

gather around his pulpit a congregation, little, if at all, inferior to any that his great zeal and eloquence could attract even in the metropolis of the empire itself.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

London, January 26th, 1871.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

The all-engrossing topic of conversation is still the war, and a rumour was circulated yesterday that Paris had at last capitulated, but it is not confirmed by to-day's telegrams. That the surrender of the French capital is indeed imminent is likely enough, and that overtures have been made by M. Favre, for a capitulation or peace, but Count Bismarck may, by the harshness of his terms, force the French yet to continue the bloody struggle. The feeling through England is one of sympathy with France and condemnation of the blood-thirsty Prussian Monarch—now Emperor of United Germany. At the outset of the campaign it may be said there was more of public sympathy with Berlin than Paris, but the general feeling has entirely changed. The future of Europe depends now upon the conditions of peace which may be dictated by the victorious Teuton, and politicians are anxiously watching for the event. General Trochu has resigned the command of the army, but, it is said, will continue to act as Governor of Paris. Gen. Chanzy, from whom many expected great achievements, has been defeated, and Bourbaki, whose commission extended to the raising of the siege of Belfort and the interruption of the invaders' communications with Germany, has failed, so that before this letter probably reaches you, Paris will have capitulated.

The *Globe* says, "that Paris having held out with unparalleled heroism during the tardy development of the many enterprises for her salvation, is now said to be negotiating for surrender. If this be the fact it is well. She gives the crucial proof to Europe that her prolonged resistance has not been born of a spirit of blind obstinacy, by compliance with the details of discretion in the midst of her courage, and refusing to perpetuate the struggle beyond its legitimate claims."

"It is, therefore, at once the policy and prudence of Paris to accept a defeat which she has no power to reverse. If it be true that Paris retires from the contest, she will do so with the respect of Europe, and, let us hope, the gratitude and confidence of France."

The *Times* says:—"The surrender of Paris is in itself an event of such enormous importance that it is difficult to bestow even a passing thought on its remote or immediate consequences. Still we believe it must occur to many as it occurs to ourselves, to look upon the fall of the capital as the actual end of the war."

Communications with Paris by "Balon Monté" and Carrier-pigeons are pretty regular. A Pigeon arrival the other day at Paris with despatches that, when printed, filled four newspaper columns, besides 15,000 messages for private individuals. These were of microscopic size put into a small quill and attached to the bird's feathers.

Next to the war, among some and with the fair sex, the chief topic of conversation is the coming marriage of Princess Louise. The probability at present is that the marriage will take place on March 14th, though, possibly, it may be postponed till the following week. The preparations are going on at Windsor for the ceremony. The stone pavement of Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel which is now being converted into the Prince Consort's memorial Chapel, has been boarded, and is being carpeted by the Court upholsterer, after which it will be furnished as a retiring room for the ladies. The line of procession from Windsor Castle to the Chapel will be by Castle Hill to Castle Street, under Henry VIIIth gateway, passing by the newly-built Horse-shoe cloisters to the grand entrance of St. George's Chapel—the route taken on the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. After the ceremony the happy couple proceed to Claremont House, Esher. With regard to the dowry of the Princess Louise, there seems to be considerable discussion in some parts, and the representatives of the Boroughs for Chelsea, Chatham, Bradford and Halifax, have been asked by their constituents to vote against any allowance to the Princess on her marriage.

The *Echo* says:—"It is, therefore, with great surprise and much regret we observe that the approaching marriage of the Princess Louise, and the preliminary discussion, which must take place in the House about the dowry, are exciting a wholly new kind of popular feeling, and even a certain amount of harshness towards a member of the royal family, who has so many and such good claims to popularity and esteem."

It is questioned whether the Queen's consent to the present marriage is consistent and prudent, as it leaves the door open to the other unmarried members of the Royal Family. The *on dit* is that the Princess was in love with the Rev. Mr. Duckworth, private tutor to Prince Leopold, and for whom a curacy was found. The Queen, therefore, looked round for a suitable match for her daughter, and the names of Lord Cowper and the Marquis of Hartington were spoken of, but subsequently the Marquis of Lorne was chosen, and duly accepted. Such is court talk.

Whoever might have been selected there is sure to be some feelings of jealousy, and especially in Ireland. Therefore some Irish nobleman will have to be the Queen's next choice for the Princess Beatrice.

The Queen will open Parliament in person on the 9th day of February next, so it is now authoritatively stated. It will be a great disappointment to many if she does not, and even now it is whispered that she will appear in only demi-stato. The address in reply to the Queen's speech will be moved in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Westminster, and seconded by the Earl of Roseberry. The Queen is now at Osborne, and will return to the Castle about the 3rd of February.

A rumour is current that the Duke of Cambridge is to supplant Earl Spencer in the Irish Viceroyal throne. There is no doubt it would be a very polite move, and to-day's *Standard* has an editorial on the subject, stating that "If it were a mere question of selection, or even of fitting reward for faithful services, there could be no possible objection to His Royal Highness going to Ireland to represent Her Majesty, not as

"a Viceroy removable with the Cabinet, but as Regent, making the representation of the Sovereign a reality, instead of what it now is—a glittering sham."

Another of the old London landmarks will disappear in the course of the present week. Whitecross Street Prison, which has been tenanted since the Debtor's Act came into operation, will be sold in a few days for "Stock Bricks." Since my last visit to this great city, six years ago, I find wonderful improvements and changes. First and foremost is the extension of the "Metropolitan" or Underground Railway. It is most convenient, comfortable and economical. From Kensington, High street, one can travel to Moorgate street by first class and return for 8d.; second class 6d., and third class 4d. I find most people take the second class.

There has been published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co. a short pamphlet accredited to the Bishop of Peterboro, called "The Fight at Dame Europa's School," which is very good and very amusing.

The Christmas pantomimes at the different theatres are particularly good. The "Palace of Truth" at the Theatre Royal Haymarket; "Tom Littlemouse" at Astley's, and "The Sleeping Beauty" at Drury Lane, have been particularly successful. There is certainly no lack of amusements in this large city, and the admittance within the range of all.

Your issue of the 2nd of January, particularly the execution from Hoffman's painting of "Music," has been highly spoken of by connoisseurs to whom I have shown it, and pronounced very successful. I have no doubt it will have a large circulation in this country, where the rage just now for illustrated papers is at its height. There is a penny illustrated paper published by Thos. Fox, 2 Chatham street, Strand, which has a large circulation, and is said to be controlled and owned by the proprietress of the *Illustrated London News*.

ICE-BOATS IN TORONTO BAY.

Among the winter amusements of the Western Capital that of sailing in an ice-boat occupies a prominent place. In the present issue we give a sketch from our special artist showing a couple of ice-boats on the Toronto Bay. The ice-boat is in form of an isosceles triangle, the base of which is in front, and to which two wrought-iron skates (firmly bedded in oak blocks) are fixed; the width of the front is about 12 feet, from the ends of which the two sides are fixed, which come to a point, about 13 feet on a perpendicular or centre piece, which is fixed to the front piece, in the centre, boarding extends from the sides over this centre piece, and is in space sufficient to accommodate seven or eight persons. The mast is firmly fixed in a block or hollow box, firmly bolted through the junction of the base and perpendiculars. The sail, as will be seen by the drawing, comes to a point about 8 feet forward of the mast; the dimensions of the sail are as follows:—After leech, 30 feet; yard, 35 feet; length of boom, 32 feet. The skates vary in size, but those most liked are about 18 inches long, 8 inches deep, and 1/2 inch thick. The front skates are ground, slightly curved fore and aft, with the side edge bevelled to the outside, so as to enable the boat to hold to the windward. The stern skate is firmly attached to an oak rudder post, which is placed perpendicularly through the stern, and reaches about a foot above the top deck. The tiller fits on top of the rudder post; the stern skate is ground straighter than the two in front, and bevelled at both sides to a point. The turn of the ice-boat is managed with this stern skate—the time taken in going about is not more than three seconds. The speed attained by these boats is very high, but commonly from forty-five to fifty miles per hour, with a beam wind or a little off; it has been doubted by theoretical men that these boats sail faster than the speed of the wind; but one fact is certain that when put before the wind the sail becomes a back sail, and the boat will scarcely move.

LABRADOR VIEWS.—Nos. 2 & 3.

We continue our sketches of Labrador scenery, giving in this issue a view of the mode of capturing the "puffing-pig," the smallest species of the whale family which, in the summer season, frequents the Labrador Coast, and is caught for the sake of the oil, the average production of which from each "pig" (Fr. *Pourcil*) is about two and a half gallons. The inhabitants who engage in this compound of hunting and fishing use a bark canoe, and arm themselves with gun and harpoon. The sportive *Pourcil* which, we are told, the Indians call by the euphonious title of *Kuëkuëtgis*, is popped off by the hunter when he appears above the water, and the harpoon is made use of to secure the carcass.

The other view, that of seal hunting, exhibits a phase of Labrador industry of much greater commercial importance than that of catching puffing pigs. The seal fisheries are of great importance, yielding on an average about half a million of skins and three millions of gallons of oil. The manner of catching them as illustrated in this issue is that generally pursued by the inhabitants of the Magdalen Islands, who remain in their schooners until they find a large number of seals upon the ice, when they rush upon them suddenly, and not unfrequently despatch enough at a single attack to make a full cargo for their little craft.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM VISITING THE WOUNDED AT VERSAILLES.

In a recent number we published an illustration of the scene presented by the interior of the royal chateau at Versailles, now converted into a hospital for the reception of the German wounded. In the present issue we give an illustration showing the Emperor, accompanied by Gen. Von Roon, making his rounds among his wounded soldiers, and distributing the Iron Cross to those who had deserved it and were unable, on account of the injuries they had sustained, to attend the grand distributions on Place Louis XIV. The old Emperor passes from bed to bed with a few words of encouragement for each, inquiries after their health, thanks to those who have distinguished themselves by any deed of bravery, and a hearty pressure of the hand for all on leaving. By his kindness and his simple unaffected demeanour, and the impartiality he has shown to the natives of the various districts forming the great German Empire, the Emperor William has succeeded in winning the hearts of his soldiers far more than by his most brilliant successes in both war and diplomacy.

A young lady wrote some verses for a country weekly about her birthday, and headed it "May 30th." It almost made her hair gray when it appeared in print "My 30th."

"MON BRAVE."

(From the "Graphic.")

SEE PAGE 104

Brave one, who nobly fell,
I triumph while I grieve,
And love your honour far too well
To wish that you might live.

It is because I love
With love that's limitless,
My thoughts can poise themselves above
Love's common selfishness.

And grief must not appear
To sully with sad breath—
Dear heart, but it is hard to bear—
The glory of thy death.

Just, brave, and good and true,
Pure heart, of spotless name,
I try to be as just as you,
And grudge you not your fame.

Yet if our best must die,
What is there left to save?
Why should the weak have victory,
The strong ones but a grave?

But from their graves they speak:
"This is our victory—
That we go down to save the weak
Who have not strength to die."

Yes, you have laurels won,
The cypress is my share,
But in my heart of hearts alone
The mourning sign I'll wear.

W. G.

"THE RIGHT KIND OF VALENTINE."

SEE PAGE 105.

They stood in the boudoir, sisters twain,
On the waning eve of St. Valentine's day;
Had they each a missive from some loved swain?
A cherished *billet* from him whom they,
In all the fondness of "love's young dream,"
Esteemed as the light of the sun's own beam?

Oh! something they had, though they'd fain not tell,
Yet each would the other's secret win;
And they fenced and banded with words right well,
As if trained at the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn.
But never a whisper would one disclose
Till the other should also her treasure expose.

How foolish! Their squabble was long and warm,
To bamboozle each other they tried in vain,
Neither elder nor younger would yield the charm
To the other, who fain would its contents gain;
But both kept saying, with parrot-like zeal,
"Oh! tell me yours, and I'll mine reveal!"

So, two sister nations are wrangling now,
Over rights and privileges both might share;
She of the stars and stripes would show
Her strength and power o'er her sister fair;
But the latter, in conscious innocence stands,
Offering all that her sisterly love commands.

Let them both exchange; they have something to give
That to each other's children of value would prove,
The time-honoured maxim of "live and let live,"
Is the true one for all who would peacefully move
In the paths of progression and national life,
"Free trade" for "free fisheries" ending the strife!

ALPHA.

MONTREAL, Feb., 1871.

BETHOVEN.

Ludwig van Beethoven was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn, on the Rhine. He belonged to a Dutch family, as is shown by the distinctive "van." His father, Theodore van Beethoven, was a native of Maastricht, who had emigrated to Germany, and, at the time of Ludwig's birth, held the position of tenor in the choir of the Elector of Cologne's chapel. At an early age his second son, Ludwig, evinced a strong inclination for music, and the father, hoping that his son might one day occupy his own position, or perhaps one even higher, placed him to study under Vander Eden, with whom he made such progress and evinced such decided taste for his studies, that he devoted himself almost entirely to the cultivation of what was an evident talent. Upon the death of Vander Eden Beethoven, at this time only twelve years of age, continued his studies under his successor, C. G. Neefe, directing his attention more particularly to the productions of Handel and J. S. Bach. At the age of twenty-three, having completed his preliminary education, young Beethoven proceeded to Vienna, where he devoted himself to the study of composition under Albrechtsberger. Shortly after this the deafness with which he had been troubled since his earliest boyhood began to increase, interfering materially with the success of his studies, until at the age of twenty-eight he found himself (what sounds like a paradox) an accomplished musician and stone-deaf. In his will, dated 1802, his expression of wretchedness under this infliction became very strong. He says that his deafness caused him such anguish that he was often tempted to commit suicide, but that his art restrained him. Russell, in his "Tour in Germany in 1820-23," gives a graphic description of the appearance and habits of the great composer. He tells us that, "though not an old man (he was fifty at that time), he is lost to society on account of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits, gives him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent, his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes around a Gorgon's head offer a parallel. His general behaviour does not ill accord with this uncompromising exterior. Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindness or affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of