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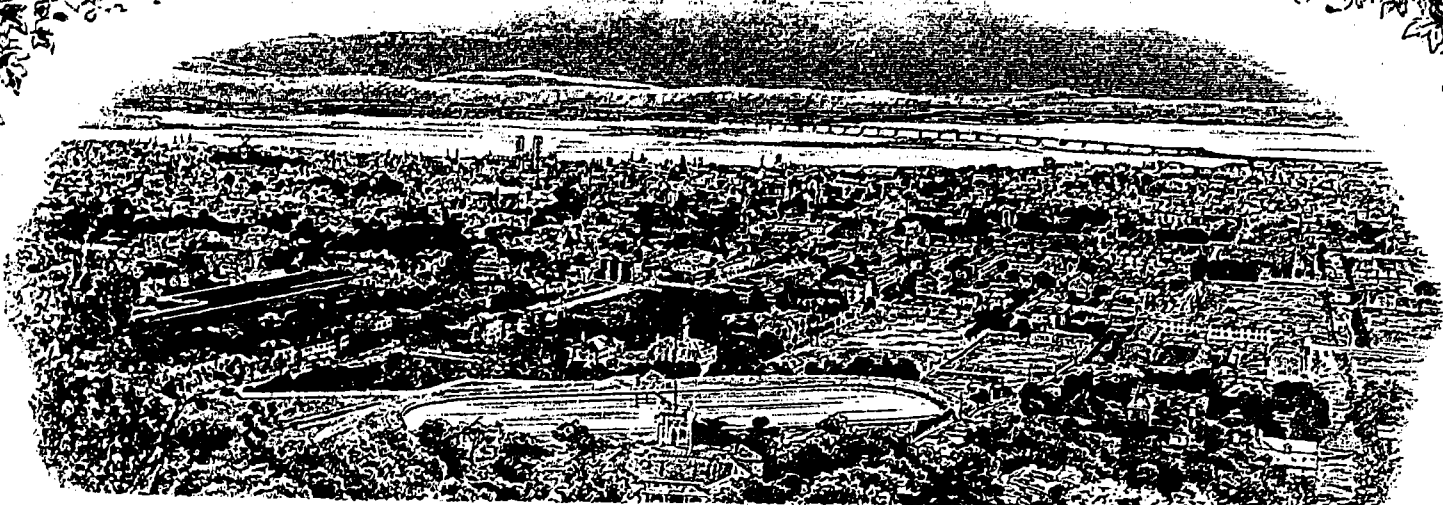
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CANADIAN

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THE RED RIVER DIFFICULTY.

LOUIS RIEL.

The Red River difficulty continues to be a subject of engrossing interest. The Hon. Mr. McDougall and family, with the other gentlemen, who went out to take part in the government of the Territory have all, except Mr. Provencher, returned to Canada. Grand-Vicar Thibault has reached the scene of trouble, and great hopes are entertained that he will succeed in quieting the half-breeds whose resistance to Canadian authority is said to have been dictated by one or two French priests in the Settlement. Governor Smith, of the Hudson's Bay Company, has also reached Red River to assist Governor McTavish, or rather to assume the duties of that gentleman, who is at present incapacitated by ill health. The insurgents, after trying their prisoners by court-martial, sentenced forty-five of them to banishment from the Territory. They were all Canadians who had but recently gone to the Territory, and had of course taken an active part with Dr. Schultz in his attempt to get up a counter revolution. They comprise the whole of the "Canadian" party so-called; that is, those who during the past season went into the Settlement either in expectation of official appointments, or for the purpose of taking up lands or entering into business. They were escorted to the frontier, where (at Pembina) the Hon. Mr. McDougall had thoughtfully made provision for them, in anticipation of their fate, by which they will be en-



LOUIS RIEL.

abled to reach Canada. Dr. Schultz himself is still held a prisoner, as are Mr. Charles Mair, late paymaster on the Government Road Works; Mr. Snow, the Road Superintendent; and Wm. Hallett, a half-breed, who is said to have acted as a spy to Mr. McDougall. Whether these parties are merely retained as hostages, or in reserve for severer punishment, is not yet known, but it is not likely that the insurgents will compromise themselves by inflicting a worse punishment than imprisonment. The Hon. Mr. McDougall, who, in the language of the day, has been "interviewed" by news-writers, expresses the conviction that matters may be peaceably arranged by spring.

We present our readers with the portrait of one of the leading spirits of the movement, Louis Riel, who, though nominally secretary, is reputed to be virtually the head and director of the insurgent council. Whether Riel has been advised by others, or has acted upon his own judgment, his conduct has displayed no little tact and discretion. Violence has so far been avoided as much as possible. Though the gentle persuasive of loaded muskets was held out to Mr. McDougall and his party to compel them to recross the frontier; and though Dr. Schultz's house was just "very near" being fired upon, as yet the insurrection has been free from bloodshed, and it may be supposed that Riel has had no small share in preserving this moderate course. There has been a resort to tactics which, if neither honest nor honourable, were at

least shrewd. When the counter movement was being organized, the insurgents called a meeting of delegates, at which all parts of the Settlement were represented; and at this meeting it is said it was arranged that Riel should hold an interview with Mr. McDougall, to endeavour to come to an agreement with him. As certain demands concerning the lands, local government, schools, &c., were approved alike by all classes in the Settlement, it was expected that Riel's interview with the Governor would put an end to the difficulty, and so the counter movement, except by the few newly arrived Canadians under the leadership of Schultz and the inspiration of Dennis, fell to the ground, while Riel neither went himself, nor sent a representative to treat with the Governor. This seems like "Punic faith" on the part of Riel and his associates. Undoubtedly the English and Scotch settlers were for a time thrown off their guard by this small stroke of *finesse*; and the "masterly inactivity" thus displayed, gained sufficient time to place matters in such a position that they cannot well be changed until next summer, unless with the consent of the insurgents.

Riel was the "Chief Organiser" of the Red River insurrection, and as such he is deservedly an historical character. He, as the acting leader of the insurgents, on the 22nd of November last, took formal possession of the Land Register of the colony, with all the papers and accounts belonging to the Council of Assiniboia. Governor McTavish refusing to hand over these documents to Mr. Riel, was confronted with six armed men, and being powerless to resist such a display of force, had no option but to yield. Riel had previously fitted up an office for himself in another part of the building; and as Governor McTavish and his accountant refused to hand over the papers to him, he brought a couple of armed men to his assistance, and forcibly removed the Register and a number of the Company's books containing their accounts with the local government and with the Settlers. The Register which is now in the hands of the insurgents is a bulky volume, and forms the basis of all titles to surveyed lands in the Settlement. The rising thus appears to have overthrown by violence the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company before the date fixed for the legal transfer of its authority to Canada. In so far as Canada is concerned, its operations within the Territory, from first to last, have been extra-legal. It has expended money in road-building, and to preserve the Settlers from starvation, without the acquisition of any rights within it. But this was a mistake which would readily have been pardoned. But the employment of surveying parties within the settlement, and other preparations for the assumption of authority, appear to have given general offence. A letter from Fort Garry says:

"It is a matter for the most serious consideration, in the event of the Canadian government determining to put down the present rebellion with a strong hand, that the commencement of military operations at Red River will be but the beginning of disturbances throughout the entire Indian country. The settlement is connected by so many ties with the whole of Rupert's Land that the lighting up of the flame of civil war within it will be the breaking out of a conflagration which, like the Prairie fires, will devastate the territory, gathering strength with its onward progress, and growing more irresistible as the circuit of its ravages expands. The distinction between combatant and non-combatant will become unknown, as has occurred even in the present disturbance; unwilling recruits will be impressed, and compelled to shoulder a musket in the common cause. The result may be the extermination of human life on a large scale."

It is to be hoped no such dire calamity will befall the settlement.

Louis Riel, is a young man of considerable ability. He is a native of Rupert's Land and was educated in this City. It is said that at one time he designed to enter the Church; but if so the idea was abandoned. He has served as a merchant's clerk at St. Paul, Minn., and for some time past has been farming near Winnipeg. He is a fluent speaker both in French and English, and as we have said gets general credit for being the leading spirit among the insurgents.

TYROL CASTLE.

The Castle of Tyrol, the ancient seat of the rulers of the Earldom to which it gave its name, is situated in the beautiful Meranian Valley, not far from the town of Meran. Our *leggotype* represents the northern view of this once gigantic work of architecture, but small portions of which now preserve the ancient style. On the east side also there is but a small portion of the old castle remaining, which serves as a residence to the chaplain and door-keeper. The south-east wing, which still preserves the style of the fourteenth century, is at present occupied by the castellan. The Prince's room, in which, on the 20th August, 1838, the last court celebration took place, is decorated with the portraits of the three last Emperors of Austria. In the chapel on the lower flat is a picture of the Saviour, which has been there for many centuries. There is a legend connected with this picture, to the effect that it gave warning of the approaching death of the reigning Earl by a piece of the picture breaking off, and that when Weinhard the Third, the last of the family, died, this picture not only exhibited the usual token in advance, but the wound in the side opened and appeared quite fresh until the remains of the dead Earl were placed in the vault with those of his ancestors. Since these days the picture has been

repainted, and has now the appearance of a comparatively modern work of art. The two portraits leading to the chapel are ornamented with strange arabesques, designs and emblems, the symbolism of which has heretofore been a puzzle to the antiquarians. That this castle is a very old one, is evidenced from the fact that the sons of Albert, Earl of Chur-Rhatien and Vingstan, named, respectively, Berthold and Albert, are mentioned in a deed bearing date in 1140 as Earls of Tyrol. The castle remained in the hands of their successors until 1363, when it was acquired by Austria. It was occupied by the principal ruler of the Earldom of Tyrol until the sixteenth century, when it was abandoned, and continued untenanted until 1808, when it became attached to Bavaria. It was sold by auction to the highest bidder, and became the property of Baron Sebastian de Hausmann for the paltry sum of 2,200 florins, or about \$800. The citizens of Meran, not desiring that a spot of so much historical interest should remain private property, purchased the old castle, and in 1816 presented the title deeds and key to the Emperor of Austria. In 1838, the then Emperor of Austria presented a nephew of Andreas Hofer, known in history as the Peasant King, with the castle and the lands formerly owned by his uncle, and conferred upon him the title of Earl.

THE HIGH PRIEST AT NABLUS READING THE PENTATEUCH.

Probably on no spot of earth has the same worship (with scarcely the least change or interruption) continued to be offered for so long a time as on the summit of Mount Gerizim, overlooking Nablus. For nearly four thousand years—from the time of Abraham, and even before—has the God of the Hebrews been here adored. The modern town of Nablus, (which is large and well-built, and contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants, who are Mohammedans, with the exception of the small Samaritan community,) is commonly believed to be built on or very near the site of the Sichem or Shechem of the Old Testament, the Sychar of the New Testament, and the Neapolis of the Greeks and Romans—of which name the modern word Nablus is evidently a corruption. Eusebius and St. Jerome say that the ancient Shechem was a suburb of Neapolis; St. Jerome also maintains that Sychar, in St. John's Gospel (v. 5), is a corruption of Sichem. Pliny and Josephus respectively give the native name as Mamortha and Mabortha, which Rehdal corrects, from coins, to Morthia. This last name, the same writer says, is the classical form of Moreh, and both names (Moreh and Sychar) he supposes to have been adopted by the Jews from the prophet Habakkuk's "Moreh Shaker," "teacher of lies," and applied to the Samaritan city as the seat of error.

Here, then, Abram sojourned, when, at God's command, long before his name was changed to Abraham, he left his country and kindred in quest of the Land of Promise; and, journeying through Canaan, came to the place of Sichem, and there, for the first time, pitched his tent and built an altar in the land to be given to his seed. Here, four hundred years later, his descendants, after their long servitude in Egypt and wanderings in the wilderness, first assembled and established themselves on taking possession of the promised inheritance. Here, nearly two hundred years after Abram first encamped, his grandson Jacob spread his tent and dug a well in the field he had bought of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father. Near to it stands at the present time a little village called Salim, which it is not very difficult to identify with the "Shalem, a city of Shechem," where Jacob bought the parcel of ground, nor perhaps with the Salem of the high priest Melchizedek, who set bread and wine before Abram and blessed him. Shechem fell to Ephraim, and was a Levitical city and a city of refuge. Here was Joseph's tomb, and here also was the tabernacle in the time of Joshua, who set up a pillar near it shortly before his death. Here Gideon defeated the Midianites, and Rehoboam was made King. By the side of Jacob's well Jesus sat, wearied with his journey, and conversed with the Samaritan woman, while his disciples went to Sychar to buy meat. The name Neapolis (new town) was given during the occupation of Syria by the Greeks, who probably extended the city to the westward on account of the abundant supply of water in that direction. Simon Magus practised his sorceries in Neapolis, and Justin Martyr was a native of the same city. In consequence of the destructive wars which Justinian waged against the Samaritans in the first half of the sixth century, the nation was almost struck out of history, till the period of the Crusades, when its existence was again discovered by the Jewish traveller, Benjamin of Tudela, at whose time there were several Samaritan communities, both in Syria and Egypt. These have, however, since become extinct, with the exception of the one at Nablus, but which has subsequently diminished from two hundred to one hundred and seventy souls. According to a local tradition of the Samaritans, they are doomed not to multiply; their decline is, however, attributed to the natural consequence of intermarriage. Nablus, lying in a hollow between Mounts Gerizim and Ebal, the mounts of blessing and cursing (Deut. xvii. 11—13), is described as the most beautiful spot in Central Palestine. Embosomed amidst groves of olives, its supply of water is more abundant than that of any other spot in the land, and to its many fountains and rills the valley chiefly owes its exquisite beauty.

But, besides the deeply interesting associations of the site and the extraordinary perpetuation of almost the same form of worship, for, as already said, nearly four thousand years, the small Samaritan community presents the additional interest of having in its possession a copy of the five books of Moses, which claim to be the oldest book in existence. The Samaritans themselves maintain that it was written by Abishua, the great grandson of Aaron fourth high priest of the Jews, which would make its age about three thousand three hundred years. The opinions of scholars as to its age vary greatly. The more reasonable critics do not venture to carry its date beyond B. C. 116; when the temple to which it probably belonged was destroyed. The manuscript Pentateuch is written on a large parchment-like scroll, which is rolled upon two poles, protected by an embroidered cover, and deposited in a richly-ornamented cylindrical case of precious metals opening upon hinges. The ornament at the top of the case is said by the Samaritans to represent the standards of the tribes; the balls represent pomegranates. There are spots in the MS. from the kisses of the Samaritans on the passages where the name of Aaron occurs. A photograph of the MS. was taken by Mr. Bedford when accompanying the Prince of Wales on his journey to the East.

The preceding observations will suffice to indicate the variety of interest calculated to be evoked by the large and

fine drawing by Mr. Carl Haag (from an engraving of which our *leggotype* is copied.) The artist visited the synagogue of the Samaritans at Nablus during his journey in Palestine; and being much impressed by the noble bearing and handsome, intelligent, expressive, Semitic countenance of the high priest, Amran, sought an introduction through his (the painter's) friend, Dr. George Rosen, then accredited as Prussian Consul to Jerusalem, but at that time staying at Nablus. The result was that Mr. Haag was not only permitted to take his easel into the synagogue for the purpose of sketching the place, but the Kaheen stood in person, in his robes, and Pentateuch in hand, to enable the artist to make a large finished study of him. The picture is consequently authentic, equally as regards the portraiture and accessories. The priest reads the MS. as represented holding it high up before him; by turning the pole handles he unrolls it off the left hand pole over to the right hand one—taking care not to touch the sacred scroll with bare hands. When he has finished reading, the scroll is placed in its case and returned to the tabernacle. The embroidery upon the crimson curtain covering the wall behind the High Priest professes to represent the ancient temple which stood on Mount Gerizim. At the bottom of the curtain appears the porch of the Temple, with two pillars, one on each side, called "Jachim and Boaz;" between which stand two golden candlesticks and a very large vessel in the middle. Higher up, amidst a profusion of ornaments, are trumpets, cymbals, and other ancient musical instruments. Above this again, the embroidery shows the Court of the Priests, with a square place in the centre representing the golden altar; on the right of which is a seven-branched candlestick; on the left, the vessel for burning frankincense; and beneath, the table whereon the shewbread is set. Over all, at the top, is represented the Most Holy Place, in the centre of which stands the Ark of the Covenant, with a large vessel on the left, and Aaron's rod that blossomed on the right. Kaheen is a title derived from the Hebrew word "cohen," denoting a priest; and Amran, the name of the present priest, is also derived from the Hebrew Amram.

FROZEN-OUT DEER.

To English and Scottish minds a deer-forest conveys a very different meaning. In England, wherever the stern disforestation has not gone forth, it is connected with pleasant woodlands and thorn and hazel copses.

Where the pheasant takes wing
And the fox-cub is bred.

opening out occasionally on to a lawn, with a keeper's or park-ranger's rustic lodge in the foreground. The rabbit lingers in the rides to "fondle its own harmless face," and the merry brown hares have many a leaping-about there in the moonlight, when no foul-mart is on their track. In short, the only forest game that seems to be wanting is the deer itself. It has been their lot to be improved away by the axe and the trench-plough. They have gone from the forest of Bowland and the pleasant haunts of Yardley Chase; and the forester, with all his cunning venerie and his "tuffets," has to fall back on Exmoor and portions of the new Forest.

There is no hunting in Windsor Forest, where about 1,700 deer are kept. A few light hinds not in calf are generally taken early to blood the Royal stag-hounds; and if stags are taken after the rutting time they are weaker and easier to catch. When the keepers want to get a supply of deer for the Royal hunt, they put down nets at angles, in the Great Park, between two covers; and when a likely stag or hind has been selected, the Royal whips help to ride it in. The celebrated "Harry" of Bracknell memory derived his name from the active part which Harry King, the present huntsman, took on the morning of his capture. If once they are in and escape they never come near the nets again. Sometimes they are so shy of the nets that the lurchers have to be slipped to give them a benefit, and they generally bring them to bay in a pond.

In Scotland a forest often looks nothing more than a mass of granite boulders. The deer seem to abhor the paths of men and of sheep, and to withdraw proudly to the heights. There is hardly a blade of grass in those solitudes, but their tenants come down to the glens to feed at night. Glen Tilt will average about 10,000 deer daily within its range; and there is no finer sight than a troop of them moving slowly along its sky line, with sometimes nothing but the branching antlers visible in the far distance. The great Athol forest carries about 30,000 deer in its 80,000 acres, and the keepers know by the position of the wind which is the best drive for the day. During ordinary years the deer can work for their own living, and even when there is a partial snow they can reach the grass, mosses, and lichens, by scraping a little with their fore-feet. When however, it begins to lie much deeper, they quite get over their hatred of civilisation, and work towards the lowlands in herds, and hang about the fields and farmhouses, where black mail is pretty freely levied on them. Roe deer, whose sweet scent will tempt a fox-hound off the line of his fox, as well as red-deer, lose nearly all their natural shyness when hunger forces them into these applications for outdoor relief. Nothing seems to come amiss to them in this crisis. They will attack the trees when they are very sharp set, and leave no bark within their reach. They are uncommonly fond of turnips, but they root them up in rather a wasteful way, and in summer time a keeper could tell at once whether a stag or a hind had been abroad by noticing the mode in which the rows had been dealt with. In Somersetshire this mode of observation is often a great aid to the forester, while he is trying to find the harbour of a wild deer for the hounds. They, even when very much starved out, they never take to kindly.

If very hard weather overtakes them in a park the keepers will sometimes make them, among other things, a small allowance of peas which they delight in, and it is astonishing upon how little they can be kept for weeks, when the elements are against them. Those who have been at some of the best Blair Athole drives of deer, when the wind is from the south, have seen a charge of six thousand down the glen. They do not, however, descend from the mountains in such detachments, but still in sufficient numbers to inflict terrible havoc on some small farms. To the painter it is a grand sight, as the troop advances on in the moonlight, stags, hinds, and fawns mixed, with muffled steps over the snow, on their lowland foray; but, between the jealousy of keepers and his efforts to preserve himself, the farmer has a troubled time of it.

Be temperate in diet; our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

GENERAL NEWS.

CANADA.

The Nova Scotia Legislature will meet on the 17th of February.

Sir A. T. Galt arrived in London, Eng., on the 22nd ult., on business connected with the Massawippi Railway.

James O'Reilly, Esq., Q. C., Kingston, has been admitted to the Lower Canada Bar.

M. L'Abbé Chandonnet, of Quebec, is about to publish a monthly review entitled *Le Catholique*.

The Canadian Papal Zouaves whose terms of enlistment have expired, will return to Canada immediately after Holy Week.

Mrs. Chandler, mother of the Hon. E. B. Chandler, of New Brunswick, died a few days ago, having reached the extraordinary age of *ninety-nine years*. Almost a centenarian.

The Canadian Bishops now in Rome, recently waited upon the Pope in a body and had a special interview. They meet every Monday and generally sit in conference for three or four hours.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries has tendered for six swift fore-and-aft schooners of between 60 and 130 tons for marine police purposes, on the sea-coast of Canada.

The Railway Commissioners have resolved shortly to call for tenders for four additional sections of the Intercolonial, and for rolling stock. The present tenders have to be completed by July, 1871; the next ones a year later.

The Hon. Mr. McDougall and two of his sons arrived at Ottawa, on the 11th. Mr. McDougall has been suffering from a slight fever occasioned by damp boots, since arriving at London. He has taken rooms in the Russell House.

A Winnipeg correspondent says that Mr. John Bruce, President of the insurrectionary committee, has been very badly treated in the personal descriptions which have appeared in the press—that far from being an uneducated half-breed, he is one of the most distinguished Advocates in the country, an eloquent, facile speaker, and a man of high character. He speaks French and English with fluency as well as some of the native languages of the country.

The contracts for Sections Nos. 2 and 4 of the Intercolonial Railway—Grant, Elliot & Co., contractors—have been forfeited. It is rumored that the Commissioners have recommended more liberal estimates on the contract of Messrs. Sutton & Co. The sections to be let in spring will complete the road from Restigouche to Newcastle, N.B.

The Ottawa Court House was consumed by fire on Sunday morning last. The flames originated in the room devoted to the Division Court sittings, which had been occupied the day before. Many valuable documents belonging to the Sheriff's and other offices, together with a portrait of the Queen, in oil, were destroyed. The building was insured for \$14,000. It had long ceased to be fit for the purposes for which it was designed, and its destruction is, therefore, a matter for little regret with the public.

Mayor Tourangeau of Quebec, on taking his seat on the 10th inst., stated that four years had elapsed since he had occupied that position. The city debt had not increased during that time. The civic debt was two millions, secured by 22 millions of Corporation property. He advocated improvements in the Palais harbour, the lowest possible taxation on markets, and ferries, the opening of the Lake St. John road, the ratification by Act of Parliament of the Corporation vote, \$10,000 for the Gosford road, exemption of taxation for ten years of manufacturers and for five years of builders of new houses. The Water Works were in perfect order.

A letter from St. Boniface, December 24, says:—On the 22nd inst., the Winnipeg insurgents forced a loan of £850 sterling from the Hudson's Bay Company under protest. Five hundred and fifty pounds of the amount was used to purchase the press and printing material belonging to Caldwell & Co., from which is to be issued a paper in the interest of the insurgents. A young Irish priest named O'Donohue is the leader of the insurgents. He contemplates making a journey to the United States, but whether for raising funds or enlisting Fenians is unknown. A letter from Governor McTavish, dated Fort Garry, Dec. 25, to the Hudson's Bay Company's agent at St. Paul, says that the loan mentioned above was obtained by the insurgents carrying off the Company's safe containing the amount named. The stolen funds are redeemable at Fort Garry and York Factory in exchange on London. He warns Americans against negotiating these notes, as they are useless.

UNITED STATES.

The American *Railroad Journal* says that the distance between Halifax, N. S., and St. John, N. B., is now travelled in 13 hours, *via* the Windsor and Annapolis Railroad. The cars connect with steamers from St. John at Annapolis, and run through to Halifax without change.

The *N. Y. Times* says:—Prince Arthur will visit Washington towards the close of this month, for the especial purpose of calling on President Grant before visiting other portions of the United States. He will remain about a month, and be the guest of Mr. Thornton, the British Minister. Afterwards he will come to New York and remain several days.

The Peabody Squadron is expected at Portland on or about the 18th inst. It was estimated when it left England that it would not make the passage in less than twenty-five days.

In Governor Marshall's last message to the Minnesota Legislature he says there has been reason to apprehend that the hostile Sioux would be incited to war, endangering the settlements on the American side of the Canada line, and he has communicated with the general government and military authorities on the subject. Governor Austin, his successor, recommends that the legislature ask the general government to station and maintain a military force in the vicinity of Pembina to protect the settlements, in his inaugural address to the same body.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

There are twenty-three stenographers in attendance on the Ecumenical Council, eight Italians, four Frenchmen, as many Germans, five Englishmen, and two Americans. They are all priests, and have taken an oath to keep the debates and proceedings secret.

A memorial stone is to be erected over the grave of the late Marquis of Hastings at Kensal-green cemetery. The principal feature is a figure of Ifope clinging to a cross. The figure is above life-size, and was carved from a solid block of white Carrara marble weighing over eight tons.

On the 10th inst., a most melancholy affair occurred in Paris, resulting from the bitter violence of the Red Republican Rochefort's new paper, the *Marseillaise*. Prince Pierre Napoleon, whom it had attacked bitterly, sent a challenge to Rochefort, and on the day named Victor Noir and Ulric de Fouvillie called on the Prince, with a letter from another member of the *Marseillaise* staff. An altercation ensued, and the Prince shot Noir dead, and fired two or three shots at Fouvillie, which did not take effect. The Prince immediately gave himself up. The accounts of the affair are, of course, contradictory, the Prince claiming that Noir slapped his face, which Fouvillie denies. The Emperor forthwith convoked the Chambers, for the purpose of having the Prince tried by the High Court of Justice. In the *Corps Legislatif* M. Guizot Montepayroux proposed that members of the Imperial family be amenable to the ordinary tribunals. In reply, the Premier, M. Ollivier, used these significant words: "We are justice, law, moderation; if you force us, we shall be power." The office of the *Marseillaise* was seized by order of the Government.

An English paper says the "United Orangemen exist as such no longer. They have split up. A dissenting portion has left the parent society; and we now have 'Independents' upholding the 'glorious reformation.' The new society, in its address, denounces fervently those brethren who allowed the Irish Church Bill to pass. Lord Cairns is very bitterly spoken of. "It is to be regretted that an eminent law lord, long cherished and trusted by the brethren, should have so basely betrayed the cause of Protestantism by an unholy compact with the enemies of religious truth." The address, however, speaks reasonably on all other subjects. Tenant right is demanded for Ulster as well as for other parts of Ireland. The present government is declared sufficient to overcome dissatisfaction in Ireland. Secular education, 'free from the disturbing influences of the clergy of all denominations,' is demanded as a necessity; and the rights of the laity are upheld in the Free Church.

On the 1st inst., the Emperor of the French received the Diplomatic Corps. In answer to the usual address he returned his thanks, and said that the presence of all the foreign representatives was a proof of the friendly relations existing between their respective Governments and France. He then conversed freely with the chiefs of the various legations. The *Journal Officiel* publishes a letter from the Emperor to M. Forcade La Roquette, saying that he accepts the resignation of the ministry with regret, and it affords him pleasure to acknowledge the services which M. Forcade has rendered the country and Emperor in the faithful execution of recent reforms, and in maintaining public order with a firm hand. M. Ollivier, entrusted with the formation of the new government, had not completed his arrangements on the 3rd. It is asserted that MM. Daru and Buffet of the left, and MM. Faillout and Segrès of the right centre, will be called to the Cabinet. M. Ollivier, in his address to the magistrates, on the 8th, said: "I will maintain intact the dignity of the magistracy, and, above all, will keep justice clear from politics, so that decisions will have all the more weight." M. Buffet, Minister of Finance, replying to an address from the great Financial Societies, declared that they must conform strictly to their statutes to avoid such misfortune as that of the Credit Mobilier. He informed them that the ministry of finance would not keep up relations as heretofore with the great financiers. In addition to the project for the reduction of the army contingent, the ministry will propose in the Chambers to abolish the law of *Sûreté Générale*. At the same time an explanation of the interior and exterior policy of the Emperor will be given. Ledru Rollin, Tibaldi, and others, will be allowed to avail themselves of the amnesty recently granted for political offences. Algeria is to be represented in the *Corps Legislatif* by four deputies. Permission has been accorded for the sale of all journals in the streets. All foreign journals will hereafter be distributed without examination by the Bureau.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

A paper read by JOHN WISE, Aeronaut, before the Franklin Institute, New York, Dec. 15, 1869.

Dr. James Bell Pettigrew, in a discourse before the Royal Institute, of Great Britain, on the subject of Aeronautics, said, among other things: "In order to construct a successful flying machine, it is not necessary to imitate the filmy wing of the insect, the silken pizion of the bat, or the complicated and highly differentiated wing of the bird, where every feather may be said to have a peculiar function assigned to it; neither is it necessary to reproduce the intricacy of that machinery by which the power in the bat, insect, and bird is moved; all that is required is to distinguish the power and extent of the surfaces, and the manner of their application, and this has, in a great measure, been already done. When Vivian and Trevithick constructed the Locomotive, and Symington and Bell the Steam Boat, they did not seek to reproduce a quadruped, or a fish—they simply aimed at producing motion adapted to the land and water, in accordance with natural laws, and in the presence of living models. Their success is to be measured by an involved labyrinth of railroad, which extends to every part of the civilized world, and by navies, whose vessels are dispatched, without the slightest trepidation, to navigate the most boisterous seas, at the most inclement seasons.

"The aeronaut has the same task before him, in a different direction, and, in attempting to produce a flying machine, is not necessarily attempting an impossible thing. The countless swarms of flying things testify as to the practicability of the scheme, and nature at once supplies him with models and materials. If artificial flight were not attainable, the insects and birds would afford the only examples of animals whose movements could not be reproduced. The outgoings and incomings of the quadrupeds and the fish are, however, already successfully imitated, and the fowls of the air, though clamorous and shy, are not necessarily beyond our reach. Much has been said and done in clearing the forest and fertilizing the prairie—can nothing be done in reclaiming the boundless regions of the air?"

Certainly there can, if we begin right! As the first sea-ships were not made to be propelled by steam and paddle-wheels, but to be drifted leisurely on the water before the winds, I propose to inaugurate a system of aerial navigation on the like unpretentious principle; namely, drifting in the currents of the trade winds to such points and places as are within the known province of the resources of aeronauts. We have, in this Northern Hemisphere, a system of trade-wind currents, at present so well authenticated and understood as to be acknowledged by the leading scientific institutions of the world as established meteorological facts, of daily recurrence; and I have practically explored them time and again for thirty years past. In the temperate zone these currents blow from the southwest and the northwest, overlapping each other and producing, between them, a compound or eddy current, blowing eastward.

In the spring and in the autumn these two great currents form conjunctions, and produce, for some days, those violent gales termed equinoctial storms, continuing until the balance is restored between the going and the coming of the trade-winds, circulating between the equatorial and polar regions. The lower portion of the lower stratum of these currents—that is, the one from the northwest, is all the time, more or less, sliding off toward the south, and gradually curving round until it reaches the intertropical regions, where it is recognized by mariners as the northeast trade wind; and here, meeting the more rapid motion of the earth's surface from west to east, as well as the equatorial heat, it is whirled westward and upward, and pressed outward, as it ascends, producing the great upper current from the southwest; and thus the northwest current has become the southwest current.

On the other hand, our southwest current is all the time passing off a portion of its upper surface to the north, until it reaches the frigid zone, where it sinks down and becomes the northwest trade-wind current, underlapping the upper current, and, by its friction against the latter, producing what I term the eddy current, blowing nearly direct toward the east.

Thus, we have within the practical capability of the ordinary air-ship, the means of reaching any place east, north-east, or southeast from the place of departure in our latitude.

It is an easy matter to sail from Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or Baltimore, to St. Petersburg, London, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, or Gibraltar, or to any point within that range of latitude, as it becomes simply a matter of constructing an aircraft that is capable of floating in these currents of the atmosphere for a few days, and we know that air-ships can be constructed that will retain a sufficient buoyancy for many days. Napoleon the First had one constructed and used, that ascended with its practising army pupils thirty days after its inflation—time sufficient to circumnavigate the globe with an air-ship.

The change of dimension of the bulk of the inclosed gas by change of temperature between day and night, is to be compensated by a balance rope. When the sun increases the levitating power of the air float, it will soon find its equipoise in lifting from the surface of the sea, or the land its equivalent of the balance rope, and its loss by the coolness of the night by giving back to the land or water its equivalent of weight.

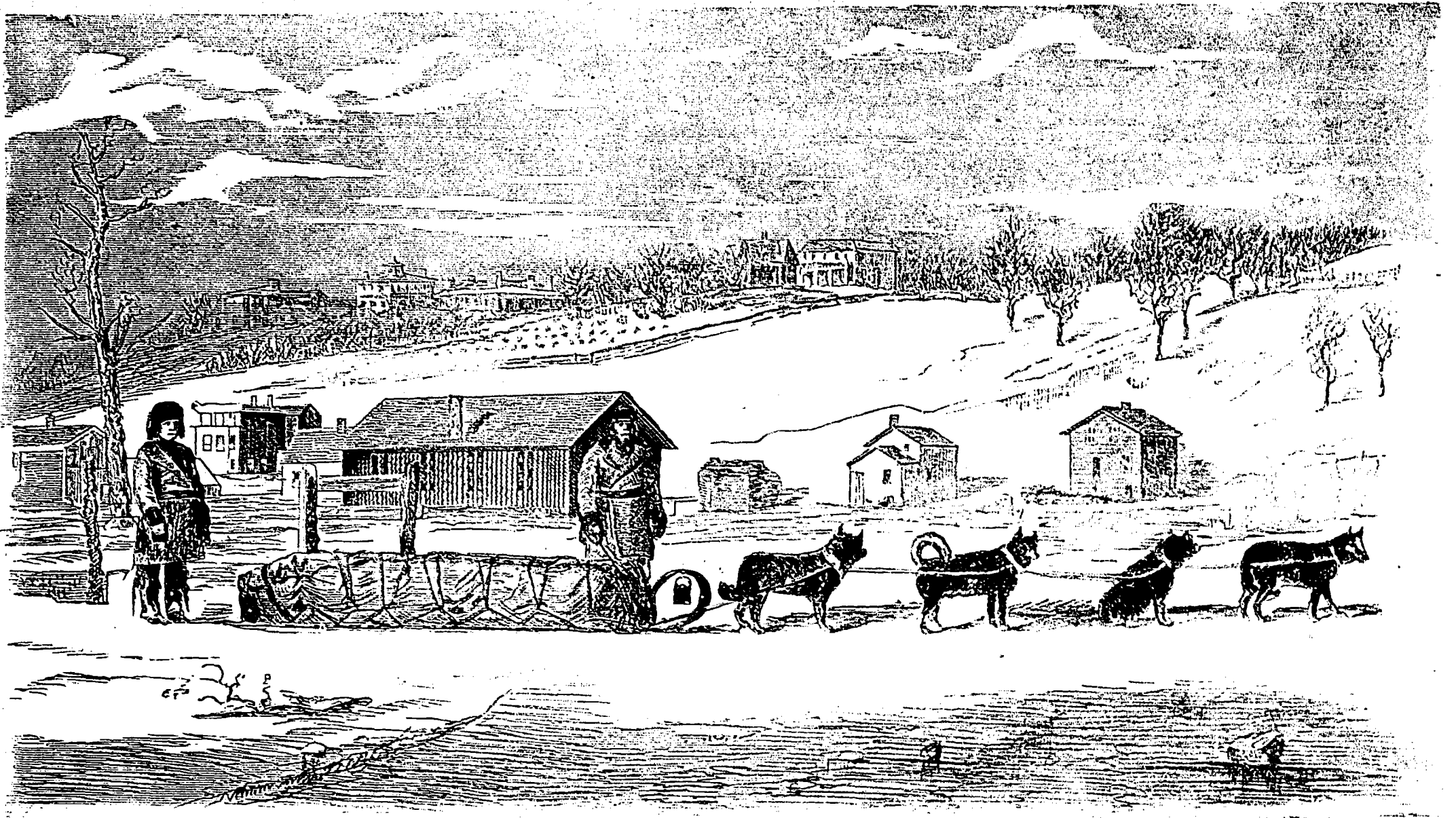
I have practised this current sailing for over thirty years, more or less, made over 400 voyages—from 100 to 1,000 miles in length—and never failed to find these trade-wind currents when an altitude of 5,000 to 12,000 feet was attained, although at these times currents from opposite directions frequently prevailed on the surface of the earth. An air vessel of 100 feet diameter, two thirds filled with coal gas, would have a net carrying power of 9,000 pounds, and would be all sufficient for a practising machine with a view to sound these currents across the ocean and to test the practicability of establishing an air-line of mail and passenger conveyance from this country to Europe. Pleasure seekers and invalids would find it a swift and easy voyage from America to Europe—no sea-sickness and less than three days to make the voyage.

This is certainly a feasible plan for the inauguration of trial trips, and is seriously worthy the attention and application of the enterprise and genius of the present day and in our own nation. A little barometrical practice in the scheme would soon teach us how to lay our lines for a successful system of trans-Atlantic aerial navigation.

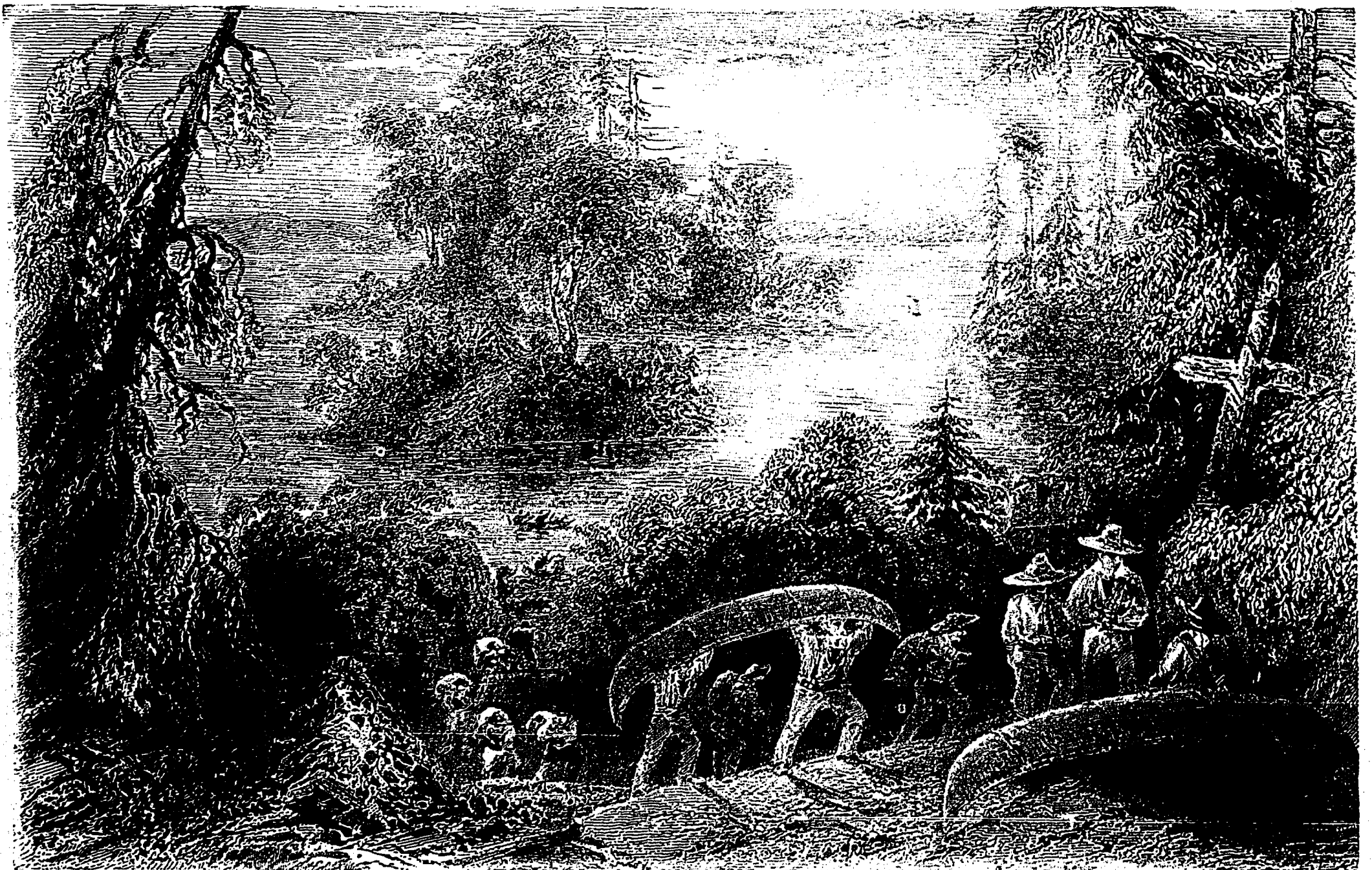
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WM. NOTMAN,
PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN,
MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, AND HALIFAX.
Orders by Post will now receive
PROMPT ATTENTION.



DOG TRAIN IN THE NORTH-WEST.



BURIAL PLACE OF THE VOYAGEURS.—[From Willis' Canadian Scenery illustrated by Bartlett.]

THE POPE BEFORE THE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

Within the church of St. Peter, at Rome, supported against the last pillar on the right hand side of the nave, is a statue of the Apostle Peter, surmounting a pedestal about five feet high. His right hand is raised in the act of benediction, while the left holds the symbol of authority—two massive keys. The head wears the expression peculiar to the early ages of ancient classic art; and the whole statue, though of bronze, has the appearance of rusty iron. To the visitors of St. Peter's it is one of the chief objects of attraction, and Roman Catholics especially mark their veneration for the Apostle by bowing before it, or kissing the exposed foot, which is said to have become much worn, and to shine like silver from this practice. It is a custom with his Holiness the Pope, to frequently perform his devotions before the statue.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY AT POMPEII.—The *Chronique des Arts* gives the following particulars of a late important discovery at Pompeii. They are contained in a letter from Mr. C. Davillier:—"The treasure just brought to light consists of seven hundred coins, Consular or Imperial, some of gold, with a quantity of jewels, among which is a magnificent chain of plaited gold wire, forming a very thick round cord not less than eight feet in length; it has a clasp formed of two thick hooks, and ornamented with two rings, and an amulet shaped like a half-moon. There are, besides bracelets, some of the kind called *Byzantine* (s.p.m.), ear drops set with pearls, rings, &c. The large chain is, however, the most remarkable of the jewels. To form an idea of its beauty is impossible. I know of only two others of the kind; the first was found at Ceylon, and the other at Boulak, in an Egyptian tomb; and I was to be seen at the Paris exhibition of 1867."

How the Timber Goes.—Speaking of the rapid diminution of the forests of America, an Eastern journal says:—"The present consumption of wood in the United States is enormous. One hundred and fifty thousand acres of the



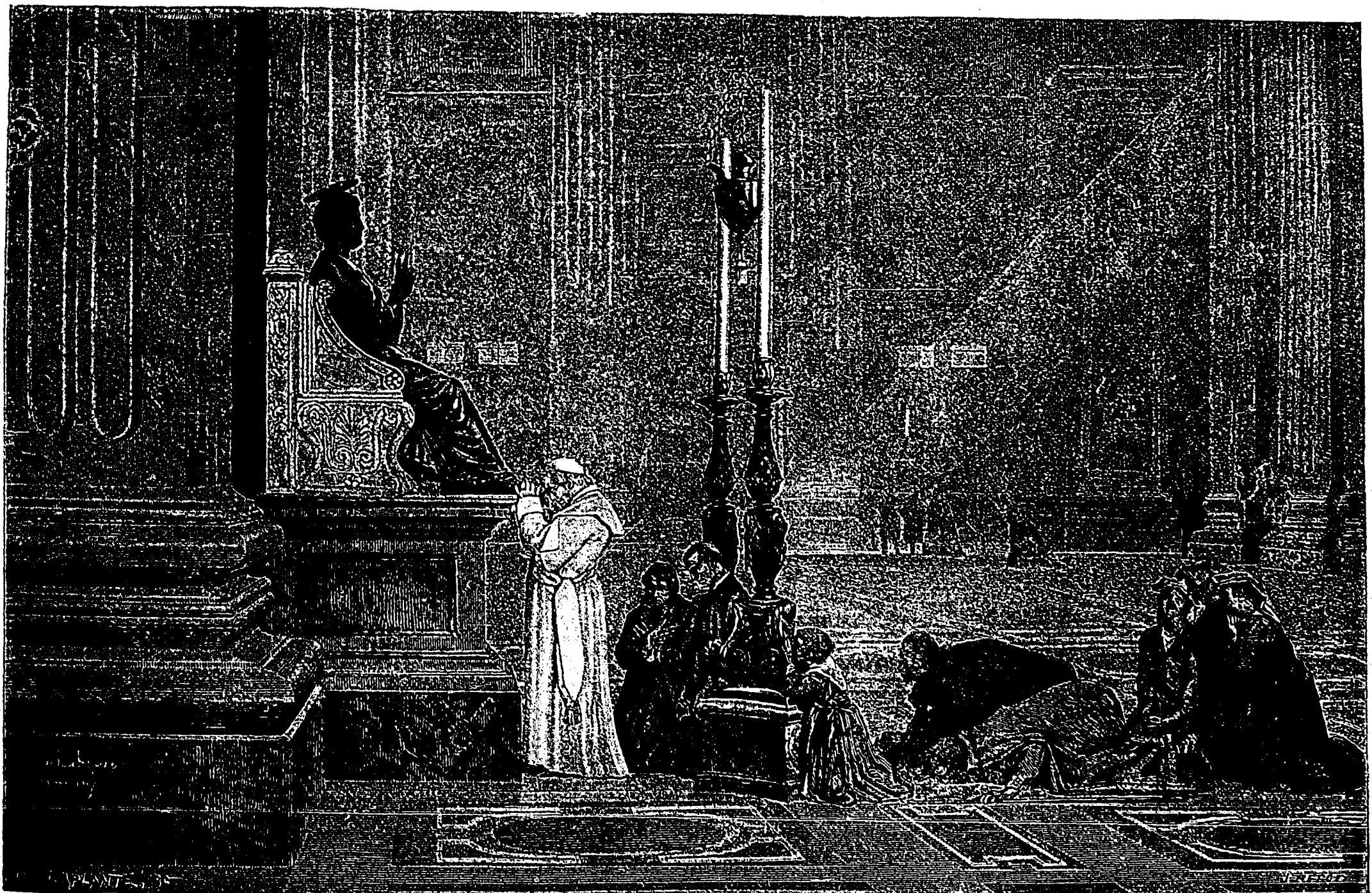
"THE EMIGRANT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

best timber is cut every year to supply the demand for railway sleepers alone. For railway buildings, repairs and cars, the annual expenditure in wood, is thirty-eight millions of dollars. In a single year the locomotives in the United States consume \$56,000,000 worth of wood. There are, in the whole country, more than four hundred thousand artisans in wood, and if the value of their labour is one thousand dollars a year each, the wood industry of the country represents an amount of nearly five hundred millions of dollars per annum. It will be seen, therefore, how extensive are the interests dependent on the production of lumber. Probably laws will have eventually to be enacted by the State Legislatures to prevent such destruction of the forests as will be likely to result in natural injury to the country, and it may be necessary to encourage the planting of forests to meet the demands of expenditure.

A DOG TRAIN IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Among the means of locomotion in the North-West the "dog train" is perhaps the least familiar to the general public. Our view, leggotyped from a photograph by Whitney of St. Paul, Minn., shows one of these trains on the way from Pembina. They make capital time travelling from fifty to sixty miles a day, and such a "team" as that shewn in the illustration will haul about five hundred pounds weight at that rate of speed. Like many other things now peculiar to the North-West, the dog train is destined soon to become the exclusive property of history, as with advancing settlement and civilization, better modes of transit will be introduced.

In Malmoe, Sweden, a "Boys' Union" for the protection of birds was formed on the 2nd of December last. An address has been issued by the society to the boys and girls of Germany. The rules of the union make the duty of the members to be the protection and kind treatment of useful birds, not to rob birds' nests of eggs or young, and also to respect and protect young plantations of trees. Similar societies exist in Denmark and Germany.



THE POPE BEFORE THE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

THE EMIGRANT.

A dream of future wealth and joy
Pervades alike each clime and soil.
Though oft unknown where earos amoy
The sons of unrequited toil.

Thrice happy then the ardent youth,
Or gray-haired sire who deeply feels
The teachings of that mystic truth
Which future happiness reveals;

Which points beyond the narrow bound
Where heart and hand are held in thrall,
And shows, within her circling round,
Contentment and repose for all.

Within the land that gave them birth
No lofty aspirations burn;
The dearest spot to them on earth
Denies the boon for which they yearn.

The veil's withdrawn,—and brightening day
Shines forth upon their inborn night,
And fairer shores, though far away,
Now burst upon their longing sight.

While here Oppression reigns alone,
And slays the victim at his shrines,
There, Liberty's celestial throne
From ocean unto ocean shines.

But, lo! that heaven-imparted light,
Too dazzling for the untrained eye,
Appears to clothe those regions bright
In clouds of dark obscurity.

Till Hope, triumphant over Fear,
Points out the paths their steps should trace;
And Mercy, gently drawing near,
Enfolds them in her meek embrace.

Then Youth, in fancy, rears a home
In sunnier lands beyond the sea;
While Age forbears on earth to roam,
But hails a bright eternity.

"Go, then, my boy," the old man cries,
"May happiness thy steps attend,
And tranquil seas, and cloudless skies
Conduct thee safely to the end.

"Within thy heart give Love a place,
Let Charity conspicuous shine,
Seek well thy heavenly Father's face,
And ever let His will be thine.

"Nor grieve that I, weighed down by years,
May ne'er behold thy happy home—
(My boy, my boy, forgive my tears)
A brighter day is yet to come.

"When, in that world, beyond the wave
Of Time, we reach the starry shore,
Whose portal is the opening grave,
And meet again to part no more.

"Oh ever keep that land in view,
Seek out the Beacon star on high,
Its light and guidance still pursue,
God bless thee boy, good-bye, good-bye."

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 22, 1870.

SUNDAY, 16.—Second Sunday after Epiphany. Battle of Corunna, 1809. Mrs. Wm. McDougall died at Ottawa, 1869.

MONDAY, 17.—Benjamin Franklin born, 1706. Gibbon, Historian, died, 1794.

TUESDAY, 18.—Festival of St. Peter's chair. Old Twelfth day. Earthquake at St. John, N. B., 1869.

WEDNESDAY, 19.—Copernicus born, 1473. Great eruption of Mount Vesuvius, 1776. Isaac D'Israeli died, 1848. Severe earthquake and great loss of life at Bengal, 1869.

THURSDAY, 20.—St. Fabian, Bishop and Martyr. First English Parliament, 1265. U.S. Independence acknowledged, 1783.

FRIDAY, 21.—St. Agnes. Coverdale died, 1568. Louis XVI. beheaded, 1793. Desbarats' block destroyed by fire at Ottawa, 1869.

SATURDAY, 22.—St. Vincent. Lord Byron born, 1788. Prince Christian born, 1831. Whelan, murderer of McGee, refused new trial, 1869.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1870.

It is not a little remarkable that with the advance of liberal forms of government there is a tendency towards illiberal trade laws. In France many classes are denouncing the commercial treaty with England, and demanding the curtailment of the privileges now accorded to foreign ships in French waters. In England a movement favouring protection to manufactures is making rapid headway, while the neighbouring Republic, it need scarcely be said, is the most highly and oppressively protected country in the world. There is also in Canada an attempt to revive the feeling in favour of protection, a petition being in circulation in the Province of Ontario, complaining of the large quantity of American produce imported into Canada—as if that really were a misfortune—and asking for the imposition of a protective tariff.

There is a certain air of plausibility in the plea that Canada suffers injustice by the fact that in getting her supplies at the nearest point to where they are to be consumed, she is buying in the foreign, instead of the home market, and to that extent losing the benefit of one-half the transaction; for trade, to be successful, ought to be mutually profitable—to bring advantage to the buyer as well as to the seller. But, as regards the two great staples in which Canada is thus compelled to operate, grain and coal, there is a geographical reason—which, under a system of general free-trade, would become a necessity—for her dealing with her neighbours instead of her own people. It would be very pleasant, no doubt, were the coal fields

of Nova Scotia nearer to the wheat fields of Ontario, than are those of Ohio and Pennsylvania; or, were the American markets for grain and produce less accessible from Halifax and St. John than those of the Western Provinces. But, assuming that, under present circumstances, the American market furnishes coal to the West and breadstuffs to the East, cheaper than the Canadian market, it is surely a grave proposition to affirm as the protectionists do, that Canada would be benefited by the erection of artificial barriers to this trade. It is to the advantage of each part of the country that it should obtain at the lowest rate every article it has to import, whether from another portion of the same country or from a foreign market, and to the extent that a duty is imposed to restrict this trade, or to force it into other channels, there is just so much of injury done to the purchaser; without, unless in exceptional circumstances, a corresponding measure of profit to the seller.

Thus, in the article of breadstuffs: Both Canada and the United States are exporters to a large amount; their markets do not, therefore, regulate the price; and though our neighbours imposed a duty of fifty per cent. upon Canadian, or though we should put on a similar duty on American, grain the market prices for the surplus product would not be sensibly affected; the result would simply be the restriction of facilities for interchange of commodities between the two countries. In this policy we hold that the country imposing the greater number of restrictions, earns the smaller profit out of the mutual trade. With respect to Nova Scotia coal, the United States lose more in the stagnation of their manufacturing industries and fictitious dearthness of fuel created by the coal duty, than they gain by enriching a few Pennsylvania black diamond potentates. Of course, Nova Scotia suffers for the want of a market; but, before that Province buys its coal market with an advance in the cost of its breadstuffs, it would be well to count the mouths of its whole people against the pockets of the coal owners and their employes. And what would the farmers of the West gain by an import duty on breadstuffs? Literally nothing. The country does not consume all it produces, and therefore the foreign market price at which the surplus may be disposed of rules the price in the home market for the whole. The proposition to balance the coal interests of the East with the grain interests of the West has apparently so much more of mutual inconvenience than of mutual advantage in it that it ought not to be lightly entertained. A more patriotic policy would be to hasten forward the means of improved communication between the Provinces, and leave them all free to buy their raw staples where they can get them cheapest.

The new protective movement in England has its rise among those who, as against the agriculturist, were staunch free traders. The free trade of the Manchester school, though in principle held to be general, had a special application in that by reducing the cost of living it cheapened manufacturing labour. But its influence on prices was less remarkable than the powerful stimulus it gave to all kinds of industry, and notably to agriculture. Now the agitators, while virtually seeking a system of protection, profess only to desire "reciprocity;" but the subterfuge is too transparent. The demand is the proclamation of the *lex talionis*, and quite inconsistent with free trade principles. The whole tendency of such a policy would be to increase prices in the British markets; to limit the choice of the British purchaser; and to "protect" British manufactures out of the markets of the world. The complaint is that the continental maker undersells the British; will it increase the latter's capacity to compete with the former to shut him up in his own market? The demand for reciprocity, though doubtless a fair one in itself, has no real remedy for the alleged grievance; for if the continental manufacturer is already able to undersell the British at his own door, the latter cannot successfully compete with the former in a distant market. The movement thus appears, though veiled under the mild claim for reciprocity, to be, in fact, directed towards the adoption of a protective policy; and the working men will probably be foremost in their efforts to promote it, being blinded, by the hope of temporary advantage, to the evil consequences which would ultimately ensue to themselves as well as their employers.

KITTY, by M. B. Edwards, author of "Doctor Jacobs," "A Winter with the Swallows," &c., &c.; New York, Harper & Brothers; Montreal, Dawson Bros., 23 Great St. James Street.

This forms No. 332 of the Messrs. Harpers' series of select novels. The heroine passes through many thrilling adventures of love and friendship, and reaches the end of the volume with heartaches enough for a dozen ordinary women. She marries grandly, however, and her story is very entertainingly told.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

Perhaps the best introduction we can give our readers to the chief poem in the Laureate's new volume; or that which will best assist them to appreciate its beauties, will be to offer a brief account of the mysterious legend, on which it is founded—that of the Holy Grail. The word *grail* which is otherwise spelt *graal* and *greal*, is believed to be of Celtic origin and signifies a cup or chalice. There is in Celtic, so scholars inform us, a word *grasul* bearing the same signification, and in mediæval Latin we find a word *gradalis* used in the same sense. What, however, is or was the "holy grail?" In looking into this question we find ourselves confronted by a host of more or less contradictory legends, some of which appear to have come from the East, and may perhaps be Arabian in their origin, while others are plainly Celtic, and others again are variations or adaptations of an earlier tradition. According to one set of traditions a cup of the most surpassing beauty and value, miraculously sent down from heaven and fashioned, it was said, out of a single gem, was guarded by a band of chosen knights called Templars on the summit of an inaccessible mountain. Where this mountain was situated no one knew, but the legends told of innumerable knights who had set out to find it in order that they might obtain a glimpse of the treasure which was there preserved. This search for the sacred mountain reminds us of the idea common to most of the Germanic nations of a sacred city in which tradition told them they should find an abiding rest, and meet all their departed ancestors. This city they called Asgard; some of our readers will remember the Goths in Kingsley's novel of Hypatia who wandered up the Nile, asking all whom they met how far it was to the city of Asgard. The legend of the holy city and that of the holy cup are both evidently of pagan origin, but when Christian ideas began to be disseminated among the Germanic and Celtic nations, the cup or graal began to be identified with the cup in which the Saviour of the world had drunk at the Last Supper and which he had afterwards banded to his disciples, saying "This is my blood." According to the common tradition, the origin of which is to be found, some say, in the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus (though the Count de Villermarqué says there is not a word about it in the document in question) this cup was secured by Joseph of Arimathea who also preserved in it the blood which flowed from the Saviour's wounds after he was taken down from the cross and when he was being embalmed for burial. The story goes on to say that the virtue of this cup was such that its possessor enjoyed perpetual youth and unbroken happiness. Joseph of Arimathea, it was said, was imprisoned by his jealous countrymen for 50 years, but at the end of that time was no older than when first confined. Another account said that he lived for 500 years, and then died upon voluntarily surrendering the cup to one of his descendants, in order that he himself might rise to the glories of heaven. The long period of his lifetime he spent, it was said, in Britain, having made the voyage to that distant island upon some rude kind of raft, and with no sail but the skirts of his garments, upon which the winds blew in such a way as to guide him in his appointed course. We see here an instance of the confusion of the mythical with the historical. In the IV. century a certain missionary named Joseph was sent to Britain by St. Augustine, and this slight basis of fact has served for a vast superstructure of fable.

After spending 500 happy years, as we have said, in guarding the Grail, St. Joseph thought he would like to change, and so handed over the treasure to a successor, a nephew, it is said, (though how a nephew came to be living at the time it is hard to explain): the nephew was not as virtuous a man as his uncle, and after preserving the cup for a certain time he lost it; probably the sacred vessel fled of its own accord from his impure guardianship. Henceforth the great enterprise of all the most chivalrous spirits was to recover the lost treasure. None, however, but the perfectly pure in heart and life, could be blessed with a sight of it; to all others it remained invisible, or at least it perpetually eluded their pursuit. Sir Lancelot once thought he had found it; he came upon the place where it was guarded in an exquisitely beautiful shrine by a number of celestial ministers. As he approached the sacred spot he was warned to depart as he was not holy enough to gaze on the object of his search. Disregarding the warning, he advanced, and was smitten with a blindness which lasted for twenty-four days. Only one of King Arthur's knights was said to have looked upon the Grail, that was Sir Galahad, a man of unspotted holiness and purity. Readers of Tennyson, however, will remember a little poem entitled "Sir Galahad," in which the knight declares his devotion to the pursuit of the

* THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON, Post-Laureate. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1870; Montreal, Dawson Brothers.

The Messrs. Harper have done a service to the reading public of America, by presenting a handsomely got up edition of Tennyson's Complete Works, including all the poems published in his new volume just issued in England. Of the pieces first published in 1830, 1832, 1842, and in interyears, it is needless to speak, and his later compositions will more than sustain his already acquired reputation. Having devoted so much space to the legend of "The Holy Grail," we have only room to add that Harper's "Complete Edition" is elegantly bound, and adorned with numerous illustrations.

Graill. We may, perhaps, be pardoned for reproducing here a couple of verses from the poem referred to:—

"How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle to the end
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine,
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes, and falls.
Then move the trees, the corpses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on, the prize is near."

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange:
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Graill.

His persevering search was, as we have said, at last rewarded; but when once his eyes had gazed on the holy object, he felt that the purpose of his life had been accomplished, and that he had tasted the highest blessedness which earth could afford. He had thenceforth no motive for prolonging his mortal career, and, accordingly, in language like that of Simeon of old, he prayed for his release. The prayer was granted, and the holy knight translated at once to the glories of paradise.

These are the leading features of the legend which the poet Laureate has chosen for his last poem. If the subject is not one in which the modern world can be expected to take much interest, it at least affords the poet ample opportunities for the exercise of some of his highest gifts, delicate portraiture of character, vivid reproduction of past forms of life, and a happy blending of solemn and tender sentiment.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 3.—THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY—ITS FACILITIES

FOR TRADE AND TRAVEL.

By the Rev. A. M. D. Dawson, Ottawa.

Another paper on the Saskatchewan may not be quite uncalled for. Great importance surely attaches to a territory of such vast extent—a territory bordering on a river, wide and deep, which flows, in its direct course, more than one thousand five hundred miles from its source to the Ocean. If to this be added, as may be fairly done, the extensive plains and valleys situated along the north branch, which is 772½ miles in length, and its tributaries, there is presented for our consideration, the immense area which requires, for its irrigation, a river the entire course of which is not less than 2,287 miles.

It may surely be reasonably supposed that the countries bordering on so great a river, which is fed by innumerable lakes and lesser streams, some of these streams being comparatively large rivers, cannot be very deficient in the means of internal communication. If there were no other ways of travelling and of trading extensively, than such as are presented by the various water-courses, the Saskatchewan territory would be privileged, as regards traffic and travel, beyond any country in the world. Its rivers flow through countries that are almost wholly level. There are few rapids, and still fewer water-falls; so that the river may be considered navigable by both branches, all the way from the Atlantic shore on Hudson's Bay, through Lake Winnipeg to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Sir George Simpson, an unwilling witness, whilst maintaining that early in the Spring, the water of the river is exceedingly low, and that the voyagers are obliged to get out of their boats and haul them over shoal water, bears testimony to the important fact, that, from the time that the Saskatchewan is swollen by the melting and coming down of the mountain snow, which occurs on the 1st of June, navigation is perfectly practicable until the month of September. "It is best," Sir G. Simpson observes "while the freshet continues at its height, i. e., until the middle of July, when the water begins to fall off." But from that time till September, he admits "it is tolerably good." (Question 790, Minutes of evidence, Select Committee.)

There is a chain of rapids below the confluence of the two branches which, it is believed, could easily be surmounted by canals, or a moderate amount of road-making; two miles from Lake Winnipeg commences the "Grand Rapids," about three miles in length, with a descent of 43½ feet. The country in the neighbourhood of these Rapids is very favourable for a road, says Professor Hind, and even for a settlement. The banks of the river are high, and there is a considerable depth of good soil. A road, Mr. Alex. Russell not inaptly observes, would be more suitable here than any kind of canal, as larger vessels are required for the navigation of Lake Winnipeg than for that of Saskatchewan. The next rapid is 1 mile in length, and the fall 7½ feet. It is calculated that in the 20 miles from Lake Winnipeg to Cedar Lake, there is a descent of more than 60 feet. These rapids, once surmounted, the river is

navigable by steamers through Cedar Lake to Tobern's Rapids, a distance of 180 miles. It may be gathered from the evidence given by Sir George Simpson before a select committee of the House of Commons, that the rapids just referred to are the only serious impediments to navigation between Lake Winnipeg and Edmonton House, at the Rocky Mountains. There are smaller rapids (786), but they could be surmounted without any outlay, whilst the former could not be obviated without expense (787.) The South Saskatchewan presents still fewer obstacles to navigation. Many of the tributaries could be navigated by the smaller kinds of floating craft; and, considering the level nature of the country, canals could be made in every direction.

Not only could this admirable water system be made available for all internal purposes of trade and travel, it would also, in the event of the country being colonized, become subservient to the means of communication with foreign countries. The South Saskatchewan, in its mighty bend southwards, extends to a point within 40 miles of the United States; and it is navigable as far, and much further, than that point in its long course. Stretching northwards, the wide territory reaches Lake Athabaska, and, by means of its waters, commands the navigation of the great McKenzie river for more than 1,200 miles, as far as the Arctic Ocean. Two oceans more are easily accessible, and the civilization, which it is the obvious destiny of this new country to attain, will, one day, render them all tributary to its wants, or to its luxury.

As has been already pointed out, the Saskatchewan, after the junction of its north and south waters, traverses the north end of Lake Winnipeg, and flows in augmented volume, to the Atlantic Ocean, whilst by means of the great lake, (Winnipeg) to which it lends itself for a moment, it facilitates communication with the whole of the Red River country, Assiniboia, and the extensive regions that are bounded on the east and south by Ontario, the richest province of the Canadian Dominion, and by the United States of America. It is also well known that the north branch of the Saskatchewan can be made navigable, without any serious difficulty, as far as the base of the Rocky Mountains, to the immediate vicinity of that pass which Mr. Alfred Waddington has described as the most practicable, and as affording the best route to British Columbia, the gold fields of Cariboo, Vancouver, and the Pacific Ocean. Thus does the Saskatchewan territory possess the advantage, an advantage which cannot as yet be sufficiently appreciated, of easy access, and chiefly by navigable waters, to three great oceans. Time only can reveal the sources of national wealth that must be developed at some future day, by means of such facilities for communication with foreign lands.

The Saskatchewan, which stretches its northern arm as far as the Rocky Mountains and to the immediate neighbourhood of the least difficult way through these mountains westwards, is most advantageously situated on the great line of communication which will be opened, ere long, between the nearest point to Europe on the Atlantic shore, St. John's, Newfoundland, and the Pacific Ocean. It forms a link in the great chain of navigable waters which already almost connect the two oceans. And so it must be a portion of the important route which will, in all probability, be opened, some day, through the British portion of the North American continent, between Europe and the remote East. The Suez Canal may not always be open to British enterprise. But this would be of little consequence if British merchants could avoid the long, tedious, and dangerous ocean passages to India and Australia, China and Japan, by availing themselves of a four days' voyage to Newfoundland, together with absolutely safe and sufficiently rapid conveyances through British America to the placid waters of the Pacific. It is not hard to conceive that so level a territory as that through which flows the Saskatchewan, offers great facilities for roads of all kinds, especially for railways. But this suggests an important subject, which would require a separate paper. Suffice it to say, in the meantime, that the country can easily be traversed in all directions, without any artificial road-making whatever. Not only can pedestrians and hardy explorers make their way through its wastes; such important persons, also, as Governors, and English Lords, have rode through the territory, attended by long trains of horses and baggage-waggons.

The great billiard match between Deery and Dion for the champion diamond cue and one thousand dollars, took place last Monday night at the Mechanics' Pavillion before a large audience. The excitement among billiardists for several days past showed that the game would be closely contested, and consequently, but little odds were offered, although Dion appeared to be the favourite. The game commenced at 8.20 p. m., and ended at 1.10 a. m. Both played continuously, neither players taking doubtful chances, but invariably shooting his ball into the pocket. Totals—Deery, 1,500; Dion, 1,492.

TRAUPMANN CONFIDENT OF ESCAPING THE GALLOWS.

Traupmann again manifests as great indifference to his position as formerly. He appears to have no fear of the scaffold, and has made to his fellow prisoners the remark: "If I am condemned to death, I shall not be executed, as I possess means of committing suicide which no one could prevent me from employing; I am sure of escaping any watch that may be set on me." Whenever he refers to his crime, he does so in a careless manner, without any signs of remorse, and speaks

of it as of an affair which did not succeed in consequence of a defective execution. He admits that he derived little profit from the murder—a few thousand francs only. "I wanted the money," he said, "to construct a new weaving loom, which would have been the commencement of my fortune; I should have invented other machines, and then I should have become rich, very rich. I should have travelled, and there is not a corner of the earth that I would not have visited." He might have been seen on Saturday last, from some of the windows at the Palace of Justice, taking his recreation in the small triangular court-yard of the Conciergerie, and playing at chuck-penny with his jailers, or amusing himself, without any apparent anxiety, in jumping over chairs, and performing other feats of agility. The *Rappel* states that a physician, who has made disorders of the mind his special study, is to visit Traupmann to examine his mental state. This medical man is acting on instructions from M. Lachaud who apparently intends to adopt the plea of insanity in defence of his client.

The simplest post-office in the world is to be found on the southern extremity of America. For some years past a small barrel has been fastened by an iron chain to the uttermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Tierra del Fuego. It is opened by every ship which passes through the Straits, either to place letters in it or to take letters from it. This post-office, therefore, takes care of itself, it is confided to the protection of seafarers, and there is no example of any breach of this trust having occurred.—Each ship undertakes the voluntary transmission of the contents of the barrel if their destination is within the limits of its voyage.

Said a male advocate of woman's rights—"When I am in a crowded car and a lady comes in, I think it is the duty of some other man to get up and give her his seat. I look round the car to see if any man in the crowd looks like making a move in that direction, and when I see them all keep their seats, I hide my face behind my newspaper, and blush for my sex."

WHAT THEY THOUGHT.—At the show the other day. Lady: "Poor unhappy pig, how dreadfully fat, and how it must suffer!" The Pig: "And that's what they call a fashionable Lunnun lady, is it? Don't she look thin and hungry neither!" —*Judy*.

A delicate parcel to be forwarded by rail. A young lady wrapped up in herself.

TEMPERATURE in the shade for the week ending January 12 1870, observed by John Underhill, Consulting and Practical Optician, 387, Notre Dame Street, next to Charles Alexander & Son:

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Thursday, Jan. 6.....	32°	10°	21°
Friday, " 7.....	32°	16°	19°
Saturday, " 8.....	8°	-4°	2°
Sunday, " 9.....	12°	0°	6°
Monday, " 10.....	15°	0°	7° 5
Tuesday, " 11.....	28°	12°	20°
Wednesday, " 12.....	22°	14°	18°

CHESS.

KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

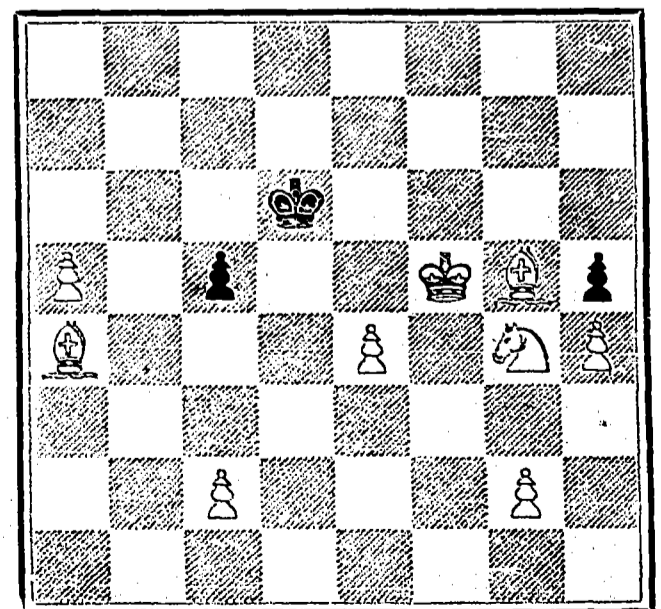
- | White. | Black. |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. B. to B. 4th. | B. to B. 4th. |
| 3. Q. to K. R. 5th. | Q. to K. 2nd. |
| 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. | Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. a |
| 5. Castles. | K. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 6. Q. to K. R. 4th. | P. to Q. 3rd. |
| 7. P. to Q. B. 3rd. | Q. B. to K. 3rd. |
| 8. B. to Q. Kt. 5th. | P. to Q. R. 3rd. |
| 9. B. takes Kt. ch. | P. takes B. |
| 10. P. to Q. 4th. | P. takes P. |
| 11. P. takes P. | R. to Q. Kt. 3rd. |
| 12. B. to K. Kt. 5th. | Q. to Q. 2nd. |
| 13. B. takes Kt. | P. takes B. |
| 14. Q. takes P. | K. R. to Kt. sq. |
| 15. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. | Q. to K. 2nd. |
| 16. Q. takes Q. | K. takes Q. |
| 17. Q. R. to Q. sq. | B. to K. R. 6th. |
| 18. Kt. to K. R. 4th. | R. takes P. ch. |
| 19. Kt. takes R. | R. to K. Kt. sq. |
| 20. P. to K. B. 3rd. | R. takes Kt. ch. b. |
| 21. K. to R. sq. | R. takes Q. Kt. P. |

The game terminated, after many more moves, as a drawn battle.

a B. takes P. ch. &c. is sometimes played here.
b Taking with bishop would perhaps have been better; regaining the "exchange."

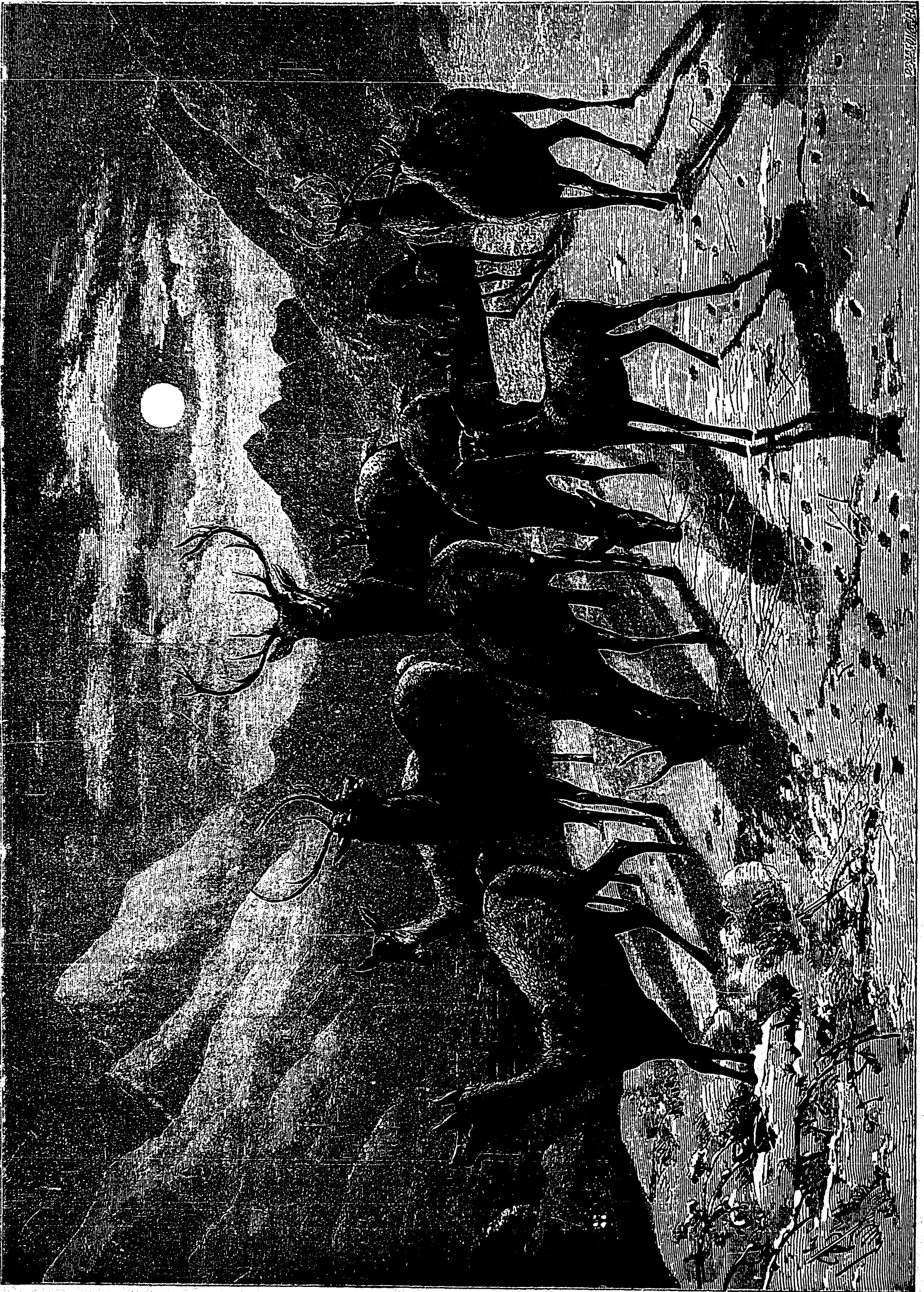
PROBLEM No. 2.

BLACK.

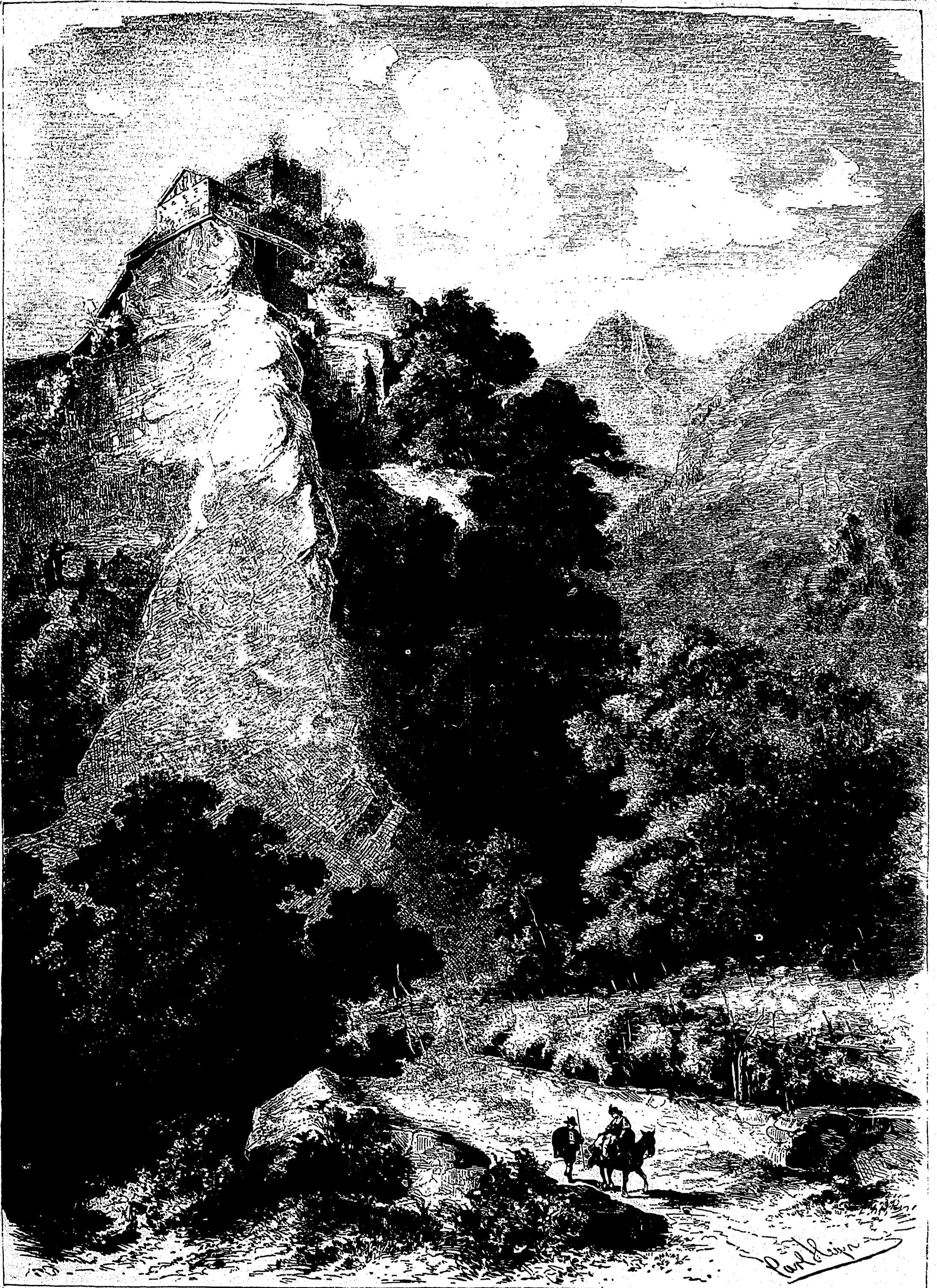


WHITE.

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



G. F. T.—SEE PAGE 162.



NORTHERN VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF TYROL, NEAR MERAN.—SEE PAGE 162.

ADA DUNMORE;

OR, A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

BY MRS. LEPROHON,

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

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Hoity, toity! Some folks ought not carry their heads so high when they think of them that's belongin' to them. Thank God, none of our folks were ever threatened with a hempen collar yet!"

An undisguised general titter followed this speech, and then came an answer from another be-ribboned damsel, in a kindred strain.

Despite my masculine education, my abstract studies, my dippings into metaphysics and mathematics, I was anything but a philosopher at heart, and the laughter and scornful jests just uttered, wounded me to the very quick. I hurried rapidly down the long lane, and when at length I got out of sight of the loitering congregation, I leaned against a tree and found relief in that usual blessed refuge of my sex—a burst of tears. "I will not go to church again!" I passionately said, whilst the hot blood rushed to my cheek. "I will not expose myself to further insult and scorn, friendless, unprotected as I am." Oh, George, George, how desolate your loss has left me!

The remembrance of my brother brought, as it always did, sorrowful not angry thoughts in its train, the indignant flush faded from my cheek, and pale and dispirited, I rose and proceeded on my way. All that week a sharp struggle between wounded pride and sense of duty was going on in my breast, conscience whispering that I had not sufficient reason for abandoning the house of God, whilst human passion maintained the contrary. Saturday night, however, I retired to rest with a dull, miserable consciousness that I must brave the trying ordeal of the past Sunday anew, unless sickness or weather intervened. As if Providence took pity on my weakness, the following morning was ushered in by a snow-storm. Fences, hillocks, gates, had almost disappeared beneath the snowy mantle—the trees were bending under their cold glittering burden, whilst from time to time, sharp gusts of wind whirled large flakes of snow against the windows, which were constantly obscured by the drifting of the storm raging without. Truly thankful felt I for the week's respite, and when another Sabbath dawned clear and bright, I turned my steps with pride chastened and subdued to God's holy house, humbly grateful that I was permitted to seek the Divine consolations it so abundantly offered.

A severe, stormy winter was succeeded by an unusually early spring, and I was in my bed-room one soft balmy morning, watching the flocks of crows circling and cawing round the still leafless branches, when Dorothy entered with a pale troubled countenance.

"You mustn't let it fret you, Miss, but —" and she paused.

"But what?" I asked, trembling in every limb. "Speak, Dorothy, for God's sake!"

"Well, poor Master George is found."

"Found!" I repeated in a low, awe-struck tone, visions instantly rising up before me of my unfortunate brother brought back manacled between officers of justice to expiate his terrible fault on the scaffold.

"Yes. He must have been some months in the water, indeed, from the time he disappeared."

"How—when did this happen?" I gasped.

"The body was found in the stream near Clark's Mills, by two men, who have just come in with the news. They say the inquest is already commenced, as the Coroner lives out that way. I cannot imagine what poor Master George can have been doing in that lonely place. To be sure it leads, though in a round-about way, to the place Mr. Dunmore said he was going to, and he may have fancied that road. Any how, we now know, poor boy, why he didn't come back to answer the lying slanders told against him. He's sadly changed, through being in the water so long, but his name is on his linen, and Joe Dodds, the post-boy, who saw him, says he'd know him in a thousand."

"Have you seen my father?" I whispered.

"Yes, and he's given orders for the body to be brought up here as soon as the inquest is over."

Poor fair-haired, light-hearted George! Was it thus he was to be brought back to the house, of which some short months previous, he had been the hope and pride? How fatally had his young life been clouded—how soon and how sadly ended. And yet how much better that it should be so, than as I had at first feared. He was entirely in the hands of God now, and how much more merciful are His judgments than those of man!

A day of terrible anticipation followed, and then towards evening the hall-door was opened and the heavy shuffling tread of men bearing a weighty burden, succeeded. After a time everything was quiet, and Dorothy stole to my room, softly saying:

"All is ready now, dear! Go in with the master, for fear the shock would be too great for him."

My father was standing in the hall, and without interchanging a word, we entered the room to which Dorothy mutely pointed. The body was covered by a sheet, through which its outlines were but faintly visible, but, as it was not drawn up sufficiently far, the dark tangled curls of fair hair in which poor George had once taken such harmless pride, were exposed to view. Standing near the head of the corpse, my father broke the silence by reverently exclaiming:

"I thank Thee, oh God!"

It was the first time I had ever heard the accents of praise or prayer from his lips, and I gazed at him in silent awe.

"Yes, I thank Thee that Thou hast rescued from ignominy the honourable name he bears, even at the expense of his life; I thank Thee for having allotted him a hallowed, honoured grave, instead of a scaffold or a felon's cell!"

I still kept my eyes mechanically fixed on my father, whilst he proceeded to draw down the sheet, when I at once became conscious of a sudden and startling change in his expression. The look of reverend respect gave way to a glance at once hard and defiant. What could—what did it portend? Involuntarily I turned my eyes towards the corpse, but the face was so sadly disfigured by its long immersion in the water, that I hastily averted my glance to the soaked, water-stained habiliments, and the hands crossed so quietly on the tranquil breast. Quick,

vivid as lightning, flashed across my mind the recollection of the unknown lad, to whom I had given poor George's cast-off suit and linen, and with it came the certainty that his was the corpse before me, not that of my ill-fated brother.

"Father!" I tremblingly whispered. "We have been deceived. That is not poor George."

He silently, almost fiercely looked at me, but made no reply, whilst I went on in the same subdued tone:

"If you remember, my brother changed, on that terrible night, the clothes he had on, which were almost similar to these, and I afterwards buried them in the cellar. On leaving, he was dressed in a dark brown suit. Oh, father, I will tell you all!" and I, tremblingly, recounted the episode of the unknown stranger, the assistance I had given him.

Sternly, almost contemptuously, he spoke. "I have discovered the truth before this, without the aid of any feminine analysis of clothing. Where is the small scarlet birth-mark that George Dunmore bore on his neck?"

Abruptly approaching the door, he turned the key in it, and then returned to his former position.

"Ada!" he said, "that poor mortal frame before us belongs to one who is a perfect stranger to our name and race—probably an out-cast, a pauper; yet, as a Dunmore shall he be interred—as a Dunmore must he be mourned."

"Father! father!" I involuntarily exclaimed, recoiling a couple of steps. "How could we act so terrible a lie?"

"Listen! girl!" and he grasped my arm like an iron vice.

"It shall be as I say. Will you dare to contradict me when I shall call him—here, he glanced at the motionless body before us—my son? Will you dare to reveal the circumstances of your brother's flight, so that that brother may yet be hunted down and brought to justice? Do you not see that by acting this lie, as you justly term it, we will remove the heavy cloud of disgrace that has hung over us since his flight; clear our name from the direst stain that has ever yet tarnished it, and secure your wretched brother, in the most effectual manner, from a discovery abroad, or at home, if he should ever be rash enough to risk himself on Canadian soil again. Answer! have I not prudence and reason on my side?"

I only sighed in reply.

"I see," he quickly, sternly resumed, "that you are not to be trusted. Though to-morrow, you would, perhaps, think it no sin to swear love and fidelity at the altar, as half of your sex do, to a man for whom you entertained neither affection nor respect, you will hesitate, falter at a deviation from truth, which may save, perhaps, your brother from a scaffold—your father from a broken heart. Hark to me now. Out of this room you shall not pass till you have sworn solemnly as you once did before, to never reveal the identity of that poor form of clay before us—to never reveal to mortal, not even to your future husband if you should ever wed, the fact that the George Dunmore, whom men will suppose interred in Danville church-yard, for whom they will see us wear mourning, is in reality a wanderer in other lands, and that it is a stranger who has taken his place. Do you hear me? Swear by your holiest hopes—by your mother's memory, to be silent!"

My father's agitation as he spoke became excessive, his eyes glittered, his voice sounded hoarse and unnatural, and afraid of him, as well as afraid of increasing the terrible emotion under which he laboured, I repeated, with parched trembling lips, the binding oath he exacted from me.

"Go to your room now," he said, "and I will see to everything. All I require from you is passive silence."

CHAPTER II.

Of course the result of the inquest held on the supposed body of George Dunmore was a verdict of death by accidental drowning; and four days after, the stateliest hearse the neighbouring town afforded, issued from our hall door, whilst mourning gloves and crape weepers were displayed in profusion. The funeral was large, for the reaction in the public mind, consequent on the supposed discovery of the innocence of one whom they had unhesitatingly set down as guilty, was accompanied by a species of remorse, which found solace in showing all the honour in their power to his last remains.

Before the coffin was screwed down, Dorothy entered my room, and removing her apron from her eyes, which were red and swollen with excessive weeping, asked if "I would not like to pay a last visit to poor Master George?"

I shuddered and shook my head.

"Well, well," she said, half reproachfully, half sorrowfully. "To think you were brought up together, and loved one another once so dearly! To be sure, he is greatly changed. A dreadful sight for youth to look upon!"

Ah, if that cold clay had been indeed the mortal remains of my poor brother, no disfigurement, no shrinking fears would have kept me from hanging over him, weeping, watching beside him, imprinting a last kiss on his clammy brow.

"Here, Miss Ada," added Dorothy after a pause, extending to me as she spoke, a tress of fair, curly hair, which she had carefully dried and brushed out, "I thought, maybe, you'd like yet to have it, though you never asked me for it. Old love and old feelings will come back on you when the first dull heaviness of the shock is over."

I took the tress, and after the kind-hearted woman had left the chamber, approached the fire she had lighted regularly in my room for some time past, for she insisted I was looking very ill and thin, and threw it into the flames.

Hapless, unfortunate boy! Probably in crossing the plank above the rapid stream he had fallen in, perhaps the very day on which I had seen him and given those garments of poor George's, which seemed to have brought with them such dire misfortune. He had told me he was a friendless run-away, distant from relatives or home, and none were likely to make search for him, so our secret would probably remain for ever undiscovered. He would have a stately funeral, and sleep in an honoured tomb instead of the shallow pauper's grave which of right belonged to him, so he at least, would suffer nothing from this strange deceit.

On his return from the funeral, my father entered the apartment where I sat, tearless and silent, enshrouded in the heavy black garments which he himself had ordered for me. Mechanically removing from his hat the long crape that encircled it, he said: "At last it is over! Another tenant has been placed in our family burial place."

"But not one of ourselves, father," I rejoined in a low, unsteady voice.

"Think you, child, I have forgotten or ever can forget that?" and his tone was expressive of sharp pain. "Why, I suffered more than enough when that coffin was laid in the earth beside your mother and the infant son who died before her, to expiate the deceit I have been guilty of. It seemed to me little short

of sacrilege. But better it should be so than that one of the name should die perhaps on a gibbet. I saw an old acquaintance to-day," he abruptly added, as if anxious to change the subject. "A friend with whom your poor mother and myself were well acquainted when we first came to Canada, but whom I have not seen since her death."

"What is his name?" I listlessly asked.

"The Honourable Rupert Eilerslie, a true-hearted and gentlemanly man. Our meeting to-day was entirely accidental. On leaving the church-yard, I perceived a handsome travelling carriage drawn up before the door of the little inn, and a gentleman standing near it. Though I did not at first recognize him, he immediately came up to me and mentioned his name, expressing his deep sympathy for my late bereavement, of which some of the villagers had informed him. He told me he was travelling with a young married sister of his, and they had stopped at the village for an hour's rest. I am thus particular, Ada, in giving you these details, because if I were called away to-morrow—do not start so, child, I am not immortal—he is the only friend whose name I can recall, likely to assist you. I have lived so long totally separated from the outer world that my memory scarcely furnishes me even with the appellations of any others likely to befriend a child of mine. Now, that to-day's terrible farce has been played out, let it never again be alluded to between us, and I solemnly charge you, that if you survive me, which in the course of nature you will probably do, to see that I am interred at the other side of your mother, not near him who was buried thereto-day." I mutely assented, and he left the room.

The following Sunday I attended church in my sweeping sables, and the loungers at the door respectfully made way for me to pass in, whilst kind and sympathizing glances were bent on me from every side. Even Nellie Carr and her friends cast down their eyes in mingled confusion and regret when I passed them. But not even under the fire of their rude mockery some months previous had my cheeks burned half so painfully, my eyes so steadily sought the ground as they did now. Ah! the part I was compelled to act was one from which my whole nature revolted; but quiet prayer soon calmed the dull, remorseful sort of pain throbbing at my heart, and I returned home more tranquil than when I had left it.

A couple more months glided monotonously over, and then I was aroused by a rude shock from the species of passive indifference to life and to everything around me into which I had of late fallen, by learning one morning from the terrified Dorothy that my poor father had just been struck by paralysis.

"Send off Peter for a physician, immediately!" I breathlessly exclaimed, and then flew to his room, panting with alarm. I found him perfectly calm and tranquil. Though he had lost the use of his limbs, his mental powers and speech were unimpaired, and bidding me be seated, he said: "You must not look so white and terrified, Ada! If my hour has come, no fears or efforts can prolong my stay."

"Oh father!" I gasped, whilst emotion almost suffocated me. "Do not speak thus. If you are taken, how lonely, how helpless I will be!"

"Not more lonely and helpless than you have been with me, I fear, poor child. I have often thought of late that I have not done my duty by you—that the bare food and clothing, with the mechanical instruction I forced you to receive, did not comprise all that you had a right to expect at a father's hands; but these thoughts have come too late in life to be of any service to either of us. You are a good girl, Ada, and have ever been so. I had always thought you would have found, at a later period, a kinder protector and guardian than I have been, in your unfortunate brother; but that dream, like all the other dreams of my useless existence, has proved an illusion. But, child, do not sob so! If you knew what a weary burden life has been to me for many long years past, you would not grieve that I am at last mercifully permitted to lay it down. I have one anxiety, though, that greatly torments me. It is that I leave you not only friendless, but poor. I have debts, some of them of very old standing, I cannot now recall their amount, but they may necessitate the selling of the old homestead here. Do you hear me, Ada?"

"Yes, father."

"With a view to such a casualty," he resumed, lowering his voice to a whisper, "I one day took advantage of my being alone in the house to disinter those clothes—you know what I mean—and burn them."

Even in that hour of dire trouble I felt thankful to learn this, for often in my dreams the thought of them had haunted me.

My father went on: "There is no risk now of careless hands, whilst making changes, or fancied improvements, dragging them to light and reading the mute evidence of guilt they afford. But there is some one at the door. Open it. Ah, it is you, Doctor! Ada, you had better leave us together for a while."

The conference was not very long. Dorothy was called in soon to the physician's assistance, and after a time they re-appeared on the threshold.

"Lose no time in sending for a clergyman!" was the whispered injunction of the doctor, who returned to the sick room.

The fiat had gone forth. Alas! there was no hope!

The Rev. Mr. Wood soon arrived, and Doctor Jackson took his departure. The former remained a considerable time with my poor father, and at length, when he left, I was permitted to enter. But the patient was now too much exhausted for farther conversation, and he lay back on his pillow, pale and silent. I sat beside him, the simple medicine the doctor had left close at hand. Once he spoke, and his voice was strangely hoarse and altered. "Ada," he said, "if ever you see poor George again, tell him I left him my dying blessing." He soon after fell into a stupor, from which he never awakened on earth. With poor Dorothy wiping the damps from his brow, and I holding his cold hand, he quietly breathed his last about midnight. The gloss was scarcely off the mourning garments I had assumed with such reluctance, when there was really cause for me to mourn anew.

Over the details of the funeral I will not linger. Such things are so common in real life that the recounting of them must prove wearisome to the reader. A few days after the last ceremony, Doctor Jackson called to see me. He briefly recapitulated the conversation which had passed between him and my father, relative to the arrangement of the latter's temporal affairs, as well as the instructions given him regarding myself. In pursuance of these, he had called on the notary with whom my father's papers were deposited, and who had managed his affairs for years previous. After going over them carefully, the sad result arrived at was that the house must be sold to cover old debts, and the

very furniture disposed of to pay the heavy expenses of my brother's funeral, still unsettled.

Apathetically I listened to all this. Surely my father's strange indifference to life and all its interests had been bequeathed to me—my only inheritance—for when Doctor Jackson finally paused, I tranquilly asked:

"I suppose I must leave here then immediately, and endeavour to earn my livelihood?"

"Thank God, my dear young lady, that you are so courageous and resigned," he rejoined, evidently mistaking my stolid apathy for fortitude. "It wonderfully softens what I had looked forward to as a most painful and trying task. Poor Mr. Dunmore, foreseeing what might possibly happen, left a letter addressed to the Honourable Rupert Ellerslie, a gentleman, I understand, universally respected for his integrity and honourable character, which letter we were to send if a careful examination of Mr. Dunmore's affairs proved that you were left, as he feared, entirely unprovided for. The letter, which I believe is a request to procure you a post of teacher in a Ladies' Academy, or else of governess in some unexceptionable private family, has been forwarded, and you may daily look for a reply."

I thanked Doctor Jackson for all his kindness, declined gratefully the friendly invitation sent me by the ladies of his household to take up my abode for the present with them, and saw the kind physician depart, rejoicing evidently in my peaceful state of mind.

Only one thing seemed to trouble me now, and that was the thought of poor Dorothy, whose future fate disquieted me much more than did my own. Our other domestic, Peter, had laid by sufficient through the course of his long, thrifty life, to render him comfortable till its close. Dorothy, however, was not long a source of anxiety to me, for her sterling qualities and matchless skill in all branches of housekeeping were well known, and more than one patience-worn, oft-tried mistress of a household eagerly sought to possess themselves of such a treasure. Her preference was accorded to Doctor Jackson, influenced, I think, by his kindness to myself.

Dorothy, like poor George, was given to castle-building, and she confidently added, whilst announcing to me the new engagement into which she had entered:

"Don't look so fretted and cast down, dear, for I'll be living with yourself yet. With that sweet young face—I do begin to find you almost as handsome as your mother, of late—and those winsome ways of yours, not to speak of your wonderful learning, you'll soon be marrying some great gentleman who'll place you at the head of a grand house, and then you'll take poor old Dorothy home to live and die with you."

"God grant it, my faithful, kind friend," I rejoined; but there was less of hope in my voice and look than in hers, old and world-worn as she was. I was standing in front of the house one evening, the first time I had crossed its threshold since the sad burden of my poor father's remains had been carried over it, when I saw Doctor Jackson approaching.

"I have news for you, Miss Dunmore," he cheerfully said, the first salutations over, "news which, I hope, will prove acceptable. Mr. Ellerslie, with a promptness amply justifying the confidence placed in him by your late lamented father, has written to me, mentioning that he has already found a situation which he hopes will suit you, at least till something more eligible shall offer. It is with his sister, Mrs. Sherwin, as governess to her only child, a girl of seven or eight years of age. The lady herself has sent a little note to you. It was enclosed in her brother's letter. Pray open it at once, for I shall be so happy to learn that everything is satisfactorily arranged."

The note contained only a few sentences, courteously worded, mentioning the salary to be given—it was liberal beyond my most sanguine expectations—and ended by requesting that if the proposition suited me, I would write a few lines to say so, in which case she would send her own maid for me that day week, at eight in the morning; and the companionship of this latter, who was a respectable, trustworthy person, would obviate the disagreements otherwise likely to result from travelling alone at my age on a route with which I was totally unacquainted.

"Very kind and thoughtful, indeed, on Mrs. Sherwin's part," he said, after I had read aloud to him the communication. "I feel assured you will be happy with her if her disposition and character at all accord with the opinion I would be inclined to form of them from her short letter."

"Yes, indeed, I am fortunate, Doctor Jackson: far more so than I had ventured to expect. I will be ready for the time appointed, and till then my kind old servant, or friend, I should call her, wishes to remain with me. After that, she will go to you. As for yourself, I know not how to express my gratitude for the kind interest you have shown me!"

"Tis nothing—nothing!" he hastily interrupted. "May God bless and guide you, young girl, through the paths of that thorny world on which you have been thrown at so early an age!"

CHAPTER III.

The appointed day came, and my small trunk stood corded and ready near the door, the early breakfast, on which poor Dorothy had bestowed unusual care, was partaken of, and myself, shawled, bonneted and veiled half an hour before the time. But that half hour was not likely to hang heavily on my hands, for I wished to go again all over that empty, lonely, rambling house. Dull, poverty-stricken as it had always been, at least, in my recollection, I had never known any other home, and I found now, at parting, that my heart clung to each part and portion of it, almost as if it had been endowed with life and feeling. Sadly I gazed from my window on the scene before me, desolate with even the beauty of summer over it, but I had looked on it so long that each swampy spot—each stunted tree—each stony arid field—had become familiar, suitable features in a well-known landscape. One thought which haunted me all the while more persistently than any familiar demon in German legend ever did its luckless master, was the remembrance of my fondly-loved, ill-fated brother; but I resolutely endeavoured to banish it, for I knew well that once my composure would give way, I would be unable to stem, perhaps for hours, the wild torrent of grief surging in my breast. In time, for large briny drops were beginning to gather in my eyes, and, despite the quickness with which I dashed them away, kept rising faster and faster, a conveyance, evidently from the neighbouring village, drove up to the door, and a middle-aged, majestic-looking personage, clad in rich black silk, with bonnet and shawl of corresponding elegance, alighted. I descended the stairs

immediately, and entered the sitting-room just as the imposing visitor was explaining to the bewildered Dorothy, who evidently took her for Mrs. Sherwin herself, that the latter lady had deputed her to call for Miss Dunmore. She then further added that "she hoped I was ready, as the journey was a long one, and the roads rough and impassable to a degree that had filled her, as it must do all strangers, with unpleasant astonishment."

As I entered, her eye ranged over my simple costume, and she then condescendingly exclaimed: "Miss Dunmore, I presume!"

I bowed in reply. "Well, I am happy to see that you are ready, for really young persons, now-a-days, seem to think it a positive merit to be unpretentious."

"Are you Mrs. Sherwin's maid?" I briefly asked, for the condescension of her manner became every moment more overpowering, doubtless rendered so by a closer inspection of my humble toilette, and our correspondingly simple surroundings.

"Hem! Yes! My name is Mrs. Croker," she returned, evidently confused, and losing some portion of her former stateliness of manner.

"I am ready, then, unless you would wish to rest, or to breakfast, if you have not already done so?"

"Oh, dear, no! I had a morning meal, such as it was, at the inn below. Please let us start immediately!" and she cast a slight disparaging glance around that indicated plainly she did not think the place calculated to invite further sojourn or delay. "The stage leaves Danville at an early hour, so we have no time to lose."

"Then, good-bye, my faithful, kind Dorothy," I said, casting my arms around the latter's neck. "I will write to you soon."

"Do, darling Miss Ada! I will deliver the key of the house to Dr. Jackson this evening, and see to everything—and whisper, dear, I will live in hopes of the grand name and fine house of which I know you will yet be mistress!"

"Foolish dreams! foolish Dorothy!" I answered, smiling in spite of myself: "Good-bye!" and again I pressed her withered cheek to mine, the stately Mrs. Croker, meanwhile looking on in contempt. Then, with a last lingering look around, I crossed the threshold of my early home to go forth into the unknown world.

Determined to avoid conversation with my companion, whose patronizing impertinence even my inexperience rebelled against, I maintained a profound silence, which she resentfully imitated. I was well pleased to exchange the jolting of the stage-coach for the deck of the pretty little steamboat destined to convey us to Kingston, but whilst congratulating myself on the treat I should enjoy watching the scenery of the beautiful banks between which we were gliding, a heavy persistent rain set in, driving us to the cabin. Fortunately, I was provided with a book to which I at once turned, finding in its pages better occupation for my thoughts than I fear they would otherwise have had, for Mrs. Croker was seated in an easy chair opposite, studying either myself or my toilet intently. Her survey finished, she drew from a handsome velvet travelling bag a well-thumbed novel, and after darting a resentful glance in my direction, for at the moment she was more disposed for conversation than reading, entered on its perusal. After dinner we resumed our respective places, the rain still continuing, and, Mrs. Croker, who had been yawning and fidgeting for some minutes past, suddenly said:

"Pray oblige me, Miss Dunmore, by changing books. I have finished mine—The Sorrows of Miranda; or, the Pirate's Bride—and I am certain you will be delighted with it. 'Tis sweetly touching!"

I handed her the volume in my hand, which happened to be an Italian work, and after glancing peevishly over its pages, she returned it to me, remarking: "That as she had not been brought up for a governess, she had not felt herself called upon to learn half-a-dozen different languages."

After this speech she majestically withdrew to her sleeping-berth.

It was morning when we landed in Kingston, and as I remembered that it was one of the oldest settled portions of the Upper Province, occupying the site of the French fort of Frontenac, I looked round me with curiosity and interest. Notwithstanding the shrinking feeling with which I contemplated my approaching introduction to the utter strangers amidst whom my lot would be henceforth cast, even that absorbing feeling gave way to one of vivid admiration, as I gazed on that beautiful sheet of water—the Bay—lying calm as a mirror in front of the city, with Wolfe and Garden Islands opposite, looking doubly fair in the rosy light of morning. A carriage was waiting for us at the landing, and after a half-hour's drive—Mrs. Sherwin lived out of the city—we entered a wide avenue bordered with maples, and stopped before the door of a small but elegant villa.

"Thank Heaven, we are at Elmsford at last!" exclaimed my companion, as she joyfully rose, having doubtless found her journey one of the most tedious and unsatisfactory she had ever made. "Maggie!" addressing a smart pretty maid-servant, who came flying down the steps to aid in removing our small parcels from the carriage—a man-servant followed to take charge of my trunk—"Maggie, where is Mrs. Sherwin?"

"In her room. She said you were to take Miss Dunmore at once to the chamber laid out for her, and I will bring word when Mrs. Sherwin is ready to see her."

Mounting the richly carpeted stair-case we stopped at a door which Mrs. Croker threw open, saying: "There is a bell near the mantle-piece. Whenever you want anything, ring, and one of the maids will attend you."

To be continued.

An Englishman, after dining at a second-rate French restaurant, by mistake took away the *carte du diner*.

On arriving at the Italian frontier he was asked for his passport.

Half asleep, he handed the *menu* to the gendarme, who read aloud—

"*Tête de veau, poitrine du mouton, pieds de cochon.*"

"The description is exact," said the gendarme, and returned it to the Englishman.

An Irish friend of ours the other day thundered out a noble answer to a pestiferous dun. "Ye may call, sor, for the dirty bill this day month, and if I see your ugly face before that day, begorra I'll have to take the receipt from your executors."—*Punch*.

THE USE OF EYES.

A young friend of ours, about to commence a nautical career, was requested to call upon an "old salt" just previous to the sailing of the vessel in which the young aspirant was about to make his first trip to Hong Kong, in order to receive some useful advice. The call was accordingly made, and the somewhat laconic advice received. "Keep your mouth shut and eyes open." This advice followed, in its true meaning, is valuable to those who dwell on land as well as those who go down to the sea in ships.

The eyes are, perhaps, the avenues through which more information, in regard to external things, is gained than any other of the organs of special sense; but a very little observation will convince a careful student of human nature that most people are, to a certain extent, blind.

The horse dealer sees well, when he examines a horse. All the points of the animal, good, bad, or indifferent, come under review. An incipient spavin, or splint does not escape his questioning glance. He sees well, because he is interested to see. But this same sharp inspector of horses drives by trees, stones, brooks—walks about through myriad beauties without more than perceiving the outlines of objects, and

"With eyes that hardly serve at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post."

And he is by no means an isolated case of this kind of blindness. It may be found in all professions and trades—not even the journalist being an exception, though the full use of eyes is, to him, it would seem, if not an absolute necessity, at least something essential to highest success.

This want of power to see originates in the want of proper discipline. Men are born, if not totally blind, like puppies, yet, with eyes that, like all the other organs and faculties, need to be perfected by education. But the blindness of which we speak is mental blindness. "Men have eyes but they see not." They pass through this world of life and beauty with eyes turned inward. The marvelous panorama of nature passes before them without more than a careless and indifferent glance, now and then, and its details of beauty and grandeur are all unnoticed. The lessons of wisdom they might gain by simply looking and reflecting, are lost through neglect. The eyes will see if the mind commands.

We presume a large proportion of our readers may convict themselves of this mental blindness, by the simple experiment of looking closely at all the natural objects presented to their notice during a single hour of their existence. Whatever these objects may be—stones, ships of metal or wood, leaves, roots, insects, bark, or what not—we venture to say, nine out of ten may see something in each they never saw before, if they will look with mind as well as eye.

Herein lies the main difference between the man with a full stored mind, and the man of little knowledge. Knowledge of natural things is mainly obtained by seeing. Humboldt was Humboldt principally through a judicious use of his eyes. One of the best habits a young man can cultivate is that of minute observation. Men, things, events, should be scrutinized, not allowed to flit by without attention.

This habit will make a man of small natural ability a match for the careless observer possessing far greater talent, and it makes the man of fine talents great. It made Bacon, Newton, Franklin, Cuvier, Linnaeus, Humboldt, Farady, Tyndall, Rumford, Helmholtz, and Huxley, great lights of science; and Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright, and others, the great mechanics whose labours have culminated in our present high civilization. In any capacity, whether in art, literature, or science, to be great, one must learn to see.—*Scientific American*.

THE EFFECT OF BAD FARMING.

J. J. Thomas says he knows a farmer over sixty years old, who has worked hard for more than forty years. He began with a good one hundred and fifty acre farm given him, but subject to an encumbrance of about one third its value. This was a good start. He is after a lapse of forty years, still in debt. He is temperate; had he not been his farm would have gone long ago. He has worked hard; had he not, he must have failed. He has been economical, in its common meaning, or he never could have kept even with his creditors.

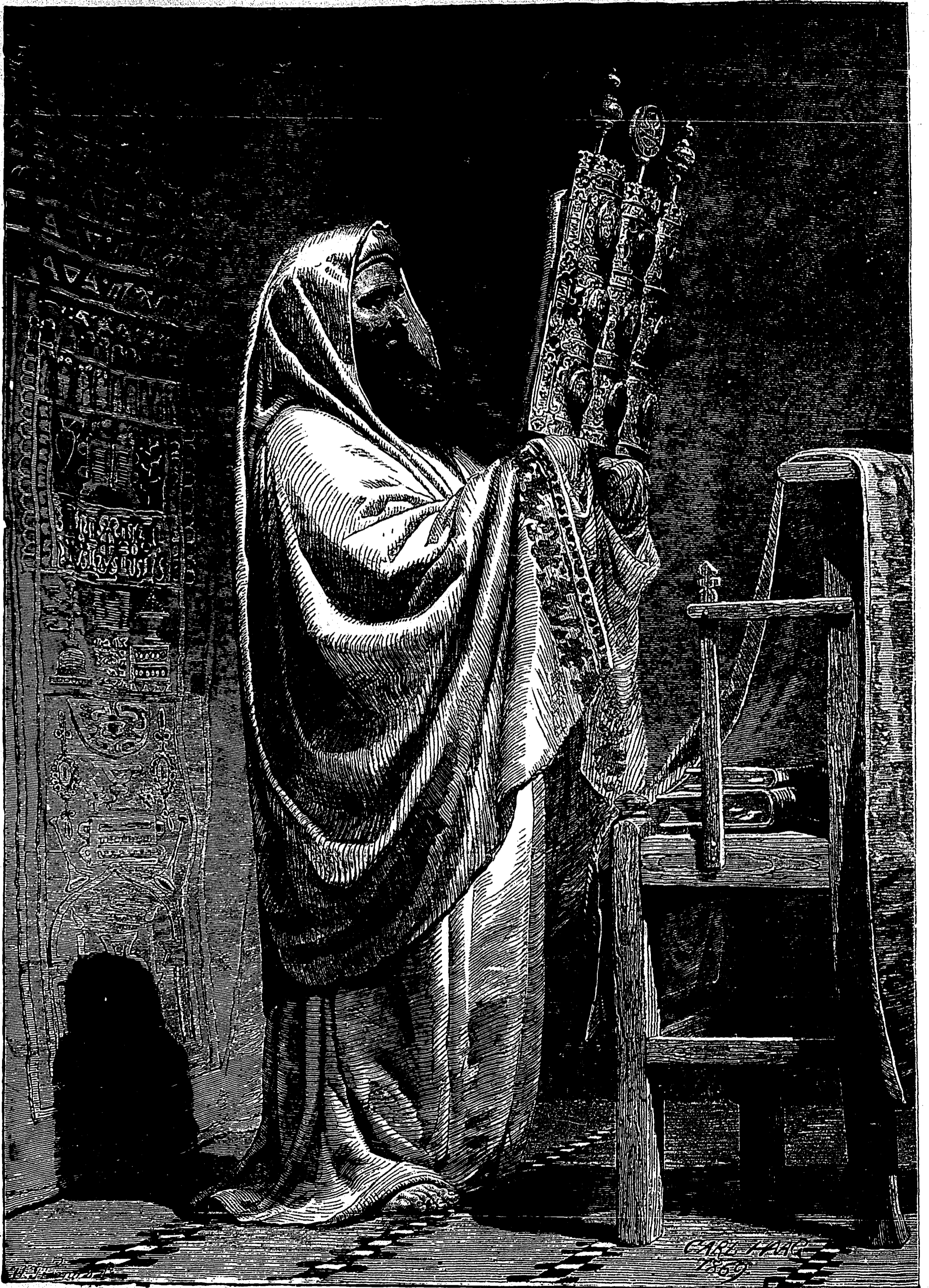
What, then, has kept him back in the world? Mr. Thomas has been figuring up, and finds that he has virtually sunk three good estates by want of management.

First in wintering his cattle and sheep. He kept, generally, about twenty cattle and one hundred sheep. The cattle trod about three tons of hay under foot each year, and consumed half a ton extra by exposure to the winds, in all thirteen tons, worth \$91. This exposure of cattle and calves reduced their size and market value one third; annual increase, six head, and average value lost, \$8 each, \$48. Ten per cent of his sheep and lambs were lost by want of shelter, and the clip was diminished twenty-five per cent from the same cause; total loss on sheep per annum, \$59. The whole yearly loss on cattle and sheep was, therefore, \$189. In forty years the annual loss, with compound interest, would amount to about \$35,000. Thus one fortune has been sunk.

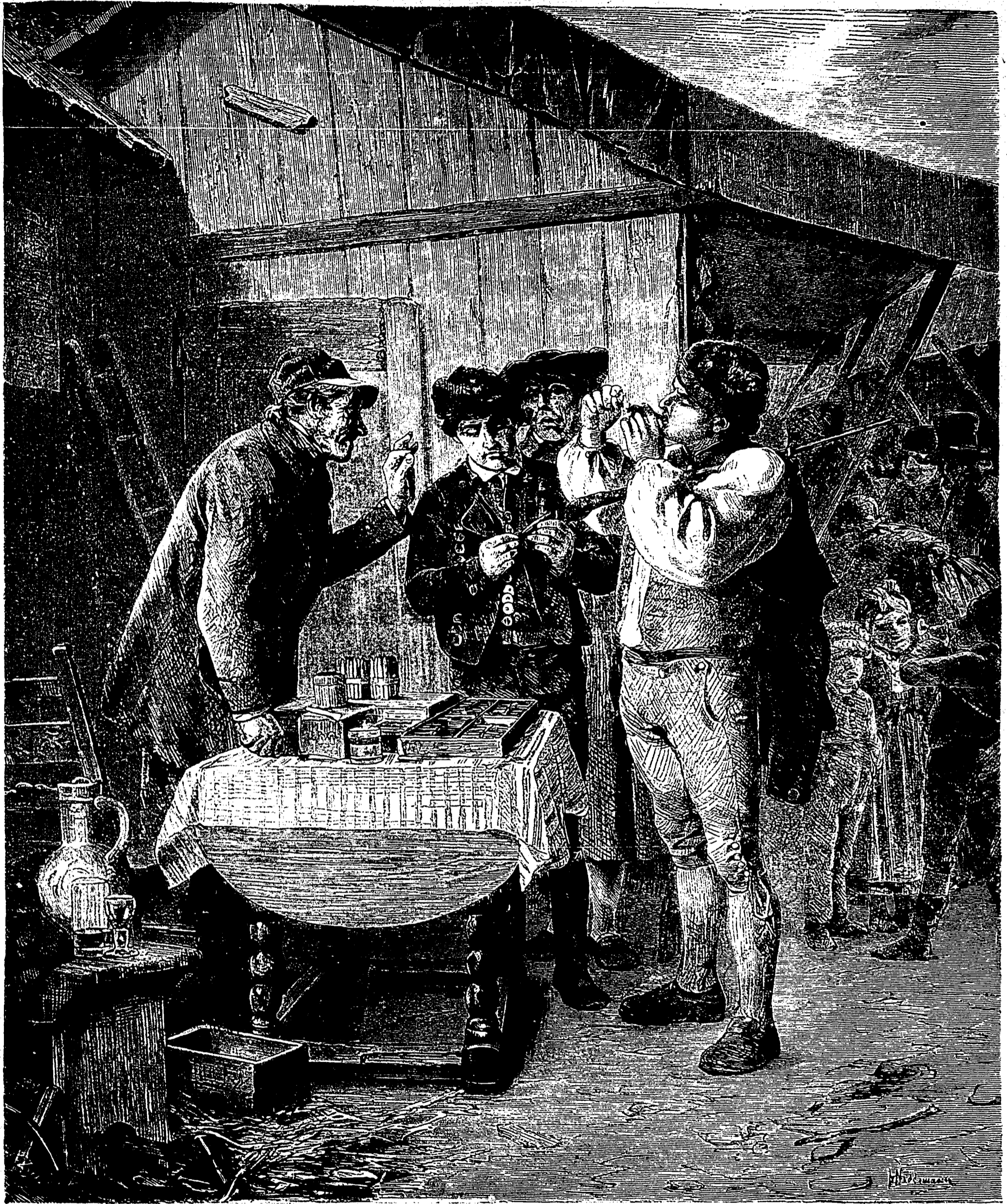
Secondly, in a want of a good rotation of crops. He raised wheat after wheat, oats after oats, and corn after corn, because the stubble was most easily ploughed, till his land was exhausted and full of weeds. The crops, as a whole scarcely paid his labour. A good rotation would have safely given him one-third more, which would have been a clear gain on an average, of at least \$5 an acre on about 50 acres yearly, total \$250 a year. This loss repeated for forty years, and interest, would amount to more than \$50,000. This was the second fortune sunk.

Thirdly, in raising crops of weeds. Some of his pasture, fields had a heavier growth of mulleins, ragweed and thistles, than of grass. Consequently, at least half his land was wasted to grow them. On 50 acres of pasture, at least \$2 each was yearly wasted, to say nothing of the loss of grain by Canada thistle patches, in retarding growth and preventing clean harvesting, and his greatly diminished crop of corn by foxtail and pigweed. The annual lost from weeds was therefore about \$100, the amount of which, with interest, in forty years, would be \$20,000. The third fortune.

A young Englishman recently got into a quarrel in a beer house at Bath. During the altercation he exclaimed, "May God strike me dead!" and he had scarcely uttered the word "dead," when he became speechless and lost the entire use of his limbs.



THE HIGH PRIEST AT NABLUS READING THE PENTATEUCH.—SEE PAGE 167.



"AN EXCELLENT QUALITY."—After a painting by Hildebrandt.

THE CIGAR PEDLAR.

"An excellent quality!" of course. The dealer, who has pitched his stand alongside a circus tent, is trying, with a fair amount of professional assurance, to palm off upon the rustic visitors a real "cabbage leaf" for a genuine Havana. But his customers are Germans and know the weed too well. They, with the pipes in their mouths, look at the article with marked suspicion; and the bold experimentalist, who is about to put one of them to the test, looks just as if at the first "whiff" he could tell the brand exactly. As a picture from scenes of every-day life—German life, of course, as one may recognize by the costumes—it is a brilliant achievement of the artist, Hildebrandt, a prominent disciple of the Dusseldorf school. The cunning old pedlar seems determined to force the article

on the strength of his own confident assertion; the smokers, not unskilled in the characteristics of a good cigar, view it with doubt, and the reckless purchaser is just about to put his own experience in the scale against the interested recommendation of the vendor. Hildebrandt was born at Dusseldorf in 1829. He commenced life as a lithographic artist; but, after a short time, entered on the study of painting, under the celebrated Professor Hildebrandt. A faithful delineator of human nature, he has after long study, and not a few failures, acquired a high position among German artists. The expression of his figures is natural and life-like, and in genre painting, which is his forte, he has acquired a wide reputation. Our Leggotype of "An excellent Quality" is copied from a wood engraving after the original painting.

PRETTY TEACHER.—Now, Johnny Wells, can you tell what is meant by a miracle?—Johnny: Yes, teacher. Mother says if you don't marry new parson, 'twill be a miracle.—Punch.

"But, George, dear, water brings out the flavour of the wine." "Yes; but I like the flavour kept in, mamma!" Punch.

A learned professor, who prides himself upon his intimate acquaintance with the fungi tribe, while walking across a field, came across a peasant picking up toadstools and other dangerous-looking specimens.

"Take care, my man," said he; "they are poisonous." "Don't be afraid, Sir! I ain't going to eat 'em. They're for the Lunnum market; they likes 'em there."

THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

St. Just commanded Cardourel, who usually called twice every day at his office, to accompany the commissioner of the police to Montreuil.

No one felt more happy than Cardourel. All the plans he had devised were going to be realized; he could now be revenged upon Thérèse Cabarrus and Tallien, and satisfy his ambition of playing an important game. He repaired to the police-commissioner, and informing him of the order he had received, contrived with him a formal stratagem for the arrest of the woman he so much hated. When the officer, who was an easy-going and not very intelligent man, heard from Cardourel the former history of Thérèse Cabarrus, and considered at the same time his own instructions, he had not the least doubt in Cardourel's assertion, that this affair was a matter of great consequence, requiring all precautionary measures; and as Cardourel gave further to understand, that he was required to act as a confidential man in this undertaking, the officer, not to spoil anything, resigned himself entirely to Cardourel's direction. He intended, with the assistance of two policemen, to effect the arrest, without making much noise, as he was recommended to do. Cardourel, however, prevailed on him to take with him a number of secret agents of the police, for the purpose of surrounding the castle on all sides.

In two close carriages the police-commissioner and his agents started before day-break the next morning for the castle of Montreuil. There, near the grated gate, Cardourel with his spies, whom he had selected from his associates, stepped out, and instructed the commissioner not to return with the prisoner to Paris before being apprized by him to do so. While Cardourel with his spies were entering the bush to guard the back of the castle, the commissioner pulled the bell at the gate, whereupon a servant coming down the road, enquired before opening the gate for their errand. The servant having noticed, not without mistrust and fear, the red scarf of the officer.

"Open the gate," said the officer; "I come in the name of the law."

"I dare not open the gate without the count's special order," answered the servant.

"In this case you will deliver this letter to the count; I am waiting for his answer."

The servant went back with the letter to the castle, where no one anticipated such a visit which should break the peace of the congregation.

Count Montreuil was in his study, talking to Benoit about Thérèse Cabarrus, who had given him, the evening before, an account how she had become acquainted with the former turnkey. The old count had taken the liveliest interest in this narrative, as not only the noble behaviour of Benoit gave him great satisfaction, but the beautiful woman exercised a powerful charm over him. The previous evening, when he had conducted her for the first time to his church, he had prophesied that she would become a convert, and would greatly participate in the establishing of the reign of peace.

The count had no sooner read the letter of Robespierre than he grew deadly pale, exclaiming in his first alarm:

"My God, is it possible! Madame de Fontenay is to be arrested!"

The servant trembled, and Benoit sent forth a cry of terror.

"She!" groaned he. "Poor unfortunate!"

"I am asked to deliver her, who is confided to my care, to the mirmidons of the law," continued the count less excitedly, but his noble forehead became contracted. "Impossible! I cannot do it. And yet, how can I save her? What shall I do, not to violate hospitality and to avoid a resistance, which is as useless as it is pernicious."

"Sir," cried Benoit in great excitement, interrupting the count, "I will save her! I will effect her escape through the subterranean passage while you are negotiating with the police."

His animated eyes were fixed on the count, his breast heaved, his breath came short and quick.

"This is the only resource, Benoit," replied the count after a while gravely. "Act my son, hurry! In the mean time I will receive the officers."

Benoit was already off to Thérèse's room. He threw open the door, and in his enthusiasm of being able to save her, exclaimed:

"Hasten, Madame; the police are here to arrest you! Come with me, I will save you!"

Thérèse Cabarrus, in deshabille, which she was just in the act of exchanging for her evening dress, started back on the sudden entrance and words of Benoit, and gazed incredulously and anxiously on him.

"What do you say?" answered she. "I shall flee? Where to?"

"Oh, do not hesitate!" cried he vehemently, while she quickly threw a black silk robe around her. "Every minute is precious. The police are already in the park."

He drew her out of the room, along the corridor. Here the count came to meet them; he beckoned to them with both his hands to hurry.

"Go with him, Madame, to save yourself. I will pretend to know nothing of your flight."

Benoit arrived in the balcony-room with Thérèse who, trembling with anxiety, and speechless with amazement, was watching him while he pushed back the carpet and opened the trap-door.

"Follow me," he requested her in the greatest agitation. "Be not afraid. By this road escape is possible."

For a moment she hesitated descending the ladder to the dark cellar; she then proffered her hand to Benoit. He drew his arms around her, and carried her down the ladder.

"Oh, Madame," whispered he, "how grateful I am for the opportunity of doing you this service."

She pressed his hands and replied:

"You do not know how much I am indebted to you, my friend?"

He pressed impetuously her hand to his lips, drew a deep sigh, but suddenly recovering, exclaimed:

"We must hurry, or we are lost!"

He moved quickly down the passage, while Madame de Fontenay stopped near the ladder and eagerly watched his proceedings. With a kick he threw open the wicket by which the passage to the water was gained. A stream of light penetrated through the rather large opening, and showed the surface of the rivulet, which was scarcely twice as broad as the length of the small boat. Benoit now pushed the boat over the rollers down into the water, and timidly gazing round, stepped into the boat and helped Thérèse, who had meanwhile approached into it, and with one stroke of the oar arrived at the opposite bank.

The fugitives alighted, and without uttering a word, hastened through the leafless forest, not knowing the direction in which

your neck by it. Ask the beautiful woman if I have not longer had the honour of her acquaintance than you, her newest lover!"

"Wretch," indignantly burst out Benoit. "What madness do you utter? Say what your intentions are; why are you insulting this woman, who is under my protection?"

"Under your protection? ho, ho! Is the red-haired Tallien no longer her protector? Away with you, simpleton! Well," added he with a malicious grin, addressing Thérèse, "you must allow me this time to take you under my protection."

Gilbert seized in mock gallantry the arm of the unfortunate woman, who only required this touch to regain her full self-possession. Her black eyes flashed, her cheeks became crimson, and the quiver of her lips betrayed the violence of her emotion. With the force of revolted pride and unutterable abhorrence she pushed the offender from her.

"Villain that you are," she exclaimed, "if I were a man I would remind you of the slap on the ear which you have received in Bordeaux! Are you not ashamed," continued she turning to the agents, "of making common cause with such a wretch? Are you not Frenchmen who are accustomed to protect women from insult?"

The agents looked at each other bewildered.

"Ah, citizen," remarked one of them, "our commands are to arrest you."

"Yes," said Gilbert, pressing forward and now rudely seizing her arm; "I arrest you, aristocrat."

She shrieked, more with anger than fear. Benoit sprang forward, attempting to free her from this wretch.

"Begone, I tell you," cried Cardourel, "or you will repent it!"

"Yes, Benoit," said she entreatingly. "Go back to the castle—go, you cannot help me. I have fallen into the hands of this man, and shall feel only too happy if the prison protects me from him. You will apprise citizen Tallien of this attack; perhaps you can use other means in my behalf. Go, my friend, I thank you!"

She then followed Gilbert, while Benoit with tears in his eyes and in mute despair at his helplessness, looked after till she had disappeared round the corner of the castle.

Silently, with proud disdain, Thérèse Cabarrus suffered the rude familiarity of Cardourel and his insulting words. He was now pouring out all the hatred and malice which had agitated him since their first meeting, and rejoiced in humbling and annoying her by his remarks, in which enjoyment the agents did not disturb him. He had previously arranged with them to allow him this gratification of his vengeance.

They arrived at the rivulet which had to be crossed to reach the carriage-road to the castle. The agents had previously thrown the trunk of a tree across to form a bridge and to gain the forest from the back of the building. This slippery narrow bridge was evidently a very dangerous passage for a lady.

"I shall carry her over," declared Cardourel, and his eyes sparkled maliciously as he prepared to execute this threat.

"You shall not do so," replied she, and with a powerful jerk freed herself from him. Gilbert lost his balance and slid from the slippery bank, upon which he stood, into the water.

Without deigning him a look, she easily crossed the bridge. Two of the agents followed her, while the others laughingly helped to extricate Cardourel from his involuntary bath. Highly enraged he ran after her, and it seemed as if he was going to revenge himself actively upon her for the mishap that had befallen him, and which was the more unfortunate for him, as it prevented him, on account of his wet clothes, from taking a seat beside her in the carriage, and compelled him to walk back to Paris.

When he reached Thérèse Cabarrus, she was already under the care of three officers, of the police, who were conducting her to a carriage. They were surprised by seeing her a prisoner, as they had been informed by the count that she had already left his castle, and that he did not know whither she had gone. After having superficially searched the castle, they had just left it when the agents appeared with their prisoner, to whom the commissioner now presented his warrant sanctioning the arrest.

"Do then your duty!" answered Thérèse resignedly, "and do not tarry, but bring me to the place of my destination."

The carriage with her and three officers then quickly drove off to Paris, to the prison of the Luxembourg.

The next morning Robespierre received the report of the police-commissioner respecting the particulars of the arrest of Thérèse, with which he had been entrusted, and took back the warrant, without which the accusation could not be made. He locked it up in a drawer which contained his most important papers. He then repaired to the convention, which held its session in the castle of the Tuileries.

As he was going to take his seat, he had to pass that of Tallien. He saw the young deputy in a gloomy mood, indulging in a deep sorrow, which convinced him that Tallien was already informed of what had taken place.

He slightly tapped his shoulder, and most graciously smiling, whispered to him:

"You know it already, my friend?"

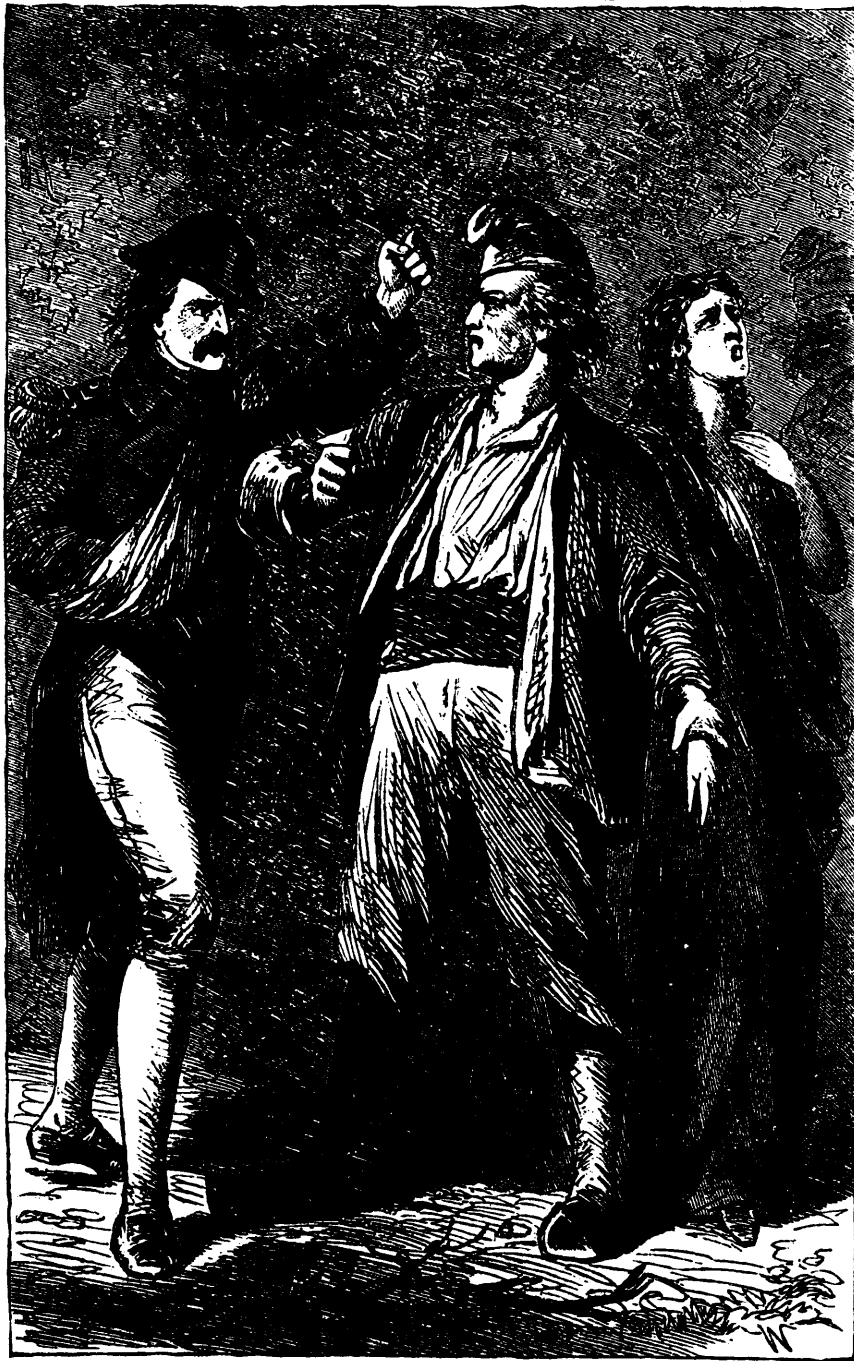
Tallien could hardly refrain from flying into a passion, but checked himself and answered in a tone of friendly reproach.

"I did not expect this from you."

"Because you are an egotist. I have meant it well with you."

"I know it."

"Well, and nevertheless you have tried to deceive me. The suspected are never brought to Montreuil."



The arrest of Thérèse Cabarrus.

they were going. But they had taken scarcely a hundred steps when they stopped with fear on hearing the threatening voices of their pursuers.

"Benoit!" cried she in great alarm, while clinging to his maimed arm. "We are lost."

He stood paralyzed, and saw no hope. Pale with fright, he gazed on the approaching pursuers.

"For God's sake!" suddenly shrieked Thérèse. "There comes that miserable Cardourel!"

Benoit also recognized the man whom he recollected from the wine-house of "The Red Cap." He knew that his name was Cardourel, and that he was president of the revolutionary committee in Bordeaux.

"How has he come hither?" muttered he.

"He will cause my death! My friend, do not follow me to destruction! Save yourself!"

"Eh," said Cardourel sneeringly, as he saw the fugitives surrounded by his associates. "Thus we meet again, Madame de Fontenay? Who would have thought that I should meet you fleeing with a servant quite alone in the forest?"

Thérèse cast on him a glance of the deepest contempt.

Benoit, however, trembling with rage, approached him and said:

"Who are you and these men? Why do you, like highwaymen, attack us?"

Cardourel and the agents burst out laughing.

"Look at Madame's brave cavalier! Eh, good friend, do not meddle too much with this business, or you will endanger

soner, to whom the commissioner now presented his warrant

"But often the prosecuted are."
 "Prosecuted? Is she prosecuted? No, I have taken her under my protection. You do not understand me, Tallien."
 "Oh, I become more and more acquainted with you, Robespierre."
 "All the better. I have told you already that I value very much your friendship."
 "I perceive it. You, as a good friend, put the knife to my throat."
 Robespierre leant over and whispered to Tallien's ear:
 "Take heed, lest I might pass the knife into it. The warrant is in my possession, and should you become faithless, will turn in the hands of Fouquier-Tinville into an accusation!"
 "Oh, I do not doubt it!" answered the young deputy.
 "We are therefore friends?" asked Robespierre maliciously, while he turned round to walk away.
 "Friends, Robespierre, friends!" was the hypocritical reply of Tallien, who was racked with torture.
 Robespierre, with a triumphant smile, repaired to his seat.

CHAPTER XI.
 IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

It was in July of the year 1794, in the Thermidor, as it was called by the new calendar of the republic. The reign of terror was still raging more formidable, inexorable and cruel, than ever. The tribunals, the guillotine, could not despatch as many heads as the powerful Jacobin masters deemed necessary for the preservation of the republic, and introduction of republican virtues. Ten to twelve thousand prisoners in twelve large prisons, now formed the inexhaustible stock from which the Parisian guillotine was daily fed with several dozens of heads. The time had gone by when royalists and ci-devants, priests or Girondists, were dragged before the tribunals; the field was cleared of them. Whoever had not met already with death, or had escaped, was confined in a prison where he was, on account of the great disorder in the management of the tribunals and prisons, often fortunate enough to be forgotten or overlooked from one day to another. There were only a few of them left behind who were permitted to live, and had not yet been regarded as suspicious.
 The victims now were for the most part republicans, whose opinions were deemed too moderate, who wished to put a stop to terror, or had lost their credit with the Jacobins, or appeared dangerous to the ambition of Robespierre. Thus, the Jacobin

faction of the Héberts and Chaumettes were slaughtered, because Robespierre, at the festival in honour of the Supreme Being, wished to be looked upon as the restorer of religion; even the powerful Danton, with his friends, were guillotined, to rid Robespierre of all his rivals.

In the prisons the suspected were often enough crowded together with criminals. There were not sufficient cells left to lock up the prisoners singly; they were either kept in large saloons, or several of them, according to the size of the rooms, had to occupy one room. This overcrowding, and the uncleanness and poisonous air caused by it, had made it necessary to let out the prisoners during the day into the court-yards, where they could unconstrainedly converse together.

This was the case, in the most liberal manner, in the palace of the Luxembourg, a portion of which had been destined for the imprisonment of the political victims. Here was, as it were, the large store-house to which at night the carts came with the fatal list of the victims for the following day.

The prisoners then rushed to the wickets, trembling to hear their names pronounced, while those that were not called, could breathe freely again and live one day longer. And yet, usually, several dozens were called; each one of the victims quickly pressed his companions, his friends, to his heart, then, hastily mounted the cart in which they were conducted to the "conciergerie," then to the palace of justice, and soon after to the scaffold.

The court-yard of the Luxembourg prison was, till sun-set, the place of meeting of the prisoners; they owed this privilege to the jailer, a man as honest as kind-hearted. He granted them all the freedom which the law allowed, while even what was an offence against the law, was permitted them by his daughter, who, by a hundred little services, had made herself indispensable to the female prisoners.

Men and women of every age, superiors and inferiors, dukes and clerks, countesses and grisettes, assembled in the morning in the court-yard, suffering rather the great heat of the sun, than the insupportable air in their cells. The equality of their fate made them all associate together, though not without some distinction, as often inequalities in man cannot be overcome. In all positions of human life there is a natural classification, and everywhere when a number of men are dependent on each other, they try to find their equals in manners and habits. All these mixed-up elements of the society, as they were found in the Luxembourg, arranged themselves methodically in separate groups, each of which evinced the particular character of their habits of life.

The doors of the prisons had just been opened, and their inmates were rushing from the corridors to inhale the bright morning air, being delighted to enjoy for hours so large a measure of liberty, which made them, with their little enmities and intrigues, their serious and merry flirtation, almost forget the gloomy fate to which they were doomed. There they came, old and young, some with wigs, others in ball-dresses; but the toilette of those who had been inmates of the Luxembourg for more than the last few days, was more a mockery than a testimony of its former splendour. The silk robes in which the ladies had been arrested were torn; not less so the clothes of the gentlemen. The finest linen was soiled, and the boots and shoes of many were in a sadly dilapidated state. Most of the prisoners had languished for a long time in prison, and their outside friends very seldom succeeded, through the kindness of Jeanne, the jailer's daughter, in replacing their worn-out clothes. But these deficiencies were overlooked, as they could not be denied. This count carried his head not the less proudly though his wig had suffered; that lady aristocrat received with no less noble amiability the homages of the gentlemen, though she could hardly cover her shoulders with a coarse handkerchief, while the bare toes of many of her cavaliers protruded through their boots; this former captain of the guards continued not the less his mockeries, though he wore an uniform which was hardly distinguishable by reason of its filthiness, and that marchioness kept up the court-etiquette of the "ancien régime," though she took at the common table her miserable repast from a wooden bowl with a wooden spoon.

Two beautiful young ladies, their toilette likewise in disorder, stepped out of the house, arm in arm like two sisters, cheerfully as though they were not in the yard of the prison but promenading in the adjoining park of the Luxembourg palace. The grace and self-possession of the one and the elf-like slenderness of the other seemed to complete a picture of artistic beauty.

To be continued.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—Private Maloy (goaded to madness by the goose-step) "Corpril O'Shaughtnessy, your honor! Av I was to call ye a dirty spalpeen o' misery, what would I git?" Corporal: "Faith, it'd be a round dozen." Private Maloy: "An' av I only thought it?" Corporal: "Devil a harm, so long as ye don't spake it." Private: "Then I only think it, Corpril."—*Judy.*

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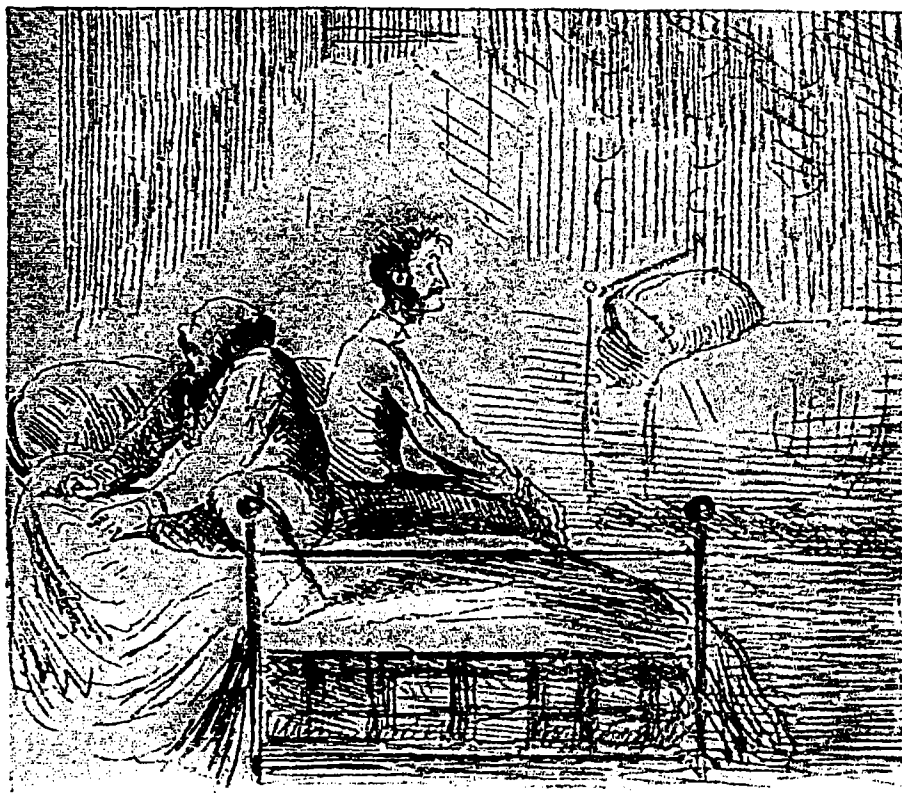
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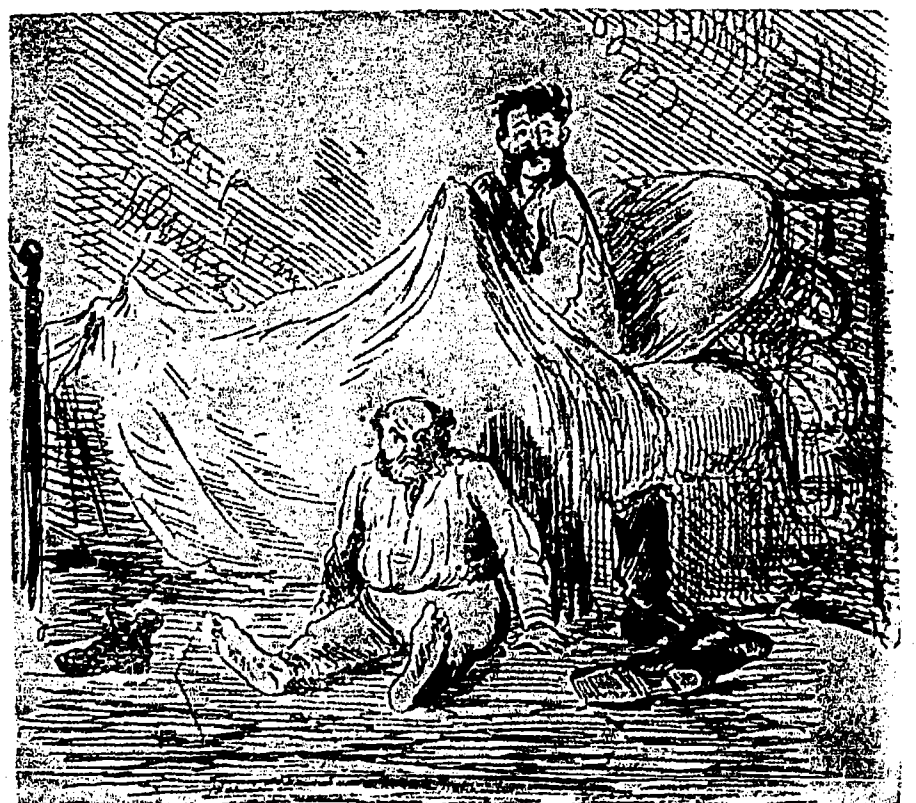
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