

"Crown Battery" stood on the point at the right, and the "Lighthouse Battery" on the left close to the Lighthouse. The city rose on the peninsula shown on the right of the illustration.

Its demolition is complete. It is traceable only by the green mounds which overlie its crumbled ramparts, and some bombproof casemates, used as sheepfolds by the scattered peasantry.

The harbour still retains its fame for safety and ease of ingress and egress, and is beginning to command attention as the natural terminus of the lines of ocean steamships when the Dominion railways shall have attained their Eastern limit on the "Long Wharf of America." It is the nearest port to Europe on this continent (south of Labrador), being almost 300 miles nearer than Halifax, the present terminus of the Intercolonial Railway. It is easy of access in all weathers, and at all seasons is capable of floating the largest vessels and accommodating the British navy, as near as possible in the direct route of ships to both Montreal and New York, and is within twenty miles of extensive coal-fields. It is much used as a harbour of refuge by coasting vessels, and is occasionally visited by war ships and merchantmen that through stress of weather seek safety in its secure anchorage.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN FAVRE AND BISMARCK AT FERRIÈRES.

The château of Ferrières, the princely mansion of the Rothschilds near Paris, was the scene of a strange interview on the 15th September last. Jules Favre, the head of the French Provisional Government, finding that Paris was being hard pressed, and trusting to being able to make terms with the invaders, requested and obtained an interview with the chancellor of the German Confederation, with a view to arranging terms for the conclusion of a peace. After leaving Paris the French Minister, accompanied by two secretaries, took the direction of Ferrières, where he was obliged to put up with such accommodation as was offered by a poor peasant's cottage until the German chancellor should be ready to receive him. The interview took place at nine o'clock in the evening, in the room occupied by Bismarck as a study, and lasted very nearly until midnight. Bismarck insisted upon the old terms, the cession of Alsace and the department of the Moselle, together with Metz and Chateau Salins as guarantees against any aggression on the part of France. Favre refused the terms, stating that even were he to accept them they would never be ratified by his colleagues in Paris. The negotiations were thus dropped only to be resumed, with the same futile result, on the morrow.

A BY STREET IN SEDAN AFTER THE CAPITULATION.

Although Sedan was spared most of the horrors which overtook the majority of the towns that have fallen into the hands of the Prussians, yet it was exposed to a far greater evil than the mere destruction of property. Even after the capitulation a great dearth of provisions existed for several days, and fears were entertained that numbers of the poorer inhabitants would starve. The presence of such a large number of troops in a town of no very great size, speedily reduced the store of provisions, and when the Germans entered the city they found the poorer people devouring the flesh of the dead cavalry-horses that strewed the streets, in order to sustain life. Bread was hardly to be got, while of hay and oats there was absolutely none. Straw cost fifteen francs the bundle, and other necessities were proportionately high. The only thing of which there appeared to be plenty was arms. Arms of all sorts, chassepots, pistols, swords, and bayonets strewed the streets on every side, and as the ambulance and artillery passed along, hundreds of perfectly whole weapons were bent and crushed beneath the heavy wheels. The town appeared to have suffered comparatively little from the few hours' bombardment to which it had been subjected. A few houses were damaged by shell, and here and there the dead body of some woman or child stretched in the street told a pitiful tale of the horrors of war.

The illustration gives a view of one of the by-streets in the neighbourhood of the walls. The passage is almost entirely barred by heaps of swords, cuirasses and knapsacks, watched over by a vigilant Prussian, in long cloak and Pickelhaube, stationed there to prevent lucre-loving and speculative individuals from carrying away the spoil, to be sold as old metal. In front is a grief-stricken family, homeless and perhaps starving, for their empty baskets tell a sad tale—an agonized mother sorrowing over the babe that lies dead at her feet; an old grandmother, mourning silently over the unaccustomed scene, and half-a-dozen children, divided between terror and astonishment at the doings of the last few days.

A SCENE AT LAMONCELLE.

DISTRIBUTION OF SHEEP AMONG BAVARIAN SOLDIERS.

The little village of Lamoncelle, near Donchéry, where the Bavarians engaged the French Cuirassiers in the memorable battle before Sedan, was the scene on the morning after the surrender of one of those comic incidents which crop up even amid the horrors and hardships of war. The incident has been chosen as the subject of a very spirited illustration which we produce on another page. A flock of sheep had been seized by the German intendant, and had been driven up to the headquarters, to be distributed among the various messes. When the partition had taken place, the question rose how to carry the beasts to the camp: It never once entered the thick skulls of the Bavarian troops to drive the animals before them in the usual patriarchal manner, so each man seizes his sheep, tosses it over his shoulder, and marches off to the camp. The sheep, however, naturally object to this mode of treatment; a struggle ensues in which the beasts have on the whole the best of it, until at last, after several vigorous "Donnerwetters," the plan is given up as impracticable, and the troopers, at the suggestion of an amused witness of the scene, try the simpler and more efficacious method of letting the animals go as they came, on their own legs.

The half of the Prussian shell which struck the gilt cross on the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, and the fragment of the cross itself, which was detached by this shell, were found on the spire by Robert Heck, the artist, who went up for the purpose of sketching from that stand-point the surrounding country. They were placed on exhibition, together with a piece of the white flag of surrender, and were bought by a gentleman of Stuttgart for 500 florins, which sum goes into the German Invalid Fund.

SCIENTIFIC.

SCIENTIFIC ZEAL.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.—*Nature* for Oct. 13th says:—"We have great pleasure in announcing that the American Government have voted £6,000 for the expedition which will be sent to Spain and Sicily to observe the coming eclipse. It will be in the recollection of our readers that our own Government have refused to give either a single ship or a single shilling in aid of our own observations; as we said before, comment is useless.

TEST FOR STRYCHNIA.—One of the great desiderata of the analytical chemist has at last been supplied. Among its foreign notices the *American Chemist* has the following:—Sonnenschein announces that oxide of cerium is an excellent reagent and test for strychnia. When the last-named substance is well moistened with concentrated sulphuric acid, and there is added to it a mixture of proto-sesquioxide of cerium, a very fine blue coloration ensues, which gradually verges to cherry red, and then remains unchanged, even for several days. The author states that, by this test, even so small a quantity of strychnia as 0.000001 grm. can be detected. Other alkaloids yield, with the same test, quite different reactions, as, for instance—brucine, orange, becoming at last yellow; morphine, olive-brown, finally brown; narcotine, first brownish, cherry-red, remaining at last cherry-red; quinine, pale yellow; cinchonine remains colourless.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.—Has the chemist's skill attained to such results as to enable him to manufacture the delicious and important food substance known to us as butter? This is an interesting question. Through recent foreign advices we learn that M. Méyé, a Parisian chemist, is actually making good palatable butter out of a variety of animal fats, by a process which is patented in nearly all the countries of Europe. His claim is that by subjecting sweet lard or other animal fat to great pressure, by which the stearine is extracted, an oily material is obtained, the composition of which is identical with butter. After obtaining this "oily material," he subjects it to a variety of chemical processes, which result in securing the flavour and physical characteristics of prime butter. The patent specifications and claims are presented with much detail; and the reader who is interested in butter necromancy is carried along through all the steps by which unsophisticated grease becomes sophisticated fat, and ultimately butter, of a character which would pass unchallenged through the hands of a first-class butter inspector. This is certainly very important scientific intelligence, if true; but we are not yet ready to break up or burn up our churns, and send our cows to the butcher. We prefer to wait for further advices. Butter is a delicate animal compound, which, in our view, cannot be fabricated or imitated successfully by any chemical process whatever. Doubtless a substance can be produced which may serve as a fair substitute for butter among certain classes in Europe; but the fastidious taste of large consumers, both in that country and this, can never be satisfied with butter coming from any other sources than the sweet grasses of the hills and meadows, or from the cereal grains, transmuted or changed by the subtle chemistry of the animal organism.—*Jour. Chemistry.*

SELF-MADE MEN OF OLDEN TIMES.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

Robin Hood was one of the self-made men of England, who followed the profession of an outlaw during the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion. Richard often tried to capture Hood, and thereby stop his Robin. He desired to reform him by cutting off his head, for in those weak, effeminate days that is the way they used to serve robbers. Now they give them great grants of land, and elect them Presidents of big corporations. Hood refused to be cured of his outlawry. He said Richard might Cœur de Lion, but he couldn't cure him. Richard sometimes professed to wink at his robberies, so as to beguile him into his clutches, but Hood said, with a wink, that he couldn't hoodwink him. His headquarters were in Sherwood Forest, but his hindquarters, like Gen. Pope's, were in the saddle.

He is said to have been a man of good birth, but losing heavily in speculations in Western lands, and squandering what there was left in a praiseworthy, though fruitless, endeavor to "keeno," he took to the woods to make his first appearance in the play of the "Robbers."

It may be related to his credit that just previous to taking this step he was urged to run for Congress in his district on the Reform ticket, but refused.

"No," said this noble man, sternly, "if I am to be a thief, I will be one open and above board."

The politicians who were urging him pressed the matter no further when they heard such sentiments. They saw he wouldn't do.

Robin pursued a system in his robberies for which he may have been over-praised. He only robbed the rich; the poor, who hadn't anything, he didn't rob. He has been known to rob a rich man and then turn around and give it to a poor man—give it to him over the head for not having anything.

He was particularly gallant to women, always promising to return any little sums circumstances compelled them to lend him. His *carte de visite* (he sold them himself at a handsome profit) was in great demand among the ladies of that period. Ballads relating to his adventures were sold at every corner and sung at all the variety shows.

His death was peculiar. Being attacked by illness, it occurred to him that he had better be bled. Having devoted many years to bleeding others, he thought it would do him good to get bled himself. He went to a convent for that purpose, as the doctors had all moved out of his neighborhood on account of its being unhealthy, and the nuns thinking to give him a rest (he was eighty-six years old) from his laborious life of robbing the rich and "giving" to the poor, let him bleed to death. His last words were "Hood a thought it?"

Robin Hood had numerous descendants. The numerous brother-Hoods whose name is legion, were distantly connected. There was little Red Riding Hood, another of the Hood family. Mistaking a wolf for her grand-mother, on account of some resemblance in ears, eyes, teeth, &c., she was devoured over Robin Hood's barn, producing great excitement in her neighbor-Hood at that time.

Robin has been quite a favorite name since this day. There are Auld Robin Gray, Robin Peter-to-pay Paul, Robin Red-breast and Robin Hen Roosts.

VARIETIES.

A London druggist has this cheerful invitation in his shop window—"Come in and get twelve emetics for one shilling."

Bishop Potter, of New York, has forbidden the English ritualists acting as Episcopal ministers in his see.

The London *Lancet*, the highest medical authority, announces that it thoroughly believes in the use of tobacco.

The word "state" spelled backwards is "etats" in French. It is not safe, however, to undertake to learn French simply by going back on our English.

When Napoleon was sitting at a window, inditing his letter of surrender to the King of Prussia a shell struck the wall just outside, and burst only a few feet from his chair.

Rev. Dr. Stone, of San Francisco, visited all the brothels in that city, under the escort of the police, by way of "coaching" for a sermon on the social evil.

The Toronto Grey and Bruce Railway has been opened for a short distance, and the "narrow gauge" pronounced a complete success by men of great practical experience.

A corn doctor—we beg his pardon, we should have said a "chiroprapist"—travels through Ohio in a waggon constructed in the shape of a human foot, and painted flesh tint. The toes present *fac-similes* of corns and bunions.

One Sunday evening, as a learned preacher was holding forth in a chapel, a female fainted, and considerable anxiety was manifested by a portion of the audience. Thereupon the learned preacher, no doubt with a good intention, addressing the congregation, said, "Be calm, my friends. It is only a poor fellow-creature who is seized with illness. Let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

ECCENTRICITIES OF AUTHORS.—Bulwer rit *Night and Mornin'*. What he did the rest of the day is not stated. Collins rit *After Dark*. Perhaps he couldn't rite so well by day. Some other rote *Bound in the Wheel*. An unkomfortable position tu rite in. Gilmore rote *Four Years in the Saddle*, so 'tis sed. He must have had a "quiet horse."—*Josh Billings.*

ENGLISH POETS OF 1870.—The latest English song says:—

"I'm a lardy dardy doo,  
And I don't mind telling you  
That the only income I possess  
Is my lardy dardy doo!"

The following extract from a weekly periodical has been forwarded to us:—"A lady at Bedford, who lives near a church, was sitting by the window listening to the crickets, which were loudly chirping, the music from the choir rehearsal being faintly audible, when a gentleman dropped in familiarly, who had just passed the church and had the music full in his mind. 'What a noise they are making to-night!' he said. 'Yes,' replied the lady, 'and it is said they do it with their hind legs!'"

The importance of a comma was recently shown in a return received from the chief constable of Denbigh, England, by the parish authorities, which contained the dismissal of one of their police officers, whose crime was stated to be: "For attempting to marry his wife, being still alive." Still more important was the collocation of the comma in the request for prayers sent to a clergyman. We read it as follows: "A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation." It should have been: "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation."

Mr. Macfie, member of Parliament for the Leith burghs, Scotland, in reply to a question put to him at a meeting of his constituents whether he was willing that the Princess Louise should receive a dowry from the nation on the occasion of her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne, said:—"That precedents for such gifts already existed, and that it would be invidious to show less appreciation of their countryman than of a German stranger." This reply is said to have been received "with rounds of applause."

Mr. Edmund Yates, in a London contemporary, describes the appearance of the Marquis of Lorne on the occasion of his taking his seat in the House of Commons. It may not be uninteresting to some of our readers:—"He looked" says Mr. Yates, "so very young, and seemed determined to look so very old; complexion delicate and pink; finely cut and feminine features; a slight red moustache, his only facial adornment; genuine Rufus, small ears, hands and feet; a light, springy step; head high in the air, and a gait which expressed generally a full consciousness of the rights and titles and belongings of the Dukedom of Argyll—such was the marquis of Lorne, as he appeared to me from the Speaker's gallery. Let me add that he is widely popular in his own set, and that one hears on all sides, his is a fine nature, and one which will be improved by time like generous wine."

DISENCHANTMENT.—A young mechanic named John Bull, residing at Norwich, not in England but America, lately became enamoured of an Indian maiden who dwelt in a wigwam just out of town, where she braided her mats and wrought her ornaments of beads for the market of the pale-faces. In her romantic retreat the ardent youth sought out his "dusky mate," and wooed her to become his own. He found her "willin'," and took a lover's pride in lavishing upon her such gifts as his slender purse could buy. But his hopes were destined to fade, and his dream of romance to be changed into a very ugly reality. A few days ago his adorable daughter of the forest visited the city, and, with the proceeds of her traffic and the pawning of her lover's gifts, got gloriously intoxicated, and stood on her head in the open square. In this unseemly attitude she lost for ever the affections of the youthful Bull. His dream of delusion is over, and he goes the dull mechanic round, once more a sober citizen of Norwich.

MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE COLLIER.—A correspondent writes as follows: Some time ago I heard an amusing story about Mr. Bradlaugh and one of his audience at Wigan. After concluding his lecture, Mr. Bradlaugh called upon any of them to reply to any of his arguments. You know that Lancashire produces a rare crop of shrewd, intelligent working men. One of these, a collier, rose and spoke somewhat as follows:—"Maister Bradlaugh, me and my mate Jim were both Methodys, till one of the infidel chaps cam' this way. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me about attending class meetings and prayer meetings; but one day in the pit a large cob of coal came down upon Jim's 'yead.' Jim thought he was killed, and, ah, man! but he did holler." Then, turning to Mr. Bradlaugh, with a very knowing look, he said—"Young man, there's now't like cobs of coal for knocking infidelity out of a man." We need scarcely say that the collier carried the audience with him.—*English Paper.*