque costume of the country, with many-coloured striped handkerchiefs and brilliant petticoats—is on her way to the neighbouring town to dispose of her wares, which she carries, artistically poised on her head, in a broad and shallow basket of rye-straw. Her coquettishly arranged dress is quite a study in itself—not to speak of the handsome sun-browned face which looks from under a cluster of black curls and a snow-white headkerchief. Round her neck she wears a string of beads, which terminate in an amulet, possessing much virtue, in her simple belief, in scaring away evil spirits, and averting the power of the evil eye. Her hair, too, which is thickly braided, and falls down in two long heavy plaits behind, is quite a fortune in itself. Even the brown-faced little girl with the flowers, who is pointing down the valley, has a perfect wealth of hair, all her own—enough to make many a fashionable lady envious. Behind the group, another girl, with a curious, clumsy-looking sickle in her hand, is casting sheep's eyes at the young hunter, who, with his rifle slung at his back, is stopping, on his way to the forest beyond, to make his reverence at the wayside shrine of the Virgin. The *contadina* with the basket, has judging from the rosary slung over her arm, also been paying her devotions at the rustic little chapel. In the background we have a bit of Tyrolean scenery—rough, high-peaked hills towering up, one above the other, and then gradually sloping down to a deep valley. Half-way down the pine-covered side of one of these hills is a monastery—one of those solitary establishments of poor Franciscan monks which the traveller in Tyrol so frequently comes across. The whole is an admirable little sketch, and true to life.

AN AMERICAN DESPOT.

The war which has been so long waged in Paraguay has been little understood in this country. Because Brazil is an empire, and Paraguay is called a republic, the passive sympathy of the people of the United States has probably been with Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay. It should, however, have been a most instructive fact for us that the most truly republican and enlightened of the South American statesmen, the Argentine Republic, at whose head is the ablest, most intelligent, and most truly liberal of all the South American statesmen, M. Sarmiento, is opposed to Paraguay, and leagued with Brazil in the war. Our late Ministers in Paraguay, indeed, have had strong sympathies in the dispute, and upon different sides. Mr. Washburne's view is unfriendly to Lopez, while Mr. McMahon is his defender. We purposely make the distinction between Paraguay and Lopez which is made by the treaty of alliance of May 1, 1865; the distinction which Americans will always justly make between a despot and the people whom he controls—a distinction which could not be fairly made in this country, where the President is the free choice of the people.

A few facts in the history of the country will be useful in forming an opinion of the present situation. About the year 1817, Dr. Francia became Perpetual Dictator of Paraguay. During the contest of the South American colonies with Spain he held aloof. He declined all intercourse with other States, and imprisoned all foreigners who came to the country. No commercial export or import was allowed but by his permission, and it was a capital crime to leave the country without his consent. The opponents of his rule were shot or imprisoned. Such was the ferocity and ingenuity of the tortures that he inflicted upon them, that he might be supposed to have been crazy, and, undoubtedly, at the end of his long life he was in constant fear of assassination. When he died, in 1840, Francia's nephew, Carlos A. Lopez, and a companion, of whom

he soon disembarassed himself, took possession of the Government.

Lopez wrote a Constitution for Paraguay, which prescribed ten years as the Presidential term, with re-election by the Congress. The seventh article of the Constitution declares the authority of the President unlimited, not only during civil or foreign war, but whenever he deems it necessary to preserve order. Despite his Constitution, Lopez made himself Perpetual Dictator in 1844. This was done with what is called the consent of Congress—a body which sits for a few days once in five years, and which merely ratifies the various acts of the Dictator. In 1856 this Congress gave the Dictator—of course by his instigation—the power to name his successor by secret will. Nor has the Congress ever refused to ratify any proposition of the Dictator. In September 1862, Carlos A. Lopez died, and left Paraguay, like a private property, to his son, Francisco Solano Lopez, and the Congress unanimously approved. The present Dictator has been a worthy follower of his predecessors.

"Paraguay," says M. Sarmiento, "is a plantation with a

resolved to fight until they had overthrown Lopez, but bound themselves to respect the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of Paraguay; and they will unquestionably succeed in expelling Lopez.

This is the President and this the republic of Paraguay, to which the sympathies of the United States are solicited. And so successfully solicited, that one of the ablest and most intelligent papers in the country said, two years ago, that "the success of this godless alliance means extension of slavery and tyranny;" while "on the other side contends the little realm of Paraguay, whose success means freedom." But if Brazil is a slave-holding State, slavery in Paraguay is equally bitter; while the Argentine Republic abolished slavery fifty years before the United States. To apprehend the grasping ambition of Brazil upon the Plate River is unnecessary while the Argentines are struggling with the grasp of a nearer and infinitely more appalling ambition. Sarmiento, who looks at the subject with a truly American and liberty-loving heart, as well as with the most thoroughly informed and sagacious mind, declares that "the triumph of Lopez means the extension to Uruguay and the Argentine Republic of the Guarani Indian despotism, under a master who is a dictator, pope, supreme, judge, and lord of life and property—imposing upon all those countries that obedience unparalleled in the history of the human race.—New York Weekly.

SOMETHING FOR OUR SAVANTS TO EXPLAIN.

We are credibly informed by an eye-witness—indeed yesterday we saw for ourselves tangible evidence of the truth of what is told us—that on Thursday, the 16th of January last a most extraordinary and sudden rise of the waters of Lake St. Clair occurred, and was particularly observable in the vicinity of the mouth of the River Thames, and along the South shore of the lake to and beyond the River Ruscom. Parties resident on the Lake Shore inform us that at first two loud reports were heard, resembling the reports from cannons fired at a distance, after which was experienced a sensation as from a gentle swaying to and fro, as though an earthquake had been awakened from a century's repose. Upon visiting the water line, it was discovered that the ice had been suddenly shoved upon the shores and piled up several feet in height, carrying with it trunks of trees and logs, which had for a quarter of a century lain embedded in the sand of the beach. At the mouth of the River Thames and vicinity, the ice was thrown to the height of two or three feet, while at the River Ruscom it was raised at least four feet above its ordinary level. As we intimated before, so sudden was the action of the water in the lake that the ice, and trees, and logs were absolutely piled, in a jumbled mass several feet in height, along the Lake Shore for a distance of several miles, but this was most observable on the south and south-east quarter. At the mouth of the River Thames the waters fell to their natural level in less than two days; but in the vicinity of the River Ruscom it was fully a week before they had retired to their ordinary boundary.

Now, what could possibly have caused this wonderful freak of the elements? We cannot tell. Perhaps some of our savants can explain. Could it have been any volcanic action beneath the waters? Could it have been produced by the atmospheric elements above? Or could it probably result from a flood of ice making its way down the Detroit River and becoming checked in its outward course to Lake Erie? Perhaps. But it seems most extraordinary that this last circumstance—supposing it ever did occur, but of which we have no knowledge—could bring about the wonderful effects which were most unmistakably observable for miles along the south and south-east shore of Lake St. Clair.—Chatham Planet.

Great indignation has been expressed in Paris at the conduct of some persons after the execution of Traupmann; the accusation is that ladies dipped their handkerchiefs in Traupmann's blood, and that some young gentlemen did the same with their canes. The officer on duty told them that they were barbarians, and ordered them away.



GIRLS OF BURGEIS, IN SOUTH TYROL.

million of Indians instead of negroes, who consider themselves the property of the Lopez family! Such a lord naturally chafed under the fact that he could not reach the outer world without crossing the Argentine territory, and he has been engaged for a long time in formidable preparations—building fortresses, accumulating material, and inviting experienced European officers to instruct his soldiers. At length he took advantage of a quarrel between Uruguay and Brazil, declaring that Paraguay interfered to serve its own interests only, and with an immense army invaded and ravaged the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso. Meanwhile the Argentine Republic was neutral, and refused to allow Brazil to march across her territories. But when the same demand was refused to Lopez, he instantly seized Argentine ships and murdered their crews. Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay, the powers upon the Plate River, then allied themselves against Paraguay, and

## THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE UNFORTUNATE RESCUER.

In the same sultry night of Thermidor, another person of our narrative, the brave Benoit, was awake, also greatly excited. And he had sufficient reason for it, seeing himself thwarted of the reward of months of troubles and anxieties.

After the arrest of Madame de Fontenay, which Benoit was not able to hinder, in mute despair he had returned to the castle of Montreuil. Having told what had occurred, he asked permission to go to Paris and inform Tallien of the particulars, in order that the latter should exert his influence for the rescue of the lady. The count, who had been deeply grieved by the sudden surprise of the police, and feeling anxious lest the peace of his congregation might be disturbed by the imprudence of any of his servants in Paris, reluctantly consented: he took, however, great interest in the fate of the beautiful Cabarrus, whom he considered one of the elect, and in whose ruin he, therefore, did not believe. He was convinced that she would safely escape from danger and prison, to fulfill her destiny for the new reign of peace. To inform Tallien seemed to him the best resource for receiving back his imprisoned favourite.

Thus the same day Benoit had repaired to Paris. The request of Thérèse being for him decisive, he had made up his mind to comply with it in spite of all obstacles. With the most enchanting smile, with the kindest words, she had asked him to take this step for her liberation, and what she desired was law for Benoit, whose greatest pleasure it was to do everything in his power to satisfy his quiet and respectful love.

Nevertheless his mission became the more difficult the nearer he came to Tallien's dwelling, to which the count had directed him. Being unacquainted in Paris, he had to make enquiries to find out the street. In this way he lost more time than was necessary, for which he was not sorry. He seemed to require this delay that he might acquire the necessary courage to appear before Tallien with his communication. He now felt a hitherto unknown dislike to the man who was so fortunate as to possess the love of his former prisoner; he begrudged him the privilege of delivering Thérèse Cabarrus again from prison. What would he, poor Benoit, not have given to be able to do her this service? He would not have hesitated to risk his life for her. He had already twice attempted to give her this proof of his love, but in both cases he had failed. In Bordeaux she had accepted Tallien's assistance instead of his, and had so richly rewarded the rescuer; at Montreuil she had entrusted to him her safety but had been disappointed. This caused Benoit much sorrow; he would have sacrificed everything for her, but could not do her the least service which would have satisfied the ambition of his love, and placed her under an obligation to him. Tallien had been the fortunate one in Bordeaux, and had every chance of the same good fortune in Paris; and now it became his painful duty to acquaint Tallien of her dangerous position that he might save her again. He was tormented by jealousy, sorrow, and anger, and thoroughly hated Tallien for being his happy rival.

Nevertheless he called on the ex-commissioner of the convention and informed him of what had occurred. Tallien did not show much surprise, but appeared very angry and determined. He thanked Benoit, in whom he saw but a servant and messenger of the count Montreuil, and offered him a gold piece as reward for his trouble.

"Oh no," said Benoit, blushing with shame and indignation, "I take no money."

Thus saying, he hurried out of the room into the street, seeking in tears a relief from his troubles. But Tallien thought the count had sent him a fool.

We know the reason why it had been impossible for Tallien to liberate Thérèse Cabarrus from prison; but Benoit who, in the solitude of the castle of Montreuil, neither saw nor heard any of the events in Paris, was unacquainted with it. One day, however, Tallien had called at the castle, and as soon as he had left, Benoit, who had kept out of sight of his rival, asked the count again about Madame de Fontenay. He now learned that she was still a prisoner, languishing in the Luxembourg, and that the ex-commissioner of Bordeaux, whom he had deemed so powerful, was not able to save his beloved in Paris. Joy filled his soul, his eyes beamed with triumph on hearing this news. If Tallien was unable to achieve her release, must he then not be without the true passion of love? Must Thérèse not comprehend this in her prison? Must not her affection for Tallien now abate?

Benoit arriving at these conclusions, the thought shot through his brain that, by rescuing the beautiful Spaniard, he might obtain a triumph over her lover, and by such a deed appear as the true champion capable of all sacrifice. He fully comprehended that there was a gulf between him and her, which all his devotion for her could not fill up. He did not dream of possessing her, but wished to hear once from her lips that she was touched by so much devotion, that she owed him the dearest gift, and that she accepted his love as a precious jewel which she would always esteem. Then he would leave her, fly to a distant land, and see her no more.

But how should he, the subordinate, the unknown and powerless, succeed in liberating a prisoner, and conducting her

through all the gates and sentinels at them? All his imaginations could find no reasonable expedient, and the torture caused by his fruitless speculations made him almost ill.

Then followed the trial of the police upon the castle of Montreuil. They came, to the great sorrow and annoyance of the noble count, to take away to prison half of his congregation, and his favourite converted young lady. He had prophesied to all the converts that they would overcome the storm, and now they were brought before the revolutionary tribunal, which meant as much as the guillotine. Were they after all not truly converted, or had they only to pass through another trial? He did not yet know that many of them had been already dragged to the guillotine.

In consequence of this great diminution of his guests in the castle, count Montreuil wished to discharge a portion of his servants, and when Benoit heard of it, tendered, of his own accord, his resignation. The count would miss him the most, and told him so freely; but Benoit declared that he had taken his resolution, and wished to return to Bordeaux. It was of no avail that his uncle, the steward, upbraided him. Benoit, longing for his personal liberty to execute a plan for the deliverance of Thérèse Cabarrus, could not be dissuaded, and was therefore, as he desired, dismissed.

His savings were sufficient to relieve him for some time of all care for the necessities of life, and he could entirely devote himself to his adventure. He walked round the prison of the

houses opposite, and every signal made from the windows would excite suspicion, and incur danger. However, the window being in the fourth story, directly overlooked the court-yard in which the prisoners were promenading, notwithstanding the great distance, he recognized Thérèse Cabarrus among the women, and this sight was sufficient to give him great pleasure.

Above all it was necessary to open communications, and find means to correspond with the prisoner. Benoit did not know the mode in which Tallien was communicating with her, while his room-mate was in the same predicament, seeking an opportunity by which he could send to his imprisoned young wife letters of consolation and love. Benoit was considering if he might not be so successful as to find again a place as turnkey, and as such have the right to penetrate into the interior of the Luxembourg. In this way he hoped that the possibility would present itself to carry out successfully a plan for her escape. What would it matter if he risked his head?

With his certificate from Bordeaux he presented himself to the jailer of the Luxembourg. There was, however, no vacancy, though the jailer gave him hope for a situation. Thus the step had not been taken in vain, and might lead to an ultimate success. "Repeat your enquiries," the jailer had kindly said when they parted.

Benoit enquired every week, but to no purpose. His savings being exhausted, he was despairing if his bold plan would ever be realized. This growing helplessness affected his friend also, who had offered to assist him with all his power, and to whom he had promised to liberate, with Thérèse Cabarrus, his wife, if there was any possibility of doing so.

They consoled each other, indulging in the fancy of drawing up and rejecting plans, supposing probabilities that the next day dismissed again. For they saw each day the carts taking away new victims, while in the morning they looked cautiously out to see if those, for whom they had so much anxiety, were yet among the living.

At last fortune smiled on them. The jailer required a new guardian in the division of the prison destined for the sick, and Benoit gratefully accepted this situation. He could now come within the walls, into the prison, and personally examine how to make use of the advantages gained. His friend furnished everything that appeared necessary for a successful flight, and Benoit, who did not sleep in the Luxembourg after his day's service was over, could easily keep up the intercourse with him.

Precaution forbade him, during the first day, giving, by a conspicuous search, cause for mistrust. But as soon as he had entered on his new duties, which kept him in the prison from morning to evening, he commenced to work for his plan. He was excluded, by a continually locked door on the main corridor, from those prisoners that were not in the sick division; the hoped-for communications with Thérèse Cabarrus were therefore as little possible as those with the wife of his friend. The door was only opened when new prisoners arrived, or the tribunal demanded the accused. No one besides the jailer had the key to that door, except the turnkey whose turn it was to keep the night watch.

Benoit had also no opportunity of communicating with the prisoners in the court-yard, as he was placed on the other side of the building, and had no chance of giving thither without exciting suspicion. At the same time, every one was strictly prohibited to leave his post before the time. Thus Benoit had been for three weeks a guardian in the Luxembourg, without being able to make the least progress with his plan. He could only make himself well acquainted with all the customs and arrangements in the house, with the view of making use of them at the first favourable opportunity.

At last an incident occurred which gave some hope for carrying out the intended flight of the two prisoners. The turnkeys and guardians of the prisons soon became friends through their official intercourse with each other, and on account of the solitude to which they were for the most part condemned. Benoit gained in a high degree the friendship of his companions from two causes. In the first place, he could relate new stories connected with his experience during the time of his military service, and from his life as turnkey in Bordeaux, which was a good pastime, his companions acknowledged. In the second, he was induced by his noble friend, who provided him with the means, to spend his money freely with them. As soon as his daily labours were over, he invited those of his companions that were likewise not employed, to enjoy a glass of wine together, and they did not stand upon ceremony with him. Sometimes he invited them to spend the evening with him at some place near the barriers, or in the open air, where they drank, talked, and related to each other the striking events in the service, at the same time confiding the little secrets with which they were acquainted. They were amongst themselves, and required no concealment.

Benoit had told the history of Thérèse Cabarrus, of course only that portion in which Tallien had played a part, not forgetting to remark that this aristocrat was at present imprisoned in the Luxembourg. The guardians scarcely knew any of the names of the numerous and so often changing prisoners. However, Madame de Fontenay, generally called Thérèse Cabarrus, was too prominent a personage for her guardian not to have known her. He spoke without ceremony of her, of her friends, of her room-mates, and of her occupations



Benoit and the Jailer's daughter.

Luxembourg to find if he could not procure means to let the dear prisoner escape. It was impossible; for, independent of the walls being high, and being watched from the outside by pike-men, and in the court-yard at night by ferocious dogs, how could he reach her unperceived? He neither knew where her cell was, nor how it was possible to apprize her of his intentions.

As from the high roofs of the houses opposite the Luxembourg the court-yard could be distinctly seen, Benoit resolved to rent, if possible, a garret-room in one of these houses. He did not fully succeed, but by making enquiries, found, in a house, a noble young man as the occupant of such a room. As fellow-sufferers easily understand each other, Benoit quickly guessed that this young man lived here only for the purpose of watching from his window a prisoner that was dear to him, and unreservedly confided to him that he was actuated by the same motive. The stranger, sympathizing with him, offered to share his room with him during the day, and allowed him to look through the window as much as he wished.

No one was happier than Benoit. His new, and, no doubt, aristocratic friend pursued, indeed, the same aim as he; but, at the same time, informed him of the small advantages to be derived from gazing through the window, as the sentinels posted before the Luxembourg looked always with distrust on

during the many months of her imprisonment. He named the number of her cell, and described the corridor into which it opened. Was there any reason to scruple? But these communications were very precious to Benoit, especially as it gave him the number of her cell. In a similar way he learned what cell the wife of his friend occupied, whom he had promised to save with Thérèse; it having been arranged that Thérèse, after her successful escape, should be taken under the protection of his friend's wife to a safe place. At another opportunity Benoit was informed that the jailer's daughter, for pity's sake, now and then forwarded letters to and from the prisoners. Jeanne was chiefly occupied in the sick division with superintending the washing, and Benoit met her several times each day, which gave him an opportunity of asking her assistance; he would speculate on obtaining her services by shewing himself very friendly and attentive to her, intending to claim them as soon as he was certain of success.

However, all these, though valuable opportunities, were not yet adapted to form a decided plan. But one evening when Benoit with several turnkeys were sitting again at their wine, talking of their duties, the events of the day, and the incidents of the prison, a guardian vented his anger at being placed more frequently on night service than was necessary, according to his turn. Benoit caught at these words, and his plan became suddenly clear of the mist by which it had been surrounded.

"Eh, friend," said he, "I will relieve you at once with pleasure, as I sleep very badly in this hot weather."

"Well, if you will do me so great a favour," replied the turnkey, "I shall be highly pleased."

"When will you be on your beat again?"

"To-morrow night, and that does not suit me at all. Morbleu, I am in love, and to-morrow night my little one, for the first time, has promised to go with me to a ball. And instead of it, to patrol up and down in the dark dungeon is not a pleasure. Truly, Benoit, if you could relieve me for to-morrow night, I would be for ever indebted to you."

"Agreed, I will take your place, and you may go to your ball. There cannot be a great responsibility with this night watch?"

"Not the least; you may take a nap for a couple of hours. The prisoners being securely locked up, it is very rare that a noise is made in any of the rooms which would oblige you to order quiet. As soon as you have once examined all the corridors, your duties are done."

"And is there not sometimes a ring at the gate?" asked Benoit in apparent indifference.

"Yes, in case new prisoners are delivered up. It is the duty of the jailer to open the gate, but the old man has long since committed this duty to the night-watch. The key remains always in the lock. I will tell you the rest to-morrow night when I hand you the keys."

Benoit could scarcely conceal his joy until he had parted with his companions. Then he broke forth in exultation, and in great haste went to his friend to deliberate with him as to their further actions. Night had already set in; he gained admittance in the house opposite the Luxembourg, and his friend, on recognizing the disturber of his sleep, opened the door of his room for him. Benoit, on entering, shouted:

"Have patience for twenty-four hours more; all suffering and suspense will then be at an end."

They exulted, embraced each other, and swore eternal friendship; and after having developed their ideas, and hastily and joyfully arranged how to carry them out, they examined again from point to point the plan which presented itself.

It was necessary next morning to apprise the two ladies of their hour of release was near. Benoit wrote a few lines to Thérèse, and his friend to his wife. Jeanne should be induced to deliver these letters. It was arranged that when Benoit had entered on his beat for the night, and all had sunk to sleep, he should open the two cells, calling out the two ladies as though they were to be dismissed in consequence of extraordinary circumstances. He should inform them in brief of the particulars while he conducted them to the gate. He would have the keys of the inner and outer gate, but had to pass between these two gates the sentinels of the city guard, the pikemen. Benoit presumed that they would permit the two ladies to pass if he accompanied them, opened the gates for them, and pronounced them free. The sentinels would have no responsibility in this respect, as they exercised no control. And how could they suspect that an official of the prison would sacrifice his life to save two persons that were strangers to him? Courage and self-possession would do the rest. At the outer gate the husband should wait for his wife and Madame de Fontenay, and then with both ladies hasten to his room, where they would be quite safe—for many reasons safer from the first pursuit than at any other place. Whether Benoit should fly with them at once, or escape after a moment on circumstances. At any rate, he should immediately leave Paris and try to escape to Belgium, whither the others were intended to go. At the Hôtel des Etrangers in Brussels they were to meet, or to send thither their news; thus the noble young man, who had abundantly provided Benoit with means, had decided.

The next morning dawned, when Benoit, as usual, appeared in the sick division of the prison to commence his duties. He saw Jeanne, and with beating heart leading her aside, requested her to deliver the two rolled-up and sealed messages. Jeanne, when reading the addresses to which the number of the cell was added, smiled and said mysteriously:

"I have another letter for Madame de Fontenay."

"Another?" asked Benoit alarmed. "From whom?"

"Bah!" said Jeanne, as if she would punish the curiosity of the turnkey. "It is not our business to know."

She then left him, taking the letters with her. Benoit guessed the other letter to be from Tallien. The blood mounted his forehead, convulsively he doubled his fist; he felt as if a stranger was interfering with his plan. But soon his features expressed a malicious joy, while he muttered to himself:

"To-night it will be I who save her. Then she may be my love; she must, nevertheless, thank me and acknowledge to prove to her that I can die for her."

The hours of the day crept slowly on. Longing and expectation are, as it were, prisoners of the time, thinking only of their release. At last evening came. Again, as usual, the victims were called for the next day. God be thanked, neither of the two ladies were among the number, and they should not tremble again at the reading of the roll. A few hours more, and the prison would be deserted by them forever; saved

from the scaffold, they would greet with the new day a new life.

Again, as every evening, the prisoners had streamed from the court-yard into the house, into the corridors, into their cells and rooms, to be locked up during the night. It was dark, and the lamps in the corridors were being lighted. Quiet reigned through the whole prison, beneath the roof of which so many hearts full of love and life were sighing, depressed with anxiety and care. The day-service being over, the night-watch was now to commence. The turnkey now approached the impatiently-waiting Benoit who was to take his place. But he wore an anxious look, his movements expressed anger and fear.

"This is an ugly affair!" he muttered from the distance to Benoit. "Morbleu! It is all over with my ball. Have you already heard?"

"What could I have heard?" asked Benoit with gloomy forebodings that unexpected obstacles would frustrate his plan at the last moment. "What has occurred?"

"None of us can leave the prison," continued the turnkey. "We are confined like troops when rebellion is apprehended."

"But heavens, what is the reason?" exclaimed Benoit in fright and despair caused by this communication, as he saw his plan for the escape of the two prisoners thwarted for the present.

"The reason?" muttered the other. "How can I know? The jailer himself does not know; there he is coming, and can tell you."

The jailer corroborated what the turnkey had said. An order had just been brought from the committee of the public safety that no one was allowed to pass in nor out from the prisons during twenty-four hours, upon pain of death.

"Yes, yes," remarked the jailer, shaking his head, "this is very concise. Therefore, you comprehend that I cannot let you go. The order has been also communicated to the guard. Something must have occurred outside!"

Benoit with a pale face had listened to these words; he was not yet able to recover himself from the blow that had so unexpectedly struck him. How was this strange order to be explained? No one should go out, no one should come in—was this not maiming justice for twenty-four hours? Escape was now out of the question, and who could know whether, as long as Thérèse Cabarrus was spared an accusation, another so favourable opportunity would offer itself to Benoit. Sadness overcame him; the fall from the height of his hopes was too sudden.

Midnight found the jailer and turnkeys still awake; the uncertainty of what was transpiring in the city kept these men all in the greatest excitement. They stood in a group together on the main corridor, exchanging their views, fears and doubts.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed the jailer, listening to a noise outside. There must be a tumult in the streets."

He hastily went to the door leading to the court-yard, and opened it. They now distinctly heard a roaring as if the raging waves of the sea were approaching. All these strong men trembled; Benoit strained every nerve to ascertain if he could distinguish any particular sound. But it was in vain. Always the same roaring, which sometimes diminished, stopped, then more violently broke forth again.

"This is a revolution!" they muttered.

"They already spoke of it," said the jailer. "The police commissioner, when he conducted to-day the accused to the Conciergerie, gave me to understand, in his sneering way, that the other prisoners would to-morrow have a merry day. I now comprehend what his words indicated."

"What is your opinion, jailer?" asked an old turnkey. "I hope you do not fear a massacring as occurred two years ago in September."

"I almost do," replied the jailer anxiously. "For what other reason could this order be? Ah, it was too dreadful; I could not witness it again."

"Massacring the prisoners?" asked Benoit beside himself with anxiety.

"Yes, my boy; this is called the short proceedings," explained one of the turnkeys. "After all, it is not so bad as you imagine. All those here are doomed to mount the scaffold, and why not make at once a purging of these people who are penned together like a herd of sheep."

Benoit shuddered.

"Be ashamed of yourself," scolded the jailer. "Murder is murder, and I will rather lose my head than admit those assassins. I have the keys of the gates and will not give them up. To admit no one—this is my order."

They listened again. They imagined that they heard the clatter of chains in the streets.

"How came these September murders to pass?" asked another, perhaps more from fear of the coming events than from curiosity.

The jailer looked again terrified.

"It was an awful day," he related. "When the infuriated mob had passed the gate and penetrated into the court-yard, a dozen of them placed themselves round a table they had fetched to the entrance. I was then obliged to hand them the list of my prisoners who were brought before them. Most of these unfortunates had to suffer death. If one or the other was found not guilty by this tribunal, he was acquitted amid the shout of 'Long live the nation!' But most of the prisoners, men and women, priests and aristocrats, heard after their short trial the call: 'Let him go.' This was dreadful irony not understood by the victim, and meant but the order for assassination. These unfortunates, giving way to hopes for their freedom, had to pass over a litter of straw, then the assassins with hatchets, pikes and swords, fell upon them and killed them."

"This may happen again," added the course-minded turnkey. "I wager they make revolution against this indulgent convention. Did you not read the paper to-day? Robespierre is said to be made dictator by the will of the people."

"Well, if they succeed, I myself believe that the September murders will be repeated," replied the jailer.

Day dawned at last, and the hour arrived to let out the prisoners and distribute their rations of bread. But the supply was scarce, the sentinels having sent away the bread-carts which, as usual, had come in the morning. Nevertheless Paris appeared quiet; nothing more was heard and seen of a revolution.

In disquiet, anxiety and uncertainty, the hot July day was passed by all those who were confined behind the walls of the prison, Benoit living in great fear that Thérèse Cabarrus might be lost if the prison was taken by storm. He did not know how to save her, still he indulged in thinking how to

protect her dear life when the dreaded catastrophe arrived. And in this threatening calamity he had at least the consolation that she would, happily surprised, have seen and recognised him; and that she would know with what sacrifice he was working for her. In the disorder produced by these alarming incidents, Benoit, when the cells were opened, attempted to meet Thérèse Cabarrus on the corridor. Harmlessly, not knowing what had occurred since the previous evening, she hurried, on the arm of the sad Josephine, into the court-yard. She did not observe Benoit as she closely passed him. He, however, whispered her name, and she, greatly astonished, gazed at him.

"How? Benoit?" exclaimed she in the greatest joy; but his warning look made her speechless.

"Oh, I understand!" she lisped, and with grateful looks parted from him, not to excite suspicion.

Noon had passed, and the fears caused by the order of the committee of the public safety and the rumour of a rebellion in the city had subsided. Suddenly the same strange roaring filled the air, and a wild tumult was heard now and then in the court-yard of the Luxembourg. Fright was depicted on the countenances of all; they asked, lamented, ran to and fro. From the towers sounded the gloomy, alarming tocsin. What did it mean? No one knew, they are all listening and trembling.

Wild and more ferocious becomes the clamour of the mob in the streets; a dull rumbling and rolling is heard on the pavement. Then—everyone shakes to his very bone—the mob, with their fists and arms, thunder against the gate, more furious, more commanding.

"I will tell them that I will not open, that I am bound with my head to keep the gate locked against every one."

Thus spoke the jailer to the turnkeys and hastened, prepared for death, to the outer gate.

To be continued.

Somewhere over three years ago, on a cold, wet, winter night, there was a strange spectacle in Great Queen-street. The managers of the Refuge for the Homeless had issued an invitation to all the hungry, homeless, uncared-for boys of London to come and enjoy a plentiful supper of roast beef and plum-pudding. Hundreds of them thronged to the place. Their eager, famished, woeful looks; their diversity of looped and windowed raggedness; and at the same time a kind of preternatural sharpness of perception and action, were calculated to excite anything but pleasant emotions at the thought that all that raw material of humanity was being worse than wasted—worked up into a manufactured article of description injurious to society and evil to themselves. Others kept a cautious distance at first, because they had a notion the whole thing was a trap set by the "beaks," though the sight through the open doors of the way in which those inside were enjoying the savoury hot meat and fragrant pudding overcame the scepticism of many of them, and they joined in that memorable supper party. They were asked by Lord Shaftesbury, after it was over, how many would like to lead honest lives if they were enabled to do so. All hands up. How many would like to be trained to go to sea? A large majority of hands up. Most of the guests were that night kept in the Refuge—others sent to casual wards. (The Government gave the Chichester man-of-war as a training ship, and the public sent means to support boys there and at a farm down in Surrey where they are trained to agricultural labour. The result of the memorable supper party was seen on Tuesday, when 500 boys and girls again sat down to the old English fare—but this time the boys were not ragged or hungry looking. The naval brigade, headed by their band—the field workers in their neat uniform, all with bright, honest, happy, and healthy countenances and well-grown bodies—offered the greatest contrast that can be imagined. Those who have been engaged in this great and noble work may be envied the feeling they possess in the luxury of doing good. They have already sent out 1,447 boys to the Royal Navy and merchant services, the army, situations at home and in the colonies; and 656 girls to situations at home and abroad. All are thriving, and their letters to their real and only home are full of gratitude. The committee have 100 lads ready for emigration this spring, and need from 1,000l. to 1,200l. to send them where they can commence a life of honest and independent labour, sure to lead to a competence if not a fortune. Only think of what a spare 10l. note can do in this case—and in the future look to the fruitful issue of an investment of 200 shillings in a well cultivated farm, flourishing business, or prosperous artisan, with a family growing up honourably and usefully, a strength to the empire at large—and all this by rescuing the waifs and strays of the streets who would otherwise be a pest and a constant source of expense to the country.—The Court Journal.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S SOVEREIGN.—There was a meeting held last evening in Centenary Church for the purpose of raising funds to pay off a balance of \$406 due upon the Wesleyan Mission House, corner St. James and Carmarthen street. Rev. Mr. Stewart stepped forward, and holding up a sovereign, said it had been given to him by a merchant of this city who had received it from Prince Arthur when he visited St. John last summer. Mr. Stewart asked how much any of the gentlemen present would give for it. One gentleman bid \$20, and other \$25, and a third \$30, and it was awarded to the latter. The gentlemen who had offered the twenty and the twenty-five dollars bid, went forward and gave these sums toward the object of the meeting, and another gave an additional \$50. Different sums were then given until the whole amounted to \$360, only \$40, short of the sum required to pay the debt on the lot of land and also the mission House on which it stands. Tel. St. John N. B.

An official publication, which has recently appeared at Madrid under the title *Estado General de la Armada*, gives full particulars of the present state of the Spanish Marine. The navy consists of ninety-two vessels in all, of which twenty-one are of the first class, sixteen of the second, and thirty-seven of the third, with eighteen screw gun-boats. There are seven armour-plated frigates carrying from six (the Resolucion) to forty guns; (the Tetuan) thirty-seven screws armed with from two to fifty-one guns; (the Asturias) twenty paddle steamers mounting from one to sixteen guns, and seven screw, and three sailing transports. The grand total of the armament is 706 guns.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



EXPECTATION.



DISAPPOINTMENT.

STATEMENT BY THE LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND in terms of Canadian Act respecting Insurance Companies 31 Victoria, Cap. 47, Sec. 15, Form D.:-

1. Total Premiums received or receivable in Canada during year ending 5th April, 1869—the date of the last balance.....	\$ 127,048.48
NOTE.—These are the total full annual premiums stipulated in the Policies in force at the end of the year, as mentioned under head 3. below. Any Cash Bounties or Profits paid, or allowed to the Policy-Holders for the year, have not been deducted.	
2. Number and Amount of Policies issued or issuable in Canada during the year.....	\$ 592,702.01
3. Amount at risk in total Policies in force in Canada at 5th April, 1869—that is, the sums assured by said Policies are.....	\$3,886,382.42
4. Number and Amount of Policies that have become claims in Canada during the year.....	\$ 25,255.36
5. Amount of these and previous losses in Canada paid during the year....	\$ 31,686.69
6. Amount of Claims in Canada in suspense at 5th April, 1869—that is, not proved or not yet payable (but all since paid).....	\$ 5,526.65
7. Losses in Canada, the payment of which is resisted.....	NONE.

P. WARDLAW, Secretary. JAMES B. M. CHIPMAN, Inspector of Agencies.

Montreal, January, 1870. 14d

FOR SALE OR TO LET. THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Thérèse Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for Stores. Possession 1st of May.

D. R. STODART, Broker, 48, Great St. James Street.

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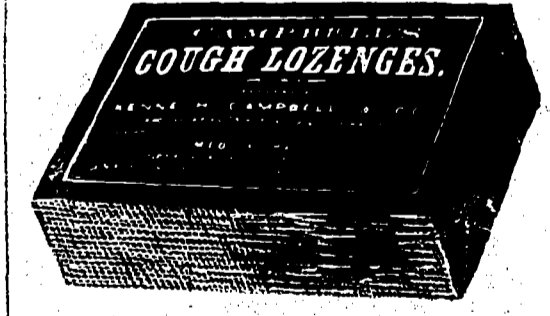
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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The Commissioners appointed to construct the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that they are now prepared to receive tenders for four further Sections of the Line. Section No. 13 will be in the Province of Quebec, and will extend from the Easterly end of Section No. 8 to Station 906, near Malfait Lake, about 20 1/2 miles in length. Section No. 14 will be in the Province of Quebec, and will extend from the Easterly end of Section No. 13 to Station 543, a point between the mouth of the River Amqui and the little Matapedia Lake, about 2 1/2 miles in length. Section No. 15 will be in the Province of New Brunswick, and will extend from the Easterly end of Section No. 9 to Station No. 689, a point fully half a mile Easterly from the crossing of the River Nepisiguit—length, twelve one-tenth miles. Section No. 16 will be in the Province of New Brunswick, and will extend from the Easterly end of Section No. 15 to the Westerly end of Section No. 10, about 18 1/2 miles in length. The contracts for the above sections to be completely finished and ready for laying the track by the 1st day of July, 1872.

The Commissioners also give Public Notice that having annulled the Contracts for Sections Nos. 3 and 4, they are now prepared to receive Tenders for re-letting the same. Section No. 3 is in the Province of New Brunswick, and extends from Station No. 370, about two miles South of the Restigouche River to Station No. 100, about 2000 feet South of Bel River, near Dalhousie, being a distance of about 2 1/2 miles. Section No. 4 is in the Province of Nova Scotia, and extends from Station No. 23, on the Amherst Ridge to Station 0, on the Ridge, about a mile North of the River Phillip, a distance of about 2 1/2 miles. The contracts for Sections Nos. 3 and 4 to be completely finished and ready for laying the track by the 1st day of July 1871.

Plans and Profiles, with specifications and terms of contract will be exhibited at the Office of the Chief Engineer in Ottawa; and at the offices of the Commissioners in Toronto, Quebec, Rimouski, Dalhousie, Newcastle St. John and Halifax, on and after the 10th March next; and Sealed Tenders addressed to the Commissioners of the Intercolonial Railway, and marked "Tenders" will be received at their office in Ottawa, up to 7 o'clock P.M., on Monday, the 4th day of April 1870. Sureties for the completion of the contract will be required to sign the Tender.

A. WALSH, ED. B. CHANDLER, C. J. BRYDGES, A. W. MCLELLAN, Commissioners. COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE, OLLAWA, 29th January, 1870. 15f

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