

## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 92.—HON. JOHN HENRY POPE.

MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

On the 25th of last month a ministerial change took place, the like of which has been frequent in Canadian administrations. The Hon. Mr. Dunkin, a clever lawyer, and especially respected for his thorough knowledge of Canadian (or French) as well as British practice, was chosen from among the ministers to fill a place on the Bench, rendered vacant by the death of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Short. The Hon. C. Dunkin was accordingly appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec for the district of Bedford, thereby rendering vacant the Ministry of Agriculture and Statistics. No one will question the competency of Mr. Dunkin to ably discharge the new and responsible duties which will devolve upon him in the high position to which he has been elevated, and to the occupation of which we believe his talents and erudition have well entitled him; but our present purpose is to give a brief notice of his successor in the Government, whose portrait appears in to-day's issue.

Hon. John Henry Pope is, we believe, a Canadian by birth, and descended from the old U. E. Loyalist stock. He is at least a man who entertains very warm feelings of attachment to the Crown of England, and to the autonomy of Canada as established by the Act of Confederation, sympathising with no changes save those which will place the central government in complete control of the whole country between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, subject, of course, to the safeguards of local administration provided by the Union Act. He is not beyond the period of middle life, and being a man of active habits is likely to prove a good working minister.

Since 1857, nearly fifteen years ago, Mr. Pope has been in Parliament, and as a representative man of the Lower Canada British population he soon gained, and has since honourably held, high rank. He is not a Cicero in debate, and perhaps for that very reason he sooner won his way to general esteem, for whatever Mr. Pope has to say in Parliament, or out of it, he says with a terse vigour and conciseness of language that make a mockery of ornate phrases. He brings to the Government a high personal character, a capacity and a disposition for work, an intelligent appreciation of the wants of the country, and a well-studied Parliamentary experience of nearly half an average lifetime. These are not qualifications essential to what is called a brilliant minister; but they are ample guarantees that the work of his department will be well and thoroughly done. He is not likely from excess of scrupulosity of conscience to fritter his time and his health away, as did his predecessor, in doing mere clerical work, but will rather bend his intellect to the general working and efficient organization of the different branches of the public service over which he is now about to preside. We may remark, *en passant*, that the reproaches cast upon Mr. Dunkin because of his personal devotion to detail are, we think, among the highest compliments that he has ever received. But the duty of a minister ought in nearly all cases to be to supervise subordinates as to matters of detail, and to be prompt with general outlines of policy. Indeed, the department over which Mr. Pope now presides has not languished under Mr. Dunkin's administration, yet we rejoice that Mr. Dunkin has been placed in a sphere which we think even more honourable than that which he has left, especially as it is one which his highly trained mind is peculiarly fitted to adorn. In Mr. Pope he has a worthy successor, one who, as a representative man of the Lower Canada British population, will do credit to his constituency. We have reason to know that Mr. Pope is held, personally, in high esteem among the members of the House of Commons, and, politically, he has never, during his public career, diverged from the straight line of Liberal-Conservative policy. Since 1857, when Mr. Pope first entered Parliament, he has represented the County of Compton, and at the last general election was returned by acclamation.

## SKETCHES OF CANADIAN SCENERY—PAGE 316.

## MOUTH OF THE LAVAL RIVER, QUEBEC.

Our special artist, W. O. C., has furnished us with a sketch of the mouth of the Laval River, where it enters Laval Bay. Just at the mouth of the river there are two huge rocks with precipices about five hundred feet high. The Laval is a narrow, very rapid stream. It swarms with trout, and therefore furnishes excellent sport for the angler, whose efforts are not unfrequently rewarded with a large fish weighing not less than six pounds. Fine plump trout of lesser weight are exceedingly abundant. The country through which the river runs is well wooded and hilly. Along the banks of the stream, and in the country round about, beavers and bears are plentiful, and, in their season, black flies and mosquitoes are "too numerous to mention" or even to endure with any degree of comfort.

## WAUBASHENE.

Waubashene—a picture of which appears in this week's issue, is a neat little village situated between Sturgeon and Matchedach Bays—portions of the great Georgian Bay, Lake Huron. Our sketch represents a scene of great beauty. The manufacture of lumber for the Canadian and American markets is the principal business of the place. Very extensive saw-mills have been erected by W. Hall, Esquire, an English gentleman of great energy, large views, and generous impulses; qualifications which enable a man to gather around him a large com-

munity, even in that northern wilderness. In the centre stand the mills; to the right, a few yards from the magnificent bay, is the Catholic Church, which adds beauty to the already exquisite scene, and being in a central position for the surrounding population, the people may, with facility, assemble either by land or water, to unite in praise and worship to the Lord of all. For this convenient locality, both the pastor, the Rev. J. P. Kennedy, and his people are much indebted to the liberality and kindness of Mr. Hall.

## SCENES ON BURLINGTON BAY, ONT.

We present to our readers some views on Burlington Bay at the western extremity of Lake Ontario. No doubt many who have been in the city of Hamilton in summer time will look with pleasure on an illustration which cannot but awaken in the mind many pleasant reminiscences of the happy hours spent in boating on the deep blue waters of this magnificent bay.

The illustrations represent the principal boat-house. The banks here are high and broken and without foliage, yet the scene, although formal in appearance, is very beautiful and interesting. In the afternoons and evenings during the boating season it is especially lively when boats of all kinds and sizes are starting out laden with their gay freight of pleasure-takers; some bound to the pleasure-grounds on the opposite shore, and others to fish, or for rowing or sailing exercise.

The bay is everywhere navigable for lake-going vessels to within a few yards of the shore, and the water is always clear and in colour resembles the water of Lake Ontario.

On the opposite shore is Carroll's Point, at which there are excellent bathing and swimming grounds. Farther east is Rock Bay, at which there are a wharf and landing place for small boats, and also steps leading up to the pleasure grounds at the top of the bank. Here pleasure-seekers collect to hold pic-nics, and dancing parties assemble "to chase the glowing hours with flying feet." For these purposes every facility is afforded of the most satisfactory description.

Still farther east there are the pleasure grounds of Oaklands, comprising several acres of lawn, woodland, hill and hollow. These grounds are very much larger than those of Rock Bay, and are a favourite resort for the city people and all those who delight in fresh air, green grass, and shady groves. There is also a large ball-room here, which is extensively patronized during the warm weather.

During the boating season two and frequently more small steamers ply at regular intervals each day around the bay, touching at the beach, Brown's wharf, Oaklands, and Rock Bay, completing the circuit of the bay, and making a trip of about twelve miles long for a trifling sum, thus enabling hundreds of persons every day to enjoy a trip of about two hours' duration on the cool water out of the dust and heat of the city.

On the eastern or lake side of the bay is the bar which separates the two waters. The communication between the bay and the lake is by means of a short canal through which vessels and steamers pass. The position of this canal is marked by means of two light-houses which are (as is also the canal) maintained by the Government. The beach on the lake side of the bar is formed of fine sand, and slopes very gradually, thus furnishing excellent swimming and bathing grounds, and also affording every facility for fishing with nets, which latter is extensively carried on. The beach is also a favourite place of resort during the hot weather, as there is always to be found a cool and invigorating breeze either from the bay or lake. There are also pleasure-gardens here, and a large hall for the accommodation of holding parties, and a large hotel is now in the course of construction. The grounds here differ very materially from Oaklands and Rock Bay, owing to the scarcity of grass; but there are throughout the whole length of the bay large shade trees. Many citizens with their families arrive here by the early morning boat, remain all day, and return to the city by the last steamer in the evening; and so on from day to day during the hot weather with most beneficial effects, especially on the health of the children. The sources of amusement are limited. The attractions are the pleasant and invigorating breeze always to be met with: fishing, bathing, and watching the white crested waves roll in and break upon the shore, and also the passing through the canal of the vessels and steamers.

## MANITOBA, A SKETCH IN CAMP.

The rumour of an approaching Fenian raid created no small excitement in Manitoba. Recruits, numbering 62 file, were drawn up in line before the Upper Fort on the afternoon of the 4th Oct., and addressed by the Commanding Officer—responding by three hearty cheers.

About dusk on the evening of the 6th Oct., a force composed in part of the two service companies at Fort Garry, and in part of Volunteer Militia, and numbering 208 officers and men, left Fort Garry and set their faces towards the Southern frontier. A drizzling rain was falling and the roads were deep in mud—Manitoban mud. Soon it became pitch dark, and the soldiers, encumbered with heavy field kits, staggered and tumbled against and upon each other, and through the muddy ditches which sometimes lined the way.

After about four and a half miles of this kind of progress we came in view of the camp fires which the Advance Guard had lit; and we were soon sleeping as well as the severe cold and the damp ground would permit.

The next morning proved fair, but the road was still in a very greasy state—ugly enough for the bony screws that drew the baggage and ammunition waggons. In the forenoon we arrived at Stinking River, where we lighted fires and cooked rations. Here a man drove down to camp ground with milk, butter, and vegetables: and I am afraid some of his customers "went through him" to a considerable extent, which he took with great good humour,—and when a sack filled with cabbages, etc., was deftly tilted out of the cart and emptied on the grass, he was well satisfied to receive the bare sack back again, going quietly from the camp ground with the assurance that, did we stay till morning, he would visit us with fresh wares.

The same evening we proceeded about a mile and a half further and pitched tents for the night.

Next morning before leaving our camp ground our Commanding Officer addressed us—cautioning us that possibly we might be in action before twenty-four hours were over our heads—that we must be cool under fire, and not be unsteady if a volley should knock over a few of us, etc. Then we went forward, arriving in the afternoon at LeRoe's Farm, where we camped, remaining till the afternoon of the next day.

Here we had a great battle with small potatoes, and here it was that the soup-kettle redoubt sustained a determined assault, while one of the defenders clove many of the whizzing missiles with a sharp bowie-knife held aloft in the air; but the soup was prepared, cooked, and drunk, although the business of its preparation allowed but a desultory fire to be kept up by the besieged party.

And this proved the only fight that fortune allowed us to partake of.

Early in the afternoon we were ordered to fall in, and then our faces were turned homewards! This cast a gloom over the men, and though a few songs were attempted they soon died away, and a grumpy silence settled upon the column, which after awhile gave place to an eager desire to press forward on the homeward path, which showed itself in the rapid step, accompanied by a lively whistle, which brought us again and again upon the heels of our Advance Guard.

To-night we camped on the same ground on which we had passed the last night but one, and in the forenoon of the next day were again within the walls of the Fort, where the Governor addressed a few words to our Major, to the citizens, and to the troops, to which our Commanding Officer responded with a short acknowledgment, and after a few words to the citizen-volunteers, who returned their arms into the Armoury, we were dismissed, and all was over.

NED. P. MAH.

## STANISLAS SOREL.

With characteristic modesty, Sir Walter Scott, when at the zenith of his literary fame, distinctly assigned to literature a lower place than that occupied by science. He once wrote to Joanna Baillie that "men like Watt, or whose genius strongly tends to invent and execute those wonderful combinations which extend in such an incalculable degree the human force and command over the physical world, do not come within ordinary rules."

One of these men passed away from earth on the 18th of last March, the very day the Communist insurrection began to rage in Paris. His name was Stanislas Sorel; and few men have more completely filled the terms of Scott's definition, as quoted above, than he. His inventions for saving life, for simplifying and facilitating labour, and, in fine, for "extending the human force and command over the physical world," have given him an honourable place among the world's benefactors.

Stanislas Sorel, the son of a poor clock maker at Putanges, in the department of Orne, France, was born in 1803. He received no education, but at an early age began to toil at the paternal trade. Under the discouragements of ignorance and the indifference to intellectual and material progress which characterized the community of which he was a member, his native genius asserted itself, and he early won a local fame as an ingenious and skilful artisan. He married, at the age of twenty-one, a young woman of his native town, and assiduously laboured at his bench until 1829, when, no longer able to endure the restraints of his seclusion, he boldly set out for Paris.

Friendless and almost penniless he entered the great city, and for several years endured such hardships as only the strongest natures are able to survive. Obligated, in order to gain a bare subsistence for his family—a wife and two children—to toil steadily at his trade, he yet found opportunities of gathering knowledge, and of unconsciously fitting himself for his grand career. He attended lectures on scientific subjects, experimented as he could, and finally produced some inventions which may be said to have foreshadowed his subsequent achievements. Among the most important were the solar lamp and thermostatic siphon.

In 1833, he discovered and perfected in detail the process of galvanizing iron, and his invention was cordially recognized by the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, which awarded him a gold medal. From this success his advance was rapid and brilliant. Not a year passed in which he did not produce some original discovery or some important improvement in practical science.

He invented the alarm whistle attached to the safety apparatus of steam boilers; improvement in the manufacture of oxide of zinc, now generally adopted; the waterproofing of woven fabrics; the oxychloride of zinc cement, the cheap filling for teeth now used by dentists under various names, but which for general purposes was superseded by his last, and, as M. Sorel always claimed, greatest discovery, the oxychloride of magnesium cement. And it was upon the multitudinous applications of this new and wonderful compound that he was engaged when overtaken by death.

For these inventions and discoveries he received a score of prizes, gold and silver medals, the Montyon prize twice, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, and the "Marquis of Argen-teuil Prize" of 12,000 francs, or \$2,400 in gold, which prize is given by the Academy of Sciences for discoveries only of the greatest value, and which had been awarded to but two persons before, Messrs. Vicat and Chevreul.

The names of these discoveries will suffice to indicate to the intelligent reader the extent and value of his services to the world.

So numerous and varied are the articles made from galvanized iron that it has ceased to be a novelty. Doubtless in a few years the same will be true of magnesium cement, to which we called attention in connection with the articles made by the Union Stone Company, of Boston, in the *Scientific American* of October 22, 1870, and April 29, 1871.

M. Sorel, dying amid the distractions of a terrible civil war, lacked those grateful tributes of honour which in happier times his great services to science and humanity would have elicited; but it is not too late for America, who, in common with France, has shared his benefactions, to revive and freshen the memory of his genius and his works.—*Scientific American*.

During the Prussian siege of Paris a sum of fifteen millions of francs was sent off in a balloon for the purchase of arms in the provinces. The balloon fell at Verdun, almost in the midst of the enemy, and the aeronaut immediately deposited the money with the Abbe Thirion. Half an hour after the Prussians arrived at the presbytery, and searched everywhere, but fortunately did not light upon the treasure. As soon as the siege of Verdun was ended, the abbé repaired to Brussels, when the fifteen millions were placed in the hands of the French representative. The journals announce that the money has just been restored to the state officers. A very pretty story, if true, which will deeply interest the Prussians.