

THE NEEPIGON REGION.

No. 1.—MAP OF LAKE AND RIVER, AND VIEW OF NEEPIGON BAY.

Until the summer of 1869, when Professor Bell, of the Geological Survey, explored about five hundred miles of coast line around Lake Neepigon, it was considered quite an insignificant body of water, like many of the small lakes with which the North-West region of Canada is so abundantly supplied. In many of the maps it had no place at all, and in the best of them it appeared only as a large pond at the northern extremity of Neepigon river, which emptied into Lake Superior at Neepigon Bay, had thereby secured for itself a geographical distinction seldom accorded to the great body of water in which it takes its rise. Last season, when the surveyors had returned from their summer exploration, the public mind was disabused of this delusion. It was then announced on the authority of Professor Bell that Lake Neepigon contained a body of water covering an area probably as large as that of Lake Ontario. But the survey was not then completed, and this summer Professor Bell has returned to the same region to enable him to complete his report on the geographical and geological features of the country immediately surrounding the Lake. The map which we insert this week, though carefully corrected from observations made this summer, is not offered as a precise outline of the borders of the Lake. But it gives its correct position in relation to Lake Superior and the adjoining country, and such a general outline of its configuration as will satisfy the reader as to its extent and importance. Heretofore Lake Superior has been regarded as the head waters of the St. Lawrence; now, however, we must place Lake Neepigon in that proud position, for though it lies almost due north of the western extremity of the former lake, its extent, and the large volume of water it pours through the river Neepigon, entitles it to rank as a continuation of the Inland Water System of the Atlantic side of British America, rather than as a mere feeder to its head waters. It is, in fact, another, and we may say, the last link in the great chain of lakes which, beginning with Ontario, passes to Erie by the Niagara, thence to Huron by the Detroit, and from Lake Huron to Lakes Michigan and Superior by the Straits of Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie. This is the old "great" chain of Lakes, numbering five, all told, with which the public has become familiar; but to this chain must now be added the sixth and last, Lake Neepigon. Both Michigan and Neepigon are entirely lateral extensions of the system, the former to the south and the latter to the north; but were the oft-mentioned Ontario and Georgian Bay Canal constructed, the line of navigation would be almost a straight line for many hundreds of miles, that is, from Toronto to Fort William on Thunder Bay.

The Map requires little explanation. With respect to the Lake, it shows the general configuration, omitting many indentations, inlets, and mouths of small streams running into it, and also the numerous islands with which it is studded. The extent of the Lake, judged by a true observation and in the light of all information yet available, is estimated at about sixty-five to seventy miles due north, from the mouth of the Neepigon River, and in a north-easterly direction from the same point towards the mouth of the Umbagog River, about ninety-five or one hundred miles. Its breadth, from East to West, at the widest point, corresponds very nearly with its shortest length from due North to South. The southern shore presents a rocky surface of trap running down to the Lake, beyond which, at a short distance, there is a sparse growth of cherry, yellow pine, spruce and birch. The general appearance of the Lake is described as very beautiful, the immense number of islands richly covered with fine spruce, tamarac, birch and poplar, giving it something of the look of an enlarged picture of our own Lake of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence. So thickly are these islands planted throughout the Lake, that at one place only could our voyagers see the Lake and the horizon embrace, on the journey from the river's mouth to the Hudson's Bay post, almost due North, and indicated on the Map as between the Nos. 11 and 12. In the middle of the Lake the islands are generally about five miles apart, while towards the shore they are grouped much more closely together. Some of them tower above the water to a height of perhaps a thousand feet, and the monotony of the dark green vegetation is relieved by the exposed and precipitous cliffs of red rock. We shall take occasion to speak more particularly of the peculiarities of the country surrounding the Lake, in describing the forthcoming series in the series.

Neepigon Bay, the first view in the series, is probably destined to play an important part in facilitating the future trade between the Atlantic Provinces and the Great North-West. Its position will be readily distinguished as one of extreme importance. Completely land-locked, with one main channel and several smaller ones, communicating with Lake Superior, it offers even far greater protection to shipping than does Thunder Bay, with the partial shelter which the few islands between it and the Lake, and the Cape dividing it from Black Bay, can afford. Its position, only about thirty miles north and forty miles east of Fort William, will show that in respect of climatic influences there can be no serious objection to its adoption as the Western harbour on Lake Huron, in connection with the contemplated Pacific Railway, provided that, in other respects, it possesses the other advantages claimed for it over Thunder Bay. We shall continue our description of the Neepigon region, following next week the course of the river from the Bay towards the Lake. The view of the Bay in this number, is taken from Neepigon Strait, looking towards Lake Superior, and showing St. Ignace Island on the left.

GEN. VON WERDER.

General Augustus von Werder, the commander of the army detailed to reduce Strasburg, was born in 1808, and commenced his military career in 1825, in the regiment of the Royal Guard. In the following year he joined the 1st regiment of Foot Guards and was subsequently transferred in turn to the Engineers, the Topographical Department and the Military School. After having served with distinction in these various branches he received a staff appointment, which he soon relinquished to join the campaign of 1842-43 in the Caucasus. He was present at the battle of Kesar, where he was wounded. On his return he was replaced on the staff with the rank of captain. In 1851 he became major, lieutenant-colonel in 1856, and in 1859 colonel, inspector of the Jäger and Rifle regiments, and member of the committee of direction of the Central Military College at Berlin. He was appointed Major-General in 1863, with the command of the 8th Brigade

of Infantry, and the following year was transferred to the 4th Brigade of the Foot Guards. In 1865 he received the command of the 3rd general division, and in 1866, as Lieutenant-General, commanded the division at Gitchin and Koniggratz, where he distinguished himself by his coolness and intrepidity.

At the commencement of the present war, Gen. von Werder received the command of the 1st Corps de Reserve, consisting of the 30th and 34th regiments of the line, two regiments of Landwehr, one of dragoons and one of Uhlans. General von Beyer falling sick in the early part of the campaign, the task of reducing Strasburg fell to Gen. von Werder, a task which he has filled with great credit to himself, and by the execution of which he has rendered his name for ever famous in the history of military operations.

McMAHON AT SEDAN.

A correspondent of one of the Paris papers, who was present at the battle of Sedan, speaks in the highest terms of the gallantry and daring of Gen. McMahon. It was only when he saw that everything was inevitably lost, and when he himself had received a severe wound in the thigh which prevented his taking any further part in the engagement, that he was willing to retreat into Sedan. During the whole of the engagement he exposed himself in a most reckless manner to the fire of the enemy, rallying his men and encouraging them to attack the countless swarms of Prussians that enthroned them on every side. Several times his officers expostulated with him, entreating him to keep out of harm's way—they even threw themselves under his horse's feet to prevent him advancing—but the old Marshal only replied: "Let me go, my friends, and show these princes who hide behind their enormous masses of troops, that a Marshal of France knows how to fight; aye, and to die, when he can fight no longer." A few moments after the Marshal was struck by an exploding shell which completely shattered his thigh and entirely carried away the flesh, leaving the bone exposed. It is gratifying, however, to know that the gallant old General is rapidly recovering from the effects of the wound. He is said to utterly condemn the surrender of the army at Sedan, and to express the conviction that it might have safely retreated under proper guidance. The Prussian authorities, who treated him with great consideration, offered him his parole, but he declared his preference for imprisonment with his brave troops in Germany. Nearly three thousand officers came to the same resolution, in order to show their disapproval of the act of capitulation, which was done solely at the instance of the Emperor, and even against the protest of Gen. Wimpfen. It is promised on the part of Marshal McMahon, that he will make a statement fully vindicating his own tactics and placing the responsibility of the disasters which befell the army under him upon the right shoulders.

PARIS, SEPT., 1867.—PARIS, SEPT., 1870.

PARIS, Sept. 26, 1867.

MY FRIEND,—Why did you not visit *ma belle Paris* this year, this year when she is so regal, so beautiful! ah, more than charming, for have not her fascinations bewitched all the Emperors, Kings and Princes of the earth.

I am proud to belong to this mighty France, this land of Balzac and Malherbe, of Corneille and Racine, of Montesquieu and Beaumarchais. This nation raised by the glories of our grand Napoleon in War, now the paradise of the earth and the receptacle of the glories of peace. Yes, my friend, we have drawn the lazy Oriental Sultan from his harem, we have greeted the Austrian Emperor we conquered at Solferino and Magenta, we have suffered the presence of the son of Nicholas, whose pride we crushed at Sevastopol, we have feted the King of Prussia, his son and hero of Sadowa, and his wily minister, Von Bismarck. We have shown them our army. Our splendidly helmeted and mounted Cuirassiers, our stern Imperial Guard, our tiger-like Turcos, our dreaded Zouaves, our Spahis, our matchless artillery. Fifty thousand men marched by at each grand review. Is not our Emperor shrewd,—has he not achieved marvels,—has he not "crowned the edifice?"

Think of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Napoleon III., whom they once despised, riding along the Champs Elysees. Confess we have a right to be proud; and if we Frenchmen have, what must be the pride of the Emperor. The descendants of the man who drove his uncle out of France, who captured his heart's pride, Paris! that he had stored with treasures of such value, that Rome, even in her palmiest days could never boast its equal. These men that sat by his side, had come to do homage to the genius of the Nephew who had completed what had been projected by their victim, the Uncle. He may well have smiled as he perceived the expression of surprise on their faces as they gazed upon the Boulevards of Palaces. What is Vienna, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg to our Paris,—that we have nearly rebuilt in ten years. If I take my seat in one of the chairs outside of the *café* at the Grand Hotel, there passes before me an endless throng, dressed in every imaginable costume. If I listen, I hear the language of every nationality; they have come from China and Japan to contribute to our exhibition. British India has sent her turbaned and jewelled Nawab. Circassia has sent her men of beauty. Egypt is represented by the wealthy Kaiser and his brother. Spain has her dark men and her passionate women, glancing fire from interesting eyes, the fair-haired German, the envious English, the "American citizen;" but I cannot proceed, there is a babel of tongues. Ejaculations of surprise I hear on every hand. The young artist who loves his art, exclaims, "Have you been to the Louvre,—have you been through its galleries,—have you seen the works of Nicholas Poussin, Claude Lorraine, Vernet, Le Brun and Gaspar, or the modern ones of Gerard, David, Gross, Paul de Laroche and Eugene Delacroix?" But the beauty and freshness of that "Broken Pitcher" of Vernet, or the pathos of "Le Depart" and "Le Retour," I can never forget. Such is the exclamation of an enthusiastic young artist. Next, I hear a sober divine from Albion describing Notre Dame as if he had been reading your Murray's Guide, and wondering whether our solemn and imposing Notre Dame was built on the spot where Tiberius dedicated a temple to Jupiter, or whether in 1793, Maillard, the courtizan, was installed as the "Goddess of Reason" upon the high altar of the Cathedral, adding, there was no doubt it was Catholic now, but "what a pity so magnificent a building should not be converted into a Protestant Temple." Still another is discoursing of the splendour of the

Palais Royal, that extravagant monument of Richelieu's luxurious taste, its galleries, its salons and its garden adorned with exquisite statuary, splendid paintings, luxurious shrubberies, and redolent with flowers; some talking of the glories of the Luxembourg, its gallery painted by Delacroix, and that voluptuous hall of Marie de Medecis, painted by Rubens; of the Pantheon, where Rousseau and Voltaire rest, and which is enriched by the immortal pencil of Raphael; others had visited the famous cemetery of *Père Lachaise*, where the thousands of tombs and monoleums with their pyramids, obelisks and urns rise far above the cypresses and cedars, and from whose hillocks you can see, stretching far and wide, the Queen City of the earth. There they have seen the tombs of La Place, La Fontaine, Moliere, Talma, Delille, Rolland and a host of others, and there lie that glorious galaxy of Marshals of the Empire, Lefevre, Massena, Kellerman, Davoust and Suchet, and within a little iron railing "the bravest of the brave," Ney. Others again have been spending the day at Versailles, the most magnificent palace ever erected by a magnificent King. Four hundred millions of dollars were expended by Louis XIV., France's Louis the Great. Think for a moment of a facade two thousand feet in length, ornamented with Ionic pilasters and adorned with eighty statues, sixteen feet in height, allegorically representing the months, seasons, arts and sciences. Oh, could you see its miles of paintings, its three thousand apartments adorned with voluptuous frescoes and sumptuous furniture, its salons of varied coloured marbles, its busts, its statues, its tombs of Kings, Queens and Princes,—could you step into the grounds and behold its splendid avenues, its gigantic and costly fountains, sail on its lakes embowered in refreshing groves, or pass on to the Palace de Maintenon, built of marble for that wonderful woman. Then lounge through the history of those who have inhabited and stood where those strangers have stood to-day. Pompadour, de Maintenon, Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Eugenie, and Victoria of England. But pardon, I weary you; but how can one help dreaming and revering as he hears the encomiums of the *étranger*. They talk of lighter things, too, of the *Bais de Boulogne*, of the *Champs Elysees*, of the *Boulevards*, the *Jardin Mabile*, and the *Château de Fleurs*, where the serious never visit, but where the *demi monde* trip lightly to the strains of music and beneath the lily-shaped lamps that adorn the grounds.

But come with me, follow the mass of the people, never mind the Gendarmes, don't trouble about the Turcos and Zouaves that idle along. We are to have a *fête* to-night,—let us pass across the *Place de la Concorde* and make our way through the *Elysees* towards the *Arc de Triomphe*. See now the *Palace d'Industrie* towers yonder in the *Champ de Mars*, its minor buildings seem like a village. But stop, there go the soldiers—five minutes more the signal gun is fired, and everything is in a blaze, arches on arches of light extend for miles; imperial N's and E's with splendid devices in honour of the guests, fill up all intermediate spaces; see how orderly the crowd is and yet how thick they swarm—every heart is happy, every face wears an enjoyable smile: Paris and the Parisians are in their glory, they have to welcome the strangers, to show them how well we do things; cast your eye around, is it not fairy land, and yet it is not a dream but a reality; and from you pile of buildings Imperial and Kingly eyes are alike watching, wondering and admiring with us. There go a shower of rockets, they cleave the sky higher and higher, and now they burst, and heaven seems as if she were showering stars of silver, emerald, sapphire, ruby and turquoise, interspersed with raining gold; anon there is a Temple vast in extent and lofty, its pillars are silver, its roof is gold, and there are crowns of many coloured gems dazzling the eye; there is no cessation—piece after piece, showers of rockets, bombs and Roman candles burst in the air and seem to fill the world with fire music, loading the air with melody, voices are shouting with joy and then comes the *piece de resistance*. The flags of all nations, the emblems national and religious, the mottoes that mean good will to all men, in every language, are spread and written in scrolls of light over the wondrous structure of wheels, pyramids, roses, diamonds and crowns that adorn the Palace of Peace. On it blazes, revolves, changes from coloured prism to coloured prism, then with a mighty burst like that of an earthquake or a volcano, ten thousand balls of fire rush into the air and then all is darkness. My friend, would that you had been here. Day after day, night after night, have we Parisians been delighted with such scenes. Imperial processions, grand reviews, and crowded splendour have dazzled the eye week after week. Paris looks like a newly-wedded bride, and all peoples have done homage to her loveliness and beauty. Emperors, Kings and Princes, have worshipped at her altar, and her votaries have brought offerings from the ends of the world. Well, well, good night. Think you she will always be so lovely, so fairly adorned, so happy and so joyous. Time alone can tell.

A. R.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

The twenty-fifth annual Exhibition of the Upper Canada Provincial Agricultural Society was held at the Crystal Palace and Fair Grounds, Toronto, during the first week of the present month. There were, as usual, several thousands of entries, and the visitors, during the four days the Exhibition was open, numbered about 70,000. This enormous attendance gave the Society \$17,500 of "gate money," besides the receipts from entrance fees, so that, financially, the Exhibition was an extraordinary success. At the annual meeting of the Delegates from the various local Agricultural Societies, it was resolved to hold the next Exhibition at Kingston, though a large minority voted in favour of its being held at Ottawa. It is a matter for regret that Western supporters of the Association do not take a more liberal view of the Society's obligations to all parts of the country; even were an exhibition at Ottawa to fall short of the mere financial results to be attained at Kingston—and this is doubtful—still the advantages that would accrue to the development of agricultural enterprise in the Ottawa Valley, would far more than counterbalance the temporary loss to the Society; and that loss would soon be made up by the increased encouragement the Society would receive from the eastern section of Ontario. The recent Exhibition at Toronto derived additional *credit* from the presence of His Excellency the Governor General, Sir John A. Macdonald, and other notabilities. We notice in the prize list that the Montreal competitors fared remarkably well, Mr. Notman and Mr. Inglis especially distinguishing themselves in all departments of the photographic art. We print elsewhere an illustration, copied from a sketch by our special artist, of the "horse ring," when the brood mares and heavy team horses were passing before the Judges' stand.