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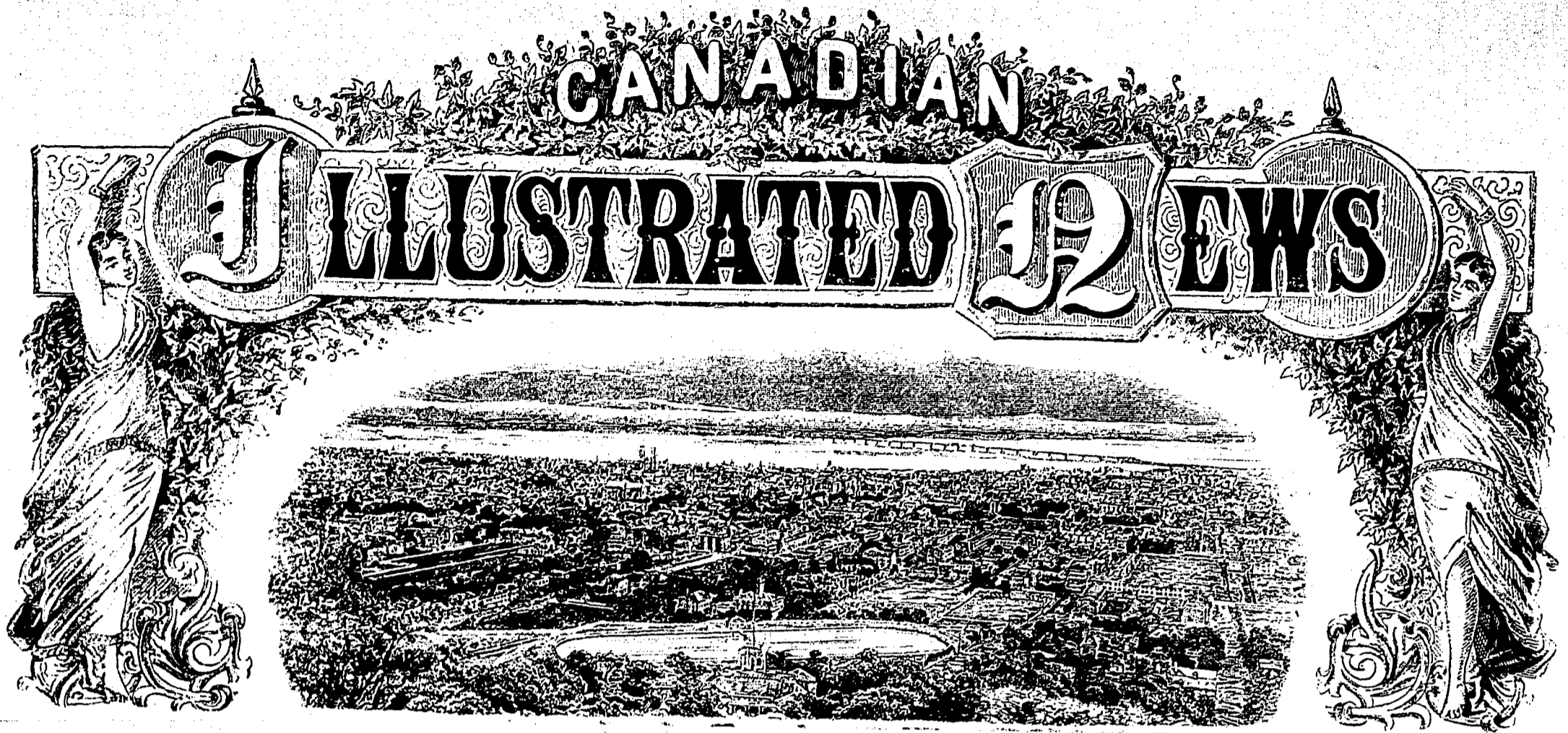
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Vol. I.—No. 10]

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870.

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OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 5.—HON. CHRISTOPHER DUNKIN, Q. C., D. C. L.
MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

In our complex system of Government there are franchises which, though having no recognition in law, are yet scrupulously respected in practice. One of these is class representation in the Cabinet. Thus, when the late Finance Minister resigned, he left a vacancy other than that of the department over which he had presided, for he was the representative Minister of the British population of the Province of Quebec, as was the Hon. Mr. Galt before him. In the same representative capacity the Hon. Mr. Dunkin is now a member of the Privy Council, holding the office of Minister of Agriculture.

Christopher Dunkin was born in England in 1812. He is a graduate of London University, and was for a short time Greek tutor at Harvard. Mr. Dunkin, like many other of our public men, tried his hand at journalism, having edited the *Morning Courier* of this city for about a year, from the summer of 1837 to that of '38. In the latter year he was appointed Secretary to the Education Commission; and afterwards Secretary to the Post Office Commission. In 1841 he was appointed Assistant Secretary for Lower Canada, which office he held until 1847, when he resigned and devoted himself to the practice of his profession, having been called to the bar the previous year. Mr. Dunkin was thus early trained to official life before entering on Parliamentary duty. He has been especially identified with educational matters; is a member of the Council of Public Instruction; Director of McGill College; Trustee of St. Francis College, Richmond, &c., &c. He has also been an active promoter of the Volunteer movement, and in 1866 issued a "memorandum" relative to the militia system. He first entered Parliament in 1857 for

Drummond and Arthabaska, for which he sat until 1862, when he was returned for Brome, and has continued to represent the latter since that time. He has sat for the same constituency in the Local Legislature since the Union. In July, 1867, he entered the Quebec Ministry as

Treasurer of the Province, which office he held until his appointment, in Nov. last, to the Privy Council. In proportion to his physical strength, Mr. Dunkin is a man of extraordinary mental energy. As a Parliamentary debater he is distinguished by the closeness of his reasoning; in

fact, he has sometimes been regarded as reasoning so closely as to demolish both sides of the question and leave his audience in utter perplexity. The elaboration of detail, which is a characteristic of the legal mind, frequently obscures the main feature of an argument in the view of less carefully trained intellects, and thus usually the best lawyers are considered "hair splitters" when they enter into the discussion of political questions. Mr. Dunkin did not escape this imputation, on his first entry into public life, and has, perhaps, scarcely yet lived it down. But his course on public questions has given evidence of statesmanlike capacity, as well as of patriotic devotion to the public good. He has been to the Lower Canada Conservatives somewhat as the Hon. J. S. Macdonald to the Upper Canada Reformers—of the party by association and conviction, but maintaining his own peculiar views. On the great question of Confederation, Mr. Dunkin differed from those with whom he generally acted. He attacked the project as immature in the public mind, as faulty in detail, and as likely to lead to embarrassments and confusions worse than those it was designed to remove. Though suffering from severe indisposition at the time, he made a long speech during the Confederation debate, in which he assailed nearly every proposition of the Quebec Conference. Having seen, however, as time rolled on, that the people were either pleased with, or indifferent towards, the new Constitution, and that Imperial policy and Colonial aspirations had rendered its adoption as near a certainty as any political change in the future



HON. CHRISTOPHER DUNKIN. From a photograph by Notman.

could possibly be, Mr. Dunkin, in the session of 1866, at Ottawa, avowed his determination to assist in making the then proposed Confederation beneficial to the country at large. He took an active part in maturing the necessary preparatory legislation, and was one of the most prominent advocates of the educational interests of the minorities in both Upper and Lower Canada.

In July, 1867, he was invited by the Hon. Mr. Chauveau to join the Local Cabinet, and accepted the office of Provincial Treasurer. His duties in this position were necessarily of an intricate character from the unsettled accounts between the two sections of the old Province and the Dominion. In the negotiations that took place towards the final adjudication of these claims, Mr. Dunkin acted with somewhat more deliberation than the Treasurer of the Western Province; but neither with respect to these negotiations, nor in his course in the Local Legislature and the House of Commons, can it be said that he has acted otherwise than in strict accordance with his pledge of 1866, to exert his utmost influence to make the Union a success. With that intention he entered the Local Government of his own Province; and with the same views he enters the larger Government of the Dominion. As the successor of Mr. Rose, in the representation of the British population of Quebec in the Privy Council, Mr. Dunkin enjoys the fullest confidence of his large and influential constituency; while among all classes, national, political, and religious, he is held in high personal esteem.

PRUSSIAN DRILL PRACTICE.—BRIDGING THE ELBE.

The events of the last wars have confirmed the generally acknowledged fact, that while on account of the easier mode of moving military trains and the general progress made in engineering, small and mediate streams have almost lost their former importance as tactical sections and as being an impediment to motion; on the other hand large streams from a number of causes not only have not lost but rather gained as a means of defence. It follows from this that the quick and reliable bridging of such streams must be of the greatest importance in times of war, in consequence of which greater attention has within the last few years been drawn to these tactics, and to the efficiency of the pontoniers in general, by almost all armies, but especially by the Prussian Northgerman army.

The disposable bridging materials for the great drill practice near Lauenburg in August last, were calculated to supply a hundred pontoon and twelve trestle stages, with which, according to the different breadths of the river, bridging was to be effected, extending to a length of 700 paces or 1700 feet. These materials were transported from Magdeburg in ten large transport machines constructed for the purpose. For the engineering service there were assembled at the above named town the pontonier-companies of six pioneer battalions, which were reinforced by calling out the full complement of the reserves in times of peace, and to which were added a corresponding number of train-companies. The depot was established at Hohnsdorf, on the opposite side of the river Elbe. Two companies of the troops were quartered in Lauenburg, the others in the adjoining villages on both shores of the river.

The more important exercises were executed in the presence of the chief of the whole Prussian-Northgerman corps of engineers, Lieutenant General von Kamecke, and were witnessed by a great number of foreign officers who were commissioned by their governments to be present, among these being several English and Austrian officers. Also some officers of the engineer-corps of Wurtemberg and Baden were desired to assist the troops in the performance of their work. The unfavorable weather which continued during nearly the whole time of the exercises occupying several weeks, rendered their execution very difficult. The river being rough, the moving of the pontoons against wind and current, and the joining and mooring of the many different parts of the bridge, which is at any time a very difficult task, required on most occasions double exertions. More difficult yet proved the putting up and joining of the trestles which were to connect the bridge with the shore, the performance of which on account of the swampy bottom of the river compelled the pontoniers to work up to their breasts in water. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, at the chief bridging on the 5th August, a bridge of more than 700 paces in length was built in one hour and thirteen minutes, while on the preceding days the building of smaller bridges of from 400 to 500 paces required but 46 to 52 minutes. With the same precision and rapidity the taking down of the bridges was performed.

Thousands of spectators from the whole neighbourhood witnessed these more or less interesting exercises, and in spite of wind and rain a flotilla of boats and skiffs surrounded the different places of practice, impeding often the pontoniers in their work. The bands of the pioneer-battalions were usually playing on the shores, presenting with the encampment of the troops after their labours were over, the merry picture of a cheerful, variegated camp life.

A terrible tragedy occurred at Sleepy Hollow, near Tarrytown N. Y., about two o'clock on Monday afternoon. A man named V. W. Buckhant shot his wife, a New York Merchant named Alfred Randall, and a son of the latter named Charles Randall. Mrs. Buckhant was shot through the temple, Alfred Randall through the heart, and his son in the side. Mrs. Buckhant and Alfred Randall are dead; the younger Randall lies in a very dangerous condition. Buckhant gave himself up immediately after the occurrence and is now lodged in jail at White Plains. The cause of this appalling tragedy is unknown.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 2.—ITS MORE FERTILE PORTION.

By the Rev. An. McD. Dawson, Ottawa.

Having dilated, in a former paper, on the more northerly regions of the great North-West and their immense resources, it may not be out of place to point out what is considered excellent and highly favourable to colonization in the countries that extend southward along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountain range. These countries are watered by magnificent rivers. Chief among these rivers is the two-fold Saskatchewan, with its north and south branches, and its numerous tributaries, which, rising in the more rainy, mountainous regions, carries moisture and fertility to the vast prairie lands which it traverses on its way to Lake Winnipeg and the sea. Without the waters of this great river, the rich plains, extending about eleven hundred miles from the base of the Rocky Mountains to Lake Winnipeg, and which afford pasture to immense herds of buffalo, would, in all probability, be nothing better than an arid wilderness. It is certain, at least, that the average fall of rain is very inconsiderable, so that the abundance and variety of the grasses by which so much animal life is sustained, can only be accounted for by the fertilizing influences of the great Saskatchewan. These, together with the genial sunshine which is unbroken throughout the summer months, save by a few passing showers, give to the whole country the appearance of an immense park, finely diversified with lakes and streams, slightly elevated hills, undulating plains, green meadows of vast extent, interrupted here and there by clumps of trees, copses, and along many of the streams, overhanging woods, which afford shade and coolness during the parching heats of summer.

The two branches of the Saskatchewan have their sources almost close together in a glacier region, towards the northern end of the Rocky Mountain range, in 51° 40' north latitude, and 112° west longitude. These arms of the great river diverge widely in their separate courses of 800 miles (S. branch, 810 miles, N. branch, 772½ miles) and then meeting, pursue their way by a common channel to the Atlantic Ocean. They diverge so widely, the north branch in a northerly direction, and the south one towards the south, till it comes within forty-five miles of the United States boundary line, that, at the distance of 250 miles due east from their source, they are not less than 200 miles apart. From the junction of its forks to Lake Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan flows 282 miles. 423 miles farther, having passed through the north end of Lake Winnipeg, it discharges its waters into the sea at Hudson's Bay. Its whole length, from its glacier source to the ocean, is, thus, 1515 miles. The countries which it traverses are more extensive than the vast regions of British India, which border on the Ganges. Their total area, according to the calculation of Mr. Alex. Russell, of Ottawa, is 500,000 square miles.

These countries are now thrown open to colonization. They have been, until our time, among the waste places of the earth. Do they belong to those portions of the earth's surface, as yet untenanted save by the denizens of the forest and the wild prairie, which mankind, in obedience to a high command, are destined to fill?

To this question we reply in the affirmative; and the weight of authority is in our favour. With the exception of some tracts on the south fork of the Saskatchewan, which, by reason of the poverty of the soil, must ever continue to be, as they are at present, inhospitable deserts, the whole territory, from Lake Winnipeg westward to the Rocky Mountains, and along the eastern declivity of these mountains for 350 miles, form the United States boundary line as far north as the headwaters of the Athabaska, can be made available, and without any extraordinary difficulty, for the uses and the wants of civilized man.

What although, according to the conjectures of travellers whose evidence has been given on oath before a select committee of the British House of Commons, there are many parts of this territory where, on account of the shortness of the summer, it would be difficult to raise wheat crops, there is no portion of the countries bordering on the Saskatchewan and its tributaries, where the more hardy cereals could not be produced. It is generally agreed, also, that all the more useful garden vegetables can be successfully cultivated. Much farther north, even, Sir Alexander McKenzie testifies to having seen a garden as richly stocked with choice vegetables "as any in the world."

It has been shewn already, however, that in regions far to the north of the North Saskatchewan, wheat easily grows. It is not difficult to understand that the sunshine and warmth, so necessary for this kind of grain, are not wanting in those northern latitudes, where, during the comparatively short summer, the soil thaws to a depth of eleven feet. This is no slight effort for the rays of the returning summer sun, especially when it is considered that the winter's frost penetrates as far as seventeen feet, and during the whole period of the cold season holds the earth as if rock-bound. We have all heard of Siberian wheat. And who is there, that is at all conversant with agriculture, who does not know that it is an excellent kind of grain, and admirably adapted to our Canadian soil and climate? As its name shews, it is the produce of Siberia, where the soil is never wholly unfrozen, and where the winter is more severe and the summer shorter than in the countries of the Saskatchewan. The day may yet come when the Canadian people will be glad to import the wheat of these countries, in order to vary and renew their crops, thus deriving new resources and new vigour to their agricultural life from lands which they can call their own, and which are within travelling distances that are comparatively easy. How preferable would not this be to going all the way to remote Siberia, or to rest satisfied with *Siberian wheat*, which may boast, indeed, Siberian ancestry, but which, for many successive years, must have derived its vitality from Canadian soil?

But the countries in question do not enjoy a genial cli-

mate or a soil sufficiently rich to produce, except, perhaps, in some favoured spots, crops of any kind, even the more hardy cereals, or the most common garden roots? Let the most learned travellers give the reply to this question. As has been already stated in this paper, the extensive regions of the Saskatchewan abound in rich and nutritious grasses, on which are sustained immense herds of buffalo. Where these natural productions flourish, and the country is sufficiently level and unbroken; there can be no difficulty in raising all the cereals, as well as all the vegetables and root crops, that are considered essential to an agricultural population. Such is the character of the country, according to the best authorities with which we are as yet acquainted, in every portion of the Saskatchewan territory, with the exception of some arid soil bordering on parts of the south branch or Bow River. In this exception must be included, also, the eastern declivity of the Rocky Mountains, where the land is rugged and covered with brushwood, and may be described as being better adapted for grazing and the fattening of cattle than for the labours of the husbandman. On these mountain slopes the climate is moderate, and it is said that, even in winter, herbivorous animals can easily subsist, the low growing wood, which abounds everywhere throughout those regions, preventing the snow from packing, and becoming an obstacle to the animals which seek their food in the inexhaustible supply of grass.

[We are indebted to Dr. Hector for an account of the advantages presented by these less arable lands on the skirts of the mountains, which extend southward from Fort Pitt to Bow Fort. Speaking of the "winter pasturage" afforded there, he says: "This winter pasturage consists of tracts of country partially wooded with poplar and without clumps, and bearing a most luxuriant growth of vetches and nutritious grasses. The clumps of wood afford shelter to animals, while the scrubby bush keeps the snow in such a loose state that they find no difficulty in feeding. The large tracts of swampy country, when frozen, also afford admirable feeding grounds; and it is only towards spring, in very severe winters, that horses and cattle cannot be left to feed in well-chosen localities throughout this region of country."]

It may likewise be stated on the authority of the most eminent travellers and explorers, that over all the Saskatchewan territory, wherever there is grass in abundance, all the cereals, as well as wheat crops, can be raised. Around Cumberland House, which is situated at some distance below the confluence of the two branches, and a good way farther north, "the soil," says one of the exploring parties, "is a stiff clay, but, in general, it consists of a gravelly loam, a few feet in thickness, covering a bed of white limestone." Not over thirty miles farther up, "the general character of the country," says Mr. Fleming, "is excellent, the soil being rich, and the timber of a fair quality." On the following day, the same distinguished traveller proceeded about fifty miles, ascending the course of the river. Of this day's journey he says that "he passed through an excellent tract of country all day, the soil on both sides of the river consisting of a very rich alluvial deposit, ten feet in thickness above the water, well wooded with large poplar, balsam, spruce and birch; some of the poplars measuring two and a half feet in diameter: and, as far as I was enabled to ascertain, the land continues good for a great distance, on either side, but, more especially, on the south side of the river." Next day's journey, over fifty miles, revealed a country "well adapted for agricultural purposes and settlement, the soil being a rich alluvial loam, of considerable depth, well watered and drained by many fine creeks, and clothed with abundance of timber for fuel, fencing, and building." In the neighbourhood of the spot where occurs the confluence of the two forks, there is greater variety of soil. "But," says the same writer, "the general character of the country is highly favourable for agriculture, the soil deep and uniformly rich, rivaling the low prairies of Red River and the Assiniboine."

Such, generally, with the exceptions already alluded to, is as accurate a description of the Saskatchewan territory as it is as yet possible to obtain.

We shall not now enquire whether such lands, as have been described, be capable of producing the more hardy cereals with the more useful vegetables and root crops. It will be more to the purpose to consider to what extent they can be made capable of producing the finer kinds of grain. The summer may be too short for the maturing of maize or Indian corn, which is so easily raised in Canada. But it can be satisfactorily shewn that wheat may be successfully cultivated throughout the arable lands of the Saskatchewan.

Colonel Lefroy on being examined before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, said in reply to the question (No. 172). Do you know what crops arise there?—(The most northerly part of the Saskatchewan territory).—"They grow wheat, barley, potatoes and various vegetables." In answer to another question, Col. Lefroy observed: "Wheat will grow where the mean summer temperature gets up to 59°, and Fort Cumberland (the Northern locality of which there is question) is pretty near the limit of that." Do you mean that it will ripen?—"Yes."

R. King, Esq., M. D., who has written so ably on the North-West, may surely be relied on, when he says, that the traders, generally, informed him that it (the Saskatchewan country) was precisely the same kind of land as that which he had passed through, namely "a rich soil, interspersed with well-wooded country; there being growth of every kind, and the whole vegetable kingdom alive." (Question 5645). On being asked by the chair man of the Committee "what is the nature of the soil?" (5647). Dr. King replied: "It was a black mould which ran through that country, evidently alluvial soil. The whole of that country at Cumberland House, is entirely alluvial. It has been described by nearly all the travellers. Franklin has been very rich in his description; and particularly Ross Cox and many others. They speak of the richness of that part of the country. I have here the quotations. There are a few observations of Ross Cox.

There are also those of Franklin." It would be strange, indeed, if such countries were less capable of producing wheat than several European lands, which are situated in still higher latitudes, and which do not enjoy any superior advantages in point of soil or shelter.

The same Dr. King, speaking of these countries (the more Northern regions of the Saskatchewan territory), says: "I came away certainly with the impression that it was a very magnificent country, in many parts of it. Of course there were barren portions. But, upon the whole up to the Athabaska Lake, it appeared to me to be capable of any extent of cultivation. Governor Williams had opened Cumberland House. I found implements in the field and capacious barns. It evidently had been placed under culture. And, I was told, at the time, that Governor Williams had been ordered away for his partiality in this respect." The learned Doctor, on being pressed by the Committee (question 5706), proceeded to say that, at the place just referred to, there was a little new colony of about thirty persons. He bought a calf of them for 7s. and a fat bullock for 12. As he went over their farms, they appeared to him to be highly cultivated. "There was corn (Ma s, it is presumed, commonly called "Indian Corn" or "Corn,") wheat and barley, growing. These colonists were ordered off, because it was incompatible with the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company that they should continue to cultivate. The penchant of Governor Williams for farming caused him also to be removed to some other station. The Colony in question had under cultivation from 1000 to 1500 acres. And their industry was quite successful: "the wheat was looking very luxuriant." (5728). There were also other kinds of crops, such as barley and potatoes, as well as live stock—pigs, cows, horses. This forbidden attempt to colonize the wilderness was made about 40 miles from Cumberland House, towards the Northern limit of the Saskatchewan territory, on a line of latitude a degree and a half north of Montreal.

Notwithstanding the immense resources of the countries bordering on the Saskatchewan, there are many obstacles to its colonization, which must continue to exist for a considerable time. It cannot be supposed that any very numerous body of colonists will proceed, at once, under the auspices of the Canadian Government, to occupy those countries. And yet there is no other way in which, for many a year to come, they can be made available for the civilizing labours of the husbandman. No family, or small number of families, dare show themselves there with any kind of agricultural implement in their hands. As soon might they think to display the sword, and not be met by the sword. Colonization can take place, only, when settlement and civilization have advanced to the borders of those remote lands, or when it shall please the Imperial Government, or that of the Dominion of Canada, to organize an emigration, sufficiently numerous, to render all attempt at resistance hopeless or impossible.

Another obstacle may have to be contended with in the sudden summer frosts that are said to prevail. No authority that we have met with, pretends that these frosts are habitual—that they occur every summer. They may, therefore, be such frosts as are known to descend on the fields of Canada, or on those of some of the most fertile countries of Europe, but which do not prevent the cultivation of all kinds of crops, even that of the vine itself. In the countries of the Saskatchewan they will, in all probability, be diminished or put an end to, when the extensive swamps are drained and brought under the plough. It is well known, at any rate, that many swampy lands of Northern Europe, which were at one time cold, dismal, and unproductive, have yielded to the march of improvement, and now present smiling fields teeming with plenty, and rejoicing in the genial rays of the summer sun.

The absence as yet of easy communications with other lands, as well as of roads within the territory itself, is, and must be for some time, a serious impediment to the filling up of so important a waste on the earth's surface. But this difficulty, like all besides, is destined to give way to the enterprising spirit of the time. And, it may be added, there never was a country where this kind of obstacle may be more easily overcome than in this comparatively level and well watered territory of the Saskatchewan.

GENERAL NEWS.

CANADA.

Mr. Hon. W. McDougall was at St. Cloud, on the 30th, on his way back to Canada.

The Lieut. Governor's ball at Quebec, on the 29th ult., was a brilliant and most successful affair. Over five hundred guests were present.

The gold yield has increased of late in the Chaudiere district.

Advices from New York state that "rooms have been engaged at a New York hotel for Prince Arthur, to take effect from the 1st May, 1870."

On Christmas day Sir John Young placed \$100 in the alms' box of the church of New Edinburgh, the parish in which Rideau Hall is situated. This is not the first instance of our Governor's generosity.—*Minerve*.

Two of the defeated Pro-Confederation candidates at the late Newfoundland elections, Messrs. Donnelly and Pinsent, have been appointed to the Legislative Council. The Legislature meets on the 3rd of February.

The Dominion Board of Works have given Mr. Dawson and staff rooms in the Departmental building at Ottawa, where they are busy preparing plans and reports on the works completed last season on the Lake Superior section of the road to the Red River Settlement.

On and from the 1st Jan., 1870, the postage rate on letters passing between Canada and the United Kingdom, will be as follows:—If sent prepaid by Canada Mail Packet *via* Quebec (Portland in winter) or Halifax, 6c per 1/2 oz. weight. If sent prepaid *via* New York, 8c per 1/2 oz. weight. Letters for the United Kingdom posted unpaid, or prepaid less than the pro-

per rate, will be charged on delivery with double the amount deficient of postage.

The Grand Trunk Railroad has removed all obstructions on each side of the track from Portland to Island Pond, so that the new patent snow plough has a sweep of 17 1/2 feet. It throws the snow completely away from the region of the track by means of wings that can be expanded at pleasure, which will sometimes throw the snow across the fences. It is made heavy so as not to be thrown from the track, and has a room and stove inside of it for the men. It requires several men to manage it.

A murder occurred at Woodstock on Christmas day, at 1 a.m. A young man named Budd tried to get into a saloon near the market, kept by a man named Smith Sheldon, when the latter, prompted by a colored man named Doston, fired through the windows, the charge lodging in Budd's neck. The wounded man dragged himself to the sidewalk opposite and expired. The murderer and Doston are under arrest.

At the last annual meeting of the Bank of British North America, the retirement of Mr. Paton, as General Manager, was announced. The meeting unanimously voted him a pension of £1,000 a year. It was also announced at the meeting that Mr. McNab, the late Secretary, would be his successor as General Manager. Also that the Canadian Government has concurred in the extension of the charter of the Bank until June 1, 1884, subject to such general laws on banking as the Dominion might pass. The retirement of Mr. Paton will be generally regretted in Canada, as well from his high character as his great attainments as a banker.

UNITED STATES.

The last of the New York defaulters is the Cashier of the Merchants' Exchange Bank, for the very modest sum of \$150,000.

The amount of United States bonds held abroad cannot be definitely ascertained, but are estimated at all points between \$700,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000—supposed to be \$800,000,000.

Frederick S. Cossens, the well known author of "The Sparrowgrass Papers," "Acadia, or a sojourn among the Blue-Noses," and many other works, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 23rd inst.

The New York *World*, on the authority of a Washington despatch, publishes the very unlikely statement that Britain is prepared to surrender the territory of British Columbia in satisfaction of the Alabama claims.

The New York *Democrat* says: Even Canada has the advantage of us in trade. She sent to our markets about \$30,000 worth of what we can raise ourselves; while she took pay in trade for less than \$19,000,000. How is that for a balance of trade?

The *Tribune's* Washington special correspondent says the President, Secretary Fish and Mr. Sumner are of the opinion that the time has not yet come when they can officially and conscientiously recommend or advise the taking of so important a step as the acknowledgment of the belligerent rights of the Cuban insurgents.

It has been stated that Secretary Boutwell intends to urge upon Congress a plan which he has matured for the funding of about 1,000,000,000 dollars of national debt at 4 per cent, or lower. Mr. Boutwell's plan contemplates taking up the five-twenties now due and in their stead issuing the new bonds.

The New England Female Medical College propose to erect a new building at the Boston City Hospital. This college was opened in 1848, and seventy-four women have been through the three years' course and taken medical degrees. More than two hundred other women have attended a partial course, most of them nurses of the sick, the education of nurses being one of the objects of the institution, as specified in its charter. The college has a valuable lot, estimated to be worth \$50,000, and has the plan of a building. An effort is making to secure the necessary funds.

A Washington special says:—There is good authority for saying that the negotiations for re-opening the Alabama claims question will not be definitely settled until the assembling of the British Parliament in February. It being uncertain whether the British Ministry would be sustained by Parliament in committing itself to any definite course or change of policy, as pursued in the past, an expression is desired from that body before the Ministry formally agree to the propositions made by Minister Motley.

The diplomatic representatives of the United States have been instructed to submit for the consideration of foreign Governments the propriety of holding a convention, the object of which will be to provide that no exclusive concessions of right to lay submarine cables shall be granted by any Government; that no Government shall have the right to *vis* messages transmitted through the cables; that they shall be treated as neutral property during war; and that their destruction at any time shall be an act of piracy. At present there is no law for the punishment of persons seeking the destruction of the wires.

The New York *Sun* says that an American Annexation League has recently been formed in New York with the avowed purpose of procuring, by persuasion or force, the annexation to the United States of all the countries and provinces of North America, and all the islands along its coast. Their motto is: "The national safety of the United States demands the acquisition of all North America and the West Indian Islands." This League is preparing to invade Red River Territory, with a force of 1500 men, and anticipate active cooperation of the Fenians, with a general uprising in Canada. [There are probably people in New York who believe this yarn.]

The Saginaw (Mich.) *Enterprise* reports that while removing the bodies from the old to the new cemetery, south of Saginaw city, the men engaged in the task of disinterring came across a petrified body. It was that of a female, and the inscription on the tombstone was, "Mary, wife of J. Malden, died April 21, 1860, aged 80 years, 1 month and 2 days." Bernard Rice, who is superintending the disinterring and removing of the bodies, estimates the weight of the body at four hundred pounds. Mary Malden, of whom this petrified body is the remains, was well known in Saginaw City ten or twelve years ago. She was a devout Catholic. Her husband was at one time keeper of

the light-house at Thunder Bay, and is now living at Alpena. It is said that she died very suddenly one day, after eating a hearty dinner. She was a large woman, weighing perhaps 200 pounds. This is decided to be a case of adipocere, which is explained by the New American Encyclopedia as follows:—"Adipocere is a product of the decomposition of fleshy matters. It bears a slight resemblance to spermaceti. It is formed from bones buried in moist earth, and especially when these are accumulated for years in great numbers."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

A heavy snow storm, at Madrid, so blocked up the road that on Dec. 31st, no French nor English Mails had been received for four days.

Stambonts on the American plan are to be introduced on Lake Geneva, Switzerland. This will add very greatly to the comfort and pleasure of tourists on that beautiful lake.

A Suez letter in the *Times* says work on the Canal has been stopped, but the passage is still hazardous for vessels drawing more than 24 feet.

A despatch from Madrid, Dec. 29, says:—Senor Yorilla, the Minister of Justice, made a speech at Alhaceta yesterday, wherein he declared if the government cannot find a King they will throw themselves into the arms of a republic.

Some time since the Sublime Porte sent a demand to Ismael Pacha to abandon his iron-clad fleet. The demand remaining unanswered, the Sultan, on the 31st, forwarded a violent message to the same effect.

An Admiralty order authorizes the wearing of beards by the Royal Marine Light Infantry. A corps already above the average in soldier-like appearance and smartness will thus have its appearance still further improved.

The *Peuple Français*, which is considered as to some extent an organ of the Tuileries, makes the announcement that in future the Empress of the French will not attend any Ministerial Councils.

The Marquis of Bute has recently sold Loudoun Castle, in Ayrshire, with the extensive estates attached, to the Countess of Loudoun. His Lordship received the same price for it that he gave to the Marquis of Hastings.

A report of M. Magné, the Minister of Finance in France, has been published in the *Journal Officiel*. It represents the finances as in a very flourishing condition. The floating debt has been greatly reduced, there is a surplus on the budget of 1868, and also on that of 1869, and an estimated surplus for 1871. For the first time after a long interval M. Magné says the expenditure for public work will be defrayed from the ordinary revenue.

Mr. Ashbury has forwarded to the *Morning Post* the correspondence had between himself and Mr. Bennett *per* Atlantic Telegraph on the subject of an ocean yacht race between his yacht *Cambria* and Mr. Bennett's yacht *Dauntless*, on the fourth of July next, from Kinsale Head to Sandy Hook. He accompanies this correspondence with a letter wherein he says he accepts the terms and that he will be ready on reaching New York to race for the cup won by the yacht *America* on the 22nd of August, 1861.

The *London Spectator* commenting on recent diplomatic correspondence between the Government of the United States and Great Britain, says, that the notes of Mr. Fish are improvements on Mr. Seward's. His despatches contain no bombast or flourishes, yet there is too much of insignificant and sentimental complaint instead of close adherence to the legal question. The American case on the Alabama question is a strong one and one in which all maritime powers are deeply interested, but Mr. Fish does not do it justice.

The Emperor of Austria took the opportunity afforded by his journey to Egypt to visit Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. A correspondent of the *Times* records the following amongst other incidents of the Royal trip:—"A very fine turtle was observed disporting himself about 100 yards from the Royal vessel, whereupon, calling for his rifle, His Majesty waited patiently till the animal raised its head out of the water, when the ball with unerring aim, pierced the animal's brain, and it sank like a stone. It was expected the body would float and be secured for soup, but when the contrary was found to be the case, His Majesty was sorry for having killed the poor animal."

A despatch dated London, Dec. 31st, says:—Heavy gales have prevailed all around the coast during the past few days, and many shipwrecks, attended in some instances with loss of life, have already been reported. The American bark *D. V. Minot*, Capt. Healy, which left Mobile on the 10th of November, with a cargo of cotton for Havre, experienced one of those gales when two days' sail from the Cornish coast, but weathered the storm and made for port Penance. She lost two masts and suffered other damage, though to what extent is not ascertained. Advices have been also received to the effect that the bark *Edra*, bound from Montreal to Greenock, was driven ashore on the coast of Ireland by a furious gale. The captain and seven of the crew were drowned. The bark will probably be a total loss. A fearful gale from the north-west also occurred at Limerick, on the 31st. Trees were uprooted, chimneys thrown down, and in some instances houses were prostrated. Ten persons are known to have lost their lives and many others have been badly injured.

An English journal publishes an extract from a letter from Sir S. Baker, in which that traveller gives the Nile expedition a very wide range:

"The main objects of our enterprise are after crushing the slave trade: (1) to annex to Egypt the Equatorial Nile basin; (2) to establish a powerful government throughout all the tribes now warring with each other; (3) to introduce the cultivation of cotton on an extensive scale, so that the natives will have a valuable production to exchange for Manchester goods, etc.; (4) to open to navigation the two great lakes on the Nile; (5) to establish a chain of trading stations throughout the countries to be annexed, so as to communicate with the northern base from the most distant point south, on the system adopted by the Hudson's Company. . . . Every tribe will be compelled to cultivate a certain amount of corn and cotton in proportion of the population. No war will be permitted. Each chief will be held responsible for the acts of his tribe. Tribute will be exacted in labor to be performed in opening out roads; on the same principle as the road tax in Ceylon. To carry out these plans I have absolute power conferred by the Viceroy."

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

David Livingstone, the distinguished African traveller, was born at Blantyre, upon the banks of the Clyde, near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1817. His father, who was in humble circumstances, and according to his son, too honest to become rich, was a small shop-keeper in the town of Hamilton, and died in 1836. David worked at the Cotton Mills of Blantyre, and devoted his spare moments to intellectual improvement. During the winter seasons he pursued his studies at Glasgow, and in the summer resumed his occupation at the Cotton Mills. In this way he was enabled to acquire some knowledge of classics. He resolved to devote himself to missionary life, and having studied medicine for a few years, during which time he attended two courses of theological lectures under Dr. Wardlaw, he was admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, in 1838. He then offered himself to the London Missionary Society for missionary work in Africa, and was accepted. He was ordained to the pastoral office in 1840, and soon after left England for Port Natal, where he became acquainted with his countryman, the Rev. Robert Moffatt, one of the most enterprising of African Missionaries, whose daughter he married. From 1840 to 1856, Dr. Livingstone laboured as a Missionary at Kuruman, Mafodson, and other stations in Southern Africa, and made several expeditions into the interior. He became acquainted with the language, habits, and religious notions of several savage tribes, and twice crossed the entire continent, a little south of the tropic of Capricorn, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to those of the Atlantic. In May, 1855, the Victoria or Patrons' Gold Medal was bestowed upon him by the Royal Geographical Society, for having "traversed South Africa from the Cape of Good Hope, by Lake Ngami to Linganti, and thence to the Western Coast, in ten degrees south latitude." In the same year he began to retrace his steps eastward, and having again traversed these regions as far as Linganti, followed the Zambesi down to its mouth upon the shore of the Indian Ocean, thus completing the entire journey across Southern Africa. At the close of 1856 he returned to England, and was present at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Dec. 15, when the President, Sir Roderick Murchison, referred to him in very flattering terms, saying the Society had "met together to welcome Dr. Livingstone's return to England, after an absence of sixteen years, during which . . . he had made geographical discoveries of incalculable importance. In all his various journeys, Dr. Livingstone had travelled over no less than 11,000 miles of African territory; and he had come back to England as the pioneer of sound and useful knowledge; for by his astronomical observations he had determined the sites of numerous places, hills, rivers, and lakes, nearly all of which had been hitherto unknown, while he had seized upon every opportunity of describing the physical features, climatology and geological structure of the countries which he had explored, and had pointed out many new sources of commerce as yet unknown to the scope and the enterprise of the British merchant."

Dr. Livingstone was destined to achieve still greater distinction as an African explorer. In March, 1858, he returned to Africa, accompanied by a small band of assistants, sent out by Her Majesty's Government. He entered Lake Nyassa on the 2nd Sept., 1861, and made further explorations; but his wife, who had accompanied him in many of his perilous journeys, died of fever at Shupanga, on the 27th April, 1862; and what was termed the Zambesi expedition, was recalled in July of the following year. On the 20th July, 1864, Dr. Livingstone reached London, and after giving interesting particulars respecting his discoveries, and making arrangements for other explorations, again quitted England in April, 1865. A report reached England early in March, 1867, that he had been set upon and murdered by some of the native tribes near Lake Nyassa, two of his African servants having deserted him and started the rumour to cover their own



DR. LIVINGSTONE.

treachery. The story was at first very generally accepted as probable until Sir Roderick Murchison proclaimed his belief that it was a fabrication. An expedition was fitted out under Mr. E. D. Young, and left England in June 1867 to visit the interior of Africa in search of the Doctor, who, from lack of channels of communication, had been for a long time unable to communicate with the authorities. Occasional scraps of information concerning him began to reach England, and the fears that he had met with an untimely fate were dissipated. Positive information was at length received of his entire safety, and of his great success in exploring the hitherto but little known regions of Central Africa. A letter from him dated "Near Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa, July 1868," reached England in November last. In our issue of Dec. 4, page 71, will be found a notice of the important discoveries mentioned therein. His last letter dated Ujiji, May 30, shows the Albert Nyanza and Tanganyika to be one lake, in which the Nile has its source. He next intended to explore westward from Tanganyika, where he hopes to find the headwaters of the Congo; if successful he will have all but exhausted the field of African exploration.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S VISIT TO EGYPT.

Among the illustrious visitors who responded to the invitation of the Khedive to be present at the formal opening of the Suez Canal, none attracted more general attention than Her Majesty the Empress of the French. The press has teemed with incidents connected with the Empress' visit to the East, grave-diggers of high-toned British journals have descanted upon the happy influences of such a graceful display of Parisian fashion as that made by Her Majesty in the Capital of the Sultan; and while the Emperor of Austria and other notabilities of less dignity have gone and returned again with little more than formal mention, Eugenie's visit has been a fruitful theme of pleasant and instructive remark. We

have already devoted a considerable portion of our space to the description and illustration of the Suez Canal; and this week we give two views—one the passage of the rapids of the great cataract of the Nile by a party of the Khedive's visitors, a spirited scene which will not be without interest to the Canadian reader, as showing how "these things are managed" in Egypt; and the other the visit of the Empress to the ruins of ancient Thebes, in Upper Egypt. Her Majesty on this occasion was mounted on a dromedary, as were several of her suite. She was attended by officers of the Khedive's household, and a motley group of tourists followed her footsteps. Our engraving conveys a vivid idea of the scene the cavalcade presented. In connection with the Empress's visit to Egypt, it may not be uninteresting to give an extract from the letter of a correspondent as showing the condition of Egypt and of the Egyptian peasants in the present day. It is from a description of a visit paid to the Great Pyramids in the Desert. The writer says:—

"Leaving Cairo about six a. m., and driving down to the point at Boudak, which their dragoman selects for embarkation, visitors and their donkeys, their attendants, their tent for sleeping in on the Desert, their banners, rugs, and paraphernalia, find themselves in due course on board a Nile boat, and bound for the opposite bank. There has been the usual struggling with the donkeys, who have objected to water travelling; the prayers for your safety, and the appeals for backsheesh in return from the medley group of natives washing in the Nile, the women removing their veils, and laving hands, face, feet and legs with perfect composure under your very nose. The morning is of course lovely. The sun has not attained the fierce splendour from which you will have to screen yourself a few hours later, and the groves of feathery palms, the palace of Gizeh, the lofty masts of the Nile boats, the yellow sands of the distant Desert, and the proportions of the Gizeh Pyramids you are to visit, first standing out sharply against a sky of the brightest blue, are all seen to the best advantage, and enjoyed keenly in the fresh morning air. Your plan is, we will say, to



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND SUITE AT THE RUINS OF ANCIENT THEBES, UPPER EGYPT.

travel to the Great Pyramids and the Sphinx, to climb and explore the former, and to spend the day among them and in exploring the excavations being made by order of the Viceroy. This done, you and your caravan will journey over the Desert to Sak-kara, a two hours' ride, where there are more pyramids, and further preparations in progress, and where you will pitch your tent and sleep; travelling next day over the Desert, and through portions of the country suffering from the inundations, and so back to and down the Nile to Old Cairo by boat on the evening of the second day.

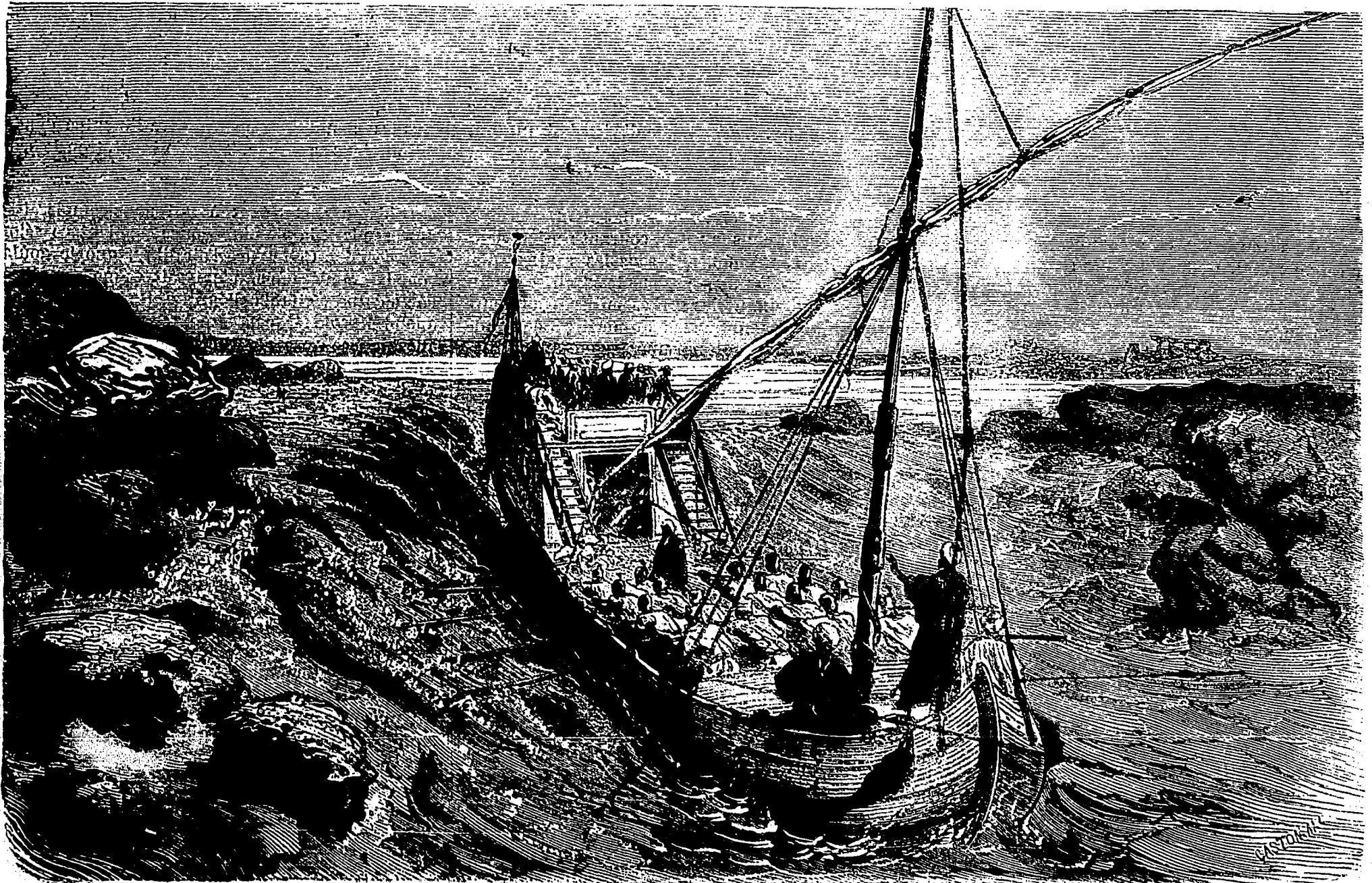
"The current is strong, and you have to make a circuit of a mile and a half, and to tack three times before your landing-place, which is exactly opposite, is reached—the boatmen and boys pulling and pushing the huge and clumsy oars in aid of your vessel's sailing-power, and calling lustily on Allah at every stroke. Once landed and mounted, and you are amazed at the finished excellence of the new road. Acacia-trees in full leaf cast their chequered shade across it, and fellahs are busy with watering-carts and rollers, to ensure its continuing hard and level. At this rate, the task of going to the Pyramids, is, you think, little more than riding or driving in Kensington Gardens; and it is not until you have passed the village of Gizeh, and the Viceroy's new palace there, admiring the beauty of the latter's garden as seen through the open gates, and came upon the railway to Minieh, that you feel strongly the casual differences between travelling in this country and at home.

"The inundation has washed away portions of the mud banks upon which the railway lies, and the iron lines are suspended over yawning chasms, or bent down in grotesque inclines, as if twisted by some malevolent



THE LATE MADAME GRISI. (For a biographical notice see "Canadian Illustrated News," No. 7, page 90.)

genii resenting modern intrusion. Your road continues wide and level, however, and it is not until the dragoon gallops back excitedly to say it is not yet all repaired that you understand you will have to take to a boat again. For some mile or two after passing Gizeh you have been riding along what seems to be an artificial division in a great inland lake. The acacias are younger here, and give but little shade, but the road has not narrowed, and is as firm and smooth as ever. The lake is temporary, and is due to the inundations only. Ahead of you is apparently a group of ants. Clustering in thick swarms, and ever moving, are, as is seen on approaching nearer, boys, girls, and men, working in gangs. Soon the sounds of wailing strikes upon the ear, and you remark fellahs of a higher grade—men, whose dignified robe of camel's hair, turban, and shodden feet, show them to be better paid than the rest—at every few yards. Each carries a long stick, and the sole occupation of all seems to be to use these on the heads or backs of the youths and children at work. There is but one boat for transporting our party across the narrow strait of water; and as the donkeys and baggage have to be shipped first, we wait half an hour or so in the very centre of the hubbub, and again on landing, until the remaining detachment comes up. There are 500 or 600 people scooping out mud and earth with their hands, filling baskets, and carrying them on their heads to the point at which the road is submerged. Then large canvas sacks are filled and planted as a foundation by naked men, who stand up to their middle in water; then another file of men and children step up and empty more baskets in the strata of sacks, and so on till the injured road is level with the rest. The beating was not severe, but it never ceased.



A PARTY OF THE KIRDIVE'S VISITORS PASSING THE GREAT CATARACT OF THE NILE.

The stick sometimes fell on the empty basket on the back, and often on the folds of the skirt, and so loosely as not to hurt; but it was used regularly, and seemed, indeed, an integral item in the discipline. It was all free labour. Those engaged on it are paid; but the taskmasters, or gangers, had a certain duty to perform, and they went through it so unflinchingly that the lamentation and tears never ceased.

"Looking across the waste of waters, one saw islands growing out of them almost under our eyes. On these verdure was already sprouting from the rich soil, so that the warm brown of the Nile mud was like a chocolate silk shot with pea-green. Here were black and brown f-fahs swimming out to these islands with their clothes tied in bundles on their heads; there were half-naked husbandmen sowing at the edge from which the waters were receding, casting the seed to right and left with one hand, and holding up the solitary garment of linen containing it, like to pictures of the sower in the parable. There was no other break. In many places the land had been recently flooded, and one of our party, who had visited the Pyramids ten days before, pointed out the spot at which he had been obliged to take boat and perform the last two miles by water. But the Nile is receding rapidly, and much of the ground then covered already bears signs of the fruitful harvest which is to come.

"The Pyramids loom larger and larger as you progress; and about this time you become conscious of what you forget utterly afterwards—that there are two modern houses in their vicinity. One is the chalet built by the Viceroy for the use of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; the other is—ana-chronism of ana-chronisms!—a modern hotel. Both seem unoccupied; but the Pyramids so absorb every sense when you are once upon them in their might, that the very existence of these houses is lost, and you neither see nor remember them until long after you have left.

"The ascent and the exploration of the interior of the Great Pyramids occupy some hours—not necessarily, but that haste would be repugnant and superfluous. Their vastness requires time for its comprehension. The blank feeling you succumb to, and which you mistake, at first, for disappointment, is really the sense of awe acting upon nerves which are highly strung. In vain do you gaze upwards and sideways, and endeavour to go through the process of mental gauging. The huge masses baffle you utterly, and every expectation based on reading or upon the oral evidence of friends, seems to have been untrustworthy. You cannot analyze, nor compare, nor pronounce any one particular to have been false; but the Pyramids you see, and touch, and climb, and the Pyramids as they have existed in imagination are things utterly distinct; and no convictions or impressions concerning them are stronger than this until you escape from their mystic glamour and view them once more in the distance and from the long and sandy plain leading to Sakkarah.

"The extent of the inundations and the magnitude of the works being carried on here by the Government are taken in at a glance. Looking downwards, the black flies running to and fro on the yellow sands are Arabs completing the last portions of the road hither; the long strings of beetles harnessed in a line are camels laden with rock for its side wall; the tiny puff of smoke and the sharp report which follows comes from a blasting party bound to clear a tomb from the dust and rubbish of centuries by a certain day. The rich colour of the landscape, with its variety of browns and yellows relieved by the brightest green; the mud villages rising out of the waters as one might imagine colonies of beavers to do on the sudden subsiding of a flood; the Desert, arid, endless, and with a certain rolling look like yellow water, but showing countless hills and valleys; the back of the Sphinx's head, looking massive and mighty even from this height; and the groups of other pyramids to be seen miles off in the direction of our night's camping-ground are what one remembers best.

"The shadows have grown long, and the afternoon comparatively cool, before we can bring ourselves to leave the vicinity of the Great Pyramids. The interior of the King's and Queen's chambers have been explored, the tombs brought to light within the last few months been admired in all their solidity and expanse, when our ride across the Desert to Sakkarah is commenced. As evening draws on, and the silent calm of the Desert asserts itself, native life here, and the nature of its varieties and vicissitudes, begin to be understood. The difficulties to be mastered, and the magnitude of the work undertaken to facilitate the transport and enlarge the field of observation of the strangers arriving are comprehended. Yonder patch of dried mill-stalks is a village. Its Sheikh is smoking on the ground outside a larger bundle of dried leaves and straw than the rest, and behind this division, which is exactly like one of the partitions to a farm-yard, are his children and wives. A naked black boy, a buffalo or two, some turkeys, and half a score camels and as many men and women are at the doors of tents, or peer at us over the upright thatch. They were swept out of their village a few weeks ago by the flood. It stood where you cluster of palms peeps above the water; and this is their substitute for their homes. Asked whether he hopes to return soon, the Sheikh replies that he returns no more; that in his lifetime his village has been washed away three times, and that now, having had several of their number drowned and wives and children left desolate, he and his people have determined to abide in the Desert henceforth. Asked again by a traveller eager for statistical information whether he is heavily taxed, he politely evades the question, and says that, having nothing left in the world, he cannot pay tribute at all. He is a grave, handsome man of fifty, with an iron-grey beard, and a most dignified bearing, who insists upon our resting and taking coffee, and whose attendants refuse a gratuity on our leaving, protesting, with some of their master's dignity, that they are already under weighty obligations to the strangers for having honoured them with their presence. This simple hospitality stood out in stronger contrast than the hungry clamour of the dwellers by the pyramids, whom we had left; and when we were taken to the tent of a poor fellow whose hands and arms had been injured by an explosion of gunpowder, and asked to prescribe for him, it seemed as if the stories one has read of Arab goodness and Arab faith were fully realised. We pass another tribe of people, washed out of their homes, who are hard at work building a new village; as well as droves of camels, one with a genuine Bedouin leading it, spear in hand; and herds of goats and cattle. The colour of the distant landscape increases in softness and beauty after sundown, and when the brown villages and remote and lofty mountain range to the left are enriched by the afterglow. To the right, however, all is ugliness and desolation, the great Desert stretching

away in unbroken waves, or hills of sand and stones, and in no respect resembling the level plain one had been taught to look for. Darkness came on rapidly, and the shouts of one of our party rolling with his donkey head-foremost into a mummy-pit was our first intimation that we had reached the ancient Necropolis of Memphis, and were near our journey's end. We were in the Desert indeed, and with nothing round us but the bleached bones of men and camels, mummy-cloths of the sacred animals, most of which are now removed to the museum at Boolah, the mutilated statues and fragments of tombs, and the eternal endless sand."

NOTICE.

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870.

The new year does not open without a few clouds in the horizon, though it is improbable that they portend a serious storm. With respect to public questions in which Canada is more or less deeply interested, and by which its future may be affected, it is to be noted that in the East, Newfoundland has rejected Confederation; in the West, the Red River people have resisted it, and from the shores of the Pacific a protest has gone forth against it.

The action of the electors in Newfoundland is of no great consequence to Canada, except that it retards the completion of British American Union. The Provinces on the mainland have nothing to gain by union with the Atlantic Islands, for which they would not be compelled to pay at least full price. They can, therefore, afford to wait, or do without it altogether, in so far as any material advantage may be involved. But, there ensues a certain loss of prestige in the eyes of the world, from the fact that these small communities reject Confederation. Those who take no pains to study the causes which have led to this result, do not hesitate to draw conclusions from it adverse to the ultimate success of the scheme for the union of British North America. If Newfoundland reject Confederation, and Prince Edward Island will not even entertain the project—if both go directly in the face of the declared desire of the Imperial Government with respect to it, outside observers may, perhaps, be pardoned for entertaining the notion that it must be rather rickety; that, if it cannot go forward, there is some prospect of its receding, because of the great difficulty, in most political organizations, of standing still. Our impressive Republican neighbours are especially likely to arrive at this opinion, for, rightly or wrongly, they interpret every sign of a refractory spirit in the British American Provinces, as the manifestation of a desire for annexation. As they rejoiced at the Anti-Union agitation in Nova Scotia, a little more than a year ago, so they now take comfort to themselves because of the rejection of Confederation in Newfoundland. But, this purely sentimental drawback may be endured with equanimity, so long as political affairs work smoothly within the Union.

The Red River difficulty is one of a far more serious aspect. Here there must be a step either backward or forward, because, to stand still is impossible. True enough, the Hon. Mr. McDougall's proclamation was prematurely issued, for the issue of the Queen's proclamation had been stopped; and in law, the North-West is as much beyond the jurisdiction of Canada as ever it was. But, Canada has contracted with the Hudson's Bay Company for a transfer of its territorial rights and jurisdiction; and, in anticipation of its assumption of that authority, the insurgents have dispossessed the Hudson's Bay Company, and set up an authority of their own. To cancel the contract with the Hudson's Bay Company, is out of the question; yet, that is the only step backward that can be taken. To wait until the Company can give quiet possession, would be to postpone the completion of the transfer until the Greek Kalends. To make war on the insurgents would be to create complications, of which no man could predict the end. It is not with a handful of half-breeds that such a struggle would have to be waged, but, with the off-scourings and professional filibusters of the continent, backed by the sympathy of a class who, if not large, are sufficiently noisy to give direction to the surface current of American political sentiment. Already, it is said that President Grant has decided to issue a proclamation of neutrality "in the war of Rupert's Land (!)" warning the Englishmen not to invade the territory of the United States, and Americans not to invade the British Dominion. It is not difficult to understand the consequence of such a proclamation; it would be similar to that of the warning uttered by the mob orator to his auditory not to throw

an obnoxious individual into a neighbouring pond. Of course, the individual was ducked straightway; and, the moment President Grant issues a proclamation of neutrality—i. e., recognizes a state of war—the filibusters would flock into Dakota Territory, where no American force exists on the one side, to prevent them from crossing the boundary; and, on the other, no British force is ready to meet them. But, the President will hardly venture on such a procedure at present, though it is difficult to say how long the unchallenged sway of the provisional government would be allowed to pass unimproved by the Americans. We can readily believe the other part of the despatch from Washington, which says:—"The insurrection in the Red River Country is viewed in official circles as a serious impediment to the scheme of the English Government to unite all British North America in the new Confederation, and is not therefore regarded as a matter for regret, although the final success of the rebels is not counted on."

It is just because of the "impediment to the scheme to unite all British North America," that the Red River affair has any serious aspect for this country. Canada has undertaken to complete that scheme, and up to this point has laboured with considerable success. The only danger of failure now lies in the possible interference of political propagandists and armed interventionists from the neighbouring Republic. Opinion is nearly unanimous throughout Canada that an armed conflict with the parties at present holding Fort Garry should at all hazards be avoided; and that peaceful negotiation should first be exhausted before severer measures are adopted. But the Canadian Government will make a mistake if it falls back too exactly on the letter of its bond; if the payment of the money to the Hudson's Bay Company is withheld, and all effort to reconcile the settlers abandoned, until the Company guarantees quiet possession.

The principal grievance of the insurgents is that the people of the territory were not consulted as to the terms of the transfer. It is to be hoped that the delegates sent to Winnipeg by the Canadian Government will be able to destroy the force of this complaint; and that the Government will not fail to obtain from Parliament ample powers for the organization of a Local Government on a basis which would give the inhabitants such control over their own affairs as is enjoyed in other parts of the Dominion; providing for them, at the same time, a liberal representation in Parliament. It seems pretty evident that the effort to administer the public affairs—"Crown Colony" fashion—from Ottawa, will not be willingly accepted; and the sooner other expedients for the establishment of legitimate local government within the territory are adopted, the better it will prove for all parties concerned. The "snow blockade" will give ample time for reflection, as well as for preparation, with a view to future action; and we trust that neither the military arm, nor the *laissez faire* policy will be unduly relied upon.

With the Red River question, this side the Rocky Mountains, on our hands, it is, perhaps, scarcely worth while to bestow a thought upon the little comedy recently enacted beyond them, the closing scene of which was transferred to Washington and performed the other day, to the immense satisfaction of the participators. But, though the petition of some forty or fifty Americans and American sympathisers, residing in British Columbia, praying for the annexation of that colony to the United States, may be an insignificant affair, and its presentation to President Grant, more ludicrous than insignificant, it proves at least the active propagandism of the Americans. They appear to believe that it is the manifest destiny of the Republic to absorb every other State and Province in North America; and they prove the faith within them by working unceasingly to that end. They also accept as true the most improbable statements, both regarding the feeling in the Provinces and the policy of Britain. A few days ago, the New York *World* published a despatch informing its readers that His Grace the Duke of Argyll was coming to Washington as Ambassador of England, clothed with full power to settle the "Alabama" claims—which may be true—and that in lieu of the apology demanded by Senator Sumner, "the British Government will propose to transfer to the United States all their territory in British Columbia, and all their possessions on the Pacific Coast, in consideration of our paying a large sum of money,"—which is undoubtedly false. Yet the latter statement receives some colour of probability from the alleged state of feeling in British Columbia, as evidenced by the petition referred to, and from the supposed determination of Great Britain to permit her British American colonists to trade upon their allegiance at will.

Canada can offer no present attractions to British Columbia, it is true; but if the pacification of the North West is soon accomplished, and followed by comprehensive measures for its colonization, the British Columbians would have some prospect of reward for waiting. In the absence of immediate union, Canada can show them, by a

vigorous policy of internal improvement and by sound and conciliatory measures towards the restoration of order and the establishment of a progressive government in the North-West, that their interests would be quite as safe within the Canadian Union as under the folds of the American flag.

THE RED RIVER.—There is very little news from the Red River Settlement. A letter dated Pembina, Dec 19th, brings advices from Fort Garry to the 14th, at which date the Fort was still guarded by 400 insurgents. A court martial was trying the prisoners captured at Dr. Schultz's house, and should the insurgents venture to inflict any worse punishment on them than temporary confinement, reprisal will be provoked. It was ascertained that the arms in the possession of the Shultz party belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company. A rebel flag was raised amidst beating of drums, music and rejoicing; it has a white ground and is adorned with three lilies and trefoil flowers. Hon. Mr. Macdougall left St. Paul on the 4th inst. and will probably by this date have reached Toronto. Mr. Provencher will remain at Pembina during the winter to be ready to communicate with the insurgents, in case they should desire to treat with the Canadian Government.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's servants, with the assistance of the popular Mrs. Buckland, and the ever juvenile Mrs. Hill, performed on Monday evening, 3rd instant, at the Theatre Royal, the charming comedy of the *Follies of a Night*, and the Comedietta, an Irish Lion. We have seldom seen Amateurs acquit themselves of their parts with so much ease and freedom. No awkwardness, no hesitation, no wooden legs; all were well up in their characters, and entered fully into the spirit of the author. Impossible to praise one actor to the disparagement of another. Each in his part was perfect. The noble Colonel, and Mr. Lawtree probably elicited most admiration, having the chief roles. Mrs. Buckland as the fascinating Duchesse de Chartres and the enthusiastic Mrs. Fitzgig, bore out her reputation, and Mrs. Hill can vie as a soubrette with any chit of sixteen.

H. R. H. Prince Arthur, honored the performance with his presence, and needless to say, every available space was filled with the most elegant *grand monde* of our city. Mrs. Col. Wolsley and Mrs. Col. Earle occupied seats on either side of the Prince. Their toilettes, as indeed those of a large number of other prominent beauties present, were elegant and in good taste. When the performance was over, the crowd in the pit gave three cheers for the Prince. We must not omit to notice the masterly performances of the Rifle Brigade Band, under the conductorship of Mr. Millar, who is a host in himself, and a hero on the cornet.

THE BONSECOURS MARKET ON CHRISTMAS EVE.—The Bonsecours Market is the largest and most generally patronized in Montreal, and at the Christmas season especially, presents a busy and animated scene. The City Hall building, in and around which the market is held, is a large and imposing cut stone edifice, occupying a whole block between St. Paul and Commissioners Sts. The Corporation offices, Council Chambers, &c., are situated up stairs, the entrance being from St. Paul Street, at the south-west corner of the building. Beneath is a commodious meat or "flesh" market, with numerous stalls fully occupied; and in the basement a miscellaneous business is carried on, embracing transactions in vegetables, butter, "old clo," crockery, and cheap hot meals. A little to the east of the market building—Victor St. and a small row of shops intervening—stands the old church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, built in 1772, and—since the demolition of the Recollet Church—the oldest in the city. Our view of the market is from St. Paul Street, showing the west end of the building extending down to Commissioners St., which skirts the wharves. The building is therefore seen to the greatest advantage from the river. The professional hucksters and dealers in all sorts of small wares, fruits, edibles, and Indian trinkets, divide with the farmers the space around the building; and around their little stalls, or by the side of their "one-horse" sleighs, earnest and animated is the conversation of buyer and seller. The visitor to Montreal who is unfamiliar with the odd commingling of classes, and tongues, and costumes characteristic of the cities of this Province, misses an amusing and suggestive scene when he omits to pay a visit to the Bonsecours Market.

BOARD OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

The annual meeting of the Board of Arts and Manufactures was held yesterday afternoon in the long room of the Mechanics' Hall; H. Bulmer, Esq., in the chair. The meeting was called to order at three o'clock. The Secretary then read the minutes of the last annual meeting, which were confirmed. The Chairman appointed Messrs. Alexander and Heat as auditors to examine the accounts. The following institutions were represented: Collège de Montréal, Laval University, Collège de Terrebonne, McGill University, Art Association of Montreal, Petit Séminaire de Ste. Thérèse, Séminaire de Nicolet, Petit Séminaire de Québec, Collège de St. Hyacinthe, Masson College, Mechanics' Institute of Montreal, Institut des Artisans Canadiens, Joliette College, College of Ste. Marie de Monnoir and the School of Medicine, Montreal.

The report of the sub-committee was then read. It showed that during the past year the committee had presented a statement to the Provincial Government, showing the present and future necessities of the Board, together with a petition to the Lieutenant-Governor, showing that the establishment of a school of art and design was of the greatest importance, and for an increase of aid for that purpose. Annexed was a statement of the cost of fitting up rooms for a school of art and design and of practical chemistry. The schools to be established by the Board if the Government would grant the amount required. A deputation was sent down during the winter to impress upon the Government the necessity of such a step.

The Government, however, in its wisdom could not see the propriety of increasing the present grant. During the summer the sub-committee established a school of art and design with the limited funds at their disposal. A large room was fitted up with desks and other necessaries, together with models and drawings, the cost being about \$300. An efficient staff of teachers was procured, and classes established in the following branches:—Elementary free hand drawing, 73 scholars; architectural drawing, 47; practical geometry, 55; linear perspective, 23; mechanical drawing, 24; modeling, 6; making in all 238 scholars, with an average attendance of 200. The committee recommend the carrying on of the school. Besides this, evening schools were carried on in the Mechanics' Institute, where mechanical drawing was taught, and at the Institut des Artisans Canadiens, at which were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and French and English grammar. \$200 each was appropriated for these schools. The committee recommended that no money should be given for elementary schools after this year. The following is a list of the officers elected for the ensuing year: H. Bulmer, Esq., President; H. Beaudrias, Vice-President; F. E. Gilman, Secretary; N. B. Corse, Esq., Treasurer. Committee.—Messrs. Gilman, Corse, Planguet, Rolland, Weaver, Brown, Larivière, Murray, McFarlane.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Signor Blitz is writing a book about himself, his birds, etc. Viscount Amberley, eldest son of Earl Russell, is writing a series of stories on "The Latter-Day Saints" for the *Fortnightly Review*.

Mrs. Stowe's "True Story of Lady Byron's life" is announced for publication to day (Jan. 8th.) To whet the public appetite for this fresh budget of scandal, the introductory chapter has already been published in the Boston papers.

It is rumoured that a new independent penny daily journal will shortly appear in Kingston under the Editorial management of Mr. A. McKenzie. The paper will be chiefly devoted to the interests of the commerce of Central Canada.

Two unpublished plays of Thomas Hood, entitled respectively *York and Lancaster*, and *Lost and Found* (the latter only a fragment) will be published this month in one volume with some other poems of the author, and the original illustrations by John Leech, George Cruikshank, and Mr. Harvey.

The *Evening Mail* is the title of the new daily journal issued by Messrs Ryan & Moss at Ottawa, the first No. of which appeared on Monday. It is out and out Reform in politics, ably conducted, and its style has just the spice and vivacity to make an evening paper popular.

Mr. Darwin is preparing a new work, in which the main conclusions arrived at in his "Origin of Species," will be applied to Man. The work to be published this year will consist of three parts: 1. The Descent of Man; 2. On Sexual Selection; and 3. On Expression of the Emotions. In the first of these the evidence will be mainly drawn from a comparison of the structure of man with that of the lower animals, and from the facts of embryology; the more general arguments from the laws of geographical distribution and of geographical succession being here inapplicable.

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—A process for producing artificial ivory has been published in a German journal. The inventor makes a solution of India-rubber in chloroform and passes chlorine gas through it. After this, he heats the solution to drive off any excess of chlorine, and also the solvent, whereupon he has left behind a pasty mass with which it is only necessary to incorporate sufficient precipitated carbonate of lime or sulphate of lead, or, indeed, any other dense white powder, to obtain a material which may be pressed into moulds to form whatever articles may be desired. The details of this process are obviously incomplete, and the success of it may be doubted. Only good and well masticated rubber could be employed, and even then a dilute solution must be made, and any earthy impurities allowed to deposit. In the next place, we are doubtful of the bleaching action of chlorine on rubber, and moreover, chloroform is, under some circumstances, decomposed by chlorine. Lastly, it is clear that, to obtain a hard material at all resembling ivory, it would be necessary to have a "hard cure," for which a considerable proportion of sulphur would be required. The simple purification of india-rubber by means of chloroform, would, however, furnish a mass of a very fair color.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Victor Emmanuel has positively refused his consent to the candidature of the Duke of Genoa for the Spanish Throne.

Mr. Wm. Cook, United States Vice-Consul at Glasgow, has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment at hard labour for forgery.

Vera Cruz dates to the 13th inst. say the Hon. Wm. H. Seward will not return home to endure the rigor of our northern winter as at first announced, but will proceed from Vera Cruz to St. Thomas, where he will pass the winter.

M. Temple, of Marseilles, discovered a new comet on the 27th of November, in the constellation of Pegasus, R. A., 311 degrees 15 minutes, polar distance 75 degrees 44 minutes. It is a nebula measuring from 12 to 15 minutes in diameter; it has no nucleus. It is even less luminous at the centre than on the circumference. It is advancing at the rate of one degree per day in right ascension and 55 minutes in declination.

L. S. Graves, of Louisville, shot himself in that city a short time ago. He had an insurance policy of \$5,000 on his life, containing the following clause: "If the insured shall die by his own hand, by delirium tremens, or the use of opium, or in consequence of a duel, or the laws of any nation, States, or province, the policy shall be void." In a suit to recover the insurance, the jury found for the widow, on the ground that the assured was at the time in a momentary fit of moral insanity, which subjected his will and impelled the homicide beyond the power of self-control or successful resistance. The Court held that the inevitable act of an insane man who, in that respect, is morally dead, is not in the sense of the law or the recited conditions his voluntary act.

A French paper remarks on the many strange incidents which have grown out of the influence exercised by Tropicann's crime on weak and sickly imaginations. One of the strangest is mentioned by the *Memorial de Lille*. A few days ago a young lady went to the central commissioner of Lille and begged him to take the necessary steps for obtaining leave for her to visit Tropicann in his prison. "What do you want

to say to him?" said the commissioner. "Sir," replied the young lady, "the matter is a simple one. M. Tropicann is alone; he requires attending to and amusing. If I went to stay with him during the time he still has to live, I should be kind to him, and he might leave me the 4,000 francs which he still possesses." The astonished commissioner tried to make the applicant understand the bearings and morality, or rather immorality, of the plan proposed, but she only repeated, "The money will be lost, and he is so lonely."

The *World's* Havana correspondence gives particulars, probably suppressed by telegraph, of many cruel deeds by the Spanish authorities in Cuba. Sixty-three of the most respectable citizens of Havana have been torn from their homes and sent to Spain on suspicion, and seventeen more have been thrown into dungeons of the Moro, to be tried for their lives. Don Tello Larmar, a kinsman of the Georgia Larmars, and a young millionaire planter, has been barbarously executed at the demand of the Matanzas volunteers. Other citizens have been shot by order of a drum-head court-martial, and two aged and infirm gentlemen, who could not well be shipped away, have been put under bonds of \$100,000 each to keep the peace towards Spain.

The *Moscow Gazette* of the 26th of November (8th of December) gives an interesting account of the expedition which has been sent by the Russian Government to the Caspian Sea. The expedition, it says, consists of 1,500 men and six horses, and has embarked at Petrovsk, on board four screw steamers, the *Armenian*, the *Tamora*, the *Volga* and the *Turcoman*, with provisions, forge, fur tents, and other articles required for camping in the desert, including the Norton apparatus for sinking wells. This flotilla is to proceed to the Bay of Krasnovodsk. The expedition is under the command of M. Stoletoff, who is conversant with most of the Asiatic languages, and has travelled a great deal in Turkestan. "The Bay of Krasnovodsk," adds the *Gazette*, "is the upper portion of the Gulf of Balkan, into which the river Amou Darya (Black river, the Oxus of the ancients) formerly discharged itself. This river has since, according to tradition, changed its course in consequence of an earthquake, and now falls into the Sea of Aral. The bay of Krasnovodsk is rather deep, the bottom is of firm sand, with a sufficient anchorage for large ships. It is surrounded by mountains, and in some parts by rocks. Several wells of sweet water exist in the adjoining country. In an island near the river there is a species of rocky earth called *kir*, which may be used for fuel; there are also some sources of naphtha. The bay is navigable all the year round, as it does not freeze in winter. The Turcoman inhabitants of the surrounding country are nomads, with a liking for commerce and navigation; but at present they are brigands and pirates, living on the plunder of the Persian villages and the Russian merchant ships in the Caspian. The bay was first occupied by the Russians under Bekovitch, in the reign of Peter I. Another attempt to establish a Russian settlement there was made by General Yermoloff, Commander in chief of the Caucasus, who sent captain Mouravieff on a mission to the Khan of Khiva." The *Gazette* concludes by expressing the hope that "a new Lesseps may be found who will employ the immense resources of Russian industry in order to bring back the Amou-Darya into its ancient bed, and thereby restore to life the decayed towns and villages which formerly existed on the banks of that great river."

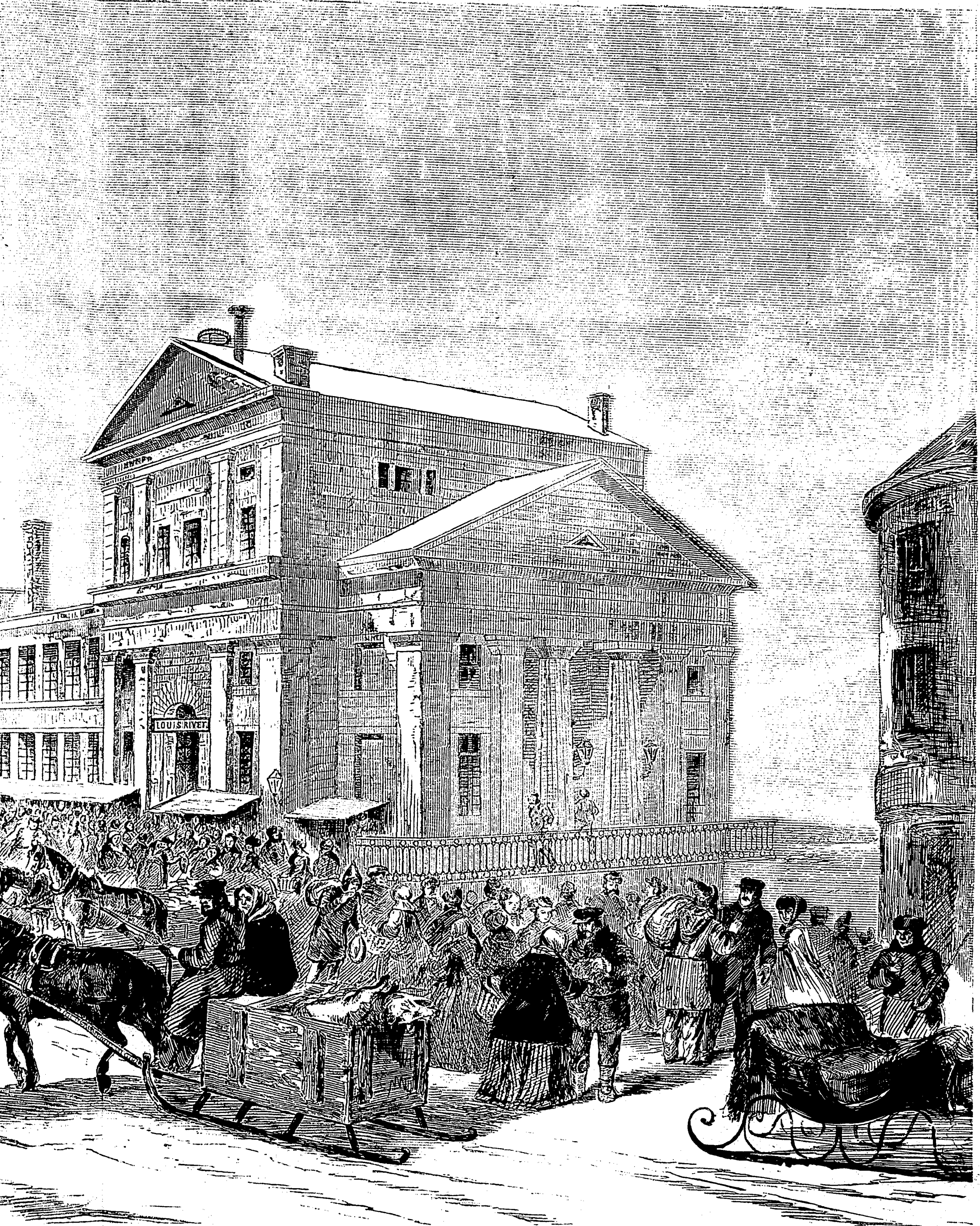
Her Royal Highness the Duchess d'Aumale died at Orleans House, Twickenham, on Monday afternoon, Dec. 6th, after a long illness. The death was rather sudden, but it was well known to the friends of the duchess that the complaint from which she was suffering might possibly have an abrupt termination. The Princess Salerno was with the duchess when she died, but the Duke d'Aumale had gone on a ride to visit the Duke de Nemours and family at Bushey. It was while there that his Royal Highness was informed of the duchess' extreme illness. When he had returned to Orleans House the duchess was dead. The pious and charitable Princess was cousin of the Duke d'Aumale, being the daughter of Prince Leopold Jean Joseph, Prince of Salerno, brother of the duke's mother, the Countess de Neully. The deceased duchess, Princess Mary Caroline Anguste, was the only child of Prince de Salerno and her Imperial Highness Marie Clementine Françoise Josephine of Austria. Her Royal Highness was born 25th April 1822, and married on the 25th November, 1844. The marriage was celebrated with extraordinary display, the Prince de Joinville accompanying his brother to Naples. The nuptial rite took place in the chapel of the palace at Naples in the presence of the whole of the Royal Family, his Excellency the Duke de Montebello, then French Ambassador, attending the duke to the altar. Afterwards the duke and duchess landed at Marseilles, and were *jetés* in Paris. Four years afterwards came the Revolution, which blasted all the prospects of the Orleans family. The duchess, with her husband, sought an asylum at Twickenham, and her unobtrusive acts of charity, more especially to her co-religionists, had endeared her to a wide community. The remains of the much lamented duchess were placed with those of the other members of the family, in the Roman Catholic chapel at Weybridge. Her Majesty the Queen was deeply affected on receiving information of the duchess' death, and on the afternoon of next day, paid a visit of condolence to the ex-Royal Family of France at Twickenham. The duchess leaves surviving issue an only son—the Duke de Guise. Her eldest son, the Prince de Condé, died in Australia, in May, 1866.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 15, 1870.

- SUNDAY, January 9.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
- MONDAY, 10.—Penny Postage established in England, 1840. Prince of Wales presented Colours to 100th Regt. at Shorncliffe, 1859. Conference on Eastern question, assembled at Paris, 1869.
- TUESDAY, 11.—First lottery drawn in England, 1569. Earthquake at Martinique, 900 lives lost, 1839.
- WEDNESDAY, 12.—Lavater died, 1801.
- THURSDAY, 13.—Eitelwulf, styled first King of England, died, 857. Earl of Eldon died, 1838. Turkish forces captured Cretan Insurgent Government, 1869.
- FRIDAY, 14.—Great fire at St. John, N. B., 1837. Riots in Spain suppressed, 1869.
- SATURDAY, 15.—General Wolf born, 1726. Dr. Parr born, 1747. Napoleon elected President French Republic, 1852.



THE BONSECOURS MARKET ON



MARKET ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

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 Villercac;" "Eva Huntingdon;" &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Have you no home—no relatives?" I asked.

"If I have, they are miles and miles away, in the little Scotch seaport town in which I was born."

"Have you no friends or acquaintances in this country?"

"No, Miss, for I cannot give the name of either, to the hard, grasping farmer near Montreal city from whom I've run away. But, good-bye. May God reward you in your hour of need!"

Did any warning voice whisper that that dread time was close at hand—that the dark cloud was already over-shadowing us all? No, there was neither presentiment nor internal warning; and I re-entered the house, my only feeling one of self-gratulation that I had escaped detection at the hands of Dorothy, and at the same time helped, even in a slight degree, one who seemed so sorely in need.

"How George will laugh when I confess to him the 'raid' I have just made on his poor wardrobe," I said to myself as I sought the dining-room and replenished the grate-fire, in expectation of his speedy return. But the fire burned low, was replenished again, and still he did not make his appearance.

"Tis lucky the master asked for his supper in his own room to-night," significantly remarked Dorothy, as she prepared the tray for my father's evening meal, glancing at the same time indignantly towards our own supper table, on which the presence of a plate of delicate rolls, and a cranberry tart, betokened the care she had bestowed on it. "Tis too bad to make feasts and have no one to eat them."

"Mr. George will be soon home, Dorothy, and will do full justice to your dainties. See, I will cover up the rolls, and place them in this little corner near the fire, where they will keep warm. The delay will only give us better appetites."

The hours dragged slowly on, but without bringing any signs of our truant. Finding the continued eruptions into the room of our faithful old servant, coupled with her wondering commentaries and suppositions as to the cause of my brother's absence, perfectly unendurable, I succeeded in persuading her at last to retire to rest, assuring her at the same time with a careless, even smiling air, which strangely belied my heavy aching heart, that I felt in no manner anxious, as he had probably called on Doctor Jackson and had been detained by him, or perhaps by some other acquaintance.

Murmuring that "it was very wrong, very flighty of Master George," she at length, to my intense relief, withdrew to bed, and I was left to enter on my solitary watch. After a few moments I walked to the window, but I could not see any great distance, for the star-light was faint and dim, and thick, dark clouds were frequently driven across the sky by the high wind that had set in about sundown. I was beginning to feel uncomfortably, provokingly nervous, and the shrill shrieks and sudden moanings of the blast, as at intervals it swept sharply round our bleak, exposed abode, made me start as perhaps no blast of wind or storm had ever done before. Then I strove to find comfort in the very cause which thus increased my terrors. George had probably been detained in the village by some unforeseen reason, and then, foreseeing the coming storm, had decided on remaining at the little inn of the place. All this would have been strangely out of keeping with my brother's usual brave, carelessness of character, but I was in a mood of mind requiring all the comfort that could possibly be granted it, even at the risk of self-delusion.

Once I remembered that my father having no silver change to pay for the postage, had given George a bank note, and the supposition flashed across my mind that he might perhaps have met some acquaintance, and been tempted into ordering at the King's Arms, a dainty supper with good wine. I had heard of students committing such follies, and, having partaken too freely of the latter, have been incapacitated from returning home. At first I shrank from the thought as I did from the idea of seeing him reeling into the room, flushed and heated, addressing me with incoherent speech and meaningless smiles! but, as time wore on, and my alarm increased, I felt the realization of those first fears would be relief—almost happiness. Yes, I could soothe, coax him on his entrance, get him up quietly to bed, and stay outside his door till he should fall asleep; and so guard against all accidents of fire or discovery. Whilst revolving these thoughts, eleven o'clock struck, filling me with fresh dismay. In our primitive household, where we rose and retired early, it was an unseemly late hour for a member of it to be abroad; besides, George had been absent from an early hour in the afternoon, and had promised, on leaving, that he would speedily return, so there was enough, alas! to fully justify alarm. What if my father, restless from indisposition, should come down to enquire the cause of our late vigil, and discover George's absence! Sad results, indeed, might arise from such an event, for the one was as stern and unforgiving as the other was hot-blooded and impetuous.

Suddenly I started in mingled terror and delight. Was not that a footstep outside? Yes—surely—yes, and that was a slight, soft tap at the window-pane. Quickly I approached the door, and as I drew back the bolt, softly asked: "George, is it you?"

"Hush!" was the reply. "Put out the light!"

The voice was my brother's, but strangely changed and hoarse, strangely unlike his usual clear ringing accents. I extinguished the candle, and approaching him where he still stood in deep shadow outside the door, threw my arm around his neck, whispering: "I thank God, you are back!"

"Do not mention that holy name now!" he panted in short thick accents. "And, Ada, take your innocent arms from my neck."

What did he mean? Ah, his mind was not clouded by intoxication, for his cheek and hands were cold as marble.

"Look, child, what is that dark, wet stain on your hand?" he went on in the same appalling, though whispered tone. As I have said, the candle had been extinguished, but light shone out from the embers of the grate, enough to let me see that the stain on my hand, oh God! was one of blood. A strange awful fear crept over me—a fear so terrible in its physical as well as mental anguish, that the approach of death could not have been worse. He went on: "Tis the blood of a murdered fellow-creature, and it is I, Ada, who have shed it.

But listen. I must say my say in a few words, for I dare not linger here. Still happen what will, I must tell you all before I part from you for ever. On leaving here with my father's letter, I took the little path through the wood, not so much for its shortness as in the secret hope of meeting Nellie Carr. I was not disappointed, for I soon came upon her. She told me she had only arrived that morning in Danville from her aunt's, and that she had been watching there in the hope of seeing me, having heard that I was at home. Then she mentioned her betrothal to Warner, said that it was entirely a match of her family's making, that she hated him, and finally threw herself on my breast in a passion of tears, imploring me to save her from such a fate. I gently represented that I—a poor college student—could do nothing; that report said Warner, though a rough looking brute, was the best match in the village; but, if she disliked the intended marriage so much, she had the power of putting it off. Much more we said, but beyond that I kissed her pretty face a couple of times as it rested on my shoulder, I did her no wrong in thought or deed, so help me Heaven! At last we parted. I hurried on to the village, for I had lost nearly an hour with her, gave my letter, and anxious to rejoin yourself as soon as possible, returned again by the short route through the wood. Arrived at the deep black pool they call Robb's Water, I was startled by feeling from behind a hand laid heavily on my shoulder. I sprang round, and found myself confronting a rough-looking man carrying his gun on his shoulder. Do you want to know who I am, he asked with a look of inexpressible malignity. I am Jim Warner, promised to that light jaded you were kissin' in this very wood so lovin' an hour or two ago."

"Take off your hand, man!" I angrily rejoined, "and stop slandering your neighbours." Slandering you call it! he sneered. I be no young college-bred ruffian, crammed with lies and larnin', but, I'm no fool either. I know now what that fair-faced little devil meant by saying that she was very simple to take the likes o' me when she could any day get a gentleman for a husband. Husband! ha! ha! she made a slight mistake there—but enough, Ada, of this coarse mockery. Quietly, but in the most earnest solemn manner, I assured him that he was mistaken, and that he did both myself and the girl injustice. He became more insolent as he found me forbearing, and ended by applying some opprobrious epithet, accompanied by a threat to myself. Suddenly losing my self-control, which up to that moment I had wonderfully retained, I snatched the rifle from his careless grasp and struck him violently with it. Alas! it was loaded and went off, the contents lodging in his breast and causing a stream of blood to get out which dyed me all over with the evidence of my guilt. Spell-bound—paralyzed—I stood staring at him, when suddenly he reeled and fell heavily backwards into the pool, crashing through the thin coating of ice covering its waters. Whether Providence reserves a prison or a scaffold for my punishment, I do not think either can prove worse than the memory of that awful moment! For a second I thought of leaping in after him, but, alas! I cannot swim. I anxiously watched to see if he would re-appear at the water's surface, but he did not. Knowing that any effort to save him, mortally wounded as he was, would avail him nothing and entail destruction on myself, I threw down the gun—I think it must have fallen into the water, for I remember hearing something like a dull splash as I hastily turned and fled here. I have been watching outside for some time past, I do not know how long, unable to gather courage enough to enter; but time, every moment of which may be of golden value to me in my flight, is rapidly passing —"

"Your flight!" I interrupted, almost mechanically.

"Yes. You would not have me remain calmly here to be arrested, condemned, and executed, almost within view of the old house in which I was born—the house which shelters a father and sister."

"But it would not come to that. There is no evidence against you."

"There would be evidence enough in my own accusing conscience which would betray itself in every shade of my changing colour, and tell-tale face. If I were in the wilds of Australia to-morrow, and heard his name mentioned, I would turn pale and start in terror. Besides, others may have seen us together; or, have remarked our going into the wood, probably about the same time."

"It was a moment's passion, George. You did not know the rifle was loaded."

"Ah! had I even known it, I would neither have minded nor cared in the mad, blind rage of the moment. But, I have spoken of the past—now for the present. I must start from here at once, and make my way by unfrequented roads, as best I can, to the States. Fortunately, I have the change of the five-pound note my father gave me, entire, beyond the price of a letter's postage. Once in New York, I can embark at once as deck-hand in some vessel on the point of sailing for Australia or California,—it matters not which."

I resolutely repressed all moanings or lamentations at this announcement of what I felt would probably be our eternal separation, for my brother's safety had to be thought of first. I would have time enough for grieving afterwards.

"Thank God! your plans are formed!" I said. "I will steal up-stairs now and bring down your old over-coat and a change of clothing. Those stained garments would at once expose you to remark and suspicion."

Tremblingly I glided up-stairs past my father's door, which was happily closed. In passing through the chill, echoing corridor, then in impenetrable darkness, I suddenly fancied I heard or rather felt a suppressed breathing close beside me. But, I knew my nerves, in the excited state in which they were in, were not to be trusted, and a matter of life and death was in my hands, so I hurried on, feeling inexpressibly thankful when I reached George's room. The remains of a fire still smouldered in the grate, a fortunate circumstance, for I had not dared to light a candle lest its rays shining underneath the ill-fitting doors, should disturb my father, who was a light sleeper.

I speedily selected a change of linen and clothing, making up part of the remainder of his wardrobe into a parcel of portable size, and stole down again as safely and as noiselessly as I had ascended. I must acknowledge though, that in approaching the spot where I had heard, or imagined I had heard the mysterious breathing, a feeling of sickening fear crept over me, and cold perspiration burst out on my forehead. My fears were groundless, however, and I passed without receiving any new impression of terror.

"How quick you have been, poor Ada!" whispered my brother, as he took the clothes destined for his immediate use.

Drawing back into the shadow of the porch he was soon arrayed in them. As I saw him rolling up into a small tight bundle the blood-stained garments he had just taken off, I enquired what he meant to do with them.

"Take them with me to the first deep hole or pool of water I come to, and sink them with a heavy stone inside."

"They might be found again," I said, with those dreadful stains as well as your name on them, and stamping you at once as guilty, be the cause that a search for you should be instituted all over the country before you would have time, perhaps, to get away from it. You know that when Warner and yourself will be both missed, every pond and stream in the whole neighbourhood will be carefully examined and dragged. You will leave the bundle with me and I will hide or burn it. Instead, you will take this change of clothing which I have put up for you. It will spare your scanty stock of money. And now, George, I must hurry you away, for you have a long and dreary journey before you."

"One last request, Ada!" he faltered. "A lock of your hair to lay next my heart in life—to be buried with me in death!"

I caught up my scissors from a table near, and severed a long thick tress, careless in my agitation that it was from the most conspicuous part of my head, just above the forehead, and gave it to him. How little I dreamed then what a strange necessary link, or rather convincing proof in a chain of evidence that lock of hair was destined to become. How little I foresaw of what mighty import its mute testimony would hereafter prove to myself!

As poor George took it and pressed it to his lips, my long-sustained fortitude suddenly gave way. Twining my arms closely around him, I sobbed passionately on his shoulder.

"Ada! Ada!" he gasped. "How can you embrace, how can you clasp me thus? Do you forget what I am?"

"I cannot forget," I wailed, "that you are my brother, my friend, my all. Oh, George, George, in my very heart I would shield you, if I had the power, even though your sin were ten times greater than it is. I never loved you half as well as I do now, that you are about to go forth in darkness and sorrow, with remorse and ruin brooding over you."

"God bless you, my darling!" he faltered, drawing me, for the first time since his entrance, close to his bosom. "Remember me in your prayers, for surely Heaven will listen to the petitions of one so good as you are! I dare not leave any message for poor father. Tell him of this interview or not, as you think best. And now, one parting word of warning, oh, my sister! Study carefully the man to whom you will give the treasure of your heart, for to-night shows me your love will surpass that of most women, as far this morning's sun-light outshone to-night's pale star-light."

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER embrace and he was gone, leaving me with a feeling of desolation in my young bosom which, I wondered at the moment, did not bring death or annihilation with it. But I was not at liberty yet to sit down and indulge my grief. The mute evidences of sin and sorrow lying before me in the shape of poor George's blood-stained garments, had to be disposed of before morning. Should I burn them? There were live cinders in the grate, and they might soon be got rid of thus. But then, I remembered that some of them were woollen and their burning would necessarily be accompanied by a strong odour and smoke, which might penetrate to the upper rooms, and bring down my father or Dorothy. They were damp too and would burn very slowly. Then, I thought of locking them up in my own trunk or wardrobe, till I should have time to dispose of them more safely, but how did I know that the officers of justice, put on the right track by some circumstance that had escaped George's knowledge, might not be down next morning and examine every nook and cranny in the house.

Or, I might fall suddenly ill, and Dorothy, or, worse still, some hired nurse, might go to my trunk for some article of clothing and discover all. No, the best means would be to hide, or rather bury them in the cellar. Lighting the candle, I lifted up the fatal bundle and softly proceeded to the kitchen, closing all the doors behind me. But a new obstacle presented itself. How was I to raise the ponderous trap-door leading to the cellar, which Dorothy had never been able to lift unassisted? I would make the effort, however. Once—twice—notwithstanding that every fibre and nerve in my frame were strained to the utmost, I was unsuccessful. Another effort, this time aided by despair, and the trap-door slowly, sullenly rose as if unwilling to assist in the purpose for which I was opening it. As I descended the steep stairs, the close, earthy smell of the cellar—the deep pitchy darkness which the feeble ray of the candle I carried, wholly failed to dispel—the scuffling and squeaking of the rats so suddenly disturbed in their midnight meetings, filled me with a terror which partook in some degree of faintness. I sat down a moment on the stairs to recover myself, but the sight of a hideous earth beetle running across the step beneath me, brought me quickly to my feet. An inveterate antipathy to all sorts of insects as well as a perfect horror of rats were among the unconquerable weaknesses out of which poor George had never been able to either laugh or reason me. Now, I had to surmount, without sympathy or encouragement, both. Earnestly, steadily, as a miser would have sought the surest spot for depositing his gold, I looked round to select a place for concealing my burden. The first cellar, in which Dorothy kept a miscellaneous collection of tubs, brooms and other household implements, I at once rejected. Next came the root cellar, in one corner of which, on a bed of sand, were piled up our vegetable stores, whilst the other was filled with Peter's garden tools. From one of these I selected a small iron spade, and passed into the wine cellar, whose bins had stood entirely empty for long years past. Here I hesitated a moment, for the place seemed dark and desolate enough for my purpose, but my eyes falling on a small door opposite, fastened by a rusty padlock, I approached it. It was unlocked, and entering, I found myself in a small lumber cellar, partly filled with invalid chairs, broken stools, and the varied useless articles which accumulate in the course of time in a household, where such things are never given away or otherwise disposed of.

An old packing case co-eval probably with the arrival of my parents in the house, for it bore on one end in time-stained lettering, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Dunmore, Bridgeport, England, stood in one corner, and after a considerable exertion of strength, I succeeded in dragging it from its place. In the damp dark space of earth thus left vacant, I entered on my task, and as my spade turned up shovel after shovel of black clay, and the cavity at which I was toiling,

increased in size, I could not divest myself of the fancy that it looked like a grave, an unblest, unhallowed grave. It was not the physical fatigue—though that was considerable—which overcame me most, nor yet, the close miasmatic exhalations of the cellar, so long closed up to air and sunshine, but it was the sufferings arising from my treacherously nervous organization, my constitutional pusillanimity of character, that rendered my task so painful, indeed so terrible a one. Countless times did I pause in my work, fancying I heard Dorothy or my father, roused from their slumbers by some untoward accident, descending the stairs. Then again, it sometimes seemed to me there were hushed breathings, whisperings at times in different parts of the place, and the wind made strange and lyric sounds down among the thick foundations of the old house. What, if on looking suddenly up, or round, I should see my father standing near me; or, Jim Warner himself, with glazed staring eyes and ghastly corpse-like face! Not Jim Warner either in body or spirit—my early practical training prevented my indulgence in supernatural fears of that sort—but merely some phantom figure, raised by my distempered fancy, and which would have as terrible an effect on my excited nerves as a real orthodox ghost. I had read often of optical illusions, and my actual state of mind was eminently suited to a visitation from them. Why, my hearing for some time past had been playing me false—why should not my sight soon do the same?

"Well, it would certainly kill me!" I inwardly said, as, having dug a sufficiently deep hole, I threw in the bundle and commenced filling in the earth again. At that moment a huge dark rat scurried across my feet, but they had been running in and out, and darting about since my first intrusion into their long undisturbed domain, and I had begun to grow callous to all such minor terrors. My task completed, I commenced stamping down the earth with my feet, in case the place, by some unforeseen chance should be visited, and then, having restored it to its former appearance, I dragged back the packing case to its place. Though all this time I felt a presentiment stealing over me, stronger and stronger every minute, that I was doomed that night, probably before I left the cellar, to see the phantom apparition, not ghostly but optical, of the dead man, I completed my task as carefully and minutely as possible. When I had closed the rusty padlock of the lumber room, I inwardly said: "I suppose he will meet me in one of the other cellars," but I waited, nevertheless, to remove the damp earth-stains from the spade by passing it several times through the bed of sand in which the vegetables lay, and to place it precisely as I had found it. "Perhaps, at the head of the stairs, I shall see him!" I then thought; but Providence mercifully spared me that last terrible shock, and I closed the heavy door—or, rather, despite my efforts it slipped from my grasp and fell with a sullen, prolonged echo—mounted the stairs and reached my own room more thoroughly worn-out and exhausted than I had ever yet felt in the course of my life. For some short time I sat motionless in the chair on which I had almost fallen, when a sharp, imperative knock at my room-door, broke suddenly on the dead stillness of the night.

"Heaven have mercy on me! Who is it? What is it?" I tremblingly thought, but my tongue refused to move. The knock was repeated, then the door opened, and my father, pale and stern-looking, stood before me.

"Ada! What is the meaning of this late vigil?" he asked. "You have not even lain down yet," and he glanced towards my bed which was still undisturbed.

I made no reply. The Dunmores were always awkward at prevarication of any sort.

"And what are those dark stains on your hands of earth, and—and—?" he shudderingly averted his glance, unable to continue. Suddenly turning towards me again he laid his hand on my head and whispered:

"Child! I know all. Whilst you kept your lonely watch all through the evening down stairs, I kept mine above. When you rose to unbolt the porch for your brother, I descended the stairs and stationed myself near the door of the room where you both were, not as a spy on the actions of my children, but, to calm without exposing the great fear that had tormented my soul through the last two weary hours. When you passed up stairs, you brushed close against me—so close, that if you had been less hurried or agitated, you would have discovered me."

Ah, here was an explanation of the mysterious breathing that had terrified me so much in the passage.

My father went on: "I did not enter for I could not give my unfortunate a blessing, and I would not part from him with a curse. When the door closed on him and you descended with your burden to the cellar, I left my dark nook where I had suffered more than many martyrs have endured at the stake; and, utterly unable to make even an effort to assist you, went to my room. Where did you hide it?"

I briefly told him.

He shuddered, but soon resumed: "Ada, you have shown a wonderful degree of heroism and forethought, and have proved yourself worthy of your race, but, all is not done yet. Time must be given your wretched brother to escape from the country, and to effect that, we must understand and agree upon what we both shall say if questioned. I will express no surprise to-morrow, when informed of his absence, but caplessly remark that I had given him instructions to proceed to G——— to transact some little business for me in case there should have been no letter to my address in the Danville post-office. When you are questioned by the servants, or, indeed any one else, about him, say merely that you sat up waiting till eleven o'clock, as I had omitted mentioning to you his probable prolonged absence, and that you had then retired to rest, of course, without having seen or heard anything from him."

"Oh, father! if I should stammer or look guilty whilst telling so deliberate a falsehood?"

"It must be done!" was the low stern reply. "Think you, girl, I have not as shuddering an abhorrence of a lie as yourself? Have you ever known me during your seventeen years of life, tell you a falsehood once? But we must force ourselves to dishonour the name of Dunmore in private, in order that it may not be dragged through the mire of a public trial, and perhaps, public execution. Now, listen. Swear, you must and shall, in the form of words which I shall dictate, that all the events of this night shall for ever remain secret!"

"But, father!" I remonstrated, "no oath to that effect is necessary. For my own, for poor George's sake."

"Ada, you must do as I bid you. 'Tis too solemn a point to be trusted solely to the discretion of any of your sex. You may marry hereafter, and then, I know well what temptations

would beset your path, if you loved your husband. Swear, as I command you, at once!"

With ashen lips I repeated the solemn oath which he pronounced so clearly and unflinchingly. He then added: "Remember, we must both meet at the breakfast table, to-morrow, as if nothing unusual had happened!" and left the room.

I rose at once, bolted my door, and then carefully washed off those terrible stains from my hands and wrists. That done, I walked mechanically to the window and looked forth. Snow had fallen during the last two hours. So much the better, at least in one sense, for the hapless fugitive. It would retard all discovery by concealing the dreadful traces near the lonely pool in the wood, and the tell-tale tracks about our own door.

Day was just dawning—the anniversary of that ever blessed day on which the Babe of Bethlehem brought "Glory to God on high and peace on earth to men of good-will." Inexpressibly calm and tranquil earth looked in that soft harmonious light—a strange contrast to my own troubled, agitated breast. With a cry of anguish, I fell on my knees, wailing forth: Oh! my Heavenly Father, do Thou give peace also to this tortured breaking heart!

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

My father and myself met at the breakfast table after that momentous night, as calm and unmoved in outward appearance, as if nothing unusual had happened. True, we were both pale, even to ghastliness, and the unusually dainty fare tempted neither of us to eat, but, Dorothy, never an acute observer, took no note of either circumstance, and seemed quite relieved when my father mentioned the probable cause of George's absence. What a Christmas that was! I nerved myself to go to the morning service at the little church, to meet the smiling festive faces around me, above all, the eager curious glances of Nellie Carr, so often directed to our seat, in speculation probably as to the cause of poor George's absence. The effort was a painful one, but it brought its reward, for some of the peace I implored with such agonized earnestness descended into my breast, and the very act of praying for my hapless outcast brother, was a consolation in itself. Wearily the day dragged on, every little circumstance reminding us of that still dear one whom we might never see on earth again. As I looked at the evergreens with which he and myself had decorated the chimney, and the smoke discoloured portraits on the walls, the day previous; and recalled the merry jests and laughter with which he had enlivened our pleasant labour, I sprang to my feet with a sudden sense of suffocation, and threw open a window.

"Be prudent, Ada!" said my father, as he laid his hand impressively on my shoulder. The calmness of the tone did not deceive me, for the gray ashen features spoke of a misery even greater than my own, and I saw him mount the stairs to his room with a new and strange feeling of pity towards him awakening in my heart.

Meanwhile, Jim Warner's disappearance had created no surprise. It was supposed he had gone to the neighbouring town on business connected with his approaching marriage, and as he was usually abrupt and uncertain in his movements, no one wondered at the fact of his leaving without giving any notice of his intended departure. When, after the lapse of a few days, however, it was discovered that he had never made his appearance there, people began to look grave and to hint at foul-play. Search was instituted—the wood examined, Robb's Water dragged, and poor Jim Warner, as well as his rifle, were found. Suicide, in one of his peculiar circumstances, was most improbable, not to speak of the unlikelihood of his having forethought enough to station himself before the committal of such an act, close to the edge of a pond, in order that he might fall or crawl in afterwards; so, at the inquest held over his remains, the verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, was returned.

Some time after it began to be bruited about that my brother was also missing, had in fact, disappeared on the same night, and commentaries and suppositions were freely made. One morning a wealthy, kin-lover proprietor, who resided some miles from us, and who had known my father from his first arrival in the country, rode up to the house and, after asking for its master, was closeted a long time with him. Prompted by the kindest motives, he had come to tell that Nellie Carr, who by the way, seemed but very little grieved by the death of her betrothed, had acknowledged the fact of having met my brother and conversed a long time with him in the wood, on the very day that Jim Warner had disappeared; also, repeating the expressions of contempt indulged in by George towards the latter.

My father listened impassably, told the story he had resolved on the night of my brother's flight, and declared that if the latter—about whom he began to feel very anxious, having received no word from him yet—were not at G——— it was probable some accident had also happened to him. He then, unsolicited, summoned Dorothy—it was useless questioning Peter, as he had only lately returned—and interrogated her before the visitors, but she had gone to bed at her usual hour on the night in question, being tired with her day's work, and that Master George had not arrived then.

Soon after our guest, with kind but still anxious countenance, took his departure. Public opinion now set in strongly against George, and there were but few in the village who did not either openly or secretly accuse him of the deed. If he were really innocent, people asked, why did he not come forward and assert it? In what other light could his absence be regarded than as a tacit avowal of guilt? Search was instituted for him at home—abroad—but ineffectually, for the interval of time which had elapsed—between his departure and the period at which suspicion settled on him, had given him time to carry out all his plans of flight.

From that memorable Christmas, my studies, so far as my father's discretion was concerned, were entirely abandoned. He told me he had no longer heart or energy for the task, and that I knew sufficient, of at least any knowledge he could impart, for any position in life I might hereafter be called on to fill. He became, if possible, more reticent and solitary in his ways than ever, and repulsed with unwavering firmness, the timid attempts I occasionally ventured on to win his confidence or to evince the sympathy I felt for his lonely, hopeless grief.

News, of course, had come long since from G———, stating that my brother had never been there, and it was often now roundly stated that "when Master Dunmore had occupied, the gallows had been cheated of their lawful prey."

It was not without a terrible inward struggle that I made up my mind to present myself in the village church, after learning that common report named my brother as the murderer of Jim Warner. I could willingly, joyfully, have shut myself up as my father had so long done, from all contact with my kind, except the members of the household; but conscience whispered that in me, at least, such a course would be inexcusable. I was too young to shrink from the battle of life—to throw down my armour and weapon ere they had been even tried in the fight. What, if curious or insolent glances were directed towards me—if scornful wounding words fell on my ear—if I were pointed out as the sister of the run-away criminal and assassin, I still had obligations and duties which must be fulfilled. Keen was the anguish I experienced, as kneeling down in our lonely pew, I remembered that he who had knelt beside me for so many long years, was now a wanderer on the earth, the brand of Cain upon his brow. Well for me I had taken the precaution of wearing a thick veil, for during the commencement of the service, my tears flowed, indeed rained down my face. Calmer, holier thoughts, after a time succeeded, and I found comfort in offering up earnest petitions for my poor outcast brother. With my veil still down, shielding me alike from pitying or scornful glances, I passed out from the church at the conclusion of the service, and took my lonely homeward way. Many weary solitary walks had I known during the course of my young life, but, none equal in bitterness to that one. Some Sundays afterwards it happened that on leaving the sacred edifice, I found myself close to Nellie Carr. She was as pretty and coquettish looking as ever, no difference, save that bright red bows and ribbons had replaced the former rose-coloured ones. Our eyes met, and as I remember all the shame and misery her light, vain coquetry had brought on me and mine, something of what I secretly thought and felt, perhaps betrayed itself in my countenance. She was not one to bear in patience with any provocation, however slight, and tossing her head and its scarlet ribbons, she exclaimed aloud, addressing herself to a group near her.

To be continued.

PLANTS IN SLEEPING ROOMS.

The following is from the pen of Dr. J. C. Draper, in the January number of the *Galaxy*:

"Though the air is dependent for the renewal of its oxygen on the action of the green leaves of plants, it must not be forgotten that it is only in the presence and under the stimulus of light that these organisms decompose carbonic acid. All plants, irrespective of their kind or nature, absorb oxygen and exhale carbonic acid in the dark. The quantity of noxious gas thus eliminated is, however, exceedingly small when compared with the oxygen thrown out during the day. When they are flowering, plants exhale carbonic acid in considerable quantity, and at the same time evolve heat. In this condition, therefore, they resemble animals as regards their relation to the air; and a number of plants placed in a room would, under these circumstances, tend to vitiate the air.

"While the plant-rogamia, or flowering plants, depend on the air almost entirely for their supply of carbon, and are busy during the day in restoring to it the oxygen that has been removed by animals, many of the inferior cryptogamia, as the fungi and parasitic plants, obtain their nourishment from material that has already been organized. They do not absorb carbonic acid, but, on the contrary, they act like animals, absorbing oxygen and exhaling carbonic acid at all times. It is, therefore, evident that their presence in a room cannot be productive of good results.

"Aside from the nightly deleterious action that plants may exert on the atmosphere of a sleeping room, by increasing the proportion of carbonic acid during the night, there is another and more important objection to be urged against their presence in such apartments. Like animals, they exhale peculiar volatile organic principles, which in many instances render the air unfit for the purposes of respiration. Even in the days of Andronicus this fact was recognized, for he says, in speaking of Arabian Felix, that 'by reason of myrrh, frankincense, and hot spices there growing, the air was so obnoxious to their brains, that the very inhabitants at some times cannot avoid its influence.' What the influence on the brains of the inhabitants may have been does not at present interest us; we have only quoted the statement to show that long ago the emanations from plants were regarded as having an influence on the conditions of the air; and, in view of our present ignorance, it would be wise to banish them from our sleeping apartments, at least until we are better informed regarding their true properties."

FIRE-PROOF FURNITURE.—Every now and then loud noises are heard about the importance of rendering the dresses of ballet-girls incombustible, but no one seems to think that there are other things to which it would be equally important to apply a fire-avertor. Why should we not make our houses unflammable, and our furniture fire-proof? It can easily be done—or rather could be—if there were some sort of compulsion put upon builders and upholsterers. Timber is the material that needs the preservative, and it may be prevented from firing by simply impregnating it with a concentrated solution of rock-salt. The fact has just been announced by a German chemist, who was commissioned to solve the question by a fire insurance company. Water-glass will act as well, but it is expensive; rock-salt is dirt cheap. The salt, too, renders wood proof against dry rot and the ravages of insects. Its antagonism to fire might be turned to account in extinguishing flames, for a solution of it pumped out of a fire engine upon burning matter, would be vastly more efficient than plain water. Our system of fire extinction needs revision. We now often do as much damage by indiscriminate watering as the fire would if left to burn itself out—only who will initiate improvements?—*Court Journal*.

A Pittsburg thief, who had been shop-lifting, when asked whether he had anything to say, replied that he had taken the goods, but had intended to return them after a few days and "astonish the proprietor."



WORKING ON THE BRIDGE OVER THE ELLE.—SEE PAGE 146.



THE MAGI GUIDED BY THE STAR.—After Gustave Doré.

A star appeared and peaceful threw
 Around its holy ray ;
 It caught the faithful Magi's view,
 It led the wondrous way,
 From far-famed Persia's smiling bowers,
 Fair land of beauty, fruits, and flowers.
 Each heart throughout the gazing throng
 What anxious gladness fills,
 While slowly moved that star along

Over Judah's sacred hills ;
 And softly fixed its mellow light
 On distant Bethlehem's joyful night.

There, unknown to rich and great,
 Or the perfumed halls of state,
 Where the golden lamps so bright
 Mock the silence of the night,
 And the strains of music tender
 Rise and fall 'mid scenes of splendour,—

The Prince of Peace, so young, so fair,
 In lowly state was sleeping ;
 While near, with kind parental care,
 His mother watch was keeping.
 The Magi viewed the blessed of Heaven,
 Their joy was full—their gifts were given.¶
 Let the sound of the sweet harp of Judah arise!
 Let the hymns of the Gentiles ascend to the skies!

THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Countess Chavreux smiled at her husband, who shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, yes," continued the count, laying his hand upon the head of the dreaming young lady beside him. "Is it not your daughter, dear Chavreux, to whom the spirit has manifested itself? Have not many of you who had listened to me incredulously, been gained for the future by my words in this hour of devotion? Is there not Breignolles and dear Lespinasse at my side? Not my own daughters who were vain and prejudiced, but who now see the will of God in the revolution? John the Baptist, first baptized one, and others followed. Christ's first congregation were his apostles, and then mankind. The pious mother in Paris having converted me, I convert again with the truth I have learned, and gather in my house the citizens of the future."

The dreamy young lady, the daughter of the countess Chavreux, whose first husband, viscount Laroche-Ionard, had been beheaded, now rose in ecstasy, and kneeling before the count, exclaimed:

"Chosen of the Lord! I thank you for the conviction I have experienced! The decline of the living is near, and but those will be delivered who, like you, believe that a new human race will arise for the glory of God. I can penetrate through darkness. Beyond this sea of blood, shed by the scourges of God; beyond these corpses, and this misery and calamity, Paradise opens with its eternal sunshine. Men will be brethren, will no more be divided in masters and servants, and in this way become free of all vices which have arisen from hatred, envy, injustice, necessity and dishonour, from presumption and baseness."

The count became more and more excited by those words.

"The spirit is revealed unto her!" he interrupted.

"Ah, who can doubt that such a revolution breaks forth without producing wonderful changes! Mankind was corrupt, and must become extinct, unless the spirit of God enters into them. No more hypocrisy and deception. Liberty, liberty, my beloved, beneath the banner of the God of liberty, of love and reason, that we may enjoy the life with which He has blessed us, demanding no other piety than happiness, love, and reason. Neither kings, nor superiors and inferiors, neither bad nor good—no, we want men, pure and noble, as God has created them. God will no longer permit men to look upon Him as the creator of misery. He will destroy those who in their madness testify against Him, and will save only those who comprehend the harmony of creation with proper spirit."

After these words the count drew the young lady back to her seat, and gazed upon her, his eyes beaming with happiness.

"She will be saved," he breathed. "She is truly filled with the new spirit, and will, by her word and testimony, increase our congregation."

A pale young man now approached her and said:

"For your sake, noble lady, I believe your predictions. So rich a mind cannot err, and the experience I have had causes me to long for a faith so elevating. It must be true—the revolution is like the deluge; it has destroyed all members of my family who have lived in vice and presumption. I am the last of the Montferrats."

She raised her glowing eyes upon him and replied:

"Many names have become extinct, and the lustre that has deceived you perishes. He who is converted by the holy spirit will become pure in heart."

"The house of Jacob shall be a fire," exclaimed one of the elder servants, moved by the spirit, "and the house of Joseph a flame, and the house of Esau for stubble, and they shall kindle in them and devour them, and saviours shall come up on mount Zion to judge the mount of Esau, and the kingdom shall be the Lord's."

"Truly," remarked old count Chavreux, expressing his surprise to Baron Montferat, who thoughtfully stepped back to his place, "we will soon be the only ones that are not converted, and our death will be certain. Sacrifici, it would be better for us to become converts also."

"Believe if you can," replied count Montferat, "but do not persuade any one, it would be of no avail."

"And of what avail would belief be, my father," added Lady Laroche-Ionard, "if you do not change the maxims of your life?"

"Eh! that is becoming Jacobin," cried he jestingly.

"The Jacobins," replied the old count contemptuously, "are the tools of destruction, and few think that behind their devastation the throne of God stands, from which all spiritual and political powers must flee. They will not stop the regeneration of mankind!"

"This revolution," said countess Chavreux, "is a curse from God. Ah, to what will it drive us?"

"We cannot predict the end," added her husband reflectively.

"Between the present time and the regeneration of mankind," mildly answered count Montferat, "there is a chaos of confusion, vexation and sorrow, the necessary accompaniments for the destroying of the worldly, and for the establishing of the will of God. But the time of redemption will come."

"It is approaching, and bringing liberty with it!" added the beautiful fanatic.

"Happiness arises out of perdition!" whispered the other neighbour of the old count.

Quietness was restored again, and all persons had become serious.

For a long time the assembly sat lost in thought, and even those who could not boast of being converted, did not venture, out of respect for the count, who so liberally and nobly afforded them an asylum, to break the devotional silence.

At last the count rose and said, as it was his custom:

"I thank the Lord for having granted me this hour which has brought me new light and spiritual comfort. I thank you, my friends, for having allowed an old man, who with ecstasy believes in the happiness of mankind, this hour of rejoicing. We will now return to the things of time, and no restraint shall be put on you who have gratified my desire to meet here. The conversion is over, and be assured that without it there is no truth. Let us now enjoy the social blessings God has given us."

By a gesture from the steward the servants threw open the folding-doors, which Benoit perceived, led to the dining saloon that was brilliantly lit up and provided with a sumptuously loaded table. The servants preceded, and took their places, while Benoit had to assist his uncle to uncork the wine.

In couples, conversing merrily, the party entered the room, preceded by the count with the two young ladies. He took his seat at the centre of the table, and the others seated themselves according to their pleasure. The supper then commenced.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAN OF VIRTUE.

By making long day's journeys with short stoppages at the larger cities, Tallien and his beloved had reached Paris. It seemed to them as if they were making their marriage trip; and this was so far true, as they had agreed to have their union consecrated in Paris. They at first took their quarters at an hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, as they not only intended to make at their leisure a careful selection of a larger residence, but Tallien desired first to ascertain the cause of his recall, and what the committee of the public safety would decide about him.

He resolved, therefore, to call on Robespierre, who had signed the decree of the committee of the public safety. He wished to know in what position he stood towards a man who was the most powerful, the most dreaded, and most dangerous in France, and whose civility he would not willingly bring upon himself. The residence of Robespierre was in the same street, not far from his hotel; several groups of women and *Sans-culottes* were standing near the modest house, talking together. Now and then the door opened, and a gendarme stepped out, or a citizen, perhaps a spy, or a petitioner. An observer could see that many who had to pass the house described a semi-circle before it, so as to avoid coming in contact with one of the mirmidons who might unawares seize them, and drag them to the guillotine. Nothing of this kind, however, had ever occurred; peace and quiet reigned in the house of Robespierre, who received his visitors with the greatest affability, not displaying in any way his power.

Scarcely had Tallien knocked at the door, when it was opened, and the porter in his lodge looked enquiringly at him.

"To citizen Robespierre!" cried Tallien. "Is he within?"

"It may be that you can see him," answered the porter.

"Has he visitors?"

"I do not know" was the cautious reply.

Tallien hastily mounted the rather dark stairs, and when at the top, passed through a suite of rooms, which were all open and unoccupied. In the fourth room there were two negroes seated, and two clerks at their desks, who continued their work without noticing the visitor.

One of the negroes conducted Tallien into the reception-room of Robespierre, which was done without a word being uttered, even the steps were inaudible upon the thick, faded carpet. The room, the windows of which opened into a narrow yard, was dark and gloomy. A pendulum clock just commenced to strike, and its dull, slow strokes heightened the melancholy of the situation.

Tallien seated himself in a worn-out leather arm-chair while waiting for the all-powerful man; he was anticipating the part he had now to play, and being seized with fear of Robespierre, was reflecting if he would be successful in justifying himself, and removing the mistrust of the former advocate.

His meditations and soliloquies were interrupted by the opening of the door leading to the front room. Robespierre entered, and with him another man, young, with a beautiful head, and an almost girl-like melancholy face, his thick brown hair falling in disordered locks over his forehead. This beautiful, soft-eyed fanatic was St. Just, the confidential friend of Robespierre, and the most inexorable of the blood-thirsty men of terror.

Robespierre, as usual, was very neatly dressed, and his hair carefully arranged; on perceiving the young ex-commissioner a sarcastical smile passed over his white, scarred face. His small, dim eyes lighted up behind the green spectacles, and stopping, as though he were surprised at this visit, he exclaimed with hypocritical friendliness: "Ah, citizen Tallien! How comes it that you are in Paris?"

Tallien, who had risen as they entered, was visibly confused by these words. Were they spoken intentionally, or did Robespierre make a mistake?

"I come from Bordeaux, citizen Robespierre," replied he. "You have signed yourself the decree which recalls me from my commissionership."

"Just so," said Robespierre, as though he now remembered it. "You come to Paris at the right time, as I know you are a good patriot, and a friend of mine. Ah, what a precious treasure friendship is; is it not so, St. Just?"

St. Just nodded assentingly, but seemed not to be well pleased with Tallien's arrival. He appeared careless and haughty.

"Let us be seated," continued Robespierre, throwing himself into an arm-chair near the table. "You have certainly much to communicate, friend Tallien; but tell me first if I am calumniated in the province." At the same time fixing his lurking, piercing eyes upon him.

"Calumniated, citizen?" exclaimed he in a tone of great sincerity. "Who would calumniate a patriot like you? Ah, Robespierre, what a strange question, what an unjustifiable imagination of yours!"

"Do you think so?" replied Robespierre earnestly. "And still, Tallien, I who love but virtue am calumniated. Follies that are ridiculous and pernicious are reported against me. I have enemies who secretly suspect me, who accuse me of aspiring to sovereignty, of being a Jesuit, and attempting to re-establish the Church. They even have asserted that St. Just wishes to save the aristocracy, as he was nobly born himself. What does it matter how he is born, if he lives and dies, guided by good principles. It was he that moved and passed in the convention the decree which banished all ex-noblemen, declaring them to be enemies to the revolution. Ah, those enemies behind the bushes, those Héberts, and Chaumettes are knavish Catalines who do not understand me, because I believe in a Supreme Being, in immortality, and regeneration of mankind! I am charged with all the death-sentences—it is the old story of the Brissots and Girondists! Ah, Tallien, these wretches live without thinking, and do not comprehend how I am exerting my brain to stop vice, and erect for France, and mankind in general, the sovereignty of virtue!"

After these unusually animated words, Robespierre stopped, and Tallien, not knowing what conclusions to draw from the remarks of the advocate, refrained from answering. St. Just appeared dreamy.

"Hearken, Tallien," resumed Robespierre, "what is your opinion about religion?"

Tallien's surprise increased by this strange question, at a time when religion was proscribed as unpatriotic, and Hébert and Chaumette exercised their worship of reason.

"Citizen," replied he, "who occupies himself to-day with such affairs?"

"Do you believe in a Supreme Being?"

"I believe in a supreme reason."

"Bah! there is no reason without a being. I have just now been quarrelling with St. Just about it. Is it not so, friend?"

St. Just nodded again, and remarked:

"We are now occupied with theology. But Robespierre is right: at the head of the State we must be conversant in all faculties."

"Earnestly spoken, citizen, who would not approve of your ideas?" remarked Tallien, addressing Robespierre.

"I will not only extirpate vice," resumed Robespierre in a mood which seemed to-day to control him, "but will also, to the best of my abilities, clear the road for virtue. There is no doubt but the revolution is a cornucopia of bliss—and I will employ it. Yes, there exists a Supreme Being to whom we owe our reason, and the State adoring reason must also adore this Supreme Being. What is your opinion, Tallien?"

"I admire you, citizen. Is it thus that you will re-establish religion?"

"Well, is it not a necessity of virtue? This John Chaumette and his gang must be exterminated."

"Just so, Maximilian," put in St. Just dreamingly. "The principle of a good government is virtue, through which we will establish terror. They have lived long enough, they may die."

"Ah, St. Just understand me!" exclaimed Robespierre in great glee. "But do you, Tallien, understand me? Do you not think that my calling and that of my assistants is the establishing on earth of the reign of wisdom and virtue?"

Tallien felt the necessity of flattering Robespierre's excessive vanity, to avoid drawing upon himself his hatred.

"Citizen," remarked he, "you know my patriotism, and know also how I respect you as the incorruptible and virtuous patriot. The welfare of France is in your hands, and who would not assist in your good intentions? You may count upon me. Now that I am again in Paris, I am also with you."

"And in Bordeaux?" asked St. Just maliciously, exchanging a glance with Robespierre. "With whom have you been there?"

"What a strange question!" cried Tallien, becoming uneasy.

"It is reported that you have forgotten your duties in the arms of love."

"It is a lie," burst forth Tallien. "Does the number of the beheaded not give testimony of the severity with which I have done my duties? Is not Bordeaux now quiet? Are they not there happy, after terrible justice has finished its work? I ought to be praised for the way in which I have exercised my office to the honor of the republic, and not to be blamed for it."

"Friend," resumed Robespierre, "you have seen that I am not angry with you. I am rejoiced at seeing you back to Paris. I am in need of your friendship and count upon it. I have told you already that I have many enemies, and have confided to you some of the ideas the realization of which occupies my mind. But St. Just is not wrong in accusing you of weakness?"

"Weakness? of what?" asked Tallien uneasily.

"He who can be ensnared by a beautiful woman," remarked Robespierre, smiling maliciously, "is not strong."

"Well," said Tallien, "is love a crime? Is it not a virtue?"

"It is a virtue, but it is often a crime."

"There is no doubt about yours," remarked St. Just. "You have saved by this love an aristocrat who has deserved death, you have forgotten your office for the love of her, flattered the Girondists, and even prosecuted brave Jacobins. You deserve to be impeached."

"St. Just, you are too severe. An error may be pardoned him on account of his patriotism, and a weakness on account of his youth. Hearken, Tallien," continued he, "you have said that you are my friend?"

"I consider it an honour."

"I ask therefore a pledge of your fidelity—understand me right! I do not mistrust you, but want a proof that you are a genuine patriot."

"What proof do you want of me?" asked Tallien impatiently.

"The separation from Thérèse Cabarrus, at least for some time," replied the powerful man, his eyes winking violently behind the green spectacles.

"The separation from her?" cried Tallien passionately. "For what reason? Who gives you a right to meddle with my private life?"

"Just hear him, Robespierre!" said St. Just sneeringly.

"Does he not speak as if he were a novice? Fool that you are, we can arrest your beloved who never it phases me."

"But I will not do so, friend," resumed Robespierre. "You, yourself, Tallien, shall, as a patriot, make the sacrifice, as she is not only an aristocrat but also enervates you, and smothers in you the grand enthusiasm with which you were formerly filled for the republic. Arrest her yourself, that I or another will not be obliged to do so. Ask this sacrifice from her as a token of her love. In this manner the law will be satisfied, and the public conscience appeased; and Thérèse Cabarrus will escape impeachment and consequently death. I will retain the accusation which you shall deliver into my hands, and the impeachment will then be impossible. At the same time it will serve as a pledge of your fidelity, and should you disappoint me, the prosecution of your beloved will be subject to my will. I have shown you the road to safety, as I am your friend and expect your assistance in the convention at the approaching crisis. Do now what you consider prudent—remember that self-denial is a virtue."

He then pulled out his watch and hastily exclaimed: "It is four o'clock—it is time to repair to the Assembly."

CHAPTER X.

THE PROSECUTION.

A few minutes later Tallien was in his dwelling, trembling with excitement, anger and fear.

"Thérèse, you must depart immediately!" cried he impetuously. "Every minute brings danger. I must save you, my beloved; they are coming to arrest you."

Thérèse on hearing these words did not lose her self-possession, but suppressing her anxiety, asked for an explanation. Tallien, however, with wild impetuosity urged her to hasten her flight, promising to give her hereafter the desired explanation. He fetched the different articles of her winter clothing, threw her cloak around her, pressed her hat upon her black hair, and drew her away with him, out of the room, down the stairs.

"Heavens, Lambert," asked she, alarmed by this desperate haste, "whither are we going?"

"To a safe asylum, my darling. To the Castle of Montreuil. The Count is kindly inclined to me; he is the noblest protector of the prosecuted; there they will not search for you."

Arrived in the street, they hastily crossed it to take a cab from the stand near by. They did not notice a pair of malicious eyes that was watching their movements, but stepped into the cab, which quickly drove off. Some distance behind them a second cab followed. Neither Tallien nor Thérèse paid any attention to it, they being too deeply engaged in considering and reflecting upon their present critical situation, which made them forget everything else.

In the second cab sat Gilbert Cardourel. He had been on his way to Robespierre's dwelling, when he observed Tallien and Thérèse in great alarm leave their house and hurriedly run across the street to engage a cab. Cardourel felt that another opportunity presented itself to carry out his evil designs, and this prospect gave him a malicious satisfaction. He did not hesitate what he had to do. As soon as the cab was starting, he took note of its number, and stepped into another, the driver of which he directed to follow cautiously the track of the first.

Keeping the preceding cab in sight, which soon passed through the barriers, Cardourel divined that he had made an important discovery; and when he saw the cab take the road to Versailles, became fully convinced that the two persons were intending a flight from Paris. Suddenly the first cab leaving the main road turned into a side road leading to the forest; the noise indicated that the cab advanced but slowly, the ground having become soft by the last heavy rains. Gilbert, when reaching this side road, asked the driver whither it led.

"I can answer satisfactorily to your question, citizen," answered the latter, "as I have lately travelled over this road. It leads to the Castle of Montreuil."

"To whom does the castle belong?"

"I cannot say. How should I know? Very likely it belongs to a former aristocrat."

"Is it far from here?"

"No, citizen, only a few minutes. The road thither is at present very heavy."

"Does the road lead to any other place?"

"Oh yes, it leads further, but I do not know to what other place."

"Well," said Cardourel in a resolute tone, "I prefer stepping out here. There is a gold piece of 20 livres—wait on me for one hour."

"Yes, citizen, I shall do so."

Cardourel, listening to the rumbling of the cab, which seemed to drag heavily through the sand, hurried after it; the darkness of the forest prevented his being seen, and his steps were inaudible upon the soft, damp ground.

The cab stopped before a high grated gate.

"This is the place," said Tallien, overheard by Gilbert, who had moved into the bush. Tallien stepped out and pulled the bell at the gate. Many windows were illuminated in the castle, which indicated that the inmates had not yet retired.

It was some time before two lights were seen slowly moving down from the castle to the gate. Tallien, meanwhile, was conversing in a low voice to Thérèse, who had kept her seat in the cab. At last the servants reached the gate.

"Who is there?" asked one of them while holding up his lamp to let the light fall on the parties outside.

"A good friend of the house who urgently wishes to see the count," answered Tallien entreatingly.

"A good friend?" echoed the servant. "And his name?"

"If you must know it, his name is Tallien."

Neither of the servants knew him, and they did not know what to do.

"Well citizen," at last said the one who had spoken, after having deliberated with the other, "I shall go and announce you."

Both then returned to the castle.

Tallien impatiently stamped his foot, and whispered again to Thérèse. From the sound of the words, the attentively listening Gilbert guessed that Tallien was explaining the necessity of such precautionary measures.

Quicker than the first time the servants now returned.

There were now several of them, preceded by the count.

"Is it true?" exclaimed he, after having approached the gate and recognized Tallien. "You here, citizen?"

"It is I, noble friend, and I bring with me a lady, for whom I entreat your protection," whispered Tallien.

"And you do not come in your official capacity?"

"No, no, citizen, I come to save a prosecuted—my beloved."

The count, visibly surprised, ordered the gate to be opened.

"Come in," said he. "We will talk in the house; it is too cold out here."

Tallien had spoken so low that neither Gilbert nor the driver could hear his words. Having been invited by the count to enter the castle, he now hastened to the cab, and accompanied Thérèse to the gate, at the same time calling to the driver:—

"Stop here, citizen; in a quarter of an hour I will return, and we will drive back to Paris." He then entered the park with Thérèse, and Gilbert saw them with the count and the servants disappear in the direction of the castle.

"How is this?" muttered he to himself. "Wherefore this visit? Is there anything concealed behind, or is it a matter of no consequence? I have not been able to understand anything more than the words of the old man who is, no doubt, the owner of the castle. But what can it mean?"

He was meditating whether he should go on or remain. Tallien would be back in a quarter of an hour; so much he had heard. He had said, "we drive back to Paris." Did he mean that both would drive back, or only he and the driver? Thérèse Cabarrus would then remain in the castle; it is well to find this out, as a secret is involved in this visit. But in case she should also return, Gilbert would know the house from where in the afternoon she had come, and which was, no doubt, her residence. He resolved at last to hasten back to his cab, as he felt that a further watching would promise him no more reward than he had already gained by the discovery. The

next morning he would go to Robespierre or St. Just, who might profit by his communication. Quickly he walked back to the main road on which he had left his cab, and late at night the tired horses brought him back to Paris.

In the forenoon of the next day he waited impatiently in the ante-room of St. Just, and when at last he was admitted, informed him of his last night's adventure.

St. Just smiled, and remarked laconically: "He has taken his beloved to prison."

Cardourel stared at him in astonishment and asked: "Is the castle of Montreuil a prison?"

"In some respect it is," replied St. Just slowly.

Cardourel learned nothing further; he was dismissed, and was no wiser than before.

But St. Just had learned enough to hasten triumphantly to Robespierre, and to impart his suspicion that Tallien had brought Thérèse Cabarrus to the castle. Knowing the sympathies of Robespierre for the sect, and his esteem, reaching almost to veneration, for the count Montreuil, he availed himself of this opportunity of reproving the forbearance till now exercised towards this congregation of aristocrats, and demanded that the government of terror ought soon to seize them.

Robespierre felt annoyed by this demand, but earnestly desired the imprisonment of Thérèse Cabarrus, as by this step he would hold her life in his power, and thereby compel the submission of Tallien, to whom he not only was favourably disposed, but who had also many friends among the Montagne party in the convention, and consequently great influence. To profit by these contradictory interests, he had recourse to the following expedient: The warrant he issued against Thérèse Fontenay was to be accompanied by a letter for the count Montreuil, the contents of which were as follows:—

"Citizen Montreuil, I know and honour your patriotism and high opinions, and you may believe me that I would not disturb the peace of your house if I were not compelled by necessity to do so. A suspected, called Fontenay, by her maiden name Cabarrus, whom citizen Tallien has saved from prosecution in Bordeaux, is sought after by the authorities, and is, I am told, concealed in your castle. Citizen, if this is the case, I think her unworthy of your protection, and order her arrest by the police. I would feel sorry if you should refuse to accede to my request, thereby awakening doubts of your patriotism, and conjuring up dangers for yourself and your family."

St. Just reading this letter, shook his head and observed: "Why these ceremonies? why this protection?"

"You do not understand me, St. Just," answered Robespierre. "Citizen Montreuil deserves such consideration. I am well acquainted with him. Are you mistaking me? I desire our officers to proceed with all possible forbearance, as our only object is to have the Spaniard in our power."

"I will attend to this business," remarked St. Just laconically.

"Take this warrant with my signature, and do not forget to tell the police-commissioner that it has to be returned to me as soon as she is imprisoned. I will keep the accusation in my own hands. You understand, St. Just?"

"Of course. As long as the warrant is not delivered up to the tribunal, the impeachment cannot take its course."

Robespierre distorted his face to a diabolical smile.

"My best friend," concluded he, "we must sometimes seek to acquire the friendship of many men."

St. Just being charged with attending to this affair, gave to a police-commissioner the warrant, the letter, and the particular instructions.

"I shall select some person who knows the road to the castle," added he, after the officer had declared that he did not know the place. "There will be plenty of time to-morrow morning."

To be continued.

STORMS IN THE SUN.

Professor J. D. Steele has communicated the following to the *Elmira Advertiser*:

There appeared in the *Advertiser* some weeks since a paragraph, copied, I believe, from a Michigan paper, declaring that a column of magnetic light is shooting out from the sun at a prodigious speed—that it already reaches half way to the earth, and that, in all probability, by another Summer, we shall have celestial and atmospheric phenomena beside which our rudest Winter winds will seem like a June morning in Paradise. In time that when this big tongue of fire touches the earth it will likely lap up our globe in one monthful. Very many have made inquiries of me concerning this prodigy, and with your leave, I will try to satisfy their curiosity and perhaps allay their fears.

It has been known for some time that during a total eclipse red flames were seen to play about the edge of the moon. During the eclipses of 1868 and 1869 it was definitely settled that they were intively disconnected from the moon, and were vast tongues of fire darting from the sun's disc. By observations with the spectroscopic, and also by means of the wonderful photographs of the sun taken by De La Rue during the eclipse of 1860, it was discovered that these fire mountains consisted mainly of burning hydrogen gas. This was precious information to secure in the midst of the excitement, and novelty, and in the brief duration of a total eclipse. It did not, however, satisfy scientific men. For two years Mr. Lockyer, aided by a grant from Parliament to construct a superior instrument, had been experimenting and searching in order to detect these flames at other times than at the rare occurrence of a total eclipse. On the 20th of October, 1868, he obtained a distinct image of one of the prominences, which he afterwards traced entirely around the sun. Astronomers can, therefore, now study these flames at any time.

The result of observations now being taken shows that storms rage upon the sun with a violence of which we can form no conception. Hurricanes swept over its surface with terrific violence. Vast cyclones wrap its fires into whirlpools, at the bottom of which our earth could lie like a boulder in a volcano. Huge flames dart out to enormous distances, and fly over the sun with a speed greater than that of the earth itself through space. At one time a cone of fire shot out 80,000 miles, and then died away all in ten minutes time. Besides such awful convulsions the mimic display of a terrestrial volcano or earthquake sinks into insignificance.

There is nothing in these phenomena to alarm us. They have in all probability, happened constantly for ages past. That we have now means of investigating their nature and measuring their height and velocity, furnishes no sense of

anxiety. Rumors of these discoveries have crept into the papers, and exaggerated by repeated copying and sensational additions have given rise to these mysterious and uncalled-for predictions.

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Keep a cow, and then the milk wont have tew be watered but once.

In buying roast beef, dont forget, that roast beef, tew be bully, must be tuff.

Be kerful how you soke yure makrel, too mutch sokeing takes the wear out of them.

Buckwheat kakes made out ov wheat bran kost less, and soke up mola-ses more kerfully.

Be kind tew cockroaches, for they often make a plate of butter last a whole week, and when you pray alwus pray for the light eaters.

In negotiating for sassage, do yure bizzness with the bolony men, then yu know what yu are getting: yu kant alwus tell what country sassage contains.

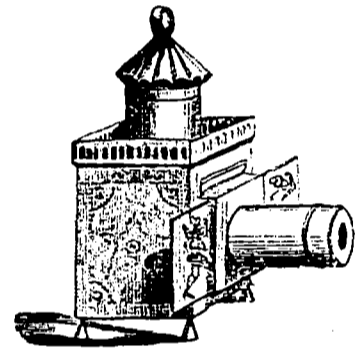
If yure boarders take sugar, and milk, in their kaughphy, dont put in mutch sugar, bekauze yu kno they hav milk, and dont put in but little milk, bekauze they hav sugar.

In selekting a yung goose for yure table, dont forget tew remember that the longer a goose has lived in this world, the more experience he will hav when he cums to be chawed.—*Joek Billings.*

There is but very little cultivation in the valley of the Yosemite. One enterprising man has planted a spot with vegetables, and pear, apple, plum, and peach trees. Where he finds a market for their produce it is hard to say, unless, as is probable, he relies upon selling to visitors what he cannot eat. His orchard has no fence, and he himself was not to be found when we paid it a visit. Outside a little but, however, close by, was a paper with the following notice:—"Any one helping himself to a mess of fruit from my patch will pleas put 2 Bits through a hole in my door and oblige J. C. Lemon." We helped ourselves liberally to peaches and apples, and complied with his request, adding a little more for the pocketfuls we took away. A "bit" is worth about sixpence.—*American Correspondent of the Times.*

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SEIGNIORY OF SOREL. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that up to the 15th day of January next (1870.) Tenders will be received at this office for the purchase of the *rentes constituées* or ground rents of Lots in the Town of William Henry, and in the Country parts of the Seigniorie of Sorel. The Annual amount of the above *rentes constituées* is \$2,200, or thereabouts, representing at 6 per cent. a capital sum of \$36,000, or thereabouts.

Parties tendering will name a block sum as the price offered—One-third to be paid down on signing deed; one-third in two years from that date, and the remaining one-third in four years from the same date, with interest at the rate of six per cent. until payment of unpaid balance.

Purchaser will also be expected to furnish good and sufficient security for the perfect payment of instalments outstanding and unpaid, and for the performance of all the conditions of sale.

The Department does not bind itself to accept any of the tenders which may be made.

Further information may be obtained on application at this Department, where Plans of the Seigniorie may be seen, and also at the office of James Armstrong, Esq., Q. C., at Sorel.

HECTOR L. LANGEVIN, Secretary of State.

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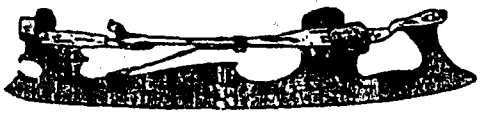
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This is the celebrated Trotter, who undertook to walk 1000 miles in 1000 minutes. When he had covered half the distance, his feet began to swell; and this is the appearance he presented on triumphantly reaching the winning-post. Hooray, Trotter!

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LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND, Capital... \$1,016,668. Annual Revenue... 1,380,360. Accumulated Fund... 4,312,303. Assurances in force... 35,000,000. The Books and Accounts of this Institution have for many years been subjected to a continuous Audit (part from the Directors and Officials) by a professional Accountant of high standing and experience. In the valuations, which are made on approved Tables of Mortality, the net Assurance Premiums only are taken into account. Thus, by constant independent checks and rigid tests, the utmost precaution is adopted to secure the prudent conduct and permanent stability of the Institution. It has already paid to its Policy-holders Assurances and Bonuses to the amount of SEVEN MILLIONS THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. The amount for last year alone being upwards of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. On 5th DECEMBER NEXT, The Class B system will be closed for the year, and Entrants before that date will be entitled, at the Division of Profit, to a FULL YEAR'S BONUS more than later Entrants. P. WARDLAW, Secretary. JAMES B. M. CHIPMAN, Inspector of Agencies.



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QUEBEC ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. B. C. HEBERT ET J. A. E. CHAPERON, NOTAIRES ET AGENTS, No. 21, Rue St. Joseph, Haute Ville, Quebec. J. J. FOOTE, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR, & PUBLISHER OF THE DAILY MORNING CHRONICLE, 1, MOUNTAIN HILL, L. T., Quebec. TERMS: SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE. A WEEKLY EDITION is published every SATURDAY MORNING. Price TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. The CHRONICLE has the Largest Circulation of any Paper in Lower Canada. EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING Executed with Neatness and Dispatch. Quebec, October, 1869.

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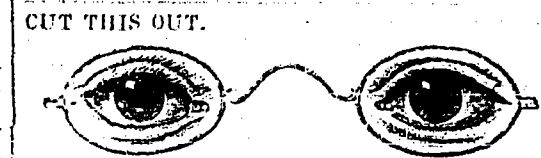
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