

SIR GEORGE ETIENNE CARTIER,
BARONET.

(From the London Prototype.)

Among the lights and shadows that flit beneath the eye of the constant frequenter of the galleries, there is no figure that attracts more notice than the doughty little Frenchman from Montreal East, who has so long been the standard bearer of the solid phalanx of faithful *Bleus* of the Province of Quebec. And perhaps it is a misnomer to say "a Frenchman," for, although when you contemplate the neat, dapper, gesticulating figure, in nicely fitting velvet, with iron-grey hair, brushed straight up and bristling in such a way, that you felt the menacing points ought to be modified into a queue, and hear the rapid elocution that is delivered in fair, but broken, English, or correct French, you cannot be mistaken as to the origin of the courageous descendant of Jacques Cartier. Still, when his British Queen is spoken of in proud terms of affection and loyalty, and British principles and British institutions on this continent are upheld and vindicated, if your eye could leave the figure of the knight, and your ear lose the French accent, you would be prepared to swear that the speaker was as sturdily an Englishman as Derby or Disraeli. One thing the House and the galleries are always prepared to acknowledge, and that is, the belligerent status of the self-assertive member for Montreal East. War to the knife with his own or his country's foes, seems to glitter behind his spectacles, and to breathe from his firmly pressed lips, or to show itself in the strong and somewhat elevated lower part of the face; and yet, in the very midst of what you conceive to be, and is, a furious onslaught, the honourable gentleman will often, with the volatile characteristics of the race from which he sprung, suddenly indulge in some good natured pleasantry, which sudden transition seldom fails to convulse the House, and which none seems to enjoy more than himself. Thus, when he admitted the truthfulness of his likeness to a terrier dog, the quick, sharp, yelping tone in which he spoke, the small restless wiry figure, and the bristling grey hair, made the self-pointed pleasantry so potent as to create roars of laughter: and yet you felt that the Quebec leader's bark was worse than his bite when in his most demonstrative moods and that it was when more subdued and thoughtful that the baronet was most dangerous. That he is a strong and loyal friend is shown almost every day of the session, when he charges furiously down on the ranks of the foe in aid of some too venturesome friend or supporter, or boldly asserts and maintains any propositions made in the interest of an outside confederate, whether right or wrong, but which his energy and earnestness leads one to believe he thinks right. And he is an equally implacable enemy; and although he is by no means averse to flattery, and the acknowledgement of his power, it is not easy to gain his confidence, except by long continuance in the political and friendly course that meets his approbation. A hard worker, and always at his post, the Minister of Militia, nevertheless, when not on his legs, or in apparently deep consideration of the speech of some favorite supporter, whom he wishes to flatter and encourage, generally seems to sleep in his seat beside the premier; but it is only seeming, as was exemplified one night in the debate on the militia bill, when the member

for Lambton said it was useless to go on, as he had succeeded in putting the head of the war office to sleep, and another honorable member, since dead, quoted the appropriate line:

"Rest! warrior, rest!"

The minister, without moving a muscle, quietly opened his eyes, with a comically placid expression that "brought down the House," asserting that he was not sleeping; and in his subsequent defence of his measure, he convinced his hearers that he had lost nothing of what had been going on while he had been silently "playing opossum," as among his other idiosyncracies the gallant baronet is sometimes prone to do.

A decree just issued by the commandant of the garrison at Kolberg, in Pomerania, amusingly illustrates one of the inconveniences to which royalty in Prussia is exposed. It appears that during the late tour of the Crown Prince in Pomerania, the people of Kolberg came into the streets with flowers to greet him on his entrance into their town, and that several of them, anxious to give a practical proof of their loyal enthusiasm, showered bouquets in his face. The consequence was, says the commandant, that His Royal Highness entered the hall of the palace "with his eyes full of tears" caused by the pain of the scratches he had received; "notwithstanding which," he adds, "our Hohenzollern was so extraordinary good natured that he overlooked this monstrous treatment, and continued to behave with that winning friendliness which is so characteristic of him." The commandant then proceeds to exhort the inhabitants in future to be more careful and considerate when presenting flowers to royal personages. "When the son of the Sovereign walks in the street, the people should either with the deepest humility offer him a flower in their hands, or scatter flowers before his feet, but they should not recklessly cast them in the air so as to cause wounds, like the projectiles of an enemy."

In his "Byways of Europe," Bayard Taylor tells us that the large halls, which are illustrated with paintings of battles in all the Russian campaigns, from Pultowa to Sebastopol, are posted companies of soldiers at the further end—a different regiment to each hall. For six hours these men and their officers stand motionless as statues. Not a movement, except now and then of the eyelid, can be detected; even their respiration seems to be suspended. There is something weird and uncanny in such a preternatural silence and apparent death-in-life. "I became impressed," he says, "with the idea that some form of catalepsy had seized and bound them in strong trance. The eyeballs were fixed, they stared at me and saw me not; their hands were glued to the weapons, and their feet to the floor. I suspect there must have been some stolen relief when no guest happened to be present; yet, come when I might, I found them unchanged. When I reflected that the men were undoubtedly very proud of the distinction they enjoyed, and that their case demanded no sympathy, I could inspect and admire them with an easy mind."

Accounts of a new plan for building war vessels are given in the German papers. Otto Vogel proposes to construct a submarine steamship, and the Berlin *Borsenzeitung* asserts that the Prussian admiralty has approved of the plans submitted for inspection. The vessel, covered with a strong plating, is entirely below the surface of the sea, with

the exceptoin of the dock, which is surmounted by a vaulted iron roof of immense strength. Beneath this covering heavy guns are placed, so that the whole greatly resembles a first rate iron clad. It is said, however, that besides all the advantages of such men of war, the new ship may be entirely submerged, and in this condition is so completely under command that it can outweather a storm or attack an enemy with submarine cannon and torpedoes. Mr. Vogel is now engaged in constructing a large model, twenty four feet in length, which will soon be finished.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—We believe it is now pretty generally understood that the Duke of Edinburgh will reach Trincomalee early in February, and that his stay in the island will be of longer duration than was at one time contemplated. It is intended that the Prince shall see something of Ceylon sport, for which purpose some of the best guns in the island will be got together in the north of the island. Kandy will be taken en route from Trincomalee to Colombo, and such lions will be shown at our hill capital as may be thought worth of notice by our Royal guest. A P. 1 saloon carriage is being fitted up for the use of our distinguished visitor on his journey by rail to Colombo, where, after some festivities, the Prince and suite will embark on board the Galatea.—*Colombo Observer*.

MAJOR KODOLITSCH, who was despatched by the Emperor of Austria to observe the operations of the English Army in Abyssinia, has sent in his report. He does not express approval of the way in which these operations were conducted. He considers that we omitted turning the means at our disposal to the best possible account, as the appliances adopted did not produce the effect which might have been expected from them: in short, that the return was not in proportion to the outlay of strength and material. Whilst fully admitting the discipline and constancy of our troops, and the zeal of their officers, he is of opinion that the surprising success of the undertaking was due far more to the skill, foresight, and firmness of the Commander-in-Chief.

A great discovery is said to have been recently made by a Surgeon of the British army in China, in the way of an effectual remedy for small-pox. The mode of treatment is as follows:—When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs. This is said to be now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, and is regarded as a perfect cure.

GALLANT RESCUE BY NAVAL OFFICERS.—Brave deeds should live in story, and although we have of late said much about the Royal Naval Reserve, we must record a striking incident in connection with the late cruise on board the Scylla. During the performance of some evolutions, a boy fell overboard from the hammock nettings. The accident was witnessed by Lieutenant Pearson and Mr. Walter Warren, midshipman (son of Admiral Warren, commander-in-chief at the Nore), and both officers simultaneously sprang overboard to the help of the drowning boy. Mr. Pearson being the strongest swimmer, first came up with the boy, whose life was saved.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.