

Richards, of Brockville, and brother of the Hon. Judge Richards, Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench. After studying at Toronto, he was called to the Bar in 1844, and created Queen's Counsel in 1858. His family was noted for its Reform proclivities, and he himself was an active member of the party; but his not very congenial manners to those whom he might casually meet, probably stood in the way of his political preferment, hence, despite the most influential backing among the leaders of his party, he was defeated in his first attempt to get into Parliament for South Oxford in 1861. He was no more fortunate in 1863, though he then held the office of Solicitor-General in the Macdonald-Dorion Cabinet; but at that time it must be confessed he had to face a full battery of the heaviest guns in the Conservative artillery. In July, 1867, he was offered and accepted a seat in the Executive Council of Ontario, with the office of Commissioner of Crown Lands, and at the first election after the Union offered himself for South Leeds. Here again he was defeated, though by a small majority—seven, we believe—but after a few months' delay he was elected, almost unanimously, for the old borough of Niagara, the member-elect, Donald Robertson, Esq., having resigned in his favour. It may be judged from these rebuffs at the polls that Mr. Richards' strength does not lie in his faculty for pleasing the crowd, or of winning what is called "personal popularity," but rather in his native ability, which only his intimate acquaintances can appreciate, and in his unflinching integrity in the discharge of, and steady devotion to, his public duties. Without show or palaver, he has associated his name with some of the most important measures passed during the first session of the Legislature of Ontario; measures which, combining the closest system of economy (some think too close) with the greatest development of progress, have already borne fruit in the extraordinary advancement now going on in that Province, but the full extent of the beneficial results of which can only be felt after many years. Mr. Richards is a Bencher of the U. C. Law Society.

THE MANITOBA ELECTIONS.

The elections for the Legislative Assembly of the new Province of Manitoba have passed off in the midst of considerable excitement but without serious disturbance. The ultra-loyal, or self-styled Canadian party has come to signal grief, Dr. Schultz having been beaten by no other than Mr. Donald Smith, by a majority of seven. Mr. Monkman, who accompanied Drs. Lynch and Schultz to Ontario and Quebec, last summer, is also among the defeated, while the names of Lynch, Mair, &c., are not even mentioned in connection with the contest. The correspondent of the *Globe* was an unsuccessful candidate for one of the electoral divisions, thus the "advanced" party met with disaster on every side.

Of the twenty four gentlemen elected to form the first Legislative Assembly there are two native Whites, and seven English and six French half-breeds, making a total native representation of fifteen, a very large proportion when the circumstances of the Province are considered. The remaining nine members are distinguished by nationality thus: Four Lower Canadians, one Upper Canadian, one Englishman, one Irishman, one Scotchman, and one American. The names of the members elect are: Angus McKay, John Morquay, Joseph Debuc, J. Royal, J. H. Clarke (late of this city), Louis Schmidt, Marc Girard, A. Beauchemin, John H. McTavish—all elected by acclamation; and F. Bird, David Spence, P. Bretard, John Taylor, Edwin Bourke, Joseph Lemay, Pierre Delorme, George Klyne, Donald A. Smith, John Sutherland, Dr. Bird, E. Hay, A. Boyd, Thomas Bunn, Capt. Howard (of St. John's, P. Q.). In several instances the contest was close, two members sitting in virtue of their own votes. There was some display of a disposition to "vote early and often" in the town of Winnipeg, where Mr. D. A. Smith and Dr. Schultz were candidates, as upwards of one hundred and thirty votes were recorded, though there were less than seventy good votes in the division. This shows that the Winnipeggers appreciate the advantages of representative institutions. Upon the whole the new Province may well be congratulated on the result of its first local election.

FORT LENNOX, ISLE AUX NOIX.

Isle aux Noix, in the river Richelieu, about nine miles from the American frontier, and fifteen miles from St. Johns, E. T., is considered a point of great strategic importance for defensive purposes, especially in case the enemy had his base on our southern border. There is a fort erected on the island called Fort Lennox, which, before its transfer from the Imperial to the Canadian authorities, mounted twelve guns; but these guns are now transferred to St. Helen's Island, in the St. Lawrence, opposite this city. Fort Lennox has barracks accommodation for six hundred men, and contains a large magazine, artillery, store-room, &c., &c. The fort is a square, with bastioned fronts, surrounded by a wet ditch, and has two or three wells under it for the use of the garrison.

Isle aux Noix, which is regarded by military men as capable of being made an important out-post in the defences of Montreal, is about two miles long, by three-quarters of a mile broad, and is generally rather low and swampy, though the cultivated portion is very fertile. The swamps are full of bitterns and water hens, and the island furnishes an excellent field for sportsmen, duck, snipe, cock, and plover being plentiful; while the angler finds in the surrounding waters an abundant supply of pike, black and rock bass, pickerel, perch, catfish, sunfish, &c. The scenery about and around the island is very picturesque.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS D'AOSTA, KING AND QUEEN ELECT OF SPAIN.

So far back as October, 1868, the *Daily News*, in a letter from its Florence correspondent, announced that negotiations were going on between King Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Prim for the candidature of an Italian Prince to the Spanish throne. At that time Prince Humbert had been married only a few months, and in case of his demise the only successor to the throne would have been the Duke d'Aosta. It was precisely this Prince whom Victor Emmanuel wished to place on the throne of Spain. The Prince, who is devotedly attached to his wife and fond of domestic life, found himself very undecided as to the course he should take in the matter. He declined giving any positive answer, and submitted the affair entirely to the decision of his wife. The Duchess d'Aosta counselled him to refuse the candidature, and the Prince adopted the unusual course of asking and acting according to the counsel received. The King of Italy was very much displeased at his refusal, and it is said that a perfect family squabble took place at the Pitti Palace; but the Duke d'Aosta held fast to his resolution. Time passed on, and after the disastrous Hohenzollern candidature the Duke d'Aosta was again selected as an eligible occupant of the vacant throne of Spain, and he was finally elected by a majority of 71 out of a Parliament of 329 members. A deputation of distinguished Spanish officials was sent from Madrid to Florence to offer the crown to the Duke of Aosta, and he accepted it in a modest, spirited and sensible speech. This reply of the new King of Spain has been greatly admired by his new subjects; it will be more admired and appreciated by them when his actions have proved to the Spanish nation that it is only the faithful reflection of a thoroughly honourable and honest mind.

The King of Spain was born in 1844: he commenced his career as a captain in the infantry, and attained the rank of brigadier-general. He then left the army for the navy, in which he is a vice-admiral. He married in 1867 the Princess della Cisterna, the richest heiress in Italy. He has two children, one born since his accession to royal dignity. His heir, by a curious coincidence, bears the name of Emmanuel Philibert, the name of that Prince of Savoy to whose genius Spain is indebted for the most signal victory her arms ever obtained over those of France.

That the King and Queen of Spain are by their personal qualities calculated to win the goodwill of the Spanish nation is a point on which no doubt need be entertained. The King of Spain has sense and courage, tact, discretion, and that happy mixture of dignity and affability which covered a multitude of his father and grandfather's shortcomings. Both the King of Spain and his consort have been the most popular members of the royal family in Italy, and especially at Naples, where the House of Savoy was till lately as utter a stranger as it was in Spain, and where it has long been the object of inveterate prejudice. The new royalties have made a good commencement to their reign by announcing that their civil and military and court staff, after accompanying them to Madrid, will return to Florence. This is an especially commendable course of conduct with regard to Spain, because the Spanish nation is known to be particularly jealous of foreign influences.—*The Queen.*

AT METZ, QUARTERS IN THE THEATRE.

A queer sight would have met the astonished gaze of the regular theatre-goer at Metz, had he directed his steps towards his favourite resort on the evening after the capitulation. An audience such as the walls of the theatre had never looked down upon before, listening to an improvised extravaganza of the most extravagant kind; bearded soldiers, in blue uniforms and spiked helmets, lying at full length on the velvet-covered sofas of the dress-circle, and—oh, sacrilege!—without having taken off their muddy boots; strange looking figures in quaint disguises, perched in every attitude on all sorts of impossible places—some eating, some drinking, and nearly all smoking; an orchestra playing on all sorts of odd instruments, from the big bass to the triangle, and the imposing kettle-drum to the homely watering-pot; and above all a deafening clamour in a harsh, unknown tongue, shouting, laughing, screaming and singing in most dissonant concert. Certes, a sight well calculated to shock the sensibilities of any respectable play-goer of the time, accustomed to strictly observe all the proprieties expected from a white-cravatted frequenter of the dress-circle.

Such is the scene we reproduce this week for the edification of the Canadian reader. On looking at it one seems to hear the shouts and laughter of the assembled soldiers, to be deafened with harsh notes from the orchestra, and to catch, every now and then, a whiff of the execrable Varinas retailed to the German troops. And what a scene it is! *Qualis debachatio populi debachantis!* as Jehan Frolo exclaimed on contemplating the orgies of the Truands. What a scene of disorder and riot, as if the Lord of Misrule himself had been let loose in that highly respectable theatre, that had never resounded with more unseemly noise than the plaudits of a satisfied, or the hisses of a discontented audience. The scene is, however, worthy of careful study. On the stage, which is fully lit up as if for a regular performance, a party of half-a-dozen tricked out in the most fantastic dresses they could select from the theatrical wardrobe, are dancing a furious, insensate can-can, while the sun and moon above look down upon them, benignly smiling. The boxes are filled with a queer medley of characters. In one, to the left of the stage, Mother Goose, her hands sedately folded before her, gravely watches the performance, to the huge amusement of her escort, a grinning Unteroffizier. Next this couple a lordly sultan and his swinish sultana are pledging a friend on the other side of the house. In an opposite box a party are about to discuss an immense sausage, while scattered around on the benches and sofas are sleeping forms, quietly reposing in the midst of the hubbub

and roar. In the centre of the picture, a huge warrior in Grecian cuirass and nondescript helmet is grimly joking with a party of troopers, one of whom, loudly laughing, is blacking boots, while his comrade is busily employed with needle and thread, mending his clothes. A third is evidently writing home, but is so taken a-back by the magnificent appearance of the lordly Agamemnon, that he unconsciously dips his pen into his wine-glass. But the most amusing group of all are on the right. Seated on the velvet cushions of the first tier, with their legs dangling over the front, a lion and his mate are hotly discussing the merits of the different actors, while a malicious fellow behind lashes the tail of the unconscious king of beasts to the pillar. Below them are seated another group of critics, who employ, the better to distinguish the faces of their comrades, a primitive opera-glass, made of two bottles with their bottoms knocked out, tied together with a piece of cord. The whole scene is extravagantly comic, and speaks well for the spirits of the German troops while on a campaign.

A GERMAN OUTPOST AT ST. CLOUD.

The little village and palace of St. Cloud, to the west of Paris, occupy one of the most elevated situations in that neighbourhood, from which a most magnificent view may be obtained of the city and its environs. A position such as this would have been of the utmost importance to the besieging army as a look-out post, and accordingly, on the arrival of the German army before the walls of Paris, St. Cloud was the first point that attracted the fire of the besieged, who battered the place with such persistent energy that the village has severely suffered, and the chateau itself—the favourite residence of a long line of kings—is now nothing better than a heap of ruins. The ruins, however, serve the same purpose as the chateau itself would have done, in affording shelter from the fire of the forts to any corps of observation that might be established there. In this particular they answer perhaps even better than the chateau would have done while standing, inasmuch as they afford little or no mark to the marine gunners of Mont Valerien, while serving at the same time as a good look-out post. Our illustration shows one of these look-outs among the ruins, commanding the Fort of Mont Valerien. To the left of the picture are two officers, one of whom watches the movements of the hostile garrison by means of the field-glass in the centre, masked behind some empty casks, while the other, seated under cover of a wall, takes notes of proceedings. Before the latter stands a magnificent burl table, which, with a number of chairs, vases, clocks and statuettes, have been taken from the ruins to form part of the "properties" of the look-out post. "Looking-out," by the way, cannot be such disagreeable work, in the Prussian army at least, for, to judge by the number of bottles on the table, the officers appear to have been enjoying themselves. It is to be hoped the privates on duty were not allowed to go entirely a sec.

A HOSPITAL WARD IN THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES.

"Against whom," asked M. Thiers of Ranke, the other day, "against whom does Germany in fact fight at the moment?" "Against Louis XIV.," replied the historian of the Pope, and M. Thiers remained silent. If the Great Louis could rise from his grave at the present time, and revisit the country and the capital to which he added so much, he would have great difficulty in believing his own eyes. France over-run by German armies, Alsace and Lorraine on the point of being re-annexed to the German empire, after having peaceably remained over a hundred years under French rule—Paris itself surrounded, its forts capitulated, the descendant of the elector of Brandenburg proclaimed Emperor of Germany, and distributing rewards to his soldiery under the shadow of the statue of Germany's bitterest enemy—all these facts would seem to him hardly to be credited. Were he to wander through his own halls in the great palace at Versailles, on which he lavished over a thousand millions of francs, and in which he stored riches of every kind that Europe affords, a strange sight would greet him. The palace itself the headquarters of the German invader, and the magnificent halls and endless picture-galleries converted into hospital wards for the wounded Germans, who gaze in astonishment on the matchless splendour which surrounds them. The illustration produced on another page gives a very fair idea of the spectacle presented at the present time by these picture-galleries, tenanted only by patients, nurses, doctors, and Johannites, with a sprinkling of the servants of the Imperial household, unwillingly pressed into the service of the invaders. Around the rooms, immediately under the magnificent paintings and panellings that adorn the walls, are placed the wounded, on coarse mattresses, covered with blankets. In one corner, by the fireplace, lie three patients in various stages. In the middle a young man barely nineteen, evidently severely wounded in the head, who groans and convulsively clutches at the bed-clothes in his agony; to his right a new-comer, with hand and foot bound up, awaiting the good offices of the surgeon; and on the other side an older man, just recovering, and able to sit up in his bed and take his food from the sweet-faced, patient Sister of Charity who stoops beside him. A few convalescents are scattered about, curiously examining the wonderful workmanship of the Renaissance mantel-piece, with its rich adornments of garlands, nymphs and cupids. A wounded soldier is being brought in, borne on a litter by three *krankenragers*, accompanied by a Johanniter and a gorgeously dressed servant of the palace, who evidently little relishes his position, and unwillingly executes the orders of his new masters. On the whole, a scene rather different to those of which these same walls were witnesses just two hundred years ago, when the ancestor of the present Emperor of Germany was the jest of Louvois, the able French minister of war, and the witty courtiers of "Le Grand Monarque."

THE "PNEUMATIC DISPATCH."—In the subterranean room adjacent to the entrance of the Broadway pneumatic tunnel, a small line of tubing has been arranged in connection with a blower to test some improvements recently suggested in the pneumatic system of transmitting mail matter. On a late visit of Secretary Robeson to the tunnel, the apparatus was put in operation, and a large mail of letters and newspapers sent through the tubes at a velocity of sixty-three miles an hour.—*Artisan.*