

As remarked before, the formal opening took place on the 18th ult., and excited much interest among the citizens of Maine and the people of New Brunswick. Our talented artist E. J. R., has given us several beautiful sketches, the illustrations from which will doubtless interest our readers. Where the pencil has so faithfully reproduced scenes of much international concern, it is hardly requisite that we should do more than simply refer to the newspaper reports of the opening ceremonies which were participated in by many of the public men of Canada, by the President of the United States and the Governor General of this Dominion, and by many of the local celebrities along the line. The work is one of great importance, and though in future years Montreal may find a shorter railway route to the ocean, yet Montreal, and the whole of Canada, must remember that New Brunswick and New England enterprises have given us this new and rapid mode of communication with our eastern limits and with the Atlantic Ocean. The kindly words of fraternal greeting exchanged by President Grant and Lord Lisgar on the occasion of the opening ceremonies will not, we are sure, be without their good effects on both sides of the dividing line.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

In connection with our illustrations of the opening of the E. & N. A. Railway, we have taken the occasion to present our readers with the portrait of the President, who, with our own Governor-General, was the guest of the people of Bangor at the time of celebration.

LIEUT.-GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT, born at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822, entered West Point in 1839, graduated in 1843, received his commission in 1845, and served in the Mexican campaign under Generals Taylor and Scott. In 1852 he was ordered to Oregon, and in Aug. 1853, became full captain. He resigned his commission in July, 1854, and soon after settled in Galena, Illinois. From this privacy he was drawn out by the civil war, and having acted first as aide-de-camp to the Governor of Illinois in 1861, and afterwards as Colonel of the 21st Illinois Volunteers, was appointed a Brigadier-General in 1861. While in command in Cairo, he secured Paducah, and with it Kentucky. In Nov., 1861, he fought the battle of Belmont, and in Jan., 1862, conducted a reconnaissance to the rear of Columbus. Fort Henry fell Feb. 6, and ten days after Fort Donelson surrendered to him unconditionally, and this was followed by the evacuation of Columbus and Bowling Green. He was made Commander of the district of West Tennessee, and his forces advanced up that river to Pittsburg Landing, and fought, April 6 and 7, the battle of Shiloh, at which the Confederate general Johnston lost his life. He was second in command to General Halleck during the siege of Corinth, and when the latter was ordered to Washington, Grant was appointed to take command of the department of Tennessee. He captured Vicksburg and Fort Hudson. Upon the defeat of Gen. Rosecranz at Chickamauga, Grant was sent to repair the disaster, and he defeated Gen. Bragg. A few months afterwards President Lincoln appointed him Lieut.-Gen., a rank equivalent in the United States to that of commander-in-chief. Invested with this authority, and having organized a large army, he determined to try, after the failure of so many other Federal generals, to capture the Confederate capital, Richmond. But he met his match in Gen. Robert Lee, who not only repulsed him in three desperate battles, but baffled all his strategic movements with the loss altogether, it has been computed, of 100,000 men. Finding his original plan of campaign rendered abortive, Gen. Grant adopted that of his predecessor, McClellan, by crossing the James River, and investing Petersburg, a town some twenty miles to the south of Richmond; but here again Lee anticipated him. Several desperate engagements resulted from this alteration of strategy. In the course of these operations, Gen. Grant mined and blew up a fort before the town, with the view of taking the latter by assault. The attempt signally failed, the Federal army being driven back with the loss of 6,000. Gen. Lee determined to assume the offensive, and on the night of March 27, 1865, he massed three divisions of his troops in front of Fort Steadman, and on Grant's right, and by a sudden rush at daybreak on the following morning, succeeded in surprising and capturing the strong position. Before noon of the same day it was re-taken, with all its guns and 1,800 Confederate troops. At this time a battle, which continued until evening, was raging at Hatcher's Run. Three corps were massed under Sheridan below Petersburg, and Sunday morning, April 2, flanked the Confederates at Big Five Forks, capturing their intrenchments with 6,000 men. The attack then commenced along the whole line under Grant's direction, and the assault was so successful that, on the same night, his forces held the Confederate intrenchments from the Appomattox above Petersburg, to the river below. At three o'clock that afternoon Gen. Lee telegraphed to President Davis that he had been driven from his intrenchments, and that Petersburg and Richmond must be abandoned, which operation was performed that night, and on Monday, April 3, 1865, the army entered Petersburg, and Weitzel occupied Richmond. By rapid movements, Gen. Grant, cutting off Gen. Lee's retreat to Lynchburg and Danville, came up with him at Appomattox Court House, and demanded his immediate surrender. The two chiefs met and arranged the details, and Sunday, April 9, the army of Northern Virginia capitulated. The whole of Gen. Lee's army, officers and men, were paroled, with permission at once to return to their homes. The former were granted the privilege of retaining their side-arms, and each of the field officers one horse. All other property belonging to the Confederate Government within the department was surrendered to the United States. Gen. Johnston's surrender to Gen. Sherman, on the same terms as those accorded to Gen. Lee, speedily followed. In 1866 Gen. Grant was promoted to the rank of General, that honour being created specially for him.

On the expiration of President Johnson's term of office he was succeeded by Gen. Grant, who had been elected to that office by the Republican party, to whose ranks he was a seceder from those of the Democrats. His career since has been mainly remarkable for the fidelity with which he has followed the dictates of the national will as expressed by Congress, for his frankly attempting to settle outstanding disputes with Britain, and for the earnest efforts of his Government recently commenced to put down the crime of polygamy in Utah. If his Presidential career has not been as brilliant as his military career, it bids fair at least to be useful.

THE FENIAN EXCITEMENT IN MANITOBA.

The late attempt of a parcel of Fenians, under the leadership of Gen. O'Neil, to invade the Province of Manitoba has been the subject of two excellent sketches by a correspondent which appear in this week's issue. Particulars of the attempt are thus described by a gentleman doing business at Fort Garry, and who was stopping overnight at the Hudson Bay Post captured by the invaders:

About seven o'clock on the morning of the 5th ultimo, the early risers of the Hudson Bay Post discovered a squad of armed men approaching the Post in military array. At their head marched General O'Neil, supported by The O'Donoghue, Col. Donnelly, and Col. Carley. The force amounted to some thirty men, all armed with breech-loading Springfield rifles.

At the Post there were three men and two women, who quietly submitted to a superior force, and made no resistance. At the Custom House the writer was stopping over night with a friend. Their morning slumbers were rudely broken, and they were informed that they were prisoners.

Everything was done peaceably and in order, and shortly after taking possession the "army of invasion" proceeded to take breakfast. Sentinels were stationed around the Post, and the opening scene of a bloodless war was ended. The general commanding called a council of war. Future conquests were under contemplation, when about noon one of the sentinels appeared in breathless haste with the information that a large force of United States troops was within a short distance and rapidly approaching. This startling intelligence caused consternation among the victorious warriors composing the "army of invasion." A fear of panic seized them, and not one stood upon the order of his going, but all fled in hot haste. Gen. O'Neil forgot his sword, and the O'Donoghue left his rifle and other accoutrements behind.

Col. Wheaton and his party of fifty men pursued and succeeded in capturing Gen. O'Neil, Col. Donnelly, Col. Carley, and ten others, all of whom were taken over to Fort Pembina and placed under guard. The O'Donoghue had stripped for the race, and succeeded in making his escape, but he was afterwards captured by some half-breeds and brought over to Pembina, and now keeps company with Gen. O'Neil in gaol at St. Paul, awaiting trial.

The writer of the account, together with the half-dozen others who had been held prisoners for some five hours, were left without a guard, and each one went about his or her business as though nothing had happened. So far as his observation extended, there was nobody hurt, and no damage was done, and the only thing the invading party carried away with them was a hearty breakfast, for which they left a number of guns and other accoutrements behind as payment.

Two days before the "invasion," news reached Winnipeg that a number of well-known Fenians were assembled at St. Paul, and that a raid might be expected at any moment. Governor Archibald immediately issued a proclamation, calling upon the inhabitants to arm and enrol themselves for the defence of the Province. The call was loyally responded to by all, and several companies, including the regular militia, the Hudson's Bay corps, and the Winnipeg Home Guard, were mustered in readiness for action. Three days passed by without further developments, but finally tidings arrived on Friday, the 6th, that the Fenians had captured the H. B. Co.'s Fort. Orders were then given to start, and the whole of the available troops, with the exception of the Home Guard, were quickly under way for the frontier, just in time to learn that O'Neil had been captured by the American authorities, and that the raid had, as usual, terminated in a complete fizzle.

FORT PEMBINA, MANITOBA.

The illustration in this No. is a correct reproduction of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post at Fort Pembina, occupied last January by No. 1 (Capt. Cook's) Company 1st Ontario Rifles. The fort, as shewn in the drawing, is situated on the banks of the Red River, and is distant about 135 miles by water and 65 miles by land from Fort Garry. The river route to Fort Garry is exceedingly circuitous, as the Red River turns and winds through the wooded banks of the prairie land in many directions before reaching the fort, whereas that across the prairie is almost in a direct line through the open country from Fort Pembina, and this will account for the great difference in distance between the land and water route. Fort Pembina has been in existence some twenty years, and is one of the Hudson's Bay Company's ordinary trading posts. It was originally removed from Pembina (a distance of about two and a-half miles) to the site it now occupies. It was then supposed to be placed within the limits of the British American line of territory, but in consequence of the late dispute as to the correctness of the boundary line between the United States and Great Britain the fort is now supposed to stand on disputed ground. A high stockade surrounds the fort, which may be briefly described as follows:—The building on the left of the entrance gateway is the Hudson's Bay Company's store; that on the right a store now converted into barracks for the use of the volunteers; the house fronting the gate is the agent's residence and officer's quarters, and the square tower facing the bleak northern prairie forms the guard-room of the Company. An average good business is done at the trading post, principally among the Indians and half-breeds, who live in its vicinity.

THE BLOODHOUND—Is not a very interesting or valuable species of canines. Its origin was probably the Talbot hound—produced by selection and care in breeding. The bloodhound is tall, strong—but if pure, never exceeds twenty-eight inches in height at the shoulder; ears long and pendulous; colour, if pure, tan, or black and tan; any white indicates impurity; jaw deep; air majestic and solemn; vertex of the head portuberant, and the portuberance indicates high breeding.

Richardson says that this hound does not injure the object of his pursuit, but traces him to his hiding-place, and then by his loud baying indicates his position. Wonderful stories are told of the acuteness of his scent, even when the object of search has entered the town and traversed streets that hundreds of other persons have more recently trodden; and it is asserted that the only means of escaping his unerring scent is by crossing water or spilling blood on the track. The latter practice destroys the discriminating fineness of the scent. We have also heard persons who have tried it assert that smearing the shoes with onion juice also distracted them.

VARIETIES.

A Hartforded advised a slender friend to chalk his head and go to a masquerade ball as a billiard cue.

A Western paper accuses a contemporary of "dirty meanness," and remarks: "We want him to understand that two can play at that game."

A considerate organ-grinder played "Hear me, Norma" before the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum during a whole afternoon.

Washington Irving once said of a pompous American diplomatist—"Ah! he is a great man, and in his own estimation a very great man—a man of great weight. When he goes to the west, the east tips up."

At a recent auction sale of books an elderly lady ventured timidly to offer "two and a half, just to start them." After "once, twice, gone," from the auctioneer, the lady found herself the owner of forty-two volumes of Patent Office Reports, at a cost of \$105.

A committee was recently appointed to investigate the excessive chastisement of a pupil in a Michigan public school, and reported that the punishment was not actuated by malice, but occasioned by an "undue appreciation of the thickness of the boy's pantaloons."

Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grandmother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with, "Oh, Sammy! wouldn't you have been afraid?" Sammy hesitated a moment, and then replied, "No, not if I had the Lord to drive."

The Peoria (Illinois) Review says: "We are getting disgusted with the Illinois River. A stranger in this country can't find it until he wets his feet by stepping in it. If this sort of thing keeps on, they will have to station a policeman at the bridge, or else, the first thing we know, some thirsty cow will come along and drink the raging Illinois up."

The Columbus (Ohio) State Journal says:—"A deformed chicken of common breed, the deformity resulting from a broken back, was entered at the Muskingum County Fair as a Hungarian cock of the 'Slavi Magyar breed,' just imported, and the sapient judges, after gravely inspecting it, awarded it the first premium over one of the finest shows ever seen in the county."

A citizen of Jamesville, Wis., on a recent trip to St. Louis, took a sleeping-car berth on a through express train. In the night he got up, and, clad only in his sleeping garments, went out on the platform of the car to look at the moon. The door closed with a spring lock, and the porter of the car was asleep. He says he never enjoyed a fifty-mile ride as he did that one.

"Our major," says an old American soldier, "had very long feet, and also a horse that threw every one but the major. One evening the major's servant was out on the parade ground with the horse, and as usual got thrown off, when one of the boys spoke up and said, 'I know why the horse don't throw the major!' 'Why?' was asked by a dozen or more. 'Well, you see, the major's got such long feet that the horse thinks he is in shafts.'"

Civility (a correspondent says) is about the dearest commodity to be purchased in Scotland from waiters, guards, coachmen, and all that ilk. A friend of mine declared that once, after having rung the bell several times at an hotel in Glasgow, a waiter at last put his shock head outside the door, screamed out, "Wha rung that bell?" and, on my friend pleading guilty, shrieked, "Then don't do it again!" slammed the door, and disappeared from view.

A fruit-grower in Jersey being much annoyed by depredators, obtained a human leg from a hospital, and putting it in a large steel trap in his graperly, began to make inquiries in a disturbed and melancholy manner for the owner of the limb. The neighbours flocked in to see it; the cunning man was rated for his cruelty; reports were circulated that the "horrid wretch" had filled his grounds with traps, and his fruit was no more stolen.

A Chicago man lived in a three-story house up town, where the owner had decided to build a block of stores. At the owner's request the family remained in the house while it was being moved some four miles. They were over two weeks on the road. Nothing was displaced, their friends visited them during the time in their carriages (many of them for the fun of it,) their landlord had men bring water, and they said it was not half the trouble it would have been to have moved in the regular way.

The Tennessee Press Association recently visited Louisville, and its members were permitted to pay their own hotel bills. In revenge one of them writes thus of the town: "Louisville is an old, dilapidated town, celebrated for its riots, when it had a population to justify, a long ditch to keep the water in the Ohio from stagnating in front of the village, an artesian well, a skating rink, and a very muchly-pressed hospitality. Her people principally drink low wines that never paid the tax, and feed on dried apples, blackberries, catfish, and Cincinnati cracklings, and are happy."

A St. Mary's paper says:—An Embro pastor preaching a dry sermon last Sunday, most of his congregation fell asleep. In vain he tried to arouse them from their somnolence till in a sudden inspiration, he cried: "Hi! Hi! wheat's a dollar and a half a bushel!" The effect was magical. Everybody was wide awake, and ears pricked forward with quivering delight. He then proceeded to explain that he had better news than that to tell; and therefore made a fervent and eloquent appeal in behalf of his Divine Master.

Blarney, (apropos of the habit of exaggerated compliment) an Irish contemporary, says:—"Wanted, in any part of Ireland, a station-master who is not courteous and attentive; an audience who is not large and fashionable; a barrister who is not eloquent and persuasive; a judge who is not learned and distinguished; a manufacturer who is not liberal and enterprising; a workman who is not sober and attentive; a woman who is not chaste and beautiful; a policeman who is not active and efficient; a doctor who is not humane and skilful; an undertaker who does not please his customers; an entertainment which is not amusing and instructive; a book which should not be on the table of every household; but, above all, a man of any age, weight, size, or colour, who is not ready to perish on the altar of his country."