

would at once be set to work to complete those undertakings of which this country, as well for the daily wants of commerce, as for the uncertain claims of defence, stands so much in need.

By some such process the anxiously desired North Shore Railway from Quebec to Montreal might be secured. Similarly the Canada Central, by a renewal of its once ceded land grant privilege, might be extended to Lake Huron; and thence the Canadian Pacific might be continued to and past Fort Garry, through the Leather Head, or some more favourable pass (if such exists) in the Rocky Mountains, until it carries the "iron horse" to the shores of the Pacific. With the same means the short and easily built canal at the Sault Ste. Marie might be provided for on the Canada side, and one source of national humiliation for ever removed. Nor do we know why the Bay Verte, the Ottawa and Georgian Bay, or the Ontario and Huron canals, could not be constructed by similar aid. Even French war loans take, at present, in the English money market, but these surely have no more substantial foundation than a loan guaranteed by its equivalent in Canadian soil. The Western Province has done good work by its free grants, its Drainage Act, and its Immigration policy. But we think it might do still better by disposing of its wild, and therefore in every sense *waste*, lands by trading them off under proper terms for the creation of much needed public works, either in the shape of railways or canals. Every other Province in the Dominion might well do likewise: and, above all, we hope the Canadian Government will not forget that it holds the rich dowry of the North-West, for nothing so much as the great obligation resting upon it of opening a railway track on British American territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

BAZEILLES.

Within the last few weeks the name of Bazeilles has become known over the globe, and has everywhere called forth a thrill of horror and pity from those who read the account of the tragic episode with which it is inseparably connected. Once a happy, thriving village, tenanted by a simple peasantry, it is now nothing but a heap of ruins, covering in many places the bodies of its late inhabitants—a sad example of the stern inviolability of military law. Owing to the annoyance caused by bands of armed peasantry who followed and harassed the Prussian armies on their victorious march Paris-wards, it was found necessary to issue an order adjudging the punishment of death to all, not belonging to the regular army, who should be found with arms in their hands. In accordance with this order the inhabitants of Bazeilles, who even to the women had wielded arms against the invaders, were made the objects of a terrible and cruel vengeance.

It was on the 31st of August that a Bavarian division, having, after a hard day's fighting, succeeded in crossing the Meuse, found themselves attacked on the plain between the village and the river by a body of Marines and Franc-Tireurs. For some time the French fought obstinately but at last they were compelled to retire within the village, from whence they poured a murderous fire upon the German troops. The German general summoned the village to surrender, and on receiving a refusal, sent back a message to the effect that he would give the inhabitants one hour to reconsider their decision, and if at the end of that time they persisted in their refusal he would burn the place over their head. After waiting an hour and ten minutes the command to attack was given. The Germans entered the village and were received with a murderous fire from every window and loop-hole. This strengthened them in their resolution for revenge, the more so as it was seen that the inhabitants of the village were taking part in its defence. By means of explosive petroleum balls the village was soon set in flames, and before night Bazeilles was nothing but a collection of blackened ruins. The church, the chateau, everything was destroyed. Many of the inhabitants perished in the ruins, and many more were shot for their violation of the Prussian orders. Not a house was left standing; the village was literally wiped off the face of the earth by the infuriated Bavarians. An eyewitness thus describes this scene of utter desolation:—"No description can convey an idea of the completeness of the destruction which has fallen upon the place. All that can be said is that a month ago there was a bright busy village, or rather small town, consisting of half a dozen streets and numbering nearly 3,000 inhabitants. A well-to-do town, too, evidently, with plenty of good shops, cafés, rows of neat and even handsome houses, and every sign of comfort and prosperity. Now about one-half of these houses are mere blackened shells with bulging, tottering walls; the other half are simply represented by heaps of rubbish. From one end of the village to the other there is nothing remaining that can be called a house. I see the Duke of Manchester attributes the destruction to shells; but it seemed to me far too complete to be accounted for in that way. Shells might have burned down or shattered clusters of houses, but they must have left some untouched, here and there; nor was the village a wooden one like the Moselle villages, which, set on fire anywhere, would burn from end to end like tinder. The French story is that the Bavarians were irritated by their losses and the obstinacy of the defence of the Marines, and in revenge burned the place over the heads of the inhabitants. The opposite account says that the inhabitants, even the women, were found with rifles in their hands firing on the troops, and that as they had already lost severely in this way, it was necessary to make an example at last to show that the King's proclamation was not to be a dead letter; but that the inhabitants were cleared out before the village was set on fire. It is difficult for any one who knows anything of German troops to believe that they would, out of mere spite and without orders, burn down an entire village, and more difficult to imagine a German officer giving them such an order. In the French versions of this, as of every incident of the war, there is a good deal of exaggeration. If you were to believe the local reports, nearly the

whole population lies buried under the rubbish; but one of the villagers, who would not be likely to understate the case, put the number at about fifty, and even this, I have reason to believe, is over the mark. Poor fellow! it was pitiful to hear his sobs as he pointed out what had once been his house and garden. I do not know, however, that I did not pity nearly as much a poor dejected cat sitting among the ruins of the house it belonged to. The poor thing was the picture of despondency and self-neglect, and clearly had not washed her face ever since the storming of the village. She sat there on a heap of debris mewing piteously, every now and then running out into the road as a troop of sight-seers came by, to see if there was any member of her family among them."

AN INNOCENT VICTIM

The picture with which we present our readers under the above caption illustrates a little war incident that has formed the subject of a couple of pictures by a well-known and talented German artist. The picture we have selected for reproduction is the second of the two, forming a sequel to one entitled *The Bereaved Mother*. The subjects for both are well chosen. In the first the bereaved mother, a mare, is being led away by a trooper, while its little foal, tied to the stable, is whinnying to its dam to return. The poor mare looks lingeringly back at its offspring, but the relentless trooper drags her along to the camp, where she is destined to form a mount for some cavalier dismounted in a recent engagement. In the second picture the mare, having evidently lost her rider, returns instinctively to her offspring, to find it, alas! lying dead where she left it, struck by some stray ball, while she who had been through the thickest of the fight escaped with a wound or two. There is a vast amount of pathos about this little incident, with the spirit of which the painter has become deeply imbued. This two pictures are well and carefully executed and are well worthy of reproduction.

MOVING POWDER FROM ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

Our view shows the magazine in the centre of the Island, which has a capacity for storing upwards of 12,000 barrels of powder. The Imperial authorities shipped 6,000 barrels to England and Quebec, and transferred a large quantity to the Canadian government. Some of the powder lately removed had been in Canada since before the rebellion of '37-'38 and yet it was found on trial to be quite as good as new.

This removal of stores is but an incident in the fulfilment of the long declared policy of the ruling powers of the Empire to throw the burthen of local defence upon the colonial governments, and only in case of foreign invasion to defend the colonies with all the strength naval and military at the command of the Imperial Government. It can scarcely be said that this country has been unfairly treated in this matter. About ten years ago an Imperial officer, Colonel Lysons, was instructed to report upon a Scheme of Militia organization which would enable Canada to conform to this advanced stage of Imperial treatment to teach the colonies the duties of national life. It cannot therefore be a surprise now to find that save the fortified points of Quebec and Halifax, which are held for Imperial strategic reasons, Canada is virtually abandoned to its own resources for defence, save in case of attack by a foreign nation.

The removal of the powder from the Magazine on St. Helen's is not, however, the only incident having some scenic and suggestive properties in connection with this important military change. It is known that at Kingston, Montreal and several other points where Military Stores were lodged the Imperial government did not by any means ship everything across the Atlantic. On the contrary the control of these, if not the absolute ownership was vested in the Dominion war department, and on our last page will be found a view, which speaks for itself of this interesting ceremony.

THE ENGAGEMENT AT ST. RÉMY.

The little village of St. Rémy, in the department of the Vosges, was the scene, on the 6th ult., of one of the most furious encounters that have occurred since the commencement of the war. The village, which is situated at a short distance from Epinal, was at that time occupied by a body of Baden troops, under the command of Major-General von Gengenfeld—their lines extending as far as the hamlet of Nonpenteize. At half-past nine on the morning of the sixth the position was attacked by a considerable force of French, consisting of part of the new army of the south, and numbering some 14,000 men, reinforced by battalions from the south under General Potheyren, with two battalions of artillery. The Prussians reached only half the number of their opponents, but by their admirable coolness, and thanks to that deadliness of aim for which the German soldier is so remarkable, they were able to repulse the attack of the enemy, and to throw them into inextricable confusion. Three times the French charged with an impetuosity that seemed irresistible, and three times they were repulsed with terrible loss. It was the old story over again. The Germans waited until the advancing lines had reached within a few paces of their bayonets, and then opened a murderous fire that made terrible havoc in the attacking ranks. For six hours the battle raged in this manner, but after the last charge the French soldiers threw down their arms and turned tail, making in the direction of Rambervilliers. The Badeners followed, carried the Bois des Jumelles at the point of the bayonet, and by four o'clock the rout was complete. The German loss in this encounter was singularly small, considering the furious attacks made by the French infantry, and by the Turcos in particular—20 officers and 400 men killed and wounded. The French, on the other hand, lost considerably. Some 13,000 men were killed or wounded, 62 officers and 600 men unwounded being also taken prisoners.

An illustration given on another page shows a desperate attack made by a party of Turcos upon a regiment of Jagers. The manner in which these "advancers of civilization" fight is almost without a parallel. They advance at full tilt, every man for himself, leaping and springing along like so many animated rubber balls, until they reach the enemy's ranks, when they throw themselves upon the foe with a spring, attacking as it were from above, and fighting more like wild beasts or demons than like human beings. Fortunately for the Germans, their system of reserving their fire until every shot will tell, has generally prevented the Turcos from following their usual tactics, and resulted in their utter discomfiture.

THE MAPLE LEAF BASE BALL CLUB, GUELPH, ONT.

The Maple Leaf Base Ball Club of Guelph, the Champion Club of the Dominion, was organized in 1864; and since its establishment this Club has been very well sustained, and with it as a leader Base Ball Clubs have sprung up in every village and town within a radius of 50 miles. It has beaten all the first-class clubs of Canada. In September, 1869, the club played for the Silver Ball (emblematic of the championship of the Dominion) at London, beating the Tecumseth Club of London, by 42 to 20. This year they have played nine match games, (of which five were for the championship) losing but one, and that with a picked nine at Syracuse.

The following table will show the number of runs made by each side:

| REVIEW OF SEASON'S PLAY. | | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|---------------|-------------|------------|
| Date. | NAMES OF CLUBS. | Where played. | M. L. runs. | Opp. runs. |
| June 24 | Maple Leaf vs. Aberfoyle | Guelph | 4 | 22 |
| July 22 | " " Independents, Dundas | " | 24 | 22 |
| Aug. 16 | " " Y. Canadian, Woodstock | " | 24 | 13 |
| Aug. 27 | " " Mutual, Hamilton | " | 29 | 9 |
| Sept. 13 | " " Flour City, Rochester | Rochester | 75 | 17 |
| " 14 | " " Picked Nine | Syracuse | 15 | 21 |
| " 15 | " " Ontario | Oswego | 42 | 12 |
| " 29 | " " Maple Leaf, Hamilton | Guelph | 24 | 23 |
| Oct. 7 | " " Flour City, Rochester | " | 47 | 8 |
| Total runs. | | | 371 | 116 |

Several of the Nine have received handsome offers (as much as \$1,500 per year to one member) to join different professional Clubs in the United States. The pitcher, Smiley, is medium paced, and bothers the batsmen greatly, but the *forte* of the Nine is in their fielding, which is unsurpassed by any amateur club and few professionals in the country. The Nine have been "brought up" in and around Guelph, and only one is not a Canadian. The club numbers 139 paid members; they have beautiful enclosed grounds. Next year they purpose taking a trip to Montreal and playing a picked Nine from the Province of Quebec.

A ROMAN SCENE

It is not easy to suppose that there is any one, be his religion or his training what it may, whose deepest interest is not stirred by the mention of the name of the capital of the Caesars, the metropolis of the Roman empire, the centre and head-quarters of the Western Church, now become the capital of united Italy. There appears to be a charm connected with this city, the old mistress of the civil and the modern mistress of the religious world, a charm due neither wholly to its antiquity and its many and glorious reminiscences, nor to its present position as the Inspector of modern Art and the Centre of authority for the largest body in the world professing the Christian Religion, but which springs rather from all these influences and thus acquires the immense influence which it sways over every member of the civilised community. Who is there amongst us that has not felt this strong unaccountable desire to visit this wonderful city—so well named the Eternal, this city which produced the noblest, the grandest men that ever walked the earth; the city of Horatius, Curtius, of Regulus and the Scipios, the Gracchi, the Catos and the Caesars, Who has not longed to tread the ground pressed by the feet of Cicero, Seneca and Paul, and to gaze upon the innumerable monuments that attest the wealth and the power of the imperial line of Caesars; to wander among the countless arches of the Coliseum, that wonder of ancient Rome, and depict to himself those magnificent entertainments given within its walls, when the applause of the careless multitude was heard beyond the Tiber; to stroll along the Via Sacra, and in fancy take part in those glorious triumphs that followed the return of the Roman conqueror, when the hero of the hour passed proudly along in his triumphal car, surrounded by his victorious legions and followed by his humbled captives. Every stone, every monument has its history and tells its story of noble deeds and grand achievements. Taking your stand by the Coliseum, what a page of history lies mapped out before you. To the right that stupendous amphitheatre hallowed by the blood of saints and martyrs who "fought with beasts" rather than dishonour their creed, and suffered for the enjoyment of the gaping multitude that flocked to see how Christians died. Further on, on the same side, a sight that may well make one ponder; the ruins of the old heathen temple of Venus and Roma, now embraced by the massive walls of a Christian convent. Then straight on in front towers up the campanile of the Capitol, and that grand old Arch of Titus, with its storied sides, telling how Jerusalem, the holy city, and the chosen people the Jews fell beneath the unconquerable arm of Rome. What food for meditation such a scene as this supplies, especially at a time like this. One's thoughts naturally revert to those days, nearly three thousand years ago, when this great city was in its infancy, and peacefully lay, a mere group of shepherd's huts, on the side of yonder Palatine. Then it took to itself power, it increased, conquering the neighbouring nations as it grew. Then its domination extended beyond the seas, it became a great and dreaded Republic, until it reached the zenith of its glory. The Republic gave way to an Empire, and in its Golden Age the little hamlet found itself the proud mistress of the world. Then it fell, and fell low. It became the prey of rude, untaught barbarians, who wondered at the magnificence with which they found it dressed, and stripped it of its ornaments. Gradually the ancient city, the glory of Italy, fell into decay, but in the meantime it had become the centre of Christianity—of the religion of a continent—and once more it proudly raised its head.

THE MONTREAL FOXHOUNDS.

The majority of newspaper readers who, on taking up their paper at the breakfast-table on Saturday morning, read an announcement to the effect that "the Hounds will meet at — to-day, at 11 sharp," let the matter take but little either of their time or attention. They know certainly what fox-hunting is, or at least they have a vague idea that it is a sort of follow-my-leader on horseback, with a fox for a leader that is certain to lead one a scramble over hedges and ditches more unpleasant than otherwise. So they just run over the announcement in a listless manner, as they would over the advertisement of a great sale of pig-iron, or for tenders for lockage-repairs, and then the matter slips entirely from their memory, or if it should recur to them it is only to suggest the thought that they thank their stars that they are not as some other men are, and that they can be content to stay at home and provide themselves with decent, quiet amusement, with-