

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.  
THE COURT OF CHANCERY, ONT.  
THE CHANCELLOR AND VICE-CHANCELLORS.

The Court of Chancery of Upper Canada has a peculiar association with the politics of the Province, from the fact that a bill relating to it was the cause of the permanent retirement from public life of the late Hon. Robert Baldwin, C.B., and by consequence placing the Hon. (now Sir) Francis Hincks in the position of leader of the Upper Canada Reformers about twenty years ago. Despite the standing sneer at Courts of Chancery for their slowness in arriving at a decision, that of Ontario has a contrary reputation, and stands high in the confidence of the people. Its Chancellors and Vice-Chancellors have all been men of high standing and of great legal acumen. To-day we give portraits of the three present occupants of the Chancery Bench, but without being able to give a precise and detailed biography of either.

The Hon. Chancellor Spragge occupied for many years a Vice-Chancellor's seat, and on the death of the late Chancellor Vankoughnet about a year and a half ago succeeded him.

Hon. Chancellor Mowat was called to the Bench in 1864, having previously occupied for a few months the office of Postmaster-General in the Coalition Government that year. He was a member of Parliament from 1857, and held the office of Attorney-General, U. C., in the Brown-Dorion Ministry of 1858. He studied the legal profession in Kingston, to which city his family had removed from the north of Scotland.

Hon. Vice-Chancellor Strong was born near the city of Ottawa: but, like other legal gentlemen aspiring to high professional position, he went to Toronto, and having been admitted to the bar soon acquired the reputation of a first-class Chancery lawyer. His attainments and experience of practice in the Court of Chancery pointed to him as a fitting occupant for the vacancy created through the elevation of the present Chancellor to his exalted office.

THE CAMP AT LAPRAIRIE.

SHAM FIGHT ON THE 5TH JULY.

We give in this number, two illustrations in connection with the camp at Laprairie, that of the Sham fight on the 5th and the return from the Review on Logan's farm. The following details of the fight will prove interesting to the militia and Volunteers of Canada:

The cavalry consisting of Capt. Muir's 1st troop of Montreal Hussars, Major Burwash's troop, St. Andrews, Capt. Taylor's troop, Cookshire, and Major Stevens' Sherbrooke Hussars, formed into a provisional regiment under the command of Major Burwash. The four troops were also told-off as squadrons or light troops, the whole force amounting to ten officers and 173 non-commissioned officers and men and 182 horses. The cavalry encamped on an angle of ground on the right of the old barracks, No. 1 Cookshire and Sherbrooke squadrons in succession, the regiment standing in column of squadrons right in front, with the horses picketed in front of the men's tents of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th squadrons, the officers and staff tents fronting the regiment, the cook houses in the rear. Lieut.-Col. Lovelace was Camp Quarter-master of the cavalry as well as acting Adjutant and officer Drill-Instructor to the Regiment, and has been awarded by the Adjutant-General and Col. O. Smith much credit for the compact way in which he had laid out the cavalry encampment on the very small space allotted for that purpose. The names of the officers are as follow:—Major Burwash, commanding; Major Stevens, second in command; Captain James Muir, Montreal squadron; acting Captain Wanless and Cornet Allbright, St. Andrew's squadron; Captain Taylor and Lieutenant French, Cookshire squadron; Lieutenant McCurdy and Cornet Johnson, Sherbrooke squadron; Staff—Lieut.-Colonel Lovelace, Camp Quarter-master and acting Adjutant; Surgeon Gibson, Sergeant-Major. John Tees of No. 1 troop Montreal Cavalry, was appointed regimental Sergeant-Major, and Sergeant Allbright, of the St. Andrew's Cavalry, regimental Quarter-master Sergeant.

All the preparations for the night appeared to be very quietly made and nothing unusual seemed to be going on. Shortly after two, small bodies of men could be seen marching off over the Common in the direction of the village. The short time spent in inspecting the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers, which were situated to the rear of head quarters, and immediately overlooking the bank of the river, had made a great change in the camp. Instead of the busy hum of men who had been clustered together in their different quarters, the tents seemed deserted; part of the Field Battery of Artillery and one or two troops of cavalry were hastening to take up the ground to the South. The camping ground presented no rising ground affording a good general view, so that the low scrubby bush into which the attacking force had retired, completely concealed them from view, until the spectator came in a straight line with the road down which they were to march to the attack. Skirmishers had been thrown out to a considerable distance, but they were almost invisible. The plan was to attack the village of Laprairie from the South, the defending force being composed of a battery of Artillery under command of Capt. Felton, and of the Richelieu Battalion under Col. Marchand. The attack began at 3:15 by an irregular skirmishing fire upon the cavalry videttes who had been thrown out to feel for the enemy, and shortly after the white puffs of smoke showed where the advanced posts were concealed. As the fire became hot the cavalry began to fall back, and the skirmishers in extended order to advance to their support. As the Cavalry kept retiring by both flanks the main body, divided into three brigades, began to move up. The brigades, which consisted of 1,500 men each, were commanded, the first, or the left flank, by Lt.-Col. Fletcher, the second, or centre, by Lt.-Col. King, and the third, or the right, by Lt.-Col. D'Orsonnens. The firing was admirably close, steady, and incessant, as the main body got into action. Stevenson's Battery, which galloped up and took its position steadily, unlimbered and began firing with great rapidity, replied to by the enemy from the village. The

strong wind drove the smoke from the field guns to the right, at interval completely obscuring the view. During this time, Col. Osborne Smith, D. A. G., who was in command, with his staff, consisting of Lt.-Col. McKay, Garrison Artillery, A. Q. M. G., Lt.-Col. Gillmor, Queen's Own, Toronto, A. A. G., Lt.-Col. De Bellefeuille, Lt.-Col. Bacon, Major Dowker, M. G. A., Capt. Kay, M. G. A., Captain Hyndman, and Captain Battersby, Q. M., watched the operations from the most advantageous position, from whence directions were issued as required. The rifle shooting when the engagement became general could not have been excelled. It was one unceasing roll, without break or interruption. The attacking party kept gaining ground for some time, but finally being supposed to be driven off, the signal was given to retreat, the garrison cheered heartily; the rain descended in one short drenching shower, and the brigades forming up the troops marched to their quarters, followed shortly after by the the quondam enemy, who peacefully commingled with the vanquished.

THE REVIEW AT LOGAN'S FARM.—THE MARCH BACK.

The details of the Review at Logan's Farm are pretty well known to our readers. Every arrangement having been made, the whole force, headed by Capt. Muir's Troop, left the ground, the bands playing and the regimental colours fluttering in the wind. Proceeding down Visitation to Ontario streets, turning along that street to St. Denis street, which was ascended to Sherbrooke street, the troops advanced to Union Avenue, through Phillips square down Beaver Hall Hill, along Craig street and into St. James street, past the Bank of Montreal and St. Lawrence Hall to McGill street. The long day's work and the heat of the sun had told on most of them; many being foot-sore and nearly all covered with dust and perspiration. To a great degree this detracted from their appearance, but the material was there, ready for the work of slaughter, which may God long avert. Those who had come over by the steamer in the morning were despatched by train from Point St. Charles, the others going by steamer. All reached safely, and not inclined for much larking on their arrival. And so ended the review of the Laprairie Camp.

THE CHAUDIERE FALLS.

These falls, are seven miles distant from Quebec. Even after Niagara they are highly interesting. In the deep seclusion of a thick wood, the river nearly 250 yards wide, precipitates itself a hundred feet into a rocky channel which appears to have been rent asunder by some terrible convulsion of nature, by which the rock has been broken into huge masses that combine with the surrounding objects to impart an air of most magnificent wildness to this extraordinary scene.

The United States Government have asked permission of the Imperial Government for American fishermen to be allowed to fish in Canadian Waters, on condition that all duties paid upon Canadian fish in American ports be kept account of and refunded in the event of the House of Representatives agreeing to the removal of the duties in question.

A gentleman from England who has been connected with several important railway enterprises, recently visited Ottawa, with a view to make arrangements to bring over a number of railway navvies, to help to build the Inter-colonial and Pacific Railways and to settle in the country.

The *Times* editorially criticises Mr. MacDougall's letter to the electors of Lanark in favor of the Treaty and shows that his premises are incorrect. It denounces that gentleman's policy of neutralizing the St. Lawrence, and contends that Canada must hold the sovereignty of that river for all time to come.

It is rumored that Mr. Hill, Private Secretary to Lieutenant-Governor Archibald has been killed in a duel.

Mr. Sandford Fleming is so busy with the Inter-colonial Railway that he will not be able to go to British Columbia at present as originally proposed.

THE CESSION OF NEW GUINEA.

The cession of New Guinea by Holland to Great Britain has been announced. It is reported to be of very considerable value, but the Dutch have not been able to turn it to proper account, although its position, immediately to the north of Australia and in the great highway of commerce, must add greatly to its importance. It has never yet been fully explored, but all who have visited it agree in describing it as a rich and magnificent country, containing in all probability the most valuable vegetable products of the Moluccas. The forests are described as most luxuriant, many of the trees attaining the height of 180 feet. The largest mammiferous animal found on the island was the hog, but the birds are of great variety and beauty, and fish abound on the coasts. Nutmeg trees have been found, and a large and lucrative trade was carried on for some years by European and Mohammedan traders on the northern portion of the island. It is estimated that it has an area of two hundred thousand square miles, being, next to Australia, the largest island of Australasia. It is divided from Australia, on the south by Torres and Endeavour Straits, the width of the former being only eighty miles. The original inhabitants are of the negro type, below the middle height, with deep brown or black complexion. In the western portion they are fairly civilized, with good dwellings, decently-clothed, having a knowledge of the working of iron, and possessing good sailing vessels and large rowing boats. Towards the East end, however, they are very barbarous. They are reported to be in a state of continual warfare, and are divided into so many tribes, each with a different dialect, that the Dutch discoverers when going along the coast in 1828 and 1835 were forced to obtain fresh interpreters every few miles. Several surveys of the coast have been made by British ships of war, the first being in 1845, and one of the rivers was found to be navigable a considerable way up, but nothing was determined regarding the interior. The value of the trade with the Netherlands was, according to the latest information accessible, about \$1,000,000, the Colonial system being designed to assist the revenue of the ruling power, all the trade being held a strict monopoly. It is probable that the expenses of the Government being in excess of the profits, may have led to the abandonment of the Island. By the *Statesman's Year Book* we find that the population of New Guinea and Timor is set down at 1,656,450, but no information is given there respecting the trade and resources of the island.

The latest portrait in the *Saturday Review's* gallery of representative women is that of "The Shrew." The *Review* admits that time has somewhat modified this class, the Victorian being very unlike her Elizabethan sister, "happily for those of us who have to dwell within her sphere." After discussing the primitive type of the shrew, the *Review* proceeds to consider a more refined kind among the educated—"good women, who do not flirt, nor spend too much money on dress or pleasure, who are content to stay at home and look after their houses and children, but who take out in ill-temper what they deny to naughtiness, and think themselves justified because their sins are not those of the lust of the flesh or the pride of life." The shrew cannot learn that scolding either makes servants more stupid than they were before, or rouses their bad passions; nor can she make allowance for human infirmities. In regard to her children, "there is no good-natured slipping over faults, no smoothing away of difficulties, no making the best of the bad, and so escaping the full flavor of evils which are had enough at the best; she worries and drives and scolds them through the whole of the day, then wonders that they shrink from her, and that their very fear induces falsehood. As for her husband, she is of so much use by her perpetual nagging, that she saves the necessity of purgatory after death by giving him the full benefit of it beforehand." The shrew is usually an irreproachable woman on the score of morality, and very little given to self-indulgence. She is simply good and disagreeable. She drives her husband to the club, and her children to premature marriage, who neither see nor care for the love and sterling goodness often underlying her bitter temper; all they know is, that mamma is always cross, and that she makes their lives wretched. "Many a shrew has broken her heart before now for what seemed to be the ingratitude and coldness of those whom her own temper had driven from her." A woman, the *Review* thinks, may be violent, passionate, jealous, and unreasonable, with blood boiling at all points, as ardent in anger as in love, and fierce in all her passions, and yet not be a shrew. The shrew proper is a thin-lipped woman, unsensuous, utterly lacking the luxurious temperament, unmerciful to everybody's weaknesses, and having no sympathy with self-indulgence of any kind. She does not understand that ill-temper is a lack of virtue, and is ceaselessly annoyed that one so self-sacrificing, so rigid in morality, so earnest for the good of others, should be so little understood and so little appreciated. Says the *Review*: "The woman who rails and fumes at every trifling annoyance that occurs, till she makes the whole house miserable, does not know that she is committing a sin. She only thinks herself wronged by circumstances or by people, and that she is exercising a righteous indignation, and making a quite justifiable protest against the same. She does not dream that she is digging the grave of her own happiness and esteem; but, after she has worried her family to the very verge of madness, laments her hard case in not being loved—she who would do so much for them! So she would in all probability; for nine times out of ten, it is her temper, not her heart, that is in fault, and we frequently find the most uncomfortable shrew capable of the most heroic virtue when the pinch comes. Yet, as pinches are only occasional, and the ordinary monotonous highway the place we mostly walk in, the shrew's heroic virtues are brought into play but rarely, while her shrewishness is a thing of every day, and her power—and habit—of making people unhappy one that has no ending save in death."

A CHILD'S LETTER.

Mark Twain publishes the following letter from a girl eight years old, with the remark that it was the only letter he ever got that had any information in it:

St. Louis, 1865.

"Uncle Mark, if you was here I could tell you about Moses in the bulrushes again, I know it better now. Mr. Sowberry has got his leg broke off a horse. He was riding it on Sunday. Margaret, that's the Maid, Margaret has taken all the spittoons and slop buckets and old jugs out of your room, because she says she don't think you are coming back any more, you have been gone too long. Sissy McElroy's mother has got another little baby. She has them all the time. I have got a new doll, but Johnny Anderson pulled one of the legs out. Miss Dusenbury was here yesterday; I gave her your picture, but she didn't want it. My cat has got more kittens—Oh! you can't think—twice as many as Lottie Celden's. And there's one, such a sweet little bun one with a short tail, and I named it for you. All of them's got names now—General Grant, and Halleck, and Moses, and Margaret, and Deuteronomy, and Cap. Semmes, and Exodus, and Leviticus, and Horace Greeley—all named but one; and I am saving it because the one I named for you's been sick all the time since, and I reckon it'll die. [It appears to be mighty rough on the short-tailed kitten for naming it for me. I wonder how the reserved victim will stand it?] Uncle Mark, I do believe Hattie Caldwell likes you, and I know she thinks you are pretty, because I heard her say nothing could hurt your good looks—nothing at all—she said, even if you were to have the small-pox ever so bad, you would be just as good looking as you were before. And ma says she is ever so smart. [Very.] So no more this time, because General Grant and Moses are fighting. ANNE."

Twain adds: "I consider that a model letter—an eminently readable and entertaining letter, and, as I said before, it contains more matter of interest and real information than any letter ever received from the East. I had rather hear about cats at home and their truly remarkable names, than listen to a lot of stuff about people I am not acquainted with, or read 'The Evil Effects of the Intoxicating Bowl,' illustrated on the back with the picture of a ragged scalliwag pelting away right and left in the midst of his family with a junk-bottle."

A SPECIMEN OF TRADE UNION TYRANNY.—A remarkable Trade Union outrage is reported from Sheffield, England. A man named John Gill, a brickmaker, had raised himself a little, and obtained a contract for making bricks from the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. He had been only eighteen months in the Union, and by its rules no man may become a master in less than two years. He accordingly sought to rejoin his Union, which he had temporarily quitted; but its managers insisted that instead of six months he must wait the whole period as if he had been a new hand. He refused, and opened his yard; but on Tuesday night 18,000 of his bricks were "Walked upon" and entirely destroyed. There seems to be little doubt (says the *London Spectator*) that this was a Union outrage, and it is one of the worst kind, because intended to punish a workman for rising in life, and enforce an equality which is in fact nothing but theft from the able of the market value of his ability.