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Canadian Illustrated News

Vol. I.—No. 7.]

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

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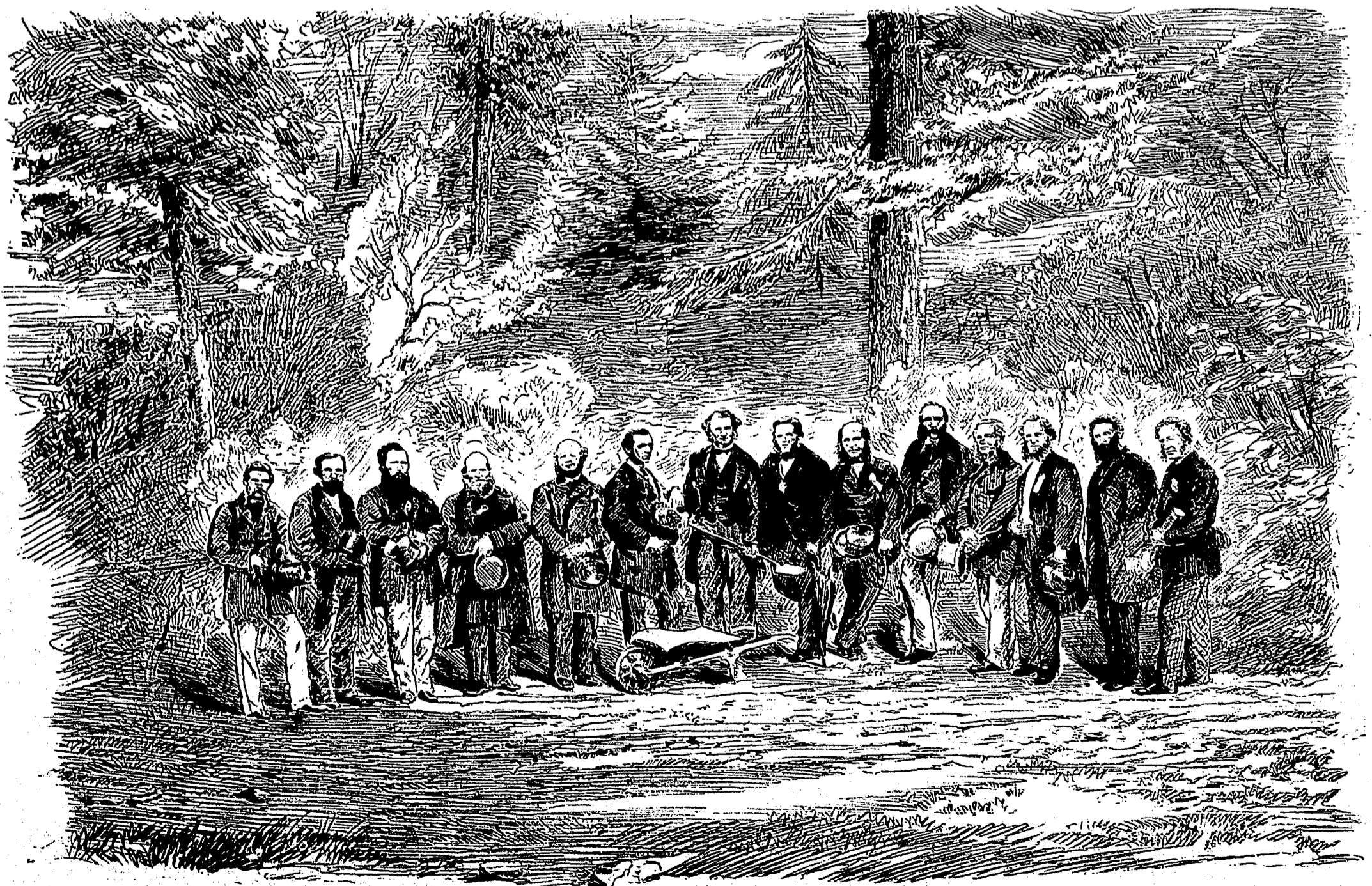
TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY—TURNING THE FIRST SOD.

Railway enterprise, which was at one time supposed to have exhausted itself in Canada for twenty-five years at least has undergone complete recuperation in much less than half the time. The zeal of the merchants of Toronto and Hamilton, in seconding the desires of the intelligent settlers in the back townships has led to this revival: both business men and farmers discover that the railway is an advantage to them in their respective callings and a generous cooperation between town and country, between corporate and individual liberality, has resulted in putting the realization of several local railway projects beyond the risk of failure. Among these is the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, narrow gauge, leading back from the Capital of Ontario, northward to and through the new townships, with perhaps the intention of her after pushing its way through to the North-West Territory, or at least forming a profitable connection with North-West travel.

On the 16th Oct., at Cannington, in the Co. of York, the

ceremony of cutting the first sod, by the Premier of Ontario, took place in the presence of a large concourse of railway men, municipal councillors and others. On the morning of the previous day a large party left Toronto for Cannington. The party consisted of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, Mr. R. W. Elliot, the President of the T. & N. Railroad Company, Messrs. W. F. McMaster, J. E. Smith, George Laidlaw, Directors—Mr. Graham, the Secretary, Mr. Leys, the Solicitor of the Company, Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. M. C. Cameron, Hon. J. B. Ranson, the Mayor of Toronto, Alderman Baxter, Hon. Mr. McMurrich Alderman Boulton, Mr. Spratt, Chairman of the Corn Exchange, N. Barnhart, A. Crooks, Wragge, Nelson, Millar, McCord, Lawrence, of Rhode Island, Ewing, Kennedy, C. Smith and a few other gentlemen. Proceeding by railway to Be-R Ewart, thence by steamer to Beaverton, and by carriage to Cannington, where the party was welcomed in the evening with music and other marks of rejoicing. On the morning of Saturday, 16th, the Council of the Township of Brock met to attend the ceremony. A procession was formed to go to the spot chosen, and at about a quarter of a mile from the main

street of the village, a very pretty triumphal arch, bearing the inscription:—"Welcome to the President and Directors of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway," showed that here was the entrance to the scene of the inauguration. A road from this arch led through a thick wood, and at a few hundred yards from the main road a pretty little glade had been found in which the preparations for cutting the sod had been made. A rope ring had been stretched round the borders of the opening, at one side of which a platform had been erected. By the time the Attorney-General, with the other visitors, had reached the spot, a crowd numbering about 700 persons had assembled, though this number was speedily afterwards increased. A neat little hand-barrow of maple wood, with a spade to match; the former manufactured by Jaques & Hay, and the latter by Ellis, of Toronto, were provided for the purpose. On the handle of the spade the following inscription was engraved on silver:—"Presented to the Hon. J. Sandfield Macdonald, Q. C., on the occasion of his turning the first sod of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, at Cannington, on the 16th Oct., 1869." Having been shown the sod which he was to turn, the



TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.—TURNING THE FIRST SOD.

Premier, now closely hedged in by an admiring crowd, most of whom were ladies, proceeded in a workman-like manner to cut the sod. Having filled his barrow, wheeled it along the plank prepared for him, and upset it at the other end, the Premier retired to the platform which had been erected in the ring, amidst the hearty cheers of the assemblage.

The Reeve of Brock, Malcolm Gillespie, Esq., then, on behalf of the Corporation and inhabitants of the township, presented a congratulatory address to the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, expressing the gratification felt at the prospect of the completion of the enterprise which he had so auspiciously begun. To this the Premier made a suitable reply, in which he said:

"I am much consoled by your hearty recognition of any service I may have rendered in furthering the hopes of this great enterprise; and in the future as in the past, it shall be my constant aim, by studying carefully and labouring earnestly, to advance the material interests of this noble Province, to secure and to merit the undiminished confidence which you have been pleased to express in my administration and for which I beg most cordially to thank you."

Another address, signed by Robt. W. Elliot, President, and James Graham, Secretary, was presented to the Premier, on behalf of the Directors of the Railway Company, which was also suitably acknowledged, after which the Hon. J. S. Macdonald delivered a short address on the prospects of the railway and the advantages it would confer. He was followed by the Hon. M. C. Cameron and Mr. Gillespie. The party then adjourned to luncheon prepared at the Town Hall, where, after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. G. Laidlaw proposed the Ontario Government, to which the Premier responded. Other toasts followed, after which the party broke up, and the Toronto gentlemen returned home, arriving a little after midnight.

The illustration which we give is Leggotyped from a photograph by Ewing of Toronto. Many of our readers will readily recognise in the central figure (armed with a spade, and standing by the wheel-barrow ready to commence operations) the tall form of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, Premier of Ontario, and hero of the day. On his right, occupying prominent places, stand R. W. Elliot, Esq., President of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway Company, Hon. J. B. Robinson, President Northern Railway Company, S. B. Harman, Esq., Mayor, Toronto, Messrs. Gould and Laidlaw. On the left of the Premier are other members of the Board, the Vice-President J. E. Smith, Esq., Messrs. McMaster and Fitch, Hon. G. W. Allan and H. Brethour, Esq., Mr. Leys, Solicitor, Mr. Graham, Secretary, etc., etc. The background of the picture tells plainly of the primeval forest through which the "iron horse" is about to make his way. It is here both termini offer inducements for traffic and the intervening country rich by nature but in great part uncultivated, that the railroad performs its highest function as a modern civilizer, and these conditions appear to apply to all the new railway projects in the western part of Ontario. They will be a source of wealth to the Province though they do not pay a dividend on their cost for twenty years to come. Nor will these enterprises benefit the trade of Toronto or other commercial centres so much as the agricultural sections through which they run; for the moment a railroad is opened through an agricultural district there takes place a positive increase in the annual value of every farm, which is only partially represented by the reduction in the cost of transferring its produce to market.

THE GREAT ST. PANCRAS RAILWAY STATION.

This week we gave an engraving of the interior of the new St. Pancras Station, Midland Railway, London. Occupying, as it does, a site of nearly ten acres, it is undoubtedly, if not from an architectural, at least from an engineering point of view, the finest terminus in the world. Its most interesting and peculiar feature is the roof. While it has the widest span of any roof in existence, the space beneath is unbroken by ties or braces, common to all others. Its style is subdued Gothic, with segments meeting at its crown. As shown in the engraving, the roof springs from the platform level, the principal ribs each having the form of a four-centered arch, the radii of the curves being 57 feet and 109 feet respectively. The two central curves—those of 160 feet radius—meet at an angle in the centre at a height of 96 feet above the platform level. The length of the roof is 690 feet with a clear span of 246 feet, covering five platforms, ten lines of rails, and a cab stand 25 feet wide, thus making a total area of 165,000 square feet. Its height at the ridge is 125 feet above the level of the road. There are twenty-five principal ribs in the roof, each weighing about 50 tons. Between each of these, which are about 29 feet 4 inches apart from centre to centre, are three intermediate ribs, carried by trussed purlins, constructed so as to stiffen the bottom flanges of the main ribs laterally. The station walls rise behind the spring of the principal, the space at the top being filled in with open iron-work.

The roof is glazed about 70 feet on each side of the centre, and the remainder is covered with slates on boarding one inch and three eighths thick, grooved and tongued and channeled, the underside being varnished. The slates are best Welsh, and securely fastened to the boarding with copper nails weighing about 7 lbs. per 1,000. The lap is not less than 3 inches. The timber work throughout is well protected by varnishing, painting, or Burnettizing, according to the situation in which it is fixed.

The transverse girders which support the floor of the station take the thrust of the roof. They are connected so as to form continuous girders across the station. Besides being tied to them, the foot of the ribs are each secured by four 3 inch bolts to an anchor-plate built into the wall and strongly fastened.

The rail level of the station is about 17½ feet above that of the adjoining streets, thus affording very extensive cellarage. The height of the basement story is 13 feet 6 inches, and under this basement the connection of the Midland line is carried to that of the Metropolitan system. To enable vehicles to reach the station level from the street, inclined approach roadways have been constructed on arches. Each side of the station is flanked by a row of picturesque shops and other buildings. The platforms have edges of dressed stone, and are floored with red deal planks, dressed, close-jointed, and tongued with hoop iron. The decorations include a tessellated frieze about two feet deep, inlaid with colored tiles, and a dado round the base to the foot of the principals. The molding above the frieze is surmounted by an iron cresting of floral design, the leaves to curve inward from the cornice. The lighting arrangements of the station are very effective. They were intrusted to the Messrs. Sim and Baril, of Parliament street, London,

and to their patent hydrocarbon process is to be attributed the brilliant light obtained, while a saving of sixty per cent is said to be effected.

In the construction of the station about sixty millions of bricks, 80,000 cubic feet of dressed stone, and many thousand feet of glass and timber have been used. Over 9,000 tons of ironwork have been employed, the weight of some of the principal portions of which are given as follows:

	Tons.
Main-floor girders.....	500
Intermediate.....	390
Cross-girders of floor.....	1,020
Buckled plates.....	820
Main roof, ribs, and spandrel framing.....	1,270
Intermediate ribs.....	320
Purlins and connections between ribs.....	230
Cast-iron columns and caps below flooring.....	1,080

The travelling stage and hoisting gear, by means of which the ribs and roofing were erected, were very ingeniously designed by J. G. N. Alleyne, of the Butterley Iron-works. The principle on which he acted was never to lose hold of the main rib until the wind ties were finally fixed to the walls. The staging was divided into three sections, the centre consisting of six divisions, the side ones of five divisions each, and from front to rear there were four divisions. The standards consisted of die-square backs of timber, 12 inches square; the horizontal traverse pieces were double 12 inches by 6 inches each, except the lower one, which was 12 inches square, with iron shoes bolted down to receive the feet of the standards and braces. These were connected by cross braces, and the whole was moved, either together or separately, on 123 wheels, each 2 feet 8 inches in diameter, turning on a balk of timber 18 inches square. A large hotel is being constructed at the end of the station.—*Scientific American.*

GENERAL NEWS. CANADA.

Cranberries picked on Sable Island form a regular trade at Halifax. Ninety barrels arrived by a steamer last week, and were sold for an average of \$7 per barrel at public auction.

A fine specimen of the bald-headed eagle, very rarely to be seen now, was shot in the village of Wyoming a few days ago by Mr. Thos. Sanderson. The wings, when extended, measured seven feet from tip to tip.

The Bruce County Council has confirmed the by-law appropriating \$250,000 as a bonus to the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway. This guarantees the construction of the railway, which, in turn, will repay the bonus ten-fold by the advantages it will confer on the County of Bruce.

The *Elora Express* says it knows no more appropriate title for that fatal rod of our thrashing machines, which annually slays and maims its scores of victims, than "Tumbling Rod." During the fall and winter, not a week elapses without our country papers, somewhere or other, being called upon to record a Thrashing Machine Accident, and the bulk of these arise from the exposed position of the Tumbling Rod. This need not be. A little legislation would remedy the evil. A very simple mechanical appliance—a cheap cover—would remove the danger. But legislation must be had to enforce it.

The Fredericton (N. B.) *Farmer* says that within the last few weeks a delegate from the Iroquois Indians of Canada has visited the Lower Provinces, to agitate a confederation of the Six Nations, and the removal of all the tribes to Ontario. A Council of Chiefs will be held at Tobique in January, with this object in view. The advantages held out to Indians in this Province to remove are, better schools and churches, together with a more stringent enforcement of the laws.

Hon. Mr. Fraser's Cheese and Butter Bill, before the Quebec Legislative Council, provides that, whoever shall sell to a butter or cheese factory, skimmed, adulterated or tainted milk, shall be liable to a fine for each offence, of not less than one dollar, nor more than fifty dollars, in the discretion of the Justice of the Peace before whom such offence may be tried. The manufacturer who fraudulently takes cream from the milk sent to the factory, shall also be liable to the same penalty.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Anti-Papal Council at Naples is reported to be a dead failure.

A "centenary edition" of the Waverley novels, in preparation in England, will contain notes by Scott, which have never before been printed.

The London *Railway News* predicts that in a few years an unbroken journey by rail will be made from London to Peking. The English Channel will be bridged or tunnelled, or ferry boats will take whole trains across.

The Marquis of Westminster, whose income is said to be equal to about £1,000 a day, and is largely increasing every year, has, so we are told, become a member of the racing fraternity in England. This will be joyful news for the "Spiders" of the Turf.

The first ten locomotives ever built in Russia have just been completed at the works of Herr von Struve at Kolonna, near Moscow. It is said that no pecuniary assistance on the part of the Government was required by these gentlemen for this purpose.

The Prussian Lower House have just passed Bills making the validity of marriages exclusively dependent upon registration before the Judge, and introducing trial by jury for all political and press offences. It is thought, however, that this Bill will be rejected by the House of Lords.

Advices received in Havana from the interior of the island denote the prevalence of an alarming state of suffering from famine. The troops under Col. Hidalgo are reported to have found a hut near Palma-Soriano, containing the bodies of eight persons, who had died of starvation.

The London *Times* learns that the Henry-Martini 0.45 inch bore breech-loading rifles, about to be placed in the hands of troops for trial, are in an advanced stage of completion. The ammunition for these experimental arms has been decided on, and is now in course of manufacture in the Royal Laboratory Department, Royal Arsenal, Woolwich. It is the Boxer small-bore breech-loading ammunition, similar in form to that for the service Enfield Snider arms, but having a solid hardened bullet and a powder charge of 85 grains.

A couple of fishermen in their smack, belonging to Langston, Portsmouth, some days since, when about 15 miles from Havre, fell in with the body of a dead whale, which they made their little craft fast to at once, and squared away for the English coast with their prize in tow. The wind was fair, but the whale was heavy, and the distance was considerable for towing such an extraordinary brute as he looked in the water, nor was the sea always very smooth for the purpose, and the result was that it took three days to complete the operation. Then, when the men had stranded their prize at high water on Langston Harbour beach, and saw the whale's great size as the tide ebbed and disclosed his true proportions, the captors had reason to congratulate each other on the pertinacity with which they had stuck to their prize. The whale measures 7½ feet in length, is light skinned, and his mouth is said to be furnished with a splendid stock of "bone." Several parties are in treaty with the fishermen for the purchase of the fish, but the men seem as yet in no hurry to sell, as they are making a good thing out of their dead friend by charging a trifle for showing him.

A Prussian correspondent says: A new breech-loading rifle, invented by one Herr Mayhofer, at Königsberg, and called *Zundmesser-Gewehr*, is making some noise in this country. At a trial which recently came off in Königsberg the new gun is said to have fired off 25 rounds per minute with ball cartridge. If all we hear about it is true, the certainty of its aim is as great as the rapidity of its discharges, to which must be added the further advantage of a minimum of smoke being produced. It appears that the peculiarity of the invention is not confined to the gun, but extends to the cartridge. If I am not mistaken, the one as well as the other have been already submitted to this Government, where they are sure to be put to severe tests.

A despatch dated London, Dec. 14, says:—An important Papal Bull has been issued under the seal of strict secrecy, establishing regulations for the Ecumenical Council. In the exordium, His Holiness exhorts the Bishops to live in the practice of charity, humility, sobriety, and pious contemplation during the session of the Council. He declares that although the right of making propositions for the Council belongs only to himself and the court of Rome, *ad nos ad sanctum sedem*, he desires and exhorts every father to think it his duty to make propositions, but on these conditions:—1st. That the propositions be made in writing, and submitted privately to a Council of Bishops named by the Pope; 2nd. That the proposition have for its object the general interests of the Church, not of a particular diocese; 3rd. That it be accompanied by a statement of the motives which have led to its presentation; 4th. That it be conformable to the spirit and traditions of the Catholic Church. His Holiness imposes secrecy on every condition of the conciliary labours. The order of precedence is fixed as follows:—Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests, Cardinal Deacons, Patriarch Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and abbots general of monastic orders. The fathers are authorized to designate ten of their number to be charged with the judicial settlement of contentions arising among the fathers themselves; the bull appoints the officers of the Council, naming, as a legati or presidents over general congregations, Cardinals De Reisache, De Luca, Rizzero, Billio, and Capolti. Fathers who desire to harmonize the assembly must obtain an authorization from the legati the evening preceding the day on which they intend to speak; those who intend to propose Canons must first submit them to one of the four commissioners on faith, discipline, religious orders and oriental affairs. These commissioners will be chosen by the fathers, but each will be presided over by the Pope. The bull prohibits the fathers from absenting themselves before the conclusion of the Council, and authorizes them to reside out of their dioceses during the entire period of the Council. Sessions of the Ecumenical Council have been adjourned until after the Epiphany.

UNITED STATES.

New Orleans and Chicago papers express regret at the presence of armies of unemployed men in the streets of these cities.

A well known citizen of New York offers to give \$50,000 towards forming a vigilance committee to clear the city of the desperadoes now infesting it.

Minnesota farmers feed wheat to their hogs, and California farmers Bartlett pears to their cows. There is most excellent authority for both statements.

One hundred Georgians, principally from the northern part of the State, have been converted to Mormonism, and removed to Utah since last spring. Four elders have been labouring in the State.

A reduction has recently been made in the rates of transmitting figures by the Atlantic cable. Formerly, each figure was charged as a word; now, five figures can be sent as one word.

An enterprising church in Boston is to have a "reporters pew," fitted up with every convenience for the use of newspaper representatives when they visit the church on business, or otherwise.

A bill is about to be introduced into Congress providing that no more treaties shall be made by the Indian agents. Hereafter the red man's affairs will receive the direct attention of Congress.

The Vermont Legislature has passed a law which makes liquor dealers responsible for any damage accruing to either person or property through the conduct of those to whom they sell liquor.

By a party vote of 129 to 42, the House of Representatives at Washington has affirmed a resolution endorsing President Grant's views about a Reciprocity Treaty with Canada being wholly in favour of the British producer.

Large quantities of arms are said to have been shipped from the Fenian headquarters in New York, on Monday last; destination not known.

It is stated that a business alliance has been effected between the French Cable Company, the Franklin, the International, the Pacific and Atlantic, and the New York City Telegraph Companies, by which their interests were consolidated.

A New York despatch says: Father Hyacinthe sailed in the *Persea* for Paris, whence he will immediately proceed to Rome. Several members of the French Benevolent Society and a number of American friends accompanied him to the steamer. He announced his intention of again visiting this country.

THE LATE GIULIA GRISI.

Mdme. Grisi, who died on Thursday night, Nov. 27, in Berlin, at the Hotel du Nord, was on her way to St. Petersburg to join Signor Mario, accompanied by her three daughters, when she was taken ill; in addition to inflammation of the lungs there was an internal abscess in the head, which caused a short illness and speedy dissolution. The telegram reached Signor Mario too late to enable him to be present at her last moments. Giulia Grisi was born in Milan on the 2nd of July, 1812, according to some accounts, but the correct year was 1810; she was therefore in her sixtieth year. Her eldest sister Giudetta, born in 1802, was famed as a prima donna; but her star was eclipsed by Giulia. It was in the tours of Giudetta that the young sister first had the notion of becoming a singer, for her health was so delicate that her parents would not allow her to study music. But her ear was so quick that she had the faculty of imitating every singer she heard to the life. Giudetta with pride predicted that Giulia would be the glory of the family, and eclipse her aunt, the great Mdme. Grassini. Giulia was therefore entered as a pupil at the Milan Conservatorium. In 1828 she made her debut at Bologna as Emma, a small part in Rossini's "Zelmira," but her success was such as to secure for her the first characters of the lyric drama. From Bologna she went to Florence and then to Pisa. At Pisa she was engaged for the Scala at Milan, and in her native city she sang with her sister Giudetta, and with the splendid contralto Pisoni. Her debut was in Pacini's opera "Il Corsaro," the libretto being based on Byron's "Corsair." With Pasta she sang in "Anna Bolena," Grisi being Lady Jane Seymour, and in "Norma," she being then the Adalgisa. "Thou wilt be Pasta," said the great artiste to the aspiring Giulia: "thou wilt have my place." What operative days were those at Milan! at the Scala, Grisi, Pisoni, Amalia Schütz; and at the Careno, Pasta, Lena Rossa (Mdme. Balie), Rubini, Moriani, and Galli. The composers in vogue were Bellini, Donizetti, Coccia, and Majocchi. Donzelli, the tenor, afterwards joined Pasta and Grisi at the Scala. He was the original Pollio in "Norma," when produced in January, 1832. "How I should like to play 'Norma,'" said Grisi one day to Bellini. "Wait twenty years," replied the gifted composer. "I will play the part in less than twenty years in spite of you," rejoined the Adalgisa of the day. She did. Grisi having quarrelled with Lanari, with whom she had engaged on very low terms, cut the knot by flying from Italy to France, assisted in her flight by her friend Mariani, the composer. Through the influence of her aunt, Mdme. Grassini, she was engaged at the Salle Favart, where Rossini, Robert, and Severini were the directors, and on the 13th of October, 1832, she made her debut in the French capital as Semiramide, her sister Giudetta the same year having appeared in London at the King's Theatre (Her Majesty's). The two sisters sang together in Paris in Bellini's "Montecchi ed i Capuletti," Giulia being the heroine, and Giudetta the hero. The latter retired at the end of the season 1832, and died in 1840 at Cremona. Giulia withdrew a short time from the stage, but reappeared as Anna Bolena in October, 1832, with Tamburini as Henry VIII., and Ivanoff, the Russian tenor, as Percy. From this time Grisi took all Pasta's great characters. In 1834 she was engaged for London. She made her debut as Ninetta in "La Gazza Ladra" on the 8th of April, having Lablache as the Podesta, Tamburini as the soldier father, and Rubini as the lover. And from that night began the career in Paris and London of a quartet of singers—Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache—who have never been approached, much less surpassed, in their ensemble as incomparable operative artists. Of the four one alone survives—the veteran Tamburini. To follow Grisi's career from 1834 to 1846, when the schism took place at Her Majesty's Theatre, and from 1847 to her retirement from the Royal Italian Opera in 1861, would be to narrate operative events familiar to the present generation of amateurs. Grisi made one unfortunate mistake in returning to Her Majesty's Theatre after her retreat from the stage, only to display, like Pasta did, the decay of her once great powers.

Grisi was married to the Marquis de M-ley in Paris; from him she was separated according to the French legal tribunals, but her property was attached to pay him a yearly income. Before her visit to the United States with Mario her marriage took place with the celebrated tenor. There were five children by this union.

The secret of Grisi's long supremacy on the stage is easily solved. It was in a combination of personal and physical gifts that no other artiste ever possessed in an equal degree. Pasta was more sublime at moments, Persiani was more intellectual and refined in her vocalization, Malibran was more startling in her impulses, Viardot more intensely dramatic, Jenny Lind more sensational with her four high notes, Cornelia Falcon more touching, Sontag more brilliant; but for the presentation of a part in its entirety, for the embodiment of powerful emotion, combined with beauty of person, richness and roundness of voice, with the power of exercising a potent spell over a vast auditory, Grisi has never been surpassed. Her scales have been excelled, her intervals have been distanced, her shakes have been articulated more wondrously by other vocalists; but after citing isolated instances of superior attributes in this or that feature, or exactness of execution, still with a vivid recollection of singers of every country for nearly half a century, we can recall no instance of a prima donna like Grisi for the general purposes of a lyric theatre. She stood the wear and tear marvellously: she was always at her post; no singer ever had less apologies made for her non-appearance. She battled for hard terms, but she fulfilled them conscientiously and honourably. To a manager she was invaluable; to the public she was always the welcome idol. She outsang and outlived scores of rivals, who fretted their short seasons, but who could not cope with the varied repertoire of the gifted Giulia Grisi.

THE "STONE GIANT."

An endless amount of speculation has been excited by the discovery, on the 16th of October last, of a huge figure, at first represented as being a petrification of a human form, on the farm of Mr. Newell, at Cardiff, Onondago County, near the town of Syracuse, N. Y. It was found about three feet below the surface; when first discovered, it lay in a very easy and natural position, horizontal, partly on the right side, with the right hand resting over the abdomen. Its dimensions were as follow: From crown of head to hollow of foot, 10 feet 2 1/2 inches; crown of head to tip of chin, 1 foot 9 inches; length of nose, 6 inches; width of nostrils, 2 1/2 inches; width of mouth, 4 inches; point to point of shoulder, 3 feet; point of hip to

knee-joint, 3 feet; diameter of calf of leg, 9 1/2 inches; diameter of thigh, 1 foot; length of foot, 1 foot 7 1/2 inches; width of palm, 7 inches; diameter of wrist, 5 inches.

The theory of petrification which first gained credence was soon abandoned on fuller investigation. Though the figure was in all respects an admirable representation of a fully developed man of gigantic size, with every limb and feature in symmetrical proportion, and apparently of stone, it was found that the outer surface could be shaved off with a knife without dulling the blade; that in fact it was composed of gypsum, instead of stone. Dr. Boynton who made a careful examination of this extraordinary figure, at first supposed that it was carved by the Jesuits who dwell in the neighbourhood where it was found, between 1529 and 1769. After a more thorough examination he declared it to be of gypsum, and of recent origin. He says in a recent letter to Professor Seeber, of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington:

"I have stated that I thought its origin would not carry us back over three hundred years; but I am not certain that the known principles of chemistry will justify me in asserting that the period between his burial and resurrection was over three years. Its antiquated appearance has been produced not by abrasion, as many have said, but by the dissolving action of water, which, I think, could have been accomplished in a few months. A more careful and accurate calculation, admitting the possible chance of some undiscovered error creeping into the calculation, may show the burial to have taken place about 370 or 371 days ago—as it may have happened between two days." The most plausible theory is that it is a cast iron figure covered with a coating of cement, its weight being in excess of what it ought to be if solid stone by about 500 pounds. The head gives a ringing sound when struck, which was at first relied upon as proof of the figure's being a petrification, but is far more likely to result from its being a metal cast covered with cement, and buried a short time before, for the purpose of being "resurrected" and earning a fortune for its speculative owners. Though it is pronounced admirable as a work of art it is likely to prove more wonderful as a pecuniary speculation, Mr. Newell, according to report, having sold it for \$40,000. The figure has been removed to Syracuse and publicly exhibited. When curiosity is satiated with this exhibition, it is probable we shall hear the true history of this "Giant" and perhaps learn the name of the Barium who had the honour of his invention.

Three books are now in course of publication which are likely to attract much attention. The first is Tennyson's new volume, which bears the title of "The Holy Grail, and other Poems." It is substantially a continuation of the "Idyls of the King," and like that, is in four parts, namely: The Coming of Arthur, the Holy Grail, Sir Pelleas and Ettarre, and The Passing of Arthur. The volume also contains some miscellaneous poems, some of which are new. The second book is Mrs. Stow's rejoinder to the tremendous criticisms her Byron article has called forth. She has ransacked all accessible works that contain anything on the subject, and has extended her proof of Byron's "dogmas delictum" into a volume of between three hundred and four hundred pages, which she calls "The True Story of Lady Byron Substantiated." The third book is a poem by James Russell Lowell, entitled "The Cathedral." This has been building for many years, and is said, by those who have read it, to be a poem of remarkable power and beauty, and one of the best that Lowell has ever written.

THE NEW THAMES TUNNEL.—The London Times says:—The new Thames Tunnel may now be said to be virtually complete. The whole length from Tower Hill to the end of Vine Street, in Tooley Street, on the south side of the river, is 1320 feet. There is every sign that the water-bearing stratum has been nearly passed, and that the clay will soon be reached. When this is attained only one lining of iron rings to the shaft will be used to within a few feet of the bottom, where bricks faced with glazed tiles, to reflect light, will be employed, as in the shaft of Tower Hill. Night and day, every four hours, the shield driving the tunnel moves forward eighteen inches, so that there is an advance of nine feet in every twenty-four hours. The manner in which this rapid advance is accomplished, is as simple and ingenious as it is safe and quick in its mode of operation. The shield is a disc of mixed wrought and cast iron, weighing about two and a half tons. In the front next to the city it is concave; in rear, where the men work, it looks like a gigantic cart wheel, having six spokes and an enormous open hollow felloe in the centre. To this shield, and extending backwards over the men at work, is a powerful iron rim, just like the cap to the end of a telescope. Thus, the miners who work it, excavate enough clay through the centre opening to enable one man to pass in beyond the face of the shield, and he soon cuts away clay enough to find room for two, and when a comrade joins him there is soon room made for three workers, but seldom for more. The clay is of the kind well known as the stiff London clay, of a blackish green colour—just moist enough to give it a thorough tenacity, but without any water. When about two feet have been excavated all round in front of the shield, the miners return back through the central hole, and with ordinary hand-screws they force the shield on to the length of the distance they have excavated, its long rim still keeping them under shelter as it is advanced. Within this rim a segment of the iron tunnel is at once built in three segments, eighteen inches long, and so on the process is repeated over and over again. The inner face of the shield is so constructed as to receive the pressure of six screw jacks—one in each of the six spokes we have spoken of. By these means a pressure of sixty tons could be brought to bear on the whole shield. As a rule, however, one screw-jack and one man is sufficient to move it forward, and this with ease. In case of any water being come to, such as a spring—for the whole tunnel is far below the bed of the river water—it would give indications of its presence in the moisture of the clay long before the miners reached it. In the course of the excavations of the shield about two thousand cubic yards of the London clay have been dug out for the tunnel alone.

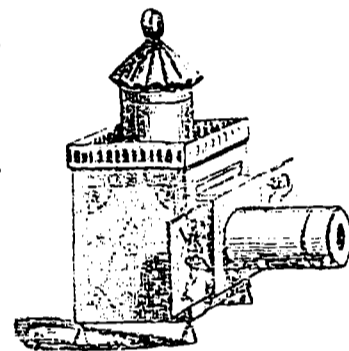
An ingenious Frenchman of Italian origin, one Ferdinand Tommasi, claims to have discovered a valuable mode of employing the force of rising and falling tides as a motive power. He is an engineer, and has patented his invention, both in France and abroad. He declares that the force of the tides can be employed on his system at no matter what distance from sea. A pamphlet on the subject, bearing the title of "Le Flux Moteur," and accompanied with numerous pictures and diagrams, will shortly appear.

The Memorial de la Loire, a respectable French journal, gives the following details on the subject of an infant presenting the most remarkable electrical phenomena ever yet reported:—We are not surprised to learn that there will be given to the Imperial Academy of Medicine of Paris, an elaborate and intelligent communication of Dr. C***, of Lyons, who, with two others, went to St. Ursula, and had the scientific satisfaction of witnessing the dying agonies, for the child is unhappily dead, of the poor little sufferer. It would seem that the last moments of the electrical infant presented some truly astonishing phenomena. For nearly two weeks before its death electrical lights manifested themselves with a vividness that confounded the scientific men who "only saw fire," according to the not very respectful language of our correspondent. No one could occupy the space around the cradle, he says, and the shocks were sometimes strong enough to knock down all who approached it. Two cats and a dog, boarders in the house, were compelled to leave. This state of things was aggravated from day to day, and from hour to hour, until the termination of the malady, which occurred on the 8th of November, at half-past eleven in the evening. The infant expired without the least pain or convulsion, sweetly, in perfect repose, and as if it sank to sleep: while the furniture and occupants of the room were seized with an indescribable agitation. At the last moment the emanations of light from the body of the dying child became three times more intense than they had ever been seen before, and lasted for several minutes after death. It is not known, at least to the public, of what disease the child died. The electrical infant was born on the 12th of February, 1869, and died on the 8th of November, having lived nine months. Science must tell us, if it can, the meaning of this electrical phenomenon.

If you wish to be miserable you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you—and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose.

CHRISTMAS, 1869.—NEW YEAR, 1870, PRESENTS

- OPERA GLASSES. MAGIC LANTERNS. MICROSCOPES. SPECTACLES. STEREOSCOPES. TELESCOPES. Thermometers. COMPASSES, &c.



- PRESENTS DRAWING Instruments. BILLIARD BALLS. MODEL ENGINES. Electrical Toys. Pocket Magnets. GOLD EYEGLASSES. Globes, &c.

IMMENSE IMPORTATIONS OF ALL THE ABOVE AT HEARN'S, THE OLD SPECTACLE STORE, NOTRE DAME STREET. SIGN OF THE ADMIRAL.

ORDNANCE LANDS. DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE. OTTAWA, 24th NOVEMBER, 1869. SEIGNIORY OF SOREL.

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

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

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

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR having graciously permitted the publication of the PORTRAITS

TAKEN OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS At my Studio, on October 9, I have much pleasure in notifying the Public that they are now on view and for sale in Cartes de Visite, Cabinet, and 9 x 7 Photo-Relievo, with an assortment of suitable Frames for the same.

WM. NOTMAN, PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, AND HALIFAX. Orders by Post will now receive PROMPT ATTENTION.

THE RED RIVER.

There is no change to record in the progress towards solution of the Red River difficulty. The Commissioners of the Canadian Government have not yet had time to report upon the state of affairs in the Settlement. But it would be a mistake to suppose that because all save some fifty of the insurgents have abandoned Fort Garry and gone to the plains on their winter hunting excursion, therefore the difficulty has almost blown over. The fact is these people understand well that the winter offers an inaccessible barrier to any opposing force that could be brought against them from the outer world, and they feel about equally secure against a hostile movement from within, so long as they abstain from overt acts of hostility against their more loyally disposed neighbours, who, for the present, are contented to leave the insurgents alone, so long as the mails, the ordinary progress of trade, and the rights of private property are respected. The Grand Vicar Thibault, and Col. De Salaberry will, therefore, have every facility for carrying on peaceful negotiations with the so-called President Brousse, and his Secretary, Mr. Riel. The latter gentleman is the moving spirit among the disaffected. He is well educated, of an active turn of mind, a fluent speaker, and, it appears, not by any means averse to making a stir in the world. The attitude of Governor McTavish and of the other officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, has been such as to leave no cause of complaint against them; but a new cause for the rising has been promulgated by Mr. Sanford, of Hamilton, Ont., who has but recently arrived from a visit to the Red River Settlement, with which he is connected in the way of business. Mr. Sanford repudiates the notion that personal hostility to the Hon. Mr. McDougall had any influence in leading to the uprising. He says that the newspaper correspondents and the officials of the Canadian Government in the territory have caused the mischief: the former by their sneering allusions to the half-breeds, and the latter by their supercilious airs. It has been especially offensive even to men such as Governor McTavish, many of whom have formed matrimonial alliances with the half-breeds, to hear the latter spoken of so disrespectfully. Indeed the Governor is reported by Mr. Sanford to have pointed to his own wife an accomplished lady of Indian blood sitting at the head of his table, in explanation of the offensiveness of the newspaper criticisms just referred to. When the trouble was brewing those who did not sympathize with its promoters took no means to check it, feeling that the Canadians had failed to treat them with the respect they thought was their due. This unfriendly feeling, created unthinkingly by those who, perhaps, cared more for spicing their correspondence than conciliating the people of the Red River, has helped to increase the difficulty of the situation, and will, no doubt, continue to be a source of embarrassment in the administration of affairs in the North-West. But with time and friendly negotiation, backed up, if need be, by such a display of force as will compel respect for the law, the Red River trouble will be got quietly over.

For the present the Hon. Mr. McDougall and the other



A RED RIVER INSURGENT.

gentlemen who accompanied him, intending to discharge official duties in the provisional government to be organized in the Territory, remain quietly at Pembina—in sight of the land of promise; but taking no measures for the assertion of their authority. This course of inactivity will no doubt be adhered to until after the result of the negotiation undertaken on the part of the Dominion Government is made known.

The town of Winnipeg, of a portion of which we give a view this week, is the centre of the Settlement. Our picture is enlarged from a photograph by Ryder Larsen, who plies the photographic art in that far-off region. The part of the town here exhibited lies northward of, and near to Fort Garry. To the right, and the most prominent building in the picture, is the building occupied by Dr. Schultz as a residence and drug

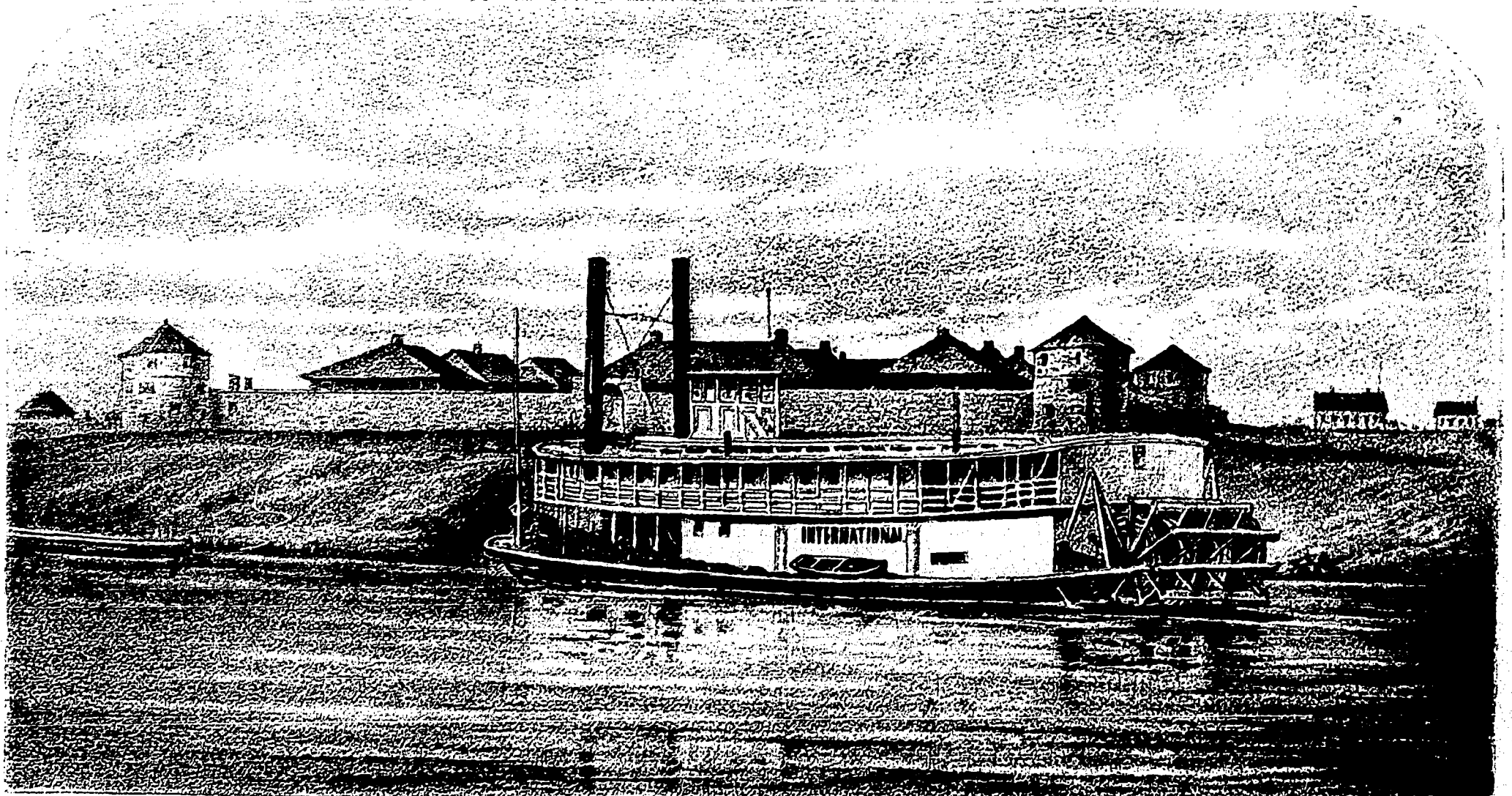
store. Adjoining that is the office of the *Nor' Wester* newspaper; while on the left is shown one of the H. B. Company's stores. It may be remembered that Dr. Schultz's flag gave great offence to the "Liberators," and that they took possession of the *Nor' Wester* office and, *vi et armis*, compelled the printers to set up and print their manifesto, while they held the proprietor as a prisoner of war. Some Canadian officials were also detained in custody for a few days, but they were afterwards released on parole we suppose, and certainly without the formality of exchange of prisoners, so that the vexed question of "belligerency" has not yet arisen to complicate the issue.

From another photograph by Larsen (also enlarged), we have Leggotyped the portrait of a half-breed, whose features and costume, we are assured, give a fair average representation of his class. The man who sat for this photograph, whose name would be of no possible interest to our readers, is, though not a leader, a prominent character in the rank and file of the insurgent party; he has already proved that the harsh nature indicated by his strongly marked, if not very amiable looking countenance, is not difficult to rouse within him, for he has been caught in the meshes of the law for crimes against the persons of some who had given him personal offence. It will be a striking commentary on the administration of justice in the Red River Country if this man, who has earned a life of penal servitude by his crimes, should be among the negotiators with the representatives of Canada.

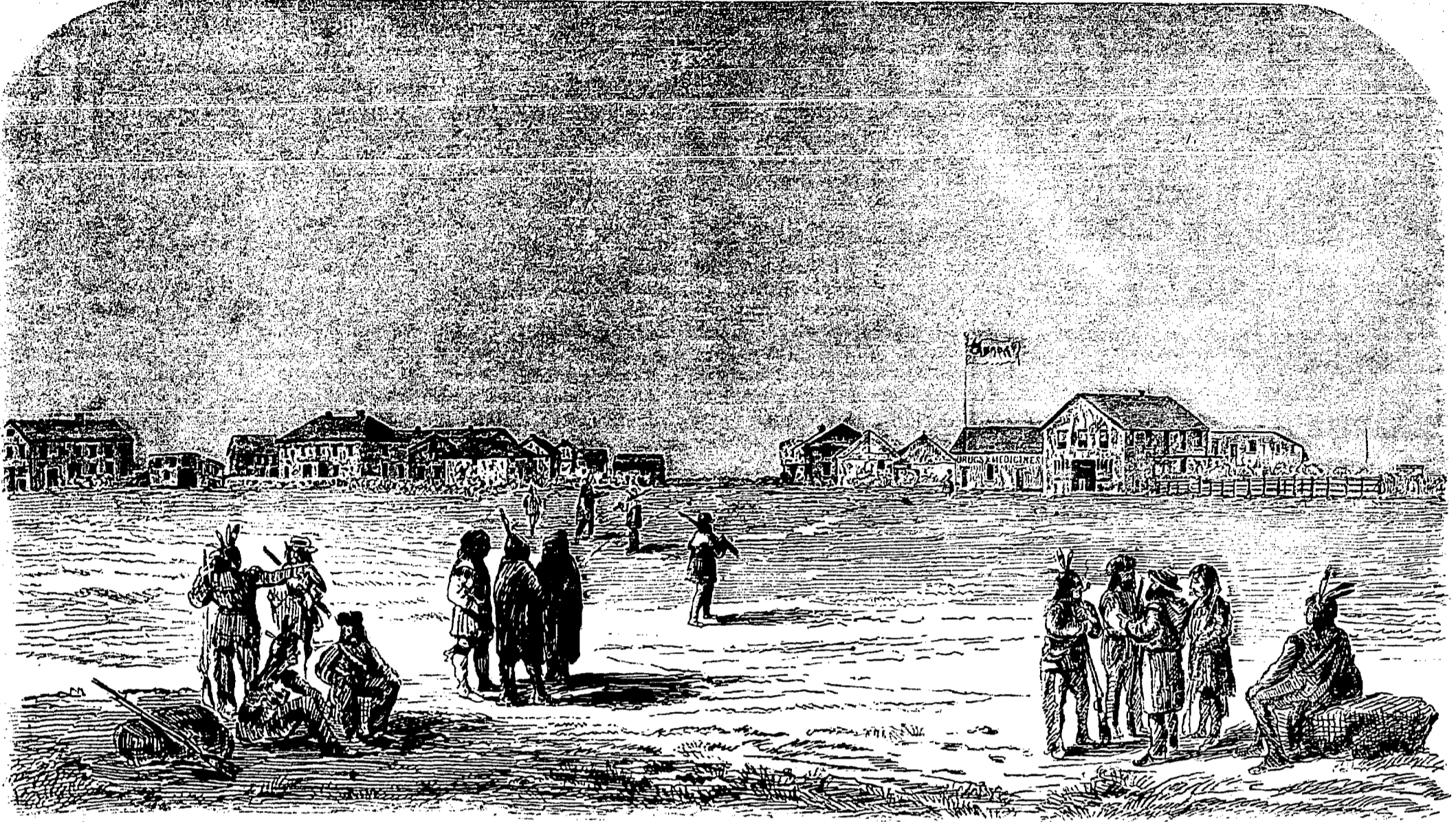
Fort Garry from the river bank, with the Hudson Bay Company's steamer "International" in the foreground, is another picture from a photograph by Larsen. The "International," during the season of navigation, plies between the fort and Georgetown, a distance of over 240 miles, taking fifteen days for the round trip. The fort itself is a substantial structure, the wall which surrounds it, as well as the towers and bastions, being of solid masonry. Though at present nominally held by the insurgents, the Hudson Bay Company's officials continue to occupy it and carry on their operations with little or no interruption. The reports that have reached the Canadian papers of the doings of the Convention assembled at the call of "President" Brousse, on the 16th of last month, and thence adjourned to the 22nd, do not give much positive information. It is said in general terms that the

English and Scotch members who attended made a favourable impression upon the leaders of the insurrectionary movement, but that no agreement was come to. A letter published in the *Montreal Herald* says:—

"We are politically quiet for the moment, there being nothing to call for fresh action on the part of the half-breeds. The council called by President Brousse met on the day appointed, viz: the 16th, and sat two days, when the sitting of the General Quarterly Court interrupted its further deliberation. The parishes called on, I believe, all sent their representatives. The situation was pretty fully discussed, but, as no reporter was present, only garbled accounts have reached the outsiders. There was no vote taken and no definite settlement was made, but a further meeting is to be held on the



FORT GARRY AND STEAMER "INTERNATIONAL."



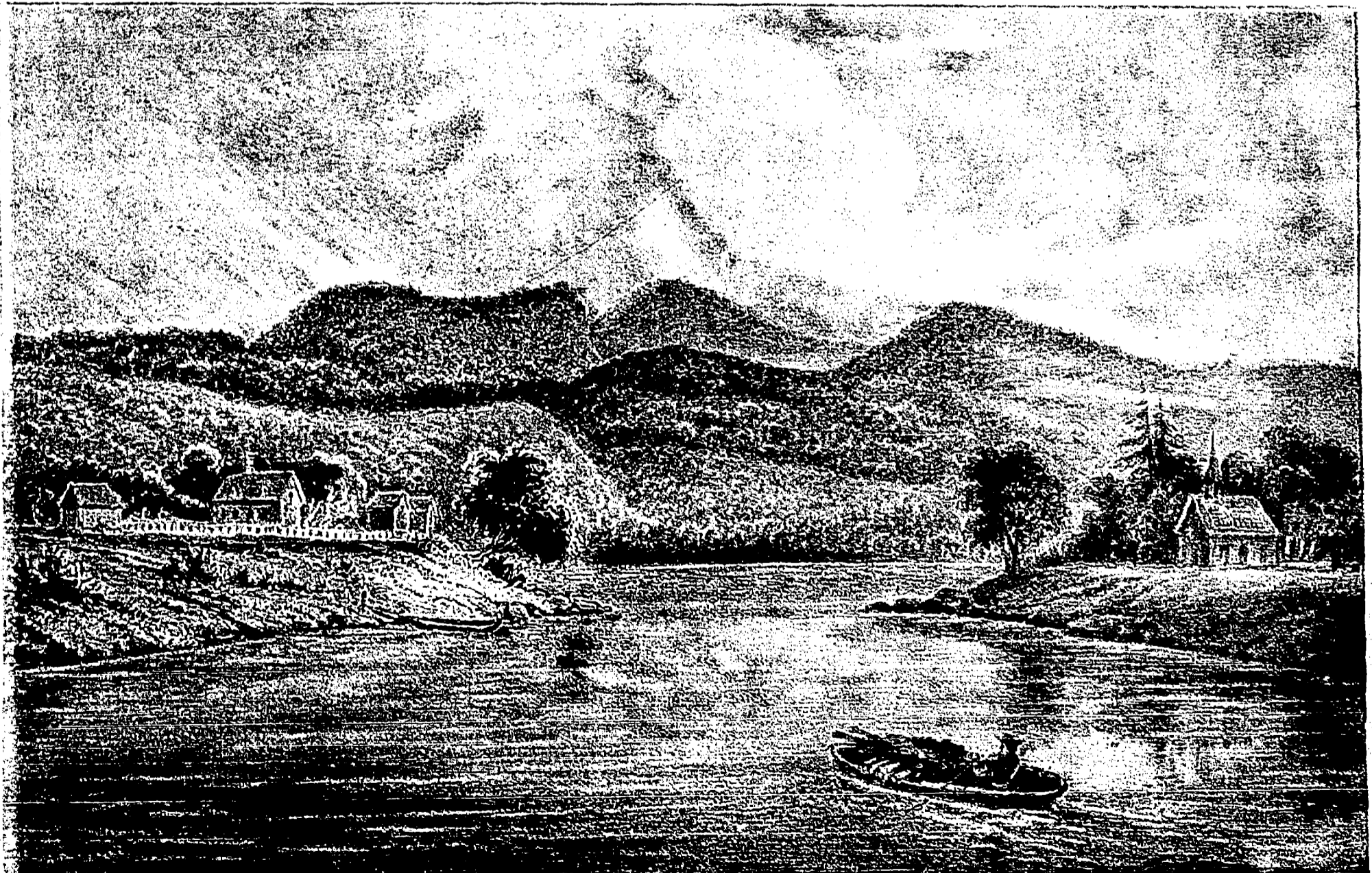
TOWN OF WINNIPEG.

22nd, and it is expected that a conclusion will then be come to. On the French side the Secretary, Mr. Riel, was the principal speaker, and on the English side Mr. James Ross. It is said that Mr. Ross' argument had great weight with some of the opposite side, and it is thought, although this was not admitted by them during the sederunt, it will have its effect in the divisions which may take place on the 22nd. From one of the English delegates I hear that it is not unlikely representatives from English parishes will be allowed to address meetings of the French in their own parishes. The English contend that their French friends are not fully or

truly aware of the facts of the case, and that if allowed to address them in their own parishes, much might be done to allay the irritation which they feel, by convincing them that their information and news are erroneous.

The Quarterly Court was held as usual by Judge Black, but the Court House was fully guarded by a detachment from Fort Garry. As this may be the last court held under the government of the Hudson Bay Company, it may not be uninteresting to mention something of its proceedings. The law is administered according to English practice, and the officers of the Court, besides the Judge, are a Sheriff, Clerk of

the Court, interpreter and crier. The Clerk of the Court is also public prosecutor. There were but two cases before the Court—one of infanticide and one of aggravated assault. The prisoner for infanticide, was an English half-breed. The prosecutor made no address to the jury, as the woman had no counsel; but the judge made up for her want in that way by charging very strongly in her favour, and the result was that instead of being committed for child-murder, the lesser verdict of concealment of pregnancy was brought in. The aggravated assault was made upon Mr. J. A. Snow, Superintendent of the Board, by four men in his employment. Two were acquitted,



FORT METABETCHOUAN ON LAKE ST. JOHN, UPPER SAGUENAY. From a Sketch by A. J. Russell, No. 1.

and two found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of £4, within thirty days, the security of Mr. Coombs, their counsel, and late of Newton, Ont., being taken for the payment of the same. The four are, I think, Canadians, who came here this summer. Since I last wrote, Governor McTavish has issued a proclamation, a copy of which I enclose. It is not quite correct, there being a fifth paragraph in the true copy, which protests against the retention of 'certain gentlemen from Canada with their families, and the compulsion used to make them retreat from the Territory.' A trader here who has had occasion to ship furs to the States, had to allow his bales to be examined by an officer of the Provisional Government before a passport could be obtained for them. Major Wallis, who is returning to Canada to join his regiment in case of a Fenian invasion, was not allowed to take his rifle with him, there being an order prohibiting the exportation of arms or ammunition. The Major, however, got a receipt for it.

"The president and secretary have apartments over the general office of the company in the Fort. About 60 men are still in possession, and are furnished with pemmican and flour from the company's stores, the competent authority giving receipts for such in the name of the Council. Little is known of Mr. McDougall's views about matters. He is still at Pembina, and seems determined to remain there."

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

"The condition of Ireland" has for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time forced itself upon the attention of the Imperial Government, not in respect of proposed reforms merely, which have been much too long delayed, but in the rudimentary function of keeping the peace. Five thousand additional troops; the proclamation of a portion of the country under martial law; the proposal to endow the Executive with the authority to suspend the *Habeas Corpus* Act at pleasure—these, with other repressive precautions, already adopted or to be resorted to, march side by side with the development of the new scheme for adjusting the relations between landlord and tenant. The land question, which was the real Irish grievance, has been among the last to arrest the attention of the Government. Not but that much has been done of late years for the amelioration of the condition of the classes interested in land; but the main issue—the guarantee of the tenant for reasonable compensation for his improvements, and also for reasonable fixity of tenure—has not yet been reached. These two branches of the question ought fairly to be considered together, for without fixity of tenure no tenant has any substantial inducement to make improvements; and without compensation for these, even fixity of tenure would be of little value.

It is indeed cheering to be assured that the Government bill, so far as it has yet been sketched by the press, indicates a firm determination to give tenants full scope and fair reward for their enterprise, while at the same time the landlords will be amply protected in the exercise of every right of proprietorship which they can reasonably claim. But if it be supposed that this contemplated reform is to remove Irish discontent, then a great mistake will have been made. Of all things in the world that disgust the professional patriot, nothing sends the iron deeper into his soul than beneficent and intelligent legislation emanating from the Government which it is his supreme desire to overthrow. Every inequality abolished, every grievance removed, is so much of a reduction in his political stock in trade, and he fumes and rages all the more violently as he sees his substantial grounds for remonstrance destroyed. England, France, Italy—almost every country in Europe—has suffered from this sort of patriotism, which Dr. Johnson so aptly characterized as the "last refuge of a scoundrel." Ireland has her "scoundrels" now, and many of them, it is to be regretted, occupy positions which confer upon them an influence for evil that their own poor talents could never have acquired. When the suggestion to "tumble" landlords, in other words, to shoot them down, is received with approbation and shouts of "bravo" at a public meeting, it is evident that the spirit of lawlessness is rampant in the land. Much may be said in extenuation of a hasty expression uttered at a public gathering; much more, perhaps, might be conceded to the hyperbole so characteristic of Irish oratory. But when landlords are thus publicly threatened, and one of their class occasionally falls a victim to the execution of such a threat, there is no room left for doubt as to the unwelcome conclusion that these rampant "patriots" are poisoning the minds of the Irish people. The honours paid to the "Manchester martyrs," so-called, have been utilized by the agitators in bringing the people to believe that "killing is no murder;" that to shoot a landlord or his bailiff, or an officer in the execution of the law, is a patriotic work tending to the liberation of Ireland. The severe denunciation of this new laxity of thought by the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin does not appear to have commanded the respect to which it was entitled, for hints more or less broadly given of the people taking the law into their own hands are being indulged in with unwonted frequency.

Two serious evils beyond the reach of legislative remedy have already been developed under these untoward influences. In the first place, the Irish agitators have persuaded themselves that the Reforms recently conceded to Ireland, and those now promised, are being extorted from England's fear. This has stimulated them to make fresh demands, and to declare that nothing will satisfy them short of Irish national independence. The acts of lawlessness and the terrorism under which the landlords are being brought, added to the taunts about England's being afraid to refuse what Ireland demands, have created a feeling of bitterness on the other side of the Channel, which, whether Irish agitators may believe it or not, will work no good for Ireland. At the very time when the British Legislature is going furthest in its effort to reconcile Irish legislation with Irish interest and feelings, the national antipathies are being warmed into stronger powers of repulsion. To "read the papers" one might be led to infer that the two peoples never hated each other more cordially than just at the time when they had set about readjusting former differences. So the work of conciliation is entered upon in a bad spirit, which grows worse as that work proceeds.

We wish there were reasonable grounds for believing that these manifestations of ill-temper on both sides are but the passing hot words incident to the settlement of a long pending difference, to be forgotten, or at least forgiven, when the occasion which called them forth had passed. But there is no such agreeable prospect. When Mr. Gladstone peremptorily declined to liberate the Fenian prisoners, or to be guided in his policy towards them by the threats of their sympathizers, the angry feeling which was brewing got vent on both sides. In Ireland the Tenant Right movement has been headed off by a demand for the unconditional surrender of the Fenians; and now there is a proposition that every labourer shall have an acre of ground and a free house! In England the popular sympathy with Ireland has been checked by these manifestations of lawlessness and desire for revolution; so that now the Government is likely to adopt a new line of policy. It is being taunted for its leniency by the organs of the extreme party in Ireland, and now it may be roused into determined action by its own conception of the magnitude of the difficulties which continued agitation cannot fail to create.

Mr. Gladstone will, no doubt, act with courage and discretion. He began his career as Premier with a solemn declaration to adopt a policy of justice towards Ireland. On the ground of justice he disestablished and disendowed the Church; on the ground of justice he proposes to deal with the land question; and on the ground of justice he will probably adopt sharp and decisive measures to check the lawless proceedings of the agitators and their dupes. Perhaps the most disheartening part of the Irish question is, that the success of Mr. Gladstone's policy in establishing just and equitable relations between all classes and creeds will not only not reconcile the extreme "nationalists," but will render them, if possible, more hostile to the British Government. But as the English Premier has educated the British public into the firm faith that the Government has a solemn obligation resting upon it to carry out his policy of justice, he is not likely to falter in his endeavours to discharge this obligation; and when on the one hand no outbreak of mob violence will postpone the proposed remedial legislation, on the other, its adoption will give the Government a clean conscience to act with firmness, and, if need be, severity, in maintaining the peace of the country and repressing sedition. When the Government has once fairly established its character for justice, it need no longer hesitate in repelling every attempt at intimidation.

The emphatic declaration in President Grant's message against a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, on the ground that the benefits conferred thereby would be enjoyed almost exclusively by Canada, has been endorsed in the House of Representatives by a vote of 129 to 42. Surely this ought to be sufficient to convince Canadians and Americans alike that reciprocity in trade, similar to that secured by the treaty of 1854, between the two countries, is out of the question so long as the present Republican party maintains its ascendancy, and so long as the existing system of taxation is maintained by the United States. It would be folly to expect a renewal of the treaty during President Grant's incumbency; or until American taxes more nearly approach the low rate antecedent to the war; and for the reason that the Americans hold to the doctrine that before a free exchange would be fair reciprocity, the taxes of the Canadian should be equalized with those of the American producer. As the interests of the producers are erroneously held to be paramount to those of the consumers, this consideration will outweigh with the American Government the advantages its people would derive from the cheapening of produce which would fol-

low its free admission from Canada; and hence all notion of obtaining reciprocity should be abandoned, at least until American ideas on trade undergo a radical change.

There are influences manifestly at work, however, to keep alive the expectation that something is to be done in the matter almost immediately. "Man never is, but always *to be* blessed;" reciprocity negotiations never do, but always are to come. These feints may be intended for the Canadian or the American market, or both. There are large interests in Canada which would benefit by reciprocity; the Canadian Government is understood to be especially favourable to its renewal. Are these rumours of coming negotiations set afloat from time to time to induce more active exertion from this side the line? Then, again, there are several special interests in the United States, powerful "rings," which spend money freely to regulate the tariff for their own benefit; are these hints thrown out to keep the tariff "lobby" at Washington in a flutter? Whatever the motive which prompts their being set afloat, they are utterly worthless in the face of the President's declaration, so emphatically confirmed by the House of Representatives.

Here is the latest despatch issued to give the project the semblance of life:—"The New York *Tribune's* Washington special says: The resolutions touching reciprocity which passed the House on Monday are said to mean nothing but a support of the President in condemning the old treaty, as the President says it may be necessary to have some regulations of a commercial character between the United States and the Provinces; and as Secretary Fish has invited, it is said, the Canadian authorities to a discussion of such regulations, many members who acted to sustain the resolution avow themselves in favour of a new treaty."

Are said, "it is said," &c., &c. The resolutions of the House "mean nothing," because the President said "it may be necessary to have some regulations of a commercial character with Canada!" Of course such regulations not only may be, but are necessary, and they already exist in a condition susceptible of great improvement for the mutual benefit of both countries, without at all touching the subject of reciprocity. The language of the President, like the resolution of the House, was sufficiently explicit against a renewal of reciprocity; while the "regulations," which he admitted might be desirable, evidently involve no change of tariff on either side. It will be a pity if any portion of the Canadian public should be diverted from trying to do the best for the development of the trade of this country independently of reciprocity; for, however thoroughly we may be all convinced that the American policy is injurious to American interests, we must be equally satisfied that for the present the Government and people are wedded to it; and that these irresponsible telegraphic rumours, from time to time issued to the contrary, are worthless, unless as means to excite the lobbies. The one we have now quoted is surely too transparent a sham to receive credence in any well-informed quarter.

ART EDUCATION.

Though the more remunerative rewards for labour in this country may render attention to technical and art education less immediately pressing than in the older countries of Europe, yet, that attention, if well bestowed in time, would be no less productive of beneficial results. The careless, slipshod system of agriculture followed in many parts of Canada, has increased the country's wealth, and made its people prosperous, yet there cannot be a doubt that a more scientific mode of culture; the study of the soils; their restoration to the highest state of productiveness by the application of suitable manures; the use of the best mechanical appliances in planting, cultivating and gathering the crops, would have added very much to the wealth of the country and the happiness of its people. Had good farming been the rule, instead of the exception, the duty of the statesman in providing "Ways and Means," would have been lightened, and the people, through the increased wealth acquired, would have had the means of greater and more varied enjoyments within their reach. It is universally admitted that even in the most ordinary employment, the educated labourer, other things being equal, is the superior workman. And when the finer kinds of handicraft come to be considered; when work which requires delicacy of touch, steadiness of nerve, and the most perfect control of the muscles, has to be done, then not only long but early training is an essential to the workman who would achieve success.

Many writers have lately commented upon the decadence of British skill in the commercial arts; or, rather upon the growing superiority of continental workmanship when contrasted with British, and the reason almost invariably given for this, is the better education bestowed upon the labourer on the continent, at the time when he is most susceptible of acquiring either manual or artistic skill. "The British workman," it is said, "is a mere machine;" he has only been taught in the factory, the foundry, the ship-yard, the mine, or the workshop, to do some particular branch of work, the adaptability of

which to other portions going on, perhaps, in the same establishment, never once enters into his mind as a point upon which he should expend a thought. Though the skilled workmen in Canada are very largely recruited, if not mainly drawn, from the workshops of Europe, they too frequently find that their excellence in one particular branch is more than marred by their want of that "jack-of-all-trades" turn so frequently met with on this continent; while the native artizan finds that his little smattering of everything might perhaps be advantageously parted with for a more thorough knowledge of one.

The remedy both for Great Britain and Canada, is to give their people a practical education; to train the senses as well as the intellect. What, for instance, is the education ordinarily bestowed on the *hand* in the common schools of the country? Is there any effort made to train its muscular action, to improve its "cunning" and refine its touch? to make its every nerve and fibre obedient to the will? Is it not true that intelligent aspiring young men, some of whom have now risen, or may yet rise to distinction, have entered the Counting House incapable of neatly ruling off a ledger account, though familiar with the principles of book-keeping and their practical application? And, how such a young man bungles with his clumsy fists while handling the wares, by dealing in which he hopes to make his fortune! He enters on a course of severe education, when he enters on the duties of life; on an education involving a discipline of the mind, an education of the eye, and a training of the hand, the main burden of which might have been long ago discharged had he received a well devised industrial training. In the mechanic arts the general want of a special instruction with the view to qualify the pupil for his state of life is still more severely felt. As an instance of what is doing in Germany for the art education of the common people, we quote the following, which appeared in a letter written from Stuttgart, and published with the view of directing public attention in England more particularly to this subject, on which depends, to a great degree, the future of British industry and commerce:—

"In Stuttgart there is a central establishment, with a Museum of Arts and Industry, and a Manufactory of Models, and copies of Works of Art, having schools for drawing, modelling, and design carried on under the same roof. There is also a Polytechnic Institution, in which various branches of Art and Science are taught by eminent Professors at a very trifling cost to the students. This Institution contains spacious lecture and class rooms, and possesses collections of models and drawings for the various schools of engineering, design, architecture, and mechanics; also an excellent chemical laboratory. It is supported almost entirely by the State."

The letter also mentions the existence of schools for particular branches of trade followed in the localities: thus at Reutlingen there is a weaving school; at Rottenburg a school for wood-carving, and at Gmund, a teacher of chasing and engraving gives instruction in the artistic branches of their trade to the boys engaged in the extensive brass, gold, silver, and jewellery manufactories carried on in that place. These schools are nearly all sustained by State and Municipal aid; and it may readily be understood that employers will give the preference to the most promising pupils, so that in a country where there is a keen competition in labour, this general system of instruction in Art has become a necessity for the maintenance of the industries of the people. Now, though there is no present pressing necessity in this country created by the pressure of industrial languor, there is no less a favourable field for the adoption of a similar system on a wider plan than now prevails amongst us. Nor is there reason to fear that the establishment of such a system would be less productive, or less beneficial in results, either to the individual or the community at large.

The latest information from the Red River fully confirms what we have elsewhere assumed, that the insurgents have no present intention of surrendering to the legally constituted authorities, though all but fifty or sixty of them had left Fort Garry. The guard at the fort appears quite strong enough for their purposes. In a private letter from Pembina, received at St. Paul, Minn., on Wednesday last, the 15th inst., it is stated that the rebels have placed Governor McTavish under close guard, on account of the recent proclamation advising them to lay down their arms and submit to the Government. In the meantime they continue to serve out rations with a regularity which is making serious inroads on the Hudson's Bay goods at Fort Garry and other posts. Capt. Campbell, of Governor McDougall's party, attempted to go into Fort Garry, but he was confronted at the gates by a sentinel, who, with the assistance of a sergeant, forced him back upon American soil, and upon pain of being shot was forbidden to re-enter the lines.

Two new evening papers are about to be published in Ottawa; one, the *Ottawa Free Press*, by Messrs. Mitchell and Carrier, late *attachés* of the *Ottawa Times*; the other, the *Evening Mail*, by Messrs. Moss & Ryan, the former late of the *Citizen* staff, the latter, for some time, Editor of the *Volunteer Review*. All the gentlemen named are practical men, well qualified in their respective departments; and if the field is large enough to make success possible, they will, doubtless, achieve it.

TEMPERATURE in the shade for the week ending December 15, observed by John Underhill, Consulting and Practical Optician, 387, Notre Dame Street, next to Charles Alexander & Son:

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Thursday, Dec. 9	26°	10°	18°
Friday, " 10	35°	18°	26° 5
Saturday, " 11	41°	28°	34° 5
Sunday, " 12	26°	16°	21°
Monday, " 13	26°	16°	21°
Tuesday, " 14	22°	10°	16°
Wednesday, " 15	16°	4°	10°

The annual return of insane paupers in England and Wales shows that there were, on January 1, 1869, 1,046,569 persons chargeable to the poor rates, and that 45,153 of them, or 4-31 per cent were insane persons, 20,045 males and 25,108 females. On January 1, 1866, the insane paupers were 4-31 per cent on the whole number of paupers. On January 1, 1867, they were 4-28. On January 1, 1868 (when there was a large increase of the whole number of paupers), 4-15. On January 1, 1869, 4-31 per cent.

The reception of the remains of the late Mr. Peabody on board the iron-clad "Monarch," took place on Saturday last. Although it was intended that the proceedings should be privately conducted, they were attended by interesting demonstrations of respect. The remains were accompanied to the place of embarkation by Sir Curtis Lamson, Charles Reade, Minister Motley, J. S. Morgan, and H. Somerly. They were received at the dock by the municipal authorities of Portsmouth, and the officers and marines of the "Monarch," and the United States steamer "Plymouth." The steamer "Duke of Wellington" fired minute guns during the embarkation, the ships in the harbour displayed their flags at half-mast, and dipped their ensigns as the "Monarch" steamed out. On the arrival of the coffin on board the "Monarch," Mr. Motley addressed Captain Commerell, Commander of the ship, as follows:—"Sir, the President of the United States having been informed of the death of the great philanthropist, the lamented Mr. Peabody, at once ordered a ship from the European squadron of the United States to proceed to this country, in order to convey his remains to America. Simultaneously, Her Majesty the Queen being apprised of the sad event, gave orders that one of Her Majesty's ships should be appointed to perform the same office. This double honour from the heads of two great nations to a simple American citizen was, like his bounty to the poor of both nations, quite unprecedented. The President has yielded most cordially to the wish of the Queen, and the remains of Mr. Peabody are now to be conveyed across the Atlantic in a British vessel to his native country, to be buried with his kindred, while an American national vessel will accompany her as a consort on the voyage. All that was mortal, therefore, of our lamented friend, was taken this morning from Westminster Abbey, where very rarely before in history did a foreigner of any nation find a sepulchre, whether temporarily or permanently, and has been brought to this port. As Minister of the Republic at the Court of Her Majesty, I have been requested by the relatives and executors of Mr. Peabody, who are now present, to confide these, his revered remains, to your keeping. This duty I have now the honour of fulfilling."

Captain Commerell replied to Mr. Motley:—"I accept this sacred trust, sir, in the same spirit in which you have confided it to my care, and I assure you that these remains shall be cared for and guarded by me, and those around me, with jealous interest, as sacred relics of one whose memory will ever be held dear by the people of my country."

They appear to be unearthing a considerable number of horrors just now in France. Besides the body of the elder Kinck, the corpse of a man has been discovered at Levallois-Perret with one leg frightfully mangled, which appears to have been sawn with a hand-saw. It is also stated in one of the Paris papers that during the works of demolition rendered necessary by the construction of a new street in the Quartier Saint-Marcel, a cemetery used in the days of the first revolution has been uncovered. Among other human remains was found a remarkably beautiful head of a woman in a wonderful state of preservation. The fair hair still adhering to the skull bears the coiffure in fashion in 1793-4, with twisted and powdered tresses. There is no doubt that the head belonged to one of the victims of the revolutionary tribunal, but it is a singular circumstance that the eyes are covered with a black frontlet. As no mention is made in the chronicles of the time of any one among those executed being blindfolded before mounting the scaffold, this discovery has much puzzled the workmen who have been conducting the excavations. *Le Réveil* says they have sent the head to M. Jules Claretie, who has made the customs and particulars of the Revolution his especial study, on the chance of his being able to solve the mystery which at present envelopes this accidental discovery.

In a series of interesting articles published in *Le Correspondant*, M. Topin professes to reveal the mystery of the Man with the Iron Mask, and the secret, as Louis XV. assured the Dauphin, seems to have been one of little importance. In the archives of the ministry of Foreign Affairs, M. Topin has found documents which prove, as he thinks, beyond a doubt that the mysterious person was an agent of the Duke of Mantua of the name of Matthioli, who betrayed Louis XIV. in a negotiation touching the surrender to that monarch of the fortress of Casal. This hypothesis had already been suggested, but Fouquet was more generally supposed to be the victim. M. Topin, however, proves that the famous Surintendant des Finances died at Pignerol, and that his body was delivered up to his family. One of the most conclusive documents quoted is a letter from Louis XIV., written in 1679, authorizing the Abbé de l'Astrade to carry off Matthioli, and remarking that it was important that his fate should remain unknown. At this moment Matthioli disappears, and the author identifies him with a prisoner who was committed at the same time to the charge of Cinq Mars and conveyed successively to St. Marguerite, Pignerol, and the Bastille. He entered the latter fortress masked, and there were good reasons for this precaution. The Duke of Mantua, reconciled with the King, was at Paris, and many of his followers might have recognized this unfortunate victim to Court intrigue and his own treachery. Whether he always wore a mask, and whether that mask was of iron, is uncertain. It appears that he died at the age of sixty-three, after an imprisonment of twenty years, and was buried under the transparent pseudonym of Marchiali.

THE FIRST SNOW.

Now starry snow-flakes glisten in the air
And spread a pearly carpet o'er the ground,
And happy hearts for mirth and sport prepare,
For hark! we hear the merry sleigh bells sound.
Though cold thy breath that makes the branches bare,
Yet many pleasures in thy reign are found;
Come then, old Winter, chilly though thou be,
Thou bring'st us much to love of merriment and glee.

What joy, assembled in the fire-lit hall,
To sit in converse gay our friends among,
And watch the flickering shadows on the wall,
Cheered by the music of some good old song
And the glad memories its notes recall;
To hear the scattering snow-storm sweep along,
Or join the drive beneath the star-lit sky,
Or see the circling drift in giddy whirlwinds fly.

But ye, whom ease and luxury caress,
Whose steps have never trod the paths of care,
Oh! turn a pitying eye where woes oppress,
And cheer the hearts now sinking in despair.
Come, with prompt hand, to lighten their distress,
And learn, oh! learn another's pangs to share;
For the bright snow drops falling round your door
Are messengers of grief and sorrow to the poor.

See on this pallet, tattered, hard and low,
A pining sister languishing and weak.
To her, the feathery flakes of falling snow
No word of fireside happiness can speak;
When through the shattered window panes they blow
And fall, but cannot melt, upon her cheek;
There, keen Adversity's cold hand we trace,
And toil and misery long have seamed the pallid face.

Too late has Pity's footstep sought the door;
Those ears are deaf to every earth-born sound,
Those hands have toiled, their toiling now is o'er,
Those eye-lids slumber in a sleep profound;
The sun can scorch, the frost can chill no more:
Then lay her gently, gently in the ground,
While, far away beyond the shining skies,
To gain its long-sought rest the wearied spirit flies.

And e'en within the busy, crowded street,
How many claim compassion of the kind;
Here, the snow chills a child's ill-covered feet
And little hands too bare to meet the wind.
The storm grows colder, and the cutting sleet
Comes hissing in his eyes; oh! could he find
A crust of bread, a home, a fireside warm—
Alas! no home has he to shield him from the storm.

See where an aged man comes tottering past,
Affliction written on his furrowed brow,
His scanty cloak invaded by the blast,
His footsteps frail upon the slippery snow,
Perhaps his weary wanderings may not last,
Till Winter shrinks before the Spring-time's glow;
Then help the aged from your bounteous store,
Their journeyings soon will cease, their pilgrimage be o'er.

Oh! happy, happy is the gentle breast,
Whose heart the throb of sympathy can feel,
To bind the wounds of aged and distressed,
The wounds, too oft, the grave alone can heal.
To smooth the brow where Time too rudely pressed,
And lead the blind and spread the poor man's meal,
For, on each act in generous kindness given,
A blessing bright is sent that brings us nearer Heaven.

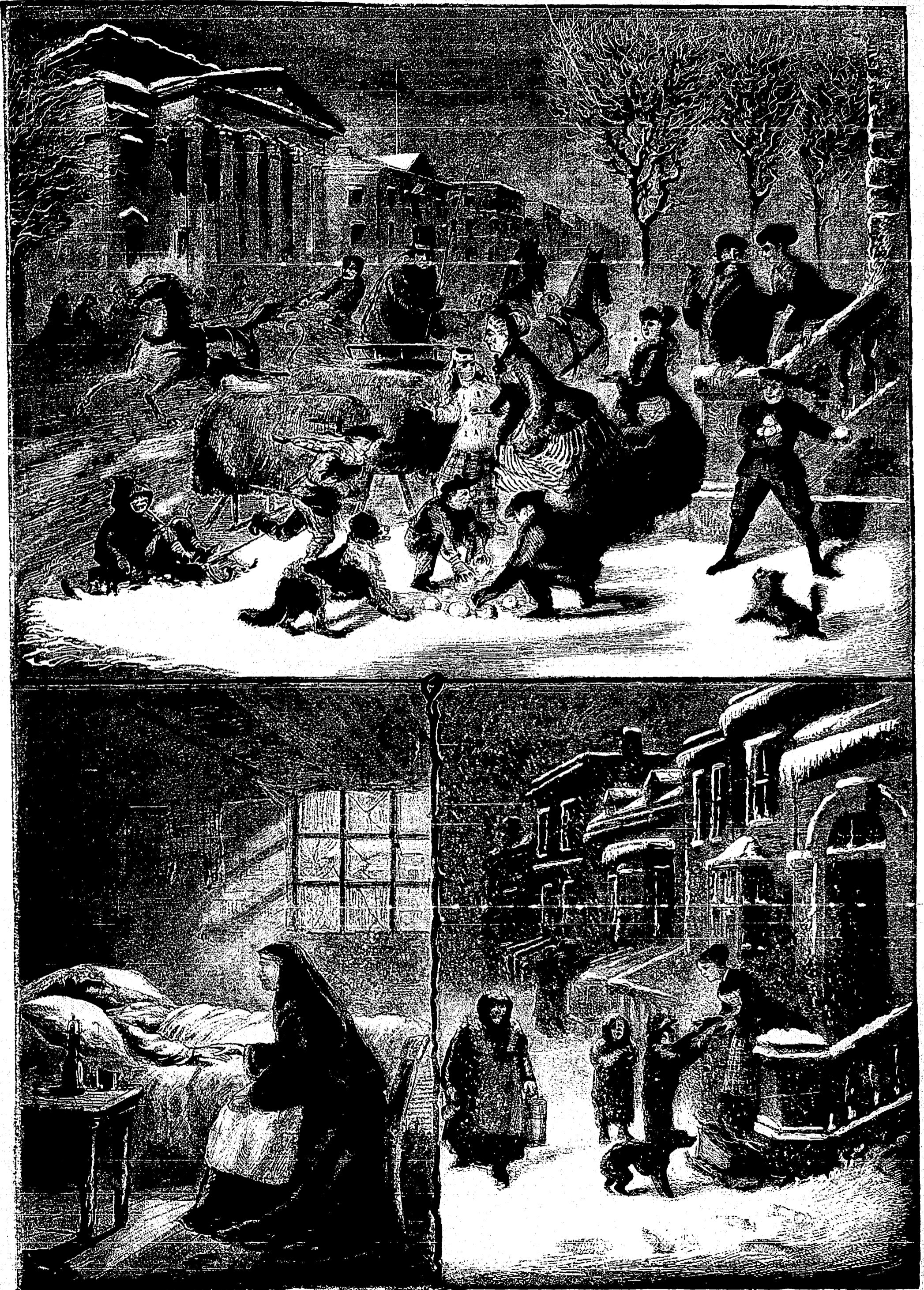
E. L.

BURIED ALIVE.—The disposition manifested among Americans (who do everything fast) to hurry people to their graves, almost as soon as the spirit is supposed to have taken its flight, sometimes leads to very shocking consequences. Such cases as the following are by no means uncommon: Only a few weeks ago a little girl in Cleveland was attacked with lockjaw, pronounced dead by the physician, and twenty-four hours thereafter buried. The mother, however, so distrusted the doctor's judgment that she visited the grave of her child on the eve of its burial, and, pressing her ear close to the ground, thought she heard it move in its coffin. She procured a spade, threw off the earth from the coffin, and upon opening it discovered the body lying upon its side, quite warm, the child having evidently revived after interment only to perish of suffocation. In Baltimore another case was reported of a young lady whose body was committed to a vault, under the belief that she was dead, but, when shortly after the vault was opened, the corpse was found stretched upon the steps leading to the door, with the flesh gnawed from the arms and legs, as if the miserable woman had eaten her own flesh to appease the cravings of hunger. Would not the old system of burning bodies be infinitely preferable to a practice which admits of such horrible consequences as these? The question is attracting considerable attention in France, where developments fully as revolting as the instances we have quoted are brought forward to justify the authorities in any case where there is the slightest suspicion that death had not supervened, and that the patient is simply in a state of suspended animation. The plan adopted in portions of New England, of having vaults erected above ground, with a bell attached, so that in the event of returning consciousness of one prematurely buried, the alarm could be given, is a good one. The only wonder is that the safeguards thus secured have not been adopted in other parts of the country.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

General Benjamin F. Butler has been sued in the Superior Court, in New York, by Miss Rowena Florence, of New Orleans, niece of the late General Twiggs, for the recovery of the value of "spoons," and other silverware, and table furniture, appropriated by Butler while in command in New Orleans, in the spring of 1862, together with the three splendid swords presented to General Twiggs by the United States government, and the States of Texas and Georgia. Miss Florence lays her damages at £37,000, and Judge Jones has granted an order of arrest against Butler, fixing the amount of bail at \$15,000.



"VILLANELLA."—From an engraving by J. Levasseur.



THE FIRST SNOW. From a sketch by our Artist.—SEE PAGE 103.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TALISMAN.

At noon the following day the proceedings in the large ante-room of the commissioner of the convention, were quite of a different nature from those of the previous days. There came, of course, as usual, since the beneficial influence of Thérèse Cabarrus had been known, large numbers of petitioners, imploring her sympathy and generosity on behalf of their imprisoned friends,—but they did not now wait, animated by hope, as they had done on former occasions, till the Spaniard appeared, listening to every request and reporting it afterwards to Tallien. The *Sans-culottes* on duty had received orders to send away all these petitioners, and to tell them that the commissioner had strictly prohibited their admission to the ante-room,—that citizen Cabarrus was not receiving any more,—and that only written petitions, addressed to the commissioner of the convention, were received. These orders caused much uneasiness and sorrow in the ante-room, and the *Sans-culottes* imprecated all questions and requests which were pouring in upon them. No one liked to be refused, and to believe what he was told—before relinquishing the last hope, everyone sought to make another effort. But there was no deception prepared for them; the bitter truth should at last become obvious. It was to no purpose that they uttered their grievances to the *Sans-culottes*: to no purpose, that they endured their good-natured or rude jests, as if such a trial should entitle them to more consideration. And when, finally, they saw all their hopes crushed, their tears flowed with greater vehemence than ever. As Benoit had advised, Lucie likewise repaired to the Ombrière, to beg of Thérèse Cabarrus the release of her betrothed, who was not only imprisoned but threatened with a criminal process. The talisman she had received gave her great confidence that she would succeed; though she did not know the particulars about this silver cross, she had trusted the unknown man who had given it to her. The many persons she met, lamenting and weeping before the building, in the corridors, and on the stairs, gave her a foreboding that the present day was not a lucky one. Many complained to her of the disappointments they had experienced, and assured her that her errand, like theirs, would be fruitless.—that she might as well turn back without mounting the stairs, and at once abandon hope.

Lucie hesitated, her heart throbbing with anxiety; what if the tidings, which were every moment repeated to her, were true! She believed she had reason for more hope than the rest, because she carried with her the mysterious cross, to which the stranger had imputed such great influence. She wished to ascertain for herself whether with this talisman, she could be refused.

The *Sans-culottes* who had become long since impatient at the numberless repetitions of declarations, explanations and assurances, received her, as soon as she had entered, in the most discouraging manner.

"Spare yourself the trouble," cried one of them to her; "there are no more audiences; you must write down your request, if you want anything from citizen Tallien."

Lucie did not yet despair.

"Citizen," answered she quietly, "can I not speak to citizen Cabarrus?"

"No, little one; no one can be admitted. It will not do any longer, that a few tears can release a suspected."

"But, I have to speak to the citizen on an important matter which personally concerns her."

"We know that—nothing but tricks. Be off—you cannot be admitted. Write what you have to communicate to her."

"Ay," exclaimed one of the *Sans-culottes*, approaching Lucie, "truly, this is father Claudet's daughter, from the 'Red Cap!'"

"It is I," answered Lucie, not a little pleased at being able to count, through this acquaintance, on greater consideration. "Ah, citizen Nicol, you could do me a great favour!"

"Two for one, my child," replied the person addressed. "But it is quite impossible here. To-day we have received strict orders to refuse every petitioner. What is your desire? Of course, you are begging for some one—you see, that cannot be done."

"Not so, citizen Nicol," said Lucie, with presence of mind, not losing sight of her object. "I wish to deliver this silver cross to citizen Cabarrus. Can this be prohibited? Or, is the citizen again a prisoner?"

"Hush!" Nicol cautioned her by the expression of his face; taking the cross in his hand and examining it, he remarked: "I will deliver it to her, Lucie; rely upon it!"

"Well, citizen Nicol, but it must be done immediately, and you must give it to her alone—you understand? It has been confided to me, and I must receive an answer."

"That can be done," replied Nicol, meditating if he was acting rightly. He found nothing to cause him to scruple, and went to the room which Thérèse Cabarrus usually occupied.

She was alone. When the *Sans-culotte* presented her the silver cross with the remark that a young girl, Lucie Claudet, had brought it and was waiting for an answer, the cheeks of the Spaniard became crimson. She was reminded of the long-forgotten Benoit. But why did he send her the cross? What did he mean, what did the bearer intend, who, no doubt, stood with him in close relationship? As Nicol could not give her any satisfactory answer to her questions, she commanded him to admit Lucie.

"It is the old thing," muttered the *Sans-culotte* to himself, returning to the ante-room. "Another will be acquitted—I should have sent her away. I would like to know what the cross means."

He called Lucie, who almost screamed with joy, when she saw that her talisman had gained her admittance, while all others had been refused. She crossed hastily the apartment between the ante-room and the boudoir of the Spaniard, cleverly evading all Nicol's questions about the cross. As soon as she beheld the beautiful Spaniard, she felt that she could trust her with her full confidence. She stood timidly at the door, until Thérèse in a friendly manner invited her to come near.

"How came you by this cross, Lucie Claudet—that is your name, is it not?"

"Yes, citizen, my name is Lucie Claudet," answered she, with that winning boldness which is natural to frank dispositions, if they have full confidence. "And this cross, a stranger gave it to me."

"A stranger?" asked Thérèse, half frightened, half incredulous, and again looking at it, to make sure that it was hers.

"He gave it to me, citizen, that you should believe me, if I warn you."

"Warn me? of whom? of what?"

"Of a malicious man, a Jacobin, called Gilbert Cardourel, who now has become president of the revolutionary committee, and who is dreaded on account of his power and vindictiveness by all who know him."

Thérèse had listened to these words with more pleasure than alarm. Chance placed a new proof in her hands, that Cardourel was such a dangerous character, that her lover would now no longer hesitate in dealing the decisive blow.

yet greater sorrow, because he is so malicious. It is his caprice that I shall marry his friend Timm—on these conditions he will even let off his cousin. But I do not like the clerk, because I love Henry Tourguet, as sure as you . . ."

Alarmed at the familiar words she had uttered in haste, she beseechingly raised her black eyes, full of tears, to the Spaniard. Thérèse smiled, and her manner appeased Lucie.

"Is it for this reason that you have come?" asked she. "That I shall release from prison your betrothed? Ah, I dare not interfere any more, my child."

"Oh!" cried Lucie in despair, imploringly folding her hands before the beautiful Spaniard who musingly gazed at her; "do not refuse your help, citizen—I have counted firmly upon you, as the stranger assured me—that you would grant my request, and you know the cross with which he has entrusted me."

"You shall not be disappointed," replied she after a while, thinking of Benoit and the cross. "But first tell me sincerely: do you know the man who gave you the cross?"

"No, citizen—I have scarcely seen him."

"What is he like?"

"Like a discharged soldier. He is still young, and one arm seems to be maimed. But his eyes look so faithful and kind, his face serious and melancholy. He must be in trouble."

"But what has induced him to send you to me?"

"You see, citizen, he was yesterday morning with us and drank his 'cup of wine.' There he overheard how Cardourel shandered you. Afterwards when we thought we were alone, and I said to my parents that I would go to you, to beg for Henry Tourguet, he suddenly stepped forward from his retired seat, gave me the cross and said: 'Take it to citizen Cabarrus, warn her of Cardourel and beg her to release your betrothed—she will not refuse you.' But the cross you must return to me."

Thérèse nodded several times, as though the communication satisfied her, and then returned the jewel.

Lucie, understand, never speak of this cross to any one, particularly to the citizen commissioner to whom I will now report your request, and who may perhaps hear from your lips how Cardourel has threatened me. This is the gratitude I expect from you."

After these words she stepped to the next room, leaving Lucie, who looked at the cross almost waggishly, elated by the highest hopes.

Thérèse had only exchanged a few words with Tallien in the morning—his business had called him to his office. She did not yet know to what decision the commissioner had come in connection with the conversation held the previous day, the opportunity had now arrived to return to the all-important and threatening subject. Tallien was sitting gloomily at his desk; even the entrance of Thérèse did not alter the expression of his face, he rather looked as though he did not wish to be disturbed.

"My friend?" she accosted him in a caressing tone. "You are busy—excuse me if I come to trouble you with a request! A young girl has procured an interview with me, to warn me of the man whom yesterday I pointed out to you as a dangerous character. The affair itself is not so distressing for me, but it reminds us anew of the danger, and admonishes us to be prepared for it. Lambert—can you be angry with me, if I am anxious for you?"

"Appaise yourself, Thérèse," answered he seriously; "I have taken my resolution." The decided tone in which Tallien had spoken these words taught Thérèse that the commissioner had accurately calculated how to act. She embraced him joyfully, exclaiming:

"Tallien, you will hurl lightning among the spies."

"I expect Cardourel, my inspector," said he sarcastically. "I am sorry I have no list of persons to be released to submit to his gracious approbation."

"Ah, I guess, you will give him no chance of acting in his new charge?"

"Full of doubt, she sought to read Tallien's thoughts, his next words however relieved her. "I will show this citizen Cardourel that I do not need him."

"Ah, my friend, if I, seeing you fearless again of this man, once more implore your mercy for a prisoner, will you refuse me?"

"Thérèse," said he reproachfully, but kindly. "I did not expect that you would tempt me to-day."

"I did not intend to do so, my dear; but the girl of whom I spoke expects from me, as return for her communications, the release of her lover, Henry Tourguet, who was yesterday arrested, for having boxed Cardourel's ears. He is his full cousin—thence you may infer the malicious vindictiveness of this true patriot."

Tallien smiled; this episode excited his humour.

"He has boxed Cardourel's ears?" asked he. "Ah, the dear cousin deserves to be rewarded. I could be induced to acquit him for this reason alone—friend Cardourel would show himself not a little enraged at it. Really, Thérèse, this prospect puts me in good humour," added he laughingly, ransacking his papers; "I could not play the patron better than by presenting to him his cousin, as the only one whom I to-day consider worthy of grace."

"Excellent, excellent!" exclaimed she, clapping her hands.

"It is correct," resumed Tallien, reading over a passage in his papers; "Henry Tourguet was yesterday delivered up to prison, accused by the revolutionary committee of having shown great disrespect against the patriots. That must be the box on the ear," remarked he jestingly. "Well, this crime may be pardoned him. You have had a happy choice, Thérèse; send the girl to me, that she may give me the particulars of the occurrence."

Thérèse, delighted with the success of her intercession, but, at the same time, in strange uneasiness about the termination of the Cardourel game, produced by the singular manner in which Tallien used this episode, she hastened to Lucie and



Thérèse Cabarrus as petitioner.

"Gilbert Cardourel," muttered she to herself, enjoying already the satisfaction of seeing him ruined. Then turning to Lucie asked:

"You warn me of this man, whom I already know as my enemy? What reasons have you for doing so, what induces you to fear for me?"

"Ah, citizen, he hates you—I came to this conclusion from having heard him several times speak against you; he has sworn it loud enough in my father's bar-room, that he will not rest before you have felt his revenge. But I would not have ventured to come hither, and accuse such a dangerous man, if it . . ."

She hesitated.

"Well?" said Thérèse encouragingly. "Be not afraid, you have nothing to fear here."

"If he had not brought on me so much grief," continued Lucie, slightly blushing. "He denounced my betrothed, because he boxed his ears in our bar-room for his impudence, and my betrothed was yesterday morning arrested; he will certainly, because citizen Cardourel wishes it, be tried and executed, if you do not sympathize with me and beg the citizen commissioner to release him. He is quite innocent and truly a good patriot. For the last year he had a snuggleshop, and when he was not busy there, came to us at 'The Red Cap.' But his cousin, Cardourel—he is his full cousin!—will have revenge for the box on the ear, and will cause me

return for her communications, the release of her lover, Henry Tourguet, who was yesterday arrested, for having boxed Cardourel's ears. He is his full cousin—thence you may infer the malicious vindictiveness of this true patriot."

Tallien smiled; this episode excited his humour.

"He has boxed Cardourel's ears?" asked he. "Ah, the dear cousin deserves to be rewarded. I could be induced to acquit him for this reason alone—friend Cardourel would show himself not a little enraged at it. Really, Thérèse, this prospect puts me in good humour," added he laughingly, ransacking his papers; "I could not play the patron better than by presenting to him his cousin, as the only one whom I to-day consider worthy of grace."

"Excellent, excellent!" exclaimed she, clapping her hands.

"It is correct," resumed Tallien, reading over a passage in his papers; "Henry Tourguet was yesterday delivered up to prison, accused by the revolutionary committee of having shown great disrespect against the patriots. That must be the box on the ear," remarked he jestingly. "Well, this crime may be pardoned him. You have had a happy choice, Thérèse; send the girl to me, that she may give me the particulars of the occurrence."

Thérèse, delighted with the success of her intercession, but, at the same time, in strange uneasiness about the termination of the Cardourel game, produced by the singular manner in which Tallien used this episode, she hastened to Lucie and

conducted her to the commissioner. Here she had to give an account of the whole history of the ear-boxing, which greatly amused Tallien, and she was just in the act of enumerating Cardourel's invectives and curses against Thérèse Cabarrus, when one of the *Sans-culottes* announced the president of the revolutionary committee, citizen Cardourel.

"Just à propos!" cried Tallien, casting a meaning look on Thérèse, who was in high expectation of what was to follow. But Lucie, unaware of the preceding occurrence, could not conceal her anxiety to be surprised there by Cardourel.

Gilbert, on his part, was not a little puzzled at meeting Thérèse Cabarrus and the betrothed of his cousin. His frowning looks distinctly showed his ill-humour at this first reception in his official capacity, and he seemed also to guess why Lucie had made her appearance there.

"You come, citizen Cardourel," the commissioner said accosting him in an easy manner, "to examine the list of those who may be released?"

"As you have agreed," replied Cardourel.

"I have none to submit to you. Only one has been recommended to my mercy, the release of only one has been requested of me for justice's sake."

As Tallien stopped, Gilbert examined the physiognomy of the three persons, whose expression appeared eloquent.

"I think I can guess the name of the one," said he scornfully.

"It is Henry Tourguet," continued Tallien with malicious tranquillity; "and, as I am told that he is your cousin, I have no doubt you will assist of his release—for the denunciation is not worthy of a serious accusation."

"You are mistaken, citizen commissioner," replied Gilbert, who, unprepared for such a trick, had lost his self-possession by flying in a passion. "I myself have denounced my cousin, as he is a bad patriot, and I will prove it at the tribunal."

"Is it for the reason that he has boxed your ears?" asked Tallien with mock sympathy.

Gilbert trembled with anger, his face had become crimson.

"Citizen," he burst forth, "this is an odd way of attending to our business. It seems you have forgotten that we came yesterday to a different agreement."

"Not so, citizen Cardourel, I have not forgotten anything; I only ask you if you consent to liberate citizen Tourguet, who is certainly not guilty? I, for my part, am decidedly of this opinion, he is not accused of any crime, of any offence."

"But I say, no!" cried Gilbert; "I will bring facts; I demand that so suspicious a person be accused."

"Citizen Cardourel," said Tallien soothingly, "he is your cousin; do not be so hard! Be lenient, citizen, I entreat you."

"No, no! I am a patriot who knows no weakness. I will never consent that this prisoner escapes his trial."

"Well then," answered Tallien, apparently giving in.

He hastily wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, which he handed to Lucie.

"Here, my child," remarked he, "the commissioner of the convention releases your betrothed from prison. Go for him yourself."

"Ha!" burst forth Gilbert in a towering passion. "This is vile treachery! But you shall repent it."

With these words he rushed out of the room.

"For God's sake, Tallien, shield yourself from this wretch," said Thérèse impressively to her lover.

"He will not escape me, my darling," quietly answered he.

His pen flew again over the paper, then he pulled the bell over his desk.

"This warrant," called he to the *Sans-culotte* who had entered, delivering him the paper, "is to be executed immediately."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MESSAGE.

When Gilbert Cardourel had left the commissioner of the convention, he was fully convinced that he had lost his game at the first trial. He had every reason to dread the power of Tallien, it being evident that Thérèse's insinuations had turned her lover's timidity into a self-conscious energy. He could not doubt, that the young deputy was influenced by Thérèse, who, with the instinct of an offended woman, perceived she had to deal with a vindictive foe. Judging from the manner with which she treated his defeat, when he made the attempt of carrying out his self-imposed mission, his calculation was upset by her resolution. The presence of Lucie, who could not conceal her mischievous joy, showed him clearly his position, and he saw himself threatened in his very person.

The danger of which he had not altogether lost sight, urged him to a sudden resolution. It was probable that Tallien would verify his threat, uttered in anger against him, and seize his person—this was the first thing to be guarded against. If he kept his liberty, he could act and domineer; the insult he had received awakened a burning desire in him to carry out his threat of revenging himself on Tallien, but still more on the Spaniard. What first appeared to him a fore-boding, an unaccomplished plan for further action, suddenly formed itself into decided resolutions. He did not wish to flee, but to attack, or rather he hoped that his escape would afford him the means of making a decisive blow against the persons who, he had sworn, should experience his hatred.

The Jacobin, when he left the Ombrière, had first taken the road to his dwelling, but when almost within its reach he had a presentment that, if his arrest was decided upon, he would be sought after. Turning into a side-street, he went to the residence of the chief of the Jacobin Club in Bordeaux. He informed him of what had taken place, and what he was anxious about, and presenting his mandate for the accusation of Tallien, signed by the members of the revolutionary committee, expressed his intention of going himself to Paris. In this manner, he stated, he would escape the expected prosecution, and make a better impression with his complaint among the rulers in Paris, especially if his undertaking was supported, through the Jacobin Club, by the mother-society in Paris.

His confederate expressed himself thoroughly satisfied, and promised that the club would not fail to assist him; as he was at the same time the treasurer of the club, he handed Cardourel sufficient money to defray his travelling expenses, and wrote for him a letter of introduction to the Jacobin Club in Paris. Furnished with these very important articles, Cardourel, without further delay, hastened to leave Bordeaux. In the meantime, the pikemen and police officers, entrusted with the warrant against him, had vainly sought him in his

dwelling, and had reported to the commissioner of the convention that he was nowhere to be found. This report caused Tallien more anxiety than grief.

"He has escaped," said he to Thérèse Cabarrus; "he has gone to Paris to accuse me." By Tallien's command, officers were sent to search the road which Cardourel was supposed to have taken; next day they returned, without having found any trace of him. The same result, of course, followed the search in Bordeaux, which, by Tallien's special order, extended even to the examining of several of the Jacobins' houses—a circumstance which very much irritated the whole party, considerably increasing their mistrust against the commissioner, who had so visibly changed his character. Gilbert, who was not aware that policemen had been sent on his track, was very fortunate in escaping all these searches. As he had often enough assisted in the capture of fugitives, knowing the first measures the police generally took, he had not chosen the direct road to Paris, but had walked in an opposite direction to the next town, where he hired a carriage to take a distant station. By a circuitous route through Agen, Cahors and Aurillac, he reached on the third day the road which leads from Toulouse to Paris, and to which the search had been extended.

This fortunate escape seriously annoyed Tallien for several days, and the Spaniard had to exert all her eloquence to re-assure him.

"Why," she exclaimed, "this dread of an inferior, who is so much less important in Paris than in Bordeaux?"

"An accuser, who expressly travels from Bordeaux to Paris, gains thereby a certain importance," answered Tallien.

"Well, of what can you be accused? Have you committed a crime? Is such a man able to question all the services you have done to the republic?"

"They are mistrustful in Paris, my dear," replied he. "Robespierre is not my friend; at least I cannot rely upon him from one day to another. As long as we live in the province, it is easy for our enemies in Paris to strike a blow."

"What fancies! I do not know a reason that justifies such fears. You have opened the prison to those who were innocent—you have prevented useless bloodshed."

"This is sufficient crime for such as wish to ruin me," interrupted he.

"Who wishes to ruin you, Tallien?" she asked. "What induces you to think so? Oh, my friend, an useless anxiety has for some time oppressed your heart, and I, who so sincerely sympathise with you in all that concerns your interest, only perceive that you have gained a clear conscience in your terrible duties."

She clung tenderly to his shoulder, her eager eyes gazing lovingly into his gloomy countenance. Her enchanting power burst the cloud, letting forth a sunbeam of joy.

"My angel!" exclaimed he affectionately, yet anxiously. "Not every man has such a woman for his good genius; it is not every one who comprehends what you feel and what I feel with you, as your love has taught me. The reign of terror does not relax, it rather becomes more formidable. Will the men in Paris, for whom I have done my duty, now consider me remiss? Friends who withdraw their confidence are often the worst enemies. He who stops to-day is more despised, and has more to fear than he who remained neutral from the beginning. The arm that tries to catch the spokes of a rolling-wheel is sure to be broken."

"Dearest friend!" replied she, "I recollect a sentence by Seneca which says: 'He who sees misfortune in the future deserves to be pitied.' Why do you look on the future with such anxiety? It should rather fill you with proud hopes and self-confidence. He who can be content with himself at the present time has a right to hope for the future. I trust, my dear Lambert, to accompany you in your career of activity to higher aims."

"Oh, flatterer, you have captivated me!" said he smiling.

"A flatterer? Not so, my dear. I am your friend, a true and sincere friend, who feels proud if her actions please you. Away with care, Lambert—a narrow heart does not grow, but a wide one will expand! No more whims, Lambert! What is this Cardourel, who causes you such anxiety, and whom you have still the power to destroy? You have denounced him to the authorities in Paris as a fugitive from justice in Bordeaux—do you suppose that your official step will have less success than the talk of this wretch? And then, Tallien, is not every one at liberty to do what Cardourel does? Can you not as well be suspected here as by a vagabond in Paris? Perhaps it has been already done several times. You are only afraid of this man, whose villainess would find a hundred witnesses?"

Tallien indeed felt that in the position he held his fears were groundless, and comprehended that Thérèse's reasoning was right; nevertheless Cardourel came ever and anon before his mind, appearing to him like a demon menacing his happiness. Great dangers, like great menaces, prove themselves mostly as phantoms when you openly confront them, but strong minds often tremble at small, well-calculated acts of vengeance, and try to shield themselves from malicious attacks. Tallien could not doubt that Cardourel was brewing a plot against him and his beloved—his malignity made him anxious, as he could not guess what plan he was concerting and what turn it might take. Great danger would have roused his courage and awakened his energy; against this apparently small one, but which might every moment increase, he could not fight, and had to wait for its development.

Weeks passed, and nothing occurred to re-awaken Tallien's anxiety; on the contrary every day offered him reward for his mild rule. The dreaded man of terror of former days had now become the most popular, and Thérèse Cabarrus was everywhere the good genius of Bordeaux. When both, as they often did, took short excursions in an open carriage to the country, or showed themselves in the streets, the people greeted them most cordially, availing themselves of this opportunity of expressing their gratitude. It seemed as if peace had come to the country after a long war and that every one could now breathe freely. The fear which till lately was depicted on all faces and had oppressed all minds, had disappeared, and while a smile hovered round the lips of one, the face of another lost the ugly, rude expression it had assumed to show that it was the face of a persecuting and blood-thirsty patriot. Genuine good deeds reconcile every one, create harmony of sentiments and level contrasts. Tallien ruled with justice, which was a great gain and made Bordeaux the envied city of France. The laws were maintained, no more watched over by a body of blood-thirsty *Sans-culottes*, who dragged to the guillotine victims whose death should make them abhorred. The mob which had once stood round the guillotine, insulting

and scoffing the condemned, had disappeared and were ashamed of expressing themselves in this mode. The generous management of the law ennobles the mass of the people. Tallien did not commence any new prosecutions that were not based on decidedly criminal actions, the consequence of which was that the denunciations ceased, and the general notion of patriotism and securing liberty was lost, even banished in the public opinion. The guillotine stood still, the arm of the headsman rested; the tribunal decided only on criminal cases, and the law assumed again an imposing character.

At first the Jacobins had attempted to resist the abolishing of the reign of terror; in their club they had drawn up protests, accused the commissioner of disloyalty and weakness, and pointed out Thérèse Cabarrus as the Delila who had shorn Samson of his strength. But the old terrible Tallien, recovering his all energy, came upon them and had the heads of the rebellion arrested. The Jacobins were furious, but terror maimed their actions, they swallowed down their anger, raised their fists threateningly against Tallien and sent their reports and complaints to the mother-society in Paris. The noise died out more quickly than could have been imagined; most Jacobins were content that their cruelty was no more required, and with all partiality for their own conviction, it was no more necessary to mock human feelings. They made on Tallien and Thérèse satirical songs which rather showed their good temper, and were, if possible, the most zealous, to prepare public omissions for them. There was among the different parties a kind of jealousy, a vying with each other who could do most in displaying their sympathies for Tallien and the beautiful Spaniard and gaining thereby honour and favour.

All these enjoyments had on Tallien's young mind an intoxicating effect; he imagined himself like a king who made his people happy, finding in this consciousness, in this unerring conviction, his best reward. He reflected how easily monarchs, if they were intellectual and well-disposed, could diffuse happiness and bliss, and how this consciousness must fill them with the kingly desire of never doing enough of benevolent deeds. He found, however, amongst a hundred, scarcely one who had made himself worthy of such a royalty, but most of them had made their royalty a scourge; the others had been imbeciles, offending the people by the very recollection of their reign. Tallien's republican spirit broke forth, and he saw with satisfaction France delivered from the hazardous game of a dynastic rule, the nation freed from the unnatural sensations which royalty used and nursed, not to lose its ground with its Asiatic notions. As a republican he had introduced a happy government and with a feeling of pride thought of the future which might be destined for France. If terror produced for the whole country the harmony between liberty and that order which self-esteem and self-dignity engender, and which was the result of his own bloody government, pardonable on account of the passionate party-struggles—then the revolution had attained its object, and France was the land of the happiest people. Her men of terror became the reconcilers of the factions, their dictatorial power dissolved into the maintenance of the laws, and these laws were decreed by a free nation through its delegates.

Thérèse Cabarrus being the cause of this new order as well as of the change in Tallien's own character, he now loved her more enthusiastically than ever. It was no more her beauty that captivated him, it was rather her rich, wonderful mind that inspired him. With her magic power she had effected the change—he knew it well and was thankful to her for it. He could no more imagine that he had once been the formidable man of terror who, allied only with an enthusiastic hatred against all enemies of the republic, considers streams of blood necessary for liberty. He now thought differently, and more conscientiously of himself and his task, his mind soaring beyond the time of terror, depicted with noble pride the last and happy formation of France. Thérèse Cabarrus had given his mind this elevation, she had awakened his ambition, and had staked out the aim, the emulation to which is the task of a whole life, and its attainment the proud prize of human activity. His mind and soul had developed anew under her powerful influence. She had awakened in his breast sentiments which had laid dormant; the rude reality of life had tended to freeze in the young heart of Tallien the tender buds of feeling and virtue which enoble man, but she had breathed upon them with the warm breath of life and caused them to blossom; the Hossoms diffusing a narcotic fragrance which intoxicated him. He lived, as it were, in another world, where ideas are more powerful and passions effect happiness. Thus he comprehended what man's regeneration is: harmony of mind and heart. And the fairy, who had made this possible was basking in the happiness she had created, and which, as it seemed to him, must become extinct the moment she left him.

Thérèse Cabarrus herself felt that happiness was emptying its cornucopia over her, as an incident at this time occurred which should remove the only grief she had from her heart. The mail, which came twice a week to Bordeaux, had brought her letters from Spain. By the writing of the one, she saw that it was from her father who had for four years been kept in close confinement, during which time he had not been allowed the least intercourse with his family. With a joyful fore-boding she tore open the letter and greeted its first lines with exultation, with tears of bliss and filial love. Her father had not been found guilty of the charge of the embezzlement of public funds, and had been re-instated into all his offices of responsibility and dignities. Yes, still more; the king, after his displeasure had deposed him, had in his changed humour been pleased to give him a higher position; he had made him a count and his court-banker, also the intendant-general of roads and canals and director general of the royal manufactures. Overpowered with pleasure, she flew to her lover. But her violently throbbing heart stood still, when she perceived him, her crimson cheeks became ashy-pale, the bliss in her eyes chilled with terror.

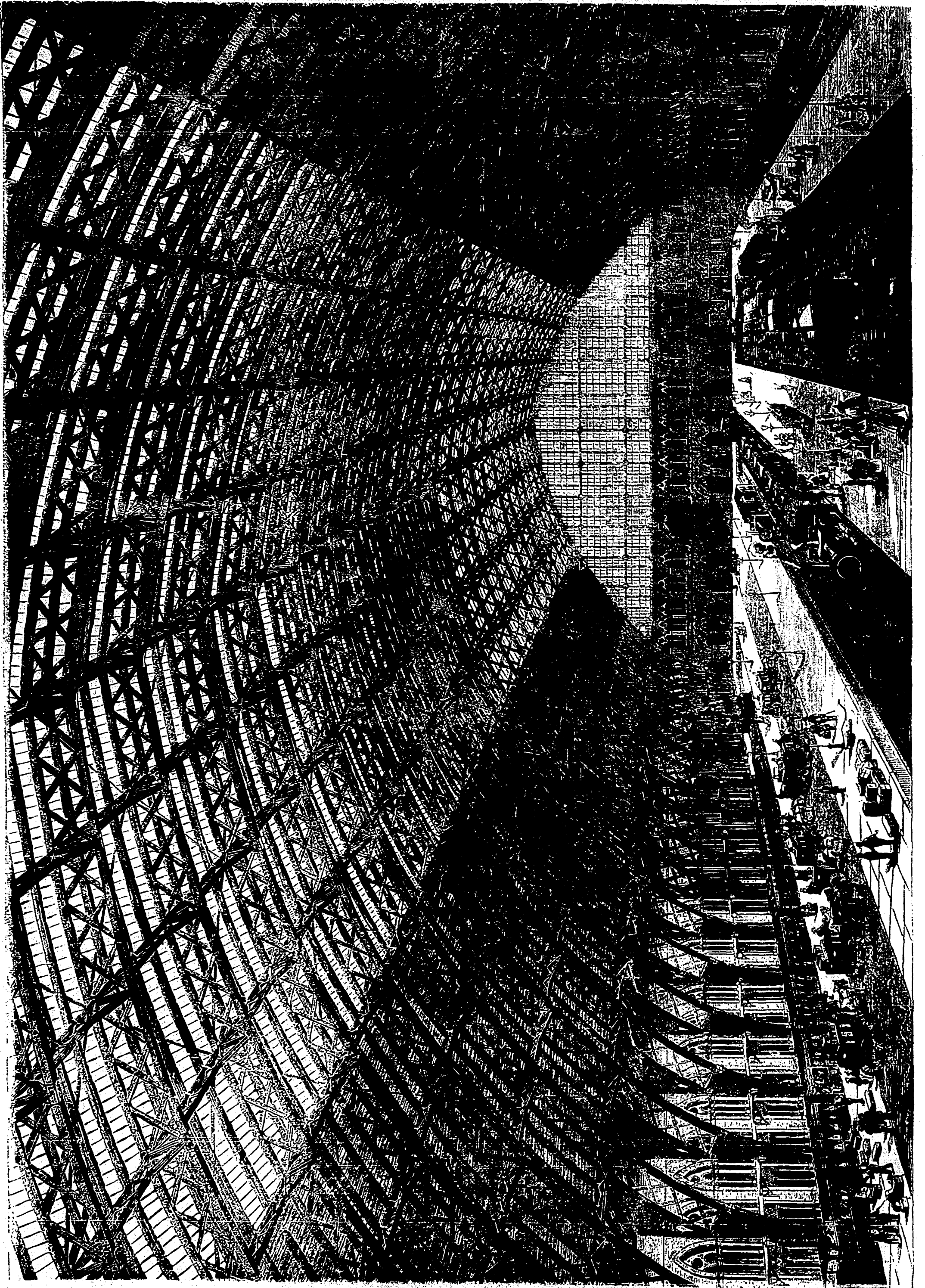
Tallien was sitting at his desk, his head resting upon his hands, the red hair standing wildly round his forehead, his gaze being fixed in terror upon a letter which lay open before him. He did not observe the approach of Thérèse—he appeared entirely absorbed.

Thérèse Cabarrus sprang to his side, and seizing his shoulder, cried:

"Tallien, what is the matter? What has happened?"

She glanced over the letter which lay before him. "It was a decree of the committee of the public safety, saying: 'Citizen commissioner! you are hereby removed from your office in Bordeaux, and have immediately to repair to Paris.' It was signed by Robespierre."

(To be continued.)



THE GREAT ST. PATRICKS STATION, MIDLAND RAILWAY, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

NOCTURNAL LIFE OF FLYING SQUIRRELS.

By BREHM.

Animals, nocturnal in their habits, have always attracted my attention. Lovely fables and tales are attached to their apparently mysterious occupations, to which hobgoblins and elves owe their origin, and the superstition of all nations and countries fostered by the antagonists to education, is still now-a-days busy with them. Without them there would be no tale of the wild huntsman and his infernal trade; without them the fancy image of Satan would hardly have been presented to our mind. However entertaining and instructive it may seem to trace the original of said fancy images, and to find out how, in the course of centuries, it has changed in the imagination of the people, yet the history of the aberrations of the human mind gives little satisfaction for any lasting time; the zoologist at least, will soon return again to the originals.

The desire I cherished for a long time of having cages prepared for the nocturnal animals, that I might, at my ease, study their habits during the time they were awake, has been realized by the Berlin aquarium, or properly called "vivarium." All cages, basins, and cisterns, can be lighted at night, and through the lamps, by their number and strength of light, cannot make up for the sun, still they spread sufficient light—in imitation to the full moon—to enable the observer to follow every movement of the respective animal, and to perceive every visible sign of life. In those lighted cages the animals, after being fully roused, appear quite different from what we imagined them to be; we even find such of the animals as were little promising, to be worthy of our attention; in others we discover a liveliness, agility, grace, and nimbleness which is most surprising. Some of them soon gain our affection, and among these I count, after making their acquaintance, the flying squirrels. They are distinguished from their congeners, the common squirrels and dormice, by the extension of the skin of the flank between the fore and hind legs, which gives them

the power of supporting themselves a short time in the air, and of making immense leaps. The feet have long appendages, which help to support this lateral membrane. These squirrels are chiefly found in Asia, a few species in America, and only one in the northern part of Europe.

So far as our observations reach, all the different species of flying squirrels are nocturnal, residing in the hollows of trees, and preparing their nest of the finer mosses. They rarely are seen by day, and do not come out of their nests before some time after sunset. They climb with great skill about the trees, and spring from one to another to a distance of

thirty feet or more. They feed on the young buds of the birch and pine, and produce early in summer, young ones, from two to four in number, which are well fostered by their mother till they are able to provide for themselves. The species living in the northern regions are quite torpid during the winter, while those which reside in the southern climates very little change their mode of life in the different seasons. They are often caught, and their flesh and skin made use of; they are readily tamed, and then kept in a state of captivity. Their colour on the upper parts is a pale grey, on the under parts milk-white. They measure about six inches in length

evinced great insecurity and anxiousness in their manners. Other results, however, are obtained, as soon as our observations are further extended, and we find that though the flying squirrels, as long as they feel like strangers in their cage, and not having yet sufficiently recovered from the transport, are very timid and do not exhibit any skill for climbing—they require but a few days after having taken possession of their new residence, to make themselves quite familiar with their neighbourhood, and then they begin to show their true nature.

At the upper end of the sleeping box a round head is peeping out, with its large, round eyes examining carefully the interior of the cage. The body soon follows, and the animal is now sitting freely on the narrow edge of its box. Its position is similar to that of a common squirrel, the fore part of the body a little more inclined, the tail not so closely laid on its back; its rather short ears are fully stretched out. Finding that there is no danger, it commences to stir and suddenly slides like a shadow, without any noise, head foremost down to the bottom of the cage; its movements are so rapid that its limbs are hardly seen. Arrived at the bottom, it runs along with the quickness of a mouse, till it reaches its feeding bowl, where it stops, at once smells the small morsels of meat mixed with the nuts, grains of wheat and small pieces of carrots, takes one of the morsels between its fore-paws and devours it while sitting in the prettiest position of a squirrel, passes then quickly to its drinking bowl, satisfies its thirst, returns to the eating bowl and fetching a nut, springs, holding it in his mouth, upon a perching pole, clinging to it without making the least exertion to keep the balance.

In the meantime one flying squirrel after another have come out of their beds, following the same occupations, though not exactly in the same rotation. In all imaginary attitudes that a rodent animal is able to take, we see them cowering and sitting, clinging and hanging, running and climbing into all nooks and corners, and upon the perches and wires of the cage. The thirst is satisfied with the first drink,

not so with the eating, though even that is easily appeased; now commences their cleaning. Each head is washed with saliva, combed with their claws and smoothed with their paws; then their bellies, backs, and tails. The business of cleaning being over, they are ready for their fun.

Our first flying squirrel remains yet a short while on the same spot it had occupied while cleaning itself. Suddenly it makes, with the skin of its belly fully expanded, a spring across the whole width of the cage. For one moment only it is clinging to the cage, then throwing itself backwards, is running along a perch, back to the starting point, and as



FLYING SQUIRRELS.

from nose to tail, the latter being shorter than the body, thickly furred, and of a slightly flattened form.

The observer who is not familiar with small rodent animals, is at first not much pleased with the flying squirrels. In the box in which they are packed, with hay or wool, to be shipped, they lie hidden close together and fast asleep, and when they are roused good-naturedly allow themselves to be handled, without trying to make the least defence, while their congeners, the dormice, on the contrary, in a foolish rage resist any disturbance. Even in the evenings, when they emerge to take their food and drink, the observer is not satisfied, as they

rapidly to another place. A tumbling about then commences in the cage, which no pen can adequately describe. Up and down it goes, head uppermost, head undermost, to and fro, now along the top, then along the bottom of the cage, up one side, down another, through its sleeping box, past the eating and drinking bowl, from one nook to another, along the perch, above, below and laterally, running, climbing, hanging, clinging, sliding, and sitting: thus and in a hundred other ways moves the animal, as though it could stir a thousand limbs at the same time. I approach slowly to the cage to within a distance of one foot from it, and strain my eyes to follow every motion, trying it twenty times or more, to correct my observations, and, to my shame must confess, that I am not able to follow and distinguish the movements of the flying squirrel. No bird, nor any other animal can climb in the same manner, even the common squirrel is only a beginner, compared with this master. At the same time this performer without an equal, proves to me that it is only playing: its hunting about for its pleasure is each time so rapidly executed that I am yet gazing round to catch its motion, while it is already quietly perched on a branch, as though it had never started. Now another such springer, then a third.

"If only the whole seven would come out, doctor," said the keeper to me, "it would be a grand sight!"

"No, sir, we would see nothing but flying shadows. But let us make a comparison by putting a ground squirrel into the cage."

This scarcely taller congener, famous on account of its activity, is put beside the flying squirrels and is first stared and smelled at, then teased by them, and runs, springs, and climbs to its best ability; but its most active motions are but creeping when compared with the flying squirrels; its spring appears heavy, its motion clumsy, in comparison to its associates.

We now try the dormouse which we introduce, using all necessary precautions on account of its wickedness and biting propensities. But it also appears a bungler, compared with the flying squirrels.

The welcome that the two animals received was quite different: while the former was treated with indifference, the latter was looked upon as suspicious, and shunned. Now came the turn for the jerboa, which appeared to be more attracted by the cage than by the flying squirrels, of which it took not the least notice, while they, on their part, from the first moment of their acquaintance, paid the greatest attention to the rare guest. Its long tail exciting their highest admiration, while the poor animal itself received no gratification. For before the fearless jerboa was aware of it, one of the flying squirrels had taken hold of its long tail, belabouring it with its teeth and paws. The jerboa angrily jumps up, and with a powerful twitch shakes off its tormentor; but the next moment another flying squirrel tries the same performance, and we are obliged to remove the peaceable animal to its own quarters. Our disappointment being soon got over, we saw again the flying squirrels commence their occupations of running, springing, climbing, &c., which defied all description.

THE USE OF MONEY.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

BY HENRY C. COOPER.

My name is Alexander MacPherson. But as I have invariably been called "Sandy," I shall be known by that name throughout this history.

I am the only son of a late wealthy Englishman. My mother died at my birth. My father died when I was twenty-two years old, leaving me undisputed control of twenty thousand pounds a year. I have no brothers or sisters. The rest of my near relations are nearly all, comparatively speaking, well off. To avoid the incessant worry of a few needy ones, I resolved to leave England; and, having given as many of them as I could find, enough to keep them decently for a few years, I left England, and settled where I am now, in the garrison city of Montreal.

Ever since I can remember, I have always had my own way. This has probably arisen from the fact that I have always had plenty of money; and I have observed through life, that the man who has the most money has the least difficulty in having his own way.

When I went to my first boarding-school at Dr. Valpy's, without being in any way entitled to it, I was immediately nominated a Monitor. So far as the social comfort of the other boys was concerned, they could not have had a better one. My allowance from my father of two pounds per week was ever at their service; and consequently, whilst I made but few enemies, my money found me many friends.

After going through Dr. Valpy's "Delectus" and the Eton Latin Grammar, to my own, my father's, and my tutor's satisfaction, I went to Rugby, amid the universal lamentations of my late school-fellows. With my allowance nearly trebled, my status at Rugby was speedily determined, and I never retrograded. I was "Primus" in school, and "Optimus" in the play-ground—I trust that I may say (without being charged with egotism or vanity) that my mind kept pace with my body. Physically and mentally, I had inherited "soundness" from my father; kindness and generosity came to me naturally from my good mother. All combined made me an acceptable companion, whether construing Virgil, or playing cricket. It is with no small satisfaction that the name of "Sandy" in chapel, hall, college, or play-ground, was associated with what a true man likes best to reflect on—truth and energy.

In due time I was translated to Oxford; my "Alma Mater" is Magdalen College. My generous father, emulating the nobility in his generosity, allowed me £1,000 a year; made me a present of as good a hunter as ever followed the hounds; fitted my dog-cart up with a spanking tandem-team; sent up from Devonshire enough of his own wines to stock my cellar; told me to send him, unreservedly, all my bills for payment; made me promise that my actions to my fellow-men should be on the principle of "do as you would be done by," and also that I would never bet or gamble; gave me his blessing, and left me to follow out my own instincts at my own pleasure, without any fear as to the results.

It would seem invidious in me to mention any one thing in which I excelled, to the obscuration of many others; suffice it to say, that I can now point with gratification to my parchment, which confirms my being the "double-first" of my class; to the silver ear, on which is inscribed the fact that I pulled "stroke" in the winning boat (against "Cambridge") during my last year at Oxford; and to innumerable "pads" and "brushes," which I cannot find in my heart to get rid of; the result of some of the stiffest runs across country that ever a horse or a fox were put to.

On leaving college, and having made a tour of the Continent, I was hurried back to Devonshire, by a telegram announcing my father's approaching death. I arrived home in time to close his eyes. He was a Christian, in every sense of the word. He told me, that in knowing that his large fortune would soon be entirely in my hands, he felt that what had characterized him in life would be repented by me. He referred in terms of praise to my having ever kept my word; desired that he should be buried without any ostentation, as became a Christian; and then calmly slept the sleep that knows no waking. His last wishes were religiously observed. In the family vault, by the side of his loved and faithful wife, who had "gone before," he "sleeps the sleep of the just."

Staying in England just long enough to give orders to my solicitors, about renting the town house and installing in the Devonshire residence my old tutor at Rugby (who was getting shaky, and not very well off, and leaving him an annuity for just as long as he chose to draw it), I resolved to live abroad. I determined not to live in Paris, as the frivolous character of that gay place did not accord with my ideas of comfort; which ideas may be summed up in a few words, "to have my own way." In Paris I should be at the beck and call of every body, and I felt that I should be worried to death. For like reasons, I did not choose to reside in Berlin or St. Petersburg; but, looking on the map one day, I was irresistibly impelled to regard the word "Montreal" for the second time. I am very impulsive, and always act on the spur of the moment. Having therefore made some few hearts glad, in the way before described, I started one morning from Liverpool in the "Scotia," with my man-servant Dick (who acted as my groom at Oxford), and, having made a rapid passage to New York, was located in the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, three days afterwards.

And here I have been ever since. I have said once or twice that I like to have my own way. And I am rarely thwarted. Of course, now and then, I have played into the hands of those whose friendship was of a mercenary nature. But I have a certain intuitiveness about me, that enables me to read such persons very correctly, and I have invariably found that though my purse had suffered considerably by such men, yet what they got from it has never done them any material good.

On the other hand, I have been enabled to do a great amount of good, and have always endeavoured not to let the recipient know that I was aware of it. I recall one instance, which enabled me to be of great service to a Mr. Russel, and which afterwards returned to me a hundred-fold. I will narrate it.

From my pew in the Cathedral at Montreal, I had observed a young lady, who attended both the services, on Sunday, with unvarying regularity. She was a very pretty girl, evidently about eighteen years of age; (as I am not willing to expatiate more fully upon her form and features, the reader must be satisfied with this declaration.)

Her father (the family likeness proclaimed the fact) was an amiable-looking old gentleman, but had at all times a restless look, as though something was on his mind, which he would willingly get rid of. One thing attracted me very much in the young lady. She was habitually very diffident of observation; she seemed as though she did not like to be looked at; but above all, she had such a delicious look of native modesty about her that was very charming. I felt that I should much like to know her personally, and I set about designing a plan that would bring such an event to pass.

I had seen her and her father enter a house on several successive Sundays, and I noticed that the house next door was to let. I ascertained that Mr. Russel (that was his name) owned the house he lived in; the next house belonged to a French gentleman, who had been looking out for a long time for a suitable tenant. I also learned that Mr. Russel had recently met with some very heavy losses in mining transactions, and would be very glad to sell his house, if he could only find a purchaser.

My mind was immediately made up. The next day I had rented the house from the French gentleman, for one year; and I was to occupy it in two weeks time. An upholsterer, the same day, was much surprised to be told that I wished him to furnish the house, from attic to basement, in a manner befitting the residence of a gentleman, immediately, and a cheque on my bankers, in advance, completed his surprise.

The next day Dick and I hunted far and near for dogs. We bought sixteen that day, as near of a size as we could get them. For their reception I had hired a large stable, and Dick's instructions were to get them used to harness, as soon as they could be "broken in." They were very fractious at first, but at the end of the week Dick reported that they had drawn him round the yard at the stable, in a packing-case on wheels. So far, so good. In the meanwhile I had had the body of a chaise dismantled and placed on low wheels. The wheels were four in number, very strong, and the chaise was constructed to hold two persons—one in front, and one behind.

This was ready, together with a new set of dog-harness, three days before I was to occupy my house. The saddler brought the trappings to the stables at the same time that the coach-builder brought the chaise. The sixteen dogs were harnessed to it; and, to my great delight, tore round the yard, with myself (driving) and Dick sitting behind, like mad.

The next morning I drove them out past Mr. Russel's house. Miss Russel, as I hoped she would be, was at the window; and I shall never forget the expression I saw on her face as she looked at me. The novelty of such a turn-out seemed to have prevented her from seeing that it was ridiculous.

After going round the Mountain, and out to Lachine, we returned; and the delight of numerous small boys, and of the by-standers generally. The next day (Dick having been dispatched to my new residence to have everything ready), I drove alone round the Mountain, thence into the stables of the house next to Mr. Russel's, unharnessed the dogs, and turned them loose in the yard at the back of the house. A cook from the Hall, that I had previously engaged, had taken possession of the kitchen, and an elderly matron had established herself up-stairs as housekeeper.

Every thing was ready for me, and I went in. Dinner over, I smoked my cigar indoors, read a little, and went to bed.

I was not wrong in supposing that some results would soon follow.

Good gracious! what an awful noise those dogs made that night. They had purposely been but slightly fed the day before, and I suppose, finding nothing to eat in their new quarters, they had a sort of indignation meeting all night. My

room looked into the yard where they were, and I lay in bed roaring with laughter, as I heard the windows next door opening and shutting during half the night. I had to call on Dick to laugh with me, or it would have been fatal. However, towards the small hours of the morning, the dogs broke up their picnic, and went to sleep. I distinctly remember waking up seven times laughing and nearly choking, but at last nature being tired out, I dozed off for good.

I am an early riser, and the next morning, just as I was sitting down to breakfast, my housekeeper gave me a card, which, she said, she had been desired to hand to me by a gentleman who was now in the drawing-room. On the card was engraved

"Mr. ALGERNON RUSSEL."

Bidding her tell the gentleman that I would immediately see him, I went down to meet him forthwith.

His usual amiable face looked very different now. It was evident that he was angry. I held out my hand to him, which he took very coldly, saying that he presumed he was addressing the master of the house. I told him that he was; that my name was Alexander MacPherson, usually called "Sandy" for short, and that I was entirely at his service, would he please to be seated.

"Sir!" he said. "Do you know that those infernal dogs of yours kept every member of my family awake during almost the whole of last night? My wife is an invalid, and her rest, which is always broken, was terribly disturbed. I object, sir, to such a nuisance!"

"Mr. Russel," I replied, "will it incommode you to move? Will you sell your house?"

"Sir," said Mr. Russel, "that house cost me nine thousand dollars, and if I could find a purchaser I would sell it directly!"

"Stay," I replied, "one moment." (I went to my writing-desk, and returned to him, as he sat wondering on the sofa.)

I said: "I hold in my hand, sir, a cheque for the sum of twelve thousand dollars, which is the sum that my landlord wants for this house and lot, and which, I understand, is exactly like yours. You have said that you will sell the house, if you can find a purchaser. I am the purchaser. And as it will probably inconvenience you to leave it immediately, I shall not require it until this day two months. It is a bargain accept this cheque, and send me the title-deeds as soon as convenient." (He accepted the cheque speechless.)

"And as a further evidence," I continued, "of the sorrow I feel, at having caused any inconvenience to yourself or family"—(here I rang the bell, and the house-keeper appearing, was ordered to send up Dick)—"but more especially to your invalid wife, to whom I desire that you will amply apologize in my name—I will prevent any further annoyance." (Here Dick was announced)—"Dick!" I said—"let all those rascally dogs loose in the street, and then drive them away; and make a bonfire of the chaise, in the yard before 10 o'clock. And now, Mr. Russel, if you have not yet had breakfast, come with me—I can recommend my cook as a capital fellow. Come!"

I never saw a man so bewildered, in my life. He came and had breakfast with me, but beyond continually getting up to shake hands, I should hardly have known that he was there. He said literally nothing. Before he left, we heard Dick after the pack, with a whip, and heard the last of them depart with a howl, never more to return. I also had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Russel sneeze, as the wind brought a cloud of smoke into the house. It came from Dick's bonfire in the yard. On leaving, he could only say, that, if I could make it convenient, he should esteem it an honour if I would dine with him and his daughter, on the following Sunday. They dined at 2 p.m. on Sundays—I need scarcely say that I expressed myself as being delighted.

And I did so. I walked home from church with Mr. Russel and his daughter. During the day I found out her name was Eleanor. From that day I was a frequent visitor, and I spent some charming evenings in the company of that girl, who I felt convinced, was destined to make me a very happy man.

"We became very confidential; and having no wish, respecting confidence, I will only say, that I found out that her father had once possessed an independent fortune (not large), but that the bulk of it had been swept away by a mining speculation. Mrs. Russel (to whom I was presented in state, in her bed-room) I learned had been a terrible sufferer from her spine, for upwards of five years, and that during that period she had never left her room.

I never allow any one to pry into my secrets. What I tell them, they are welcome to. Suffice it to say then, that within two months I became engaged to Eleanor, and I desired, on the day that I proposed, that the engagement should not be mentioned to her father, until after he had brought the title-deeds of the house—she assented, but archly remarked that she knew "that papa was going to bring them to-morrow."

The morrow came, and with it Mr. Russel. He said: "My friend, I have brought you the deeds. I should feel less hurt about leaving it, (which I shall do in about ten days time) if it were not for my poor wife. We have lived very happily here for a long time."

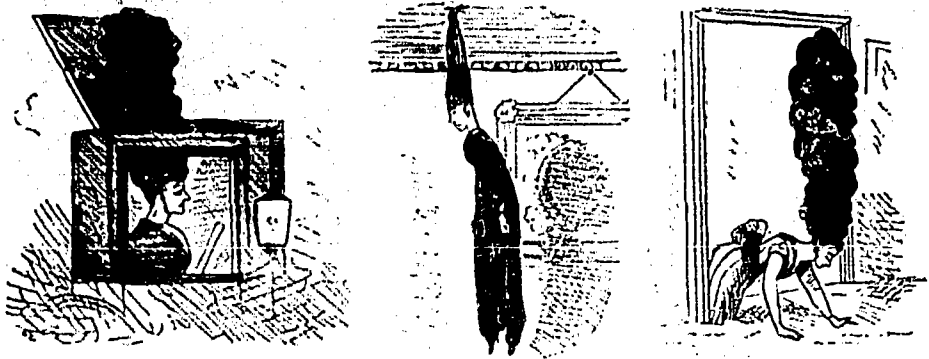
"Mr. Russel," I said, "will you do me the favor of retaining those deeds. I make them a present to you. And if you will accept the cheque that I paid you for the house, as a present from your daughter, on her marriage-day, and will also give me your daughter, as a wife, (for we love each other) she can live with me, in this house, and we shall none of us be very far apart! Will you?"

His silence gave consent, as much as his words did afterwards. His wife was overjoyed, and no one more happy, then or now, than Eleanor and myself.—Good bye.

"The number of women studying medicine at the University of Munich," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "increases steadily in geometric progression. Four years ago there was but one, the next year there were two, the next year four, last year there were eight, and there are now sixteen. We are assured (it is true by a partisan of the movement) that none of the inconveniences which it was feared might arise from women being allowed to share the school with men have at present been experienced; the classes are as large as ever, and the Dean reports that the innovation has undoubtedly improved the discipline of the school."

Lord Lytton has published his new metrical translation of the "Odes and Epodes of Horace."

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