

war—shows the *Punic* faith of Prussia. On the evening of the 18th July the declaration of war was despatched from Paris to Berlin. That same evening orders were issued for the destruction of the viaduct at Bitché, and though it was three days later before its accomplishment, we have in the fact of the Prussian movement a proof that, while France was declaring war, Prussia was making it. The whole campaign up to this time proves the readiness of Prussia, and her triumphs so far have placed the Napoleonic dynasty in great danger of destruction.

But while we cannot accept the stilted paragraphs concocted under the official inspiration of the Tuileries as giving a truthful account of the state of affairs, it would be no less of a mistake to believe all that we read from Berlin, or through the jaundiced medium of the *New York Tribune's* commissioner, who seemingly manufactures, or at least manipulates the greater part of the cable news with which the western world is favoured. There can, however, be no doubt as to the complete defeat of Generals McMahon and Froissard, or of the loss by the French of the little advantage which the affair of the 2nd at Saarbrücken might have given them. It would seem that the Emperor is no General; and it is also probable that he has the conceit to think that he is. He will soon be compelled to abandon the pretension, as in the presence of such a foe approaching the very heart of France, the French people will forget Napoleon in their zeal to deliver their country from the tread of the invader. The rumours of threatened revolution in Paris have far less significance to our view than the acceptance by the Emperor of the services of Generals Changarnier and Trochu. These men do not go to fight for the Emperor, but for France; and their presence on the field means that the whole French nation is resolved upon repelling the Prussians. In this light, we can hardly understand the price of gold, the steadiness of the markets, and the buoyancy of stocks. Transactions on 'Change, up to Wednesday, indicated an early peace, or at least the limitation of the struggle to the two combatants, with results not materially damaging to either. But the French fleet has yet to be heard from; the impending battle at Metz may turn the current of the campaign; or even should it result in another Prussian victory, there are dangers in the way of "On to Paris," sufficient to make us hesitate before according to Prussia the prospects of a speedy and complete triumph. If the Emperor cannot be credited with generalship, and surely he cannot in the face of his permitting McMahon's command to be fallen upon by the bulk of the Prussian army and no supports near, he may certainly be allowed to have had some prophetic vision when he declared that the war would be a long one. Nothing less than several successive defeats of the French, with, perhaps, a revolution in Paris, can now give any reasonable hope of a short war, and these things are not very likely to occur. Metz is a strong position; it is, in fact, virtually an outpost of Paris. Should that fall, Châlons has to be disposed of before the Prussians can make their way to the capital; and even were they there, it can hardly be supposed that France would surrender without a fierce struggle. In the presence of a foreign foe internal dissension ceases; or the local quarrel is postponed to another day for reckoning. Legitimist, Republican and Imperialist will unite for the time being; and they will unite all the more heartily should Napoleon have wisdom enough to abandon the pretence of personal command for the duties of which he has neither the genius nor the physical strength. With the success of Prussia there is little prospect of a short war; but if French generalship or prowess in the field turn the tide of battle, the prospect of an early peace is still more remote. Prussia will endure defeat better than France; and before her complete exhaustion, which is not by any means probable, it is all but certain that Russia would take sides against France for the purpose of serving her own policy in the East. The moderate exhaustion of both powers would, we believe, be generally gratifying to all the great and many of the small States of Europe; but the ultimate strengthening of either one would be viewed with alarm by their neighbours. Should France carry itself through its present day of trial, without turning upon the Emperor and avenging its disgrace by the destruction of his dynasty, then it may at once be acknowledged that Napoleon is firmly seated on his throne. His rule was never subjected to so severe a strain as the reverses of last week brought upon it. Besides, the political troubles at the capital indicate the presence of internal danger, though it may be presumed that the temporary excitement, or even alarm, at the first news of a serious misfortune, would soon give place to the determination to adopt every means possible for its reparation.

The line of perpetual snow varies in different parts of the earth, depending upon latitude. Thus, at the equator it is 15,000 feet; in latitude 62° it is only 4,000 feet; and in latitude 71° it is as low as 1,000 feet above the level of the sea.

VIGER GARDENS; MONTREAL.

Montreal can hardly be called a gay city in the summer time. In winter, when the snow is several feet on the ground, there is plenty to enjoy in the way of private entertainments, sleighing parties, private theatricals, and other amusements of a more public character. But in summer, when the sky is blue, the sun shining, and the thermometer touching the nineties, Montreal is like every other large city, and all who can afford it and are able to get away, flee from its blistering sidewalks and stifling atmosphere. This state of affairs will be to some extent improved when we get the long-talked-of park on the side of the mountain. But as matters now stand, the expedients to which the unhappy man who is forced to stay in town can betake himself to while away the time are but few. He may go to the theatre to witness the performances of the many troupes who visit the city, but good as the acting may be, a man must partake of the nature of a salamander who can stand a three hours' baking in the theatre in this sweltering weather. Or he may take a skiff and, after a sharp struggle with the current, land a mile or so below the point he intended reaching. Or he may take a hack and drive round the mountain or to Lachine; but unfortunately the prettiest drive is apt to become stale and uninteresting after having been "done" two or three times. After trying all these expedients one is led to believe that the wisest thing is to stay quietly at home, choose the coolest spot in the house, and enjoy a cigar as best one may, trusting to the chapter of accidents to turn up some new excitement. Fortunately, however, there is a cool retreat in the east end of the city whither one may repair of an evening to enjoy the air and escape from the heated flag-stones and close atmosphere of the streets. The Viger Gardens are a great boon to the citizens, and one need only go there any evening when the band plays to see how they are appreciated. The gardens, situated on St. Denis Street, are the finest, in fact the only gardens in the city. They are handsomely and extensively laid out with flower-beds, fountains, walks, and kiosques, and contain a miniature hot-house. The band of the Rifle Brigade play there once a week, on which occasions, thanks to the zeal and energy of Messrs. Globenski and Doutré, the gardens are always brilliantly lighted, and a display of fireworks takes place. The funds to defray the cost of this additional attraction to the gardens were collected by the gentlemen named, who have since taken the trouble of superintending the lighting of the gardens. The excellent music of the band under the leadership of Mr. Miller, is of itself a very great attraction, and, consequently, on the nights when the band plays, usually Wednesday evenings, the Viger Gardens are always crowded with visitors who, in listening to the music, promenading round the walks, watching the fireworks, or gossiping with friends, appear to enjoy themselves most heartily.

SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

FRASER RIVER AND LILLOUETT.

As a sequel to the illustrations of British Columbian scenery which appeared in the fourth number of the present volume, we now publish two views, one on the Fraser river, the largest and most important stream of British Columbia—the other of Lillouett, a flourishing town situated on the right bank of the Fraser, 212 miles from the port and capital, New Westminster. At one time the banks of the river in this neighbourhood were exceeding rich in gold, and attracted many speculators even from the rich mines of Cariboo. Since this time the town of Lillouett has gradually gone on increasing in size and importance, and now ranks as one of the principal posts on the Fraser. It lies half-way between New Westminster and Cariboo, following the Fraser river route as far as Fort Yale. A very full description of the Fraser river and its tributaries has already appeared in these pages, in the Rev. Mr. Dawson's instructive papers on the North-West.

THE FIRST WALTZ.

This is a lively little picture of home life in Germany. A couple of youngsters are dancing—their first waltz—to the music of a fiddle played by their grand-father, who appears thoroughly to enjoy the children's delight. The aged grand-mother sits at one side engaged in the homely occupation of peeling potatoes, and stops every now and then to smile upon the children and at the gambols of a merry, shaggy little dog, who is evincing his surprise at the new kind of amusement by leaping up on the juvenile dancers, and sadly interfering with their steps. The little girl looks quite demurely at her companion, who seems inclined to be rather boisterous. The surroundings are perfectly in keeping with the scene. The low, stuffy little room with rough oaken floor and heavy beams running across the ceiling; the big curtained bed, and the eider-down quilt; the huge pipe hanging by the almanac, the cheap, bright pictures on the wall, and the sprig of blessed palm at the bed, are all little accessories to be met with in any bedroom among the lower classes of the German peasantry, and which, thus faithfully depicted, wonderfully help out the reality of this graceful little scene.

LE CHIEN D'OR

The famous *Chien d'Or* of Quebec, about which so many tales have been told, is in danger of early destruction, the design to build a new post office involving the pulling down of the present building. The following, from "Christie's History of Lower Canada," tells nothing about the real history of the *Chien d'Or*, but it does explode more than one of the traditional narratives concerning it:—

"The *bas relief* representing a golden dog gnawing his bone over the front door of the old stone house, known as "Free Mason's Hall," now in part occupied by the Post Office, in Buedé street, near the steps, leading from the Upper Town through Prescott Gate to the Lower Town of Quebec, has given rise to a multitude of fanciful conjectures as to its origin. The house, it would seem, was built in 1736, by a Monsieur Philibert, a merchant of Quebec. The inscription under the figure is in old, or according to modern orthography, bad French. Having very recently inspected, I find it to be *verbatim ac literaliter* as follows: I have been particular in this, believing it of importance to archaeologists:—

"JE SVIS VN CHIEN QVI RONGE LO
"EN LE RONGEANT JE PREND MON REPOS
"VN TEMS VIENDRA QVI NEST PAS VENU
"QVE JE MORDERAY QVI MAURA MORDU.
1736."

Various versions, all for the most part fabulous, have been given to the world of the origin of this legend, from that of Captain Knox, who was in the army, and present at the conquest of Canada, to those of Messrs. Bourne, Hawkins, Lieut.-Col. Cockburn, R. A., and more recently a Canadian gentleman, writing in French, under the signature A. S. S., (supposed to be the late Mr. Souldard, an Advocate of this City), in *Le Canadien*. Lieut.-Col. Cockburn tells the story thus:—

"Passing between the Post Office and the book store of Messrs. Thomas Cary & Co., to the Lower Town, the stranger cannot help noticing a gold dog over the door of the latter establishment. The following curious history attaches to this dog:—

"The house was built by Mons. Philibert, a merchant, residing in Quebec in the time of Mr. Bigot, the last Intendant under the French Government, and whose draft upon the Treasury for the expenses of this country were so enormous that one of the queens of that kingdom archly inquired—'whether the walls of Quebec were built of gold?' But to return to the story of the *Chien d'Or*, Mr. Philibert and the Intendant were on bad terms; but under the system then existing, the merchant knew that it was in vain for him to seek redress in the colony, and determining at some future period to prove his complaint in France, he contented himself with placing the figure of a sleeping dog in front of his house, with the following lines beneath it, in allusion to his situation with his powerful enemy.

"This allegorical language was, however, too plain for Mr. Bigot to misunderstand it. A man so powerful easily found an instrument to avenge the insult, and Mr. Philibert received as the reward of his verse the sword of an officer of the garrison through his back when descending the Lower Town hill.

"The murderer was permitted to leave the colony unmolested, and was transferred to a regiment stationed in the East Indies. Thither he was pursued by a brother of the deceased who had first sought him in Canada, when he arrived here to settle his brother's affairs. The parties, it is related, met in the public street of Pondicherry, drew their swords, and after some conflict the assassin met a more horrible fate than his crime deserved, and died by the hand of his antagonist."

Mr. Hawkins, in his "*Picture of Quebec with Historical Recollections*," gives the following account:—Mr. Philibert, who resided in this house, was a merchant of high distinction during the time when Mr. Begon was Intendant of New France. The latter had formerly been a merchant of Bourdeaux, and came to Quebec in 1712. Differences occurred between him and Mr. Philibert, over whom superior interest and power gave Mr. Begon every advantage. Unable to obtain redress for his injuries, real or supposed, Mr. Philibert bitterly, although covertly, expressed his sentiments under the image of the *chien d'or* to which he added the following inscription, &c., &c.

"Mr. Begon determined on revenge, and Mr. Philibert descending the Lower Town hill, received the sword of Mr. de R., a French officer of the garrison, through the body. The perpetrator of this murder made his escape, and left the Province, but the crime was too atrocious to be forgiven. The brother of Mr. Philibert came to Quebec to settle the estate, with a full determination of taking personal vengeance on the assassin. So determined was he to execute this part of his mission, that, having ascertained that Mr. de R. had gone to the East Indies, he pursued him thither. They met in a street of Pondicherry—engaged on the spot, and the assassin fell mortally wounded, under the hand of the avenger. The *Chien d'or* remains to perpetuate this tale of bloodshed and retribution."

A very pretty story, truly, of homicide and retribution, but according to the researches of my friend Mr. Jacques Viger, (from whose manuscript on the subject I take my information) nearly altogether fabulous. His inquiries establish the fact that Mr. Nicholas Jacquin Philibert did, unhappily, on the 21st January, 1748, die of a sword wound he had received in a sudden quarrel the previous day at the hand of a Mr. Pierre J. B. F. X. Legardeur de Repentigny, a Lieutenant in the French army, born at Montreal, 24th May, 1719, and son of Mr. J. B. Legardeur de Repentigny, who died there in 1741; but that with this quarrel and homicide, neither Mr. Begon, who left the country in 1726, nor Mr. Bigot, who did not come to it before September, 1748, had, nor possibly could have anything to do. The cause of quarrel and whole matter, are clearly and satisfactorily explained by Mr. Viger through official and incontestable documents and judicial records still extant, and that prove the story, in so far as Mr. Begon and Mr. Bigot are concerned, to be absolutely a fable, and wholly without foundation.

The Registers of the Parish of Quebec, according to Mr. Viger, prove that the family of Legardeur de Repentigny were in the country so early as 1637; and those of the Superior Council in like manner prove that the first Mayor of Quebec was a Mr. J. B. Legardeur de Repentigny, elected to that post by an assembly of citizens, held 7th October, 1663, before the Council, pursuant to an arrêt of that body of the 20th September, 1663, when a Mayor (Mr. de Repentigny) and two Aldermen (*échevins*) were chosen for Quebec.

In the matter alluded to, there was, Mr. V. observes, no assassination. It was an unfortunate homicide arising out of a sudden quarrel between Mr. Philibert and Mr. de Repentigny, as explained by authentic documents of record, and still open to the inspection of any one choosing to consult them. Mr. de Repentigny having, it appears, on the 20th of January, 1748, obtained, as an officer of the army, a billet to be quartered upon Mr. Philibert, the latter waited upon him at the lodgings where he then was, in the house of a lady of the name of La Palme, to endeavour to prevail upon him to remain in his lodgings with that lady, and to agree with her for the terms on which she might be willing to accommodate him. Not being able to come to terms with her, he was about leaving the house, observing that he would take steps to cause the billet to be changed. This being overheard by de Repentigny, who it would seem was standing by, he addressed Philibert in a tone to make him understand that he would not part with the lodgings to which his billet entitled him, adding that he (Philibert) was a "*nigaud*" (simpleton) to ask for an alteration of it. This so exasperated Philibert, that after using much violent language to de Repentigny, he struck him with a walking stick he had in his hand, whereupon the latter in a transport of rage drew his sword and ran Philibert through the body, of which he died the following day, "generously