

CHAMPION LACROSSE MATCH.

Quite nine thousand people were present on the Toronto Lacrosse ground the 9th inst., to witness the match for the championship of the world, between Montreal and Toronto. The greatest excitement was manifested throughout the whole game, and after the ball passed through the flags the last time, cheers rent the air. Amongst the crowd on the grand stand were a large number of ladies. The weather was fine and cool, and a better day in every respect could not have dawned. The ball for the first bout was faced five minutes past three, and a minute and a half afterwards was passed between the Montreal goal by T. Arthurs; the play was quick and active; and at the outset, set off with vigour, both teams being on their mettle; after a brief wait the game commenced, and though the Toronto goal was several times in danger, the rubber was put through the Montreal flags after 2½ minutes play by R. H. Mitchell. The third game was the toughest of the series, and up to the very last was in doubt, for struggles of a very hot nature took place round the flags of each team; finally, after fifty-three minutes of truly scientific play, entirely free from roughness, and in strict accordance with the rules, R. H. Mitchell again passed the ball through for the Torontos. In this game, after it had progressed twenty three minutes, the ball was so near going through the Toronto flags, that the spectators cheered lustily, thinking the Montreal had scored one, but a protest being entered, the fiat went forth no game, and the ball was again faced; the result therefore, three straight games for Toronto. Large sums of money changed hands betting at the starting being slightly in favour of Montreal, but as the match proceeded, it underwent a change and before the last game odds were freely offered on the home men. The heat of feeling was manifested throughout.

THE EMPRESS CHARLOTTE.

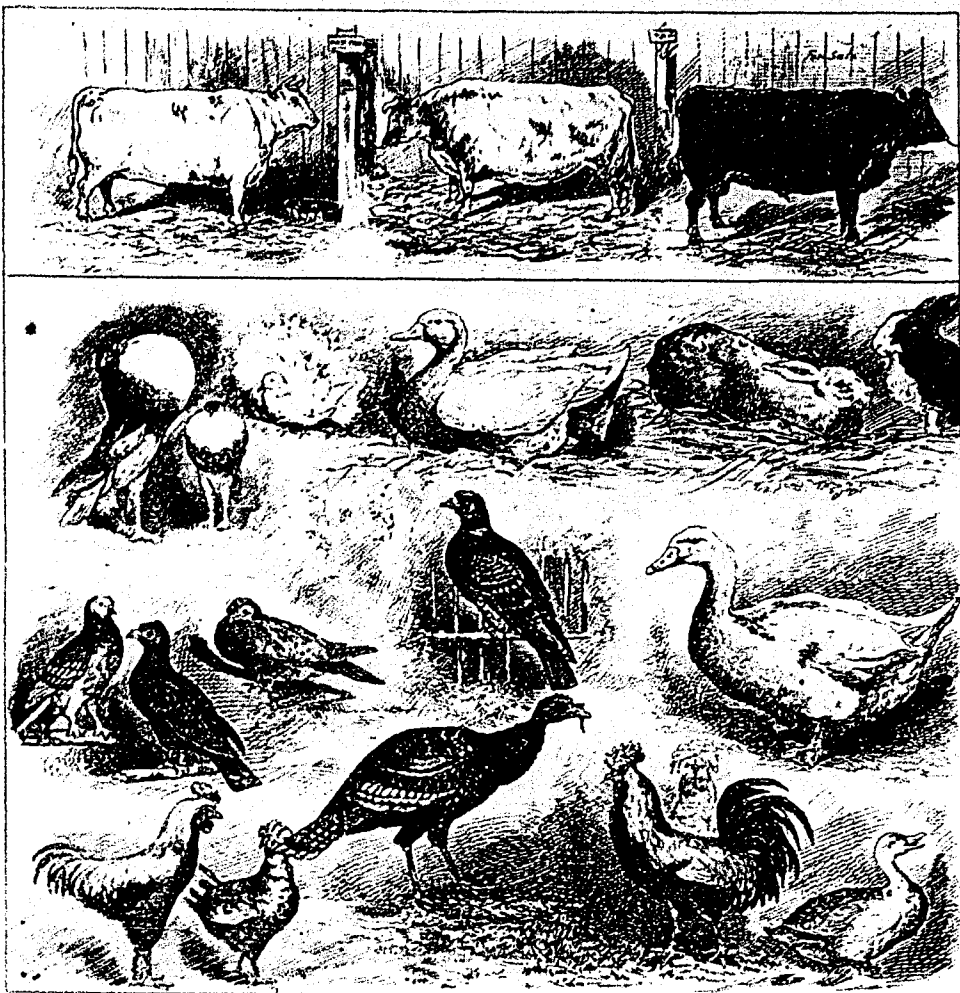
Nine years ago Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, closed his brief reign in the courtyard of Queretaro, where he was shot by command of the late President Juarez, and ever since his widow, the ex-Empress Charlotte, has been a prey to acute melancholia—the paroxysms of which, however, were at first followed by intervals of partial return to reason. In these she was allowed to amuse herself—if amusement be the word for an occupation which turned upon the deepest tragedy—in writing the experiences of her husband and herself in their few months'

sojourn in Mexico. This she has long abandoned, and in the *chateau* of Læcken, where she is under strict medical surveillance, she has relapsed into confirmed dementia, which her physicians have given up all hope of curing. As in similar cases, she recurs to the predilections of childhood, one of which was a passion for flowers, and, Ophelia-like, she spends most of her time over them, feeding as they do her once lively but now diseased imagination. Their attraction for her was touchingly manifested the other day. Eluding the watch of her attendants, she had fled from the castle, but when overtaken it was found impossible to induce her to return, except by the use of means which would certainly have proved hurtful. One of her physicians betthought himself of her morbid affection for flowers, and by strewing them time to time before her she was gradually lured on her back to the *chateau*, where a closer surveillance has since been placed over her.

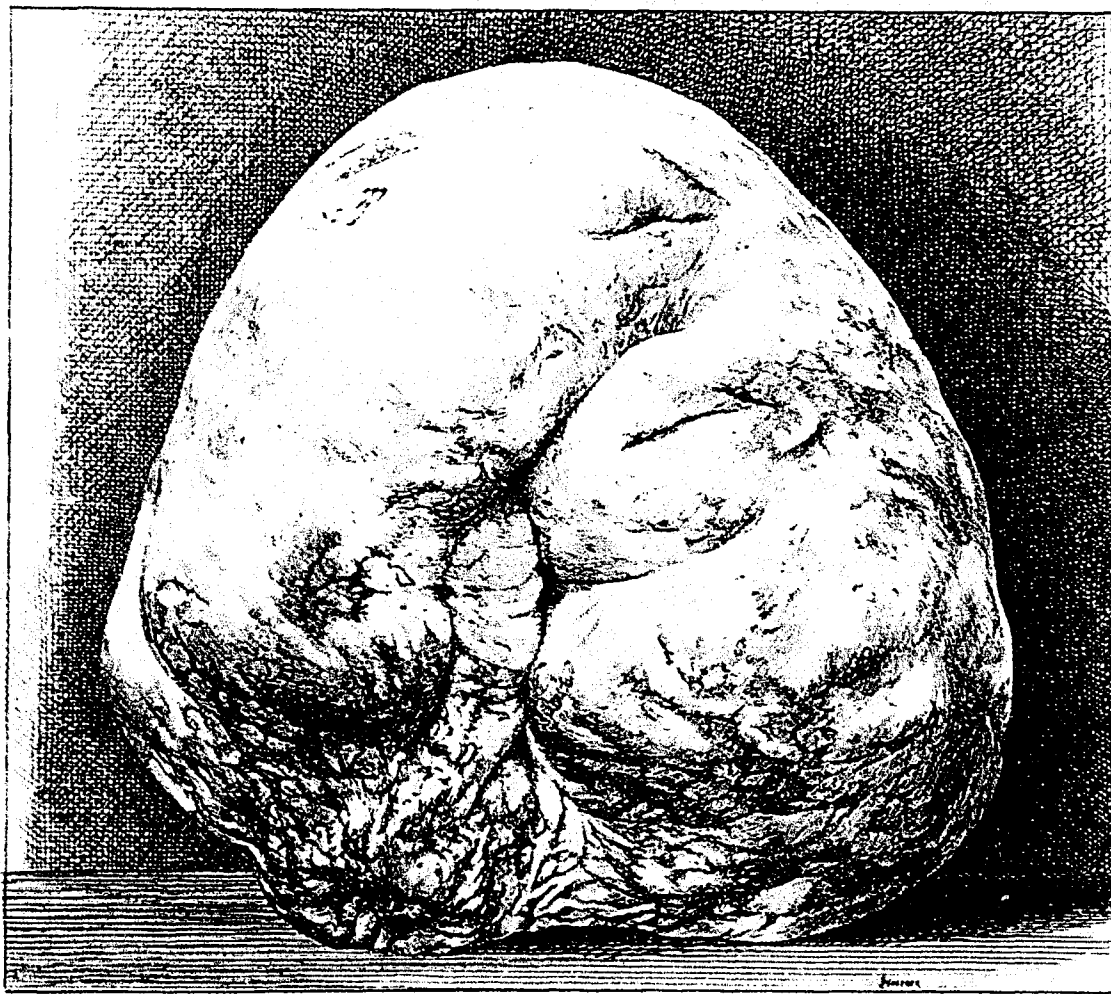
VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

Victor Hugo had four children, two sons and two daughters, and they were all remarkable for talent and culture, and the daughters for beauty. Both of the sons were literary, and if they had not been overshadowed by their father's lustre, would have been much more distinguished. However, even that has not been able to dim the fame which François Hugo has left by reason of his admirable translation of Shakspeare—the best in the French language. One daughter alone lives, the wife of an English officer. The other daughter died under strange circumstances. She had just been married to M. Vacqueri, (brother of one of the editors of the *Rappel*), and was walking with her husband beside the sea in Guernsey. Suddenly a huge wave leaped up on the shore and swept her away; her husband plunged after her, but could not save her; the two bodies were found afterward clasped together in a last embrace, and so they were buried.

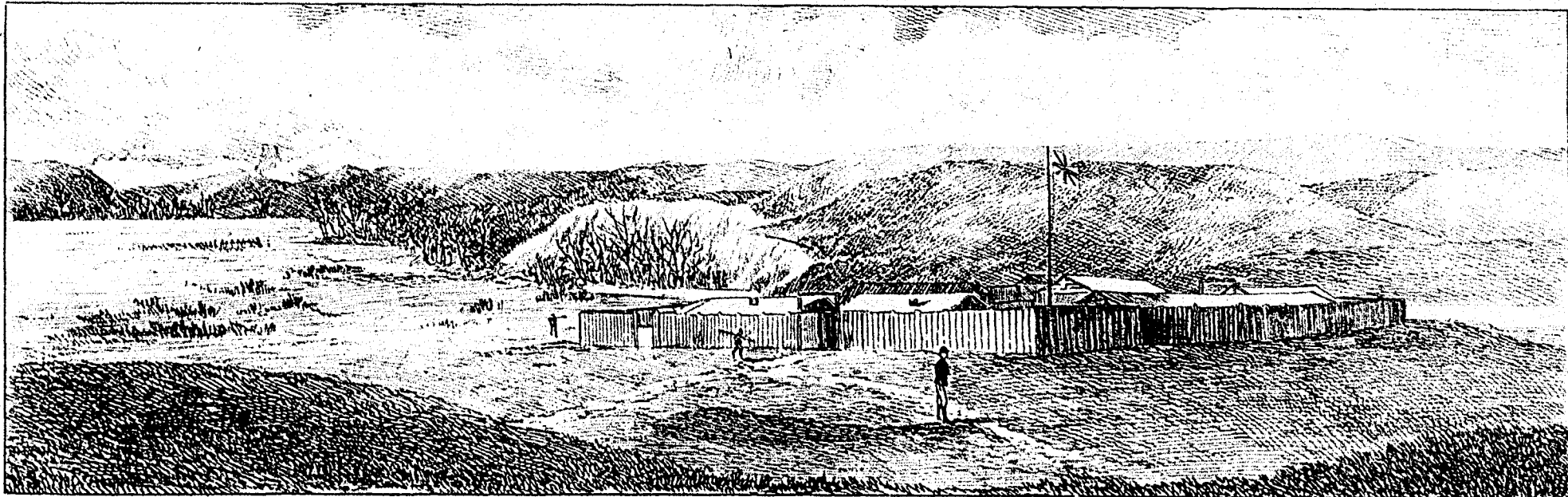
Victor Hugo impressed me more than any other man to whose conversation I have listened. In the first place, he is the first man talking in the French language on important themes whom I have ever been able to understand. His French is so clear, his sentences so marked out by round tones and full accentuation, in short, he talks so like the classic style of his own books, that much of what he says could be understood by any person well acquainted with Latin, even though he might never have studied French. He reminded me at times of those old writers like Chaucer and Froissart, whose every word conveys an etymological significance.



MONTREAL:—SKETCHES AT THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.



THE LYCOPERDON GIGANTEUM, (or Puff-Ball.)



NORTH-WEST TERRITORY:—FORT BRISEBOIS, ON BOW RIVER.