

THE MONTREAL HUNT CUP.

This cup was presented by the members of the Montreal Hunt to be run for at last year's fall race, and was won by Mr. D. J. Bannatyne, on "Milesian," a horse that has already figured in these pages. It was especially designed and manufactured by Hawksworth, Eyre & Co., of Sheffield, and for some time past has been on exhibition at Messrs. Dawson Bros., in this city. The material is platinized sterling silver relieved with gold. In design the cup is a mixture of the Italian and Tuscan orders, presenting on the one side a bas-relief representation of a steeple chase, and on the other side the following inscription:

"Montreal Hunt Steeple Chases.
The Hunt Cup.

Presented by the Members of the Montreal Hunt, for Horses that have been regularly hunted with the Montreal Fox Hounds, bona fide the property of and ridden by gentlemen members of the Hunt, over about three miles fair hunting country.

Won by

Mr. DUGALD J. BANNATYNE

ON

"MILESIAN."

17th October, 1872.

In addition to the figurative ornamentation of the cup, on either side, above the globe, as also on the apex, are represented three horses, with riders mounted, moulded with exquisite taste and correctness. The whole cup is an admirable piece of workmanship, and makes a noble addition to the numerous trophies already won by Mr. Bannatyne.

LOUIS NAPOLEON PAINTED BY A FRIEND.

"A single day," said Madame R., "changed his (Louis Napoleon's) character. Until the death of his elder brother he was mild, unambitious, impressionable, affectionate, delighting in country pursuits, in nature, in art, and in literature. He frequently said to me, not when he was a child, but at the age of nineteen and twenty, 'What a blessing that I have two before me in the succession—the Duc de Reichstadt and my brother, so that I can be happy in my own way, instead of being, as the head of our house must be, the slave of a mission.'"

"From the day of his brother's death he was a different man. I can compare his feelings as to his mission only to those which urged our first apostles and martyrs."

"What," I asked, "is the sense in which he understands his mission?"

"It is a devotion," she answered, "first to the Napoleonic dynasty, and then to France. It is not personal ambition. He has always said, and I believe sincerely, that if there were any better hands to which he could transmit that duty he would do so with delight."

"His duty to his dynasty is to perpetuate it. His duty to France is to give her influence abroad and prosperity at home."

"And also," I asked, "extension of territory?"

"Not now," she answered, "I will not say what may have been his wishes before the birth of his son, but what I have called devotion to his dynasty, is rather worship of his son. One of his besetting fears is the revival of an European coalition, not so much against France as against the Bonapartes, and the renewal of the proscription of the family."

"I have been told," I said, "that he leans towards constitutionalism as more favourable to hereditary succession than despotism."



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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGG & CO.

"I believe," she answered, "that to be true, and that it is the explanation of his recent liberalism. He hates, without doubt, opposition; he hates restraint, but if he thinks that submitting to opposition will promote his great object, the perpetuation of his dynasty, he will do so."

"He would sacrifice to that object, Europe, France, his dearest friends, and even himself."

"One of his qualities—and it is a valuable one—is his willingness to adjourn, to change, or even to give up his means, however dear they may be to him, if any safer or better occur to him."

"Another is the readiness with which he confesses his mistakes. His last confession," I said, "was perhaps too full and too frank."

"So I think," said Mme. R., "but by making it he enjoyed another pleasure, that of astonishing. He delights in *Empire*, in making Europe and France, and above all, his own ministers, stare. When it is necessary to act, he does not consult his friends, still less his ministers, and perhaps he is right, for they would give him only bad advice; he does not conscientiously think the matter over, weigh the opposing reasons, strike the balance, and act. He takes his cigar, gives loose to his ideas, lets them follow one another without exercising over them his will, till at last something pleases his imagination, he seizes it, and thinks himself inspired. Sometimes the inspiration is good, as it was when he released Abdel Kader; sometimes it is very bad, as it was when he chose the same time for opening the discussion of the address and revealing the state of our finances."

"C." I said, "treats his phlegm as his greatest quality, *qu'il ne s'étonne de rien*."

"Did C." she answered, "ever describe to you his fits of passion?"

"No," I said.

"Probably," she answered, "he never perceived them. His powers of self-command are really marvellous. I have known him after a conversation in which he betrayed no anger, break his own furniture in his rage. The first sign of rage in him is a swelling of his nostrils, like those of an excited horse. Then his eyes become bright and his lips quiver. His long moustache is intended to conceal his mouth, and he has disciplined his eyes. When I first saw him in 1838 I asked him what was the matter with his eyes. 'Nothing,' he said. 'I day or two after I saw him again. They had still an odd appearance. At last I found that he had been accustomed himself to keep his eyelids closed, and to throw into his eyes a vacant dreamy expression.'"

"I cannot better describe the change that came over him after his brother's death than by saying that he tore his heart out of his bosom, and surrendered himself to his head."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Here is a specimen culled from the Paris *Figaro* of the duels that take place daily in Paris. MM. de Borde and Delplu having quarrelled, go one fine morning with second and swords to the St. Germain forest. M. Delplu is slightly wounded in the right side, and everybody's honour is at once satisfied. M. Delplu, however, who appears to have been the offender, magnanimously apologises for the movement of vivacity which caused the affair. M. de Borde immediately throws his arms round his opponent's neck and warmly embraces him, and combatants, seconds and all, return to town the best of both combatants.