

PERSONAL LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

This is an art-season, and artists, especially lady artists, may like to hear a little story which M. Jules Favre told in the French House of Commons the other day. One morning in September, a young Parisian lady, of entire respectability, a painter, who had gone into Brittany for a holiday, and to sketch, visited a little village. A ragged old woman threw herself on her knees, and called the lady "daughter." The painter thought that she was mad, and went on. But the old witch continued to claim her, and called on a policeman to arrest her. In England, a policeman would have ordered the old woman to be off, and in default of obedience would have locked her up for annoying people in the streets. But in France things are differently managed, and the lady was taken to the Juge de Paix, who demanded her certificate of birth. As the artist did not happen to have this, or the Family Bible, or her pedigree roll, or a bundle of letters from her relations, or any other evidence, such as we all usually carry about with us, the blockhead judge actually sent the lady to jail, though the landlord of her hotel, who knew her perfectly well, offered to bail her. She remained in prison two days, and then her papers arrived from Paris. The judge would not look at them, and ordered her to walk to L'Orient, about thirty five miles, between two policemen. However, she had some money, so she was able to ride. At L'Orient she was taken before the Judge of Instruction. He questioned her for a long time, and then sent her to jail again. After three days more there came down such powerful testimony that even a Juge d'Instruction could not resist it. She was shown to be respectable, and more, a distinguished artist who had obtained a prize at the International Exhibition in Paris, then open. So she was released. M. Jules Favre sought to obtain redress for her, but was laughed at. He used this pleasing anecdote as part of a chain of proof of what I thought nobody except the French Ministers ever affected to doubt—namely, that there is no such thing as personal liberty in France. But I have extracted the story to show that, though our artists, compared to those of France, may have disadvantages, they are not sent to jail because an old mendicant tries a trick on them. Mind, M. Favre is too skilful an advocate to spoil a tale, and it is just on the cards that the artist-nature, always ready to wake to humour, may have mystified the stupid policeman and the stupider provincial magistrate, and in some sort helped on the lady's troubles. This is not said; but if she had declared that she was Joan of Arc or the Goddess of Reason, the system under which she was outraged would have equally been one in the absence in which it may be permitted to insular vanity to compliment one's compatriot.—*Shirley Brooks, in "Illustrated News."*

THE CRIME OF UNNECESSARILY MAKING WAR.

The *Journal of Commerce* is dwelling on the policy of a foreign war needlessly entered upon. Such a war, either with England or Spain, the editor argues, "would not be popular with the great mass of the American people, and President Grant, so far as he contributed unnecessarily to foment hostilities, would not find his course approved by his countrymen. For they are sick of the slaughter, the maimings, the family be-

roavements, the ruined homesteads, the oppressive taxation, the ragged currency, the new vices, the thieving politicians, and the other thousand curses that follow in the train of war. They are no longer to be humbugged with the fine talk of patriotism and glory—mostly uttered by men who stay comfortably in their own skins and their own homes, and urge on their neighbors to the tented field. A war with England or Spain, unless on a point of honor which would touch national sensitiveness to the quick, (we must always make an exception in favor of that contingency, would not be entered upon by the people with enthusiasm. Conscriptio might be necessary if large armies were required; and however great victories we might gain, and however much territory annex, the general sentiment would be, after it was all over, that it was a needless waste of blood and treasure, and that the same objects could have been obtained by that 'inactivity' which is truly 'masterly' when it does all the of armies in the field without firing a gun or spending a dollar."

RECIPROCITY AND ANNEXATION.

The *Chicago Tribune* has the following silly remarks on reciprocity:—

"The best solution of the whole matter is to let the present commercial relations between the countries stand just as they are for a few years longer, when the masses of the Dominion people will be ready to force their authorities to negotiate a Zollverein reciprocity treaty, or, better still, a treaty of annexation and union with the American Republic."

The *Globe*, which doubtless speaks the sentiments of nine tenths of the people of Canada, replies to the *Chicago* paper in the following trite style:—

That day will never come. All that we suffer by the want of reciprocity is a mere nothing to what we should lose by annexation, and we are not to be driven into a detested political alliance by the promise of a rise in the price of eggs, with a much heavier corresponding increase of taxation. In the meantime, *Chicago* may make up its mind to do without the enlargement of the Welland Canal, which is sorely needs, and which the *Chicago Tribune* advocated in a recent article. There is no use of us spending our money to help the traffic of people who are endeavouring by oppressive fiscal regulations to drive us into a detested political alliance with them.

IN THE CRIMEA.

The *Times'* correspondent gives a long account of the English graves in the Crimea, which, he says are in a perfect disgraceful dilapidation, and cause every Englishman to blush when he sees those of the Russians and French. He then describes the appearance of the country and says:—Flocks of sheep and herds of cattle dot the brownish green waste, which was once the home of 150,000 men in arms, and through the air which for so many months was convulsed with the shock of continual strife, the rattle of musketry, and the roar of guns, there is now no noise to reach the ear more formidable than the lowing of the kine, or more piercing than the song of the crested lark. "The pomp and circumstance of glorious war" has vanished. "The earth has bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them." In a farm house close to the windmill there was spread a lunch—the windmill which was once almost a centre of battle, as it cer-

tainly was in the midst of a tremendous conflagration. The woman who was in possession of the house—a dilapidated place close to the siege-train, and very probably the building which served as the Engineer quarters—seemed to be a squatter, and could not tell to whom the place belonged. There were our old boardings to be seen incorporated in the mansion, and old iron and rubbish of the camps were stowed away in the corners of the courtyard. In a little apartment inside, room was found for the party. When the repast was over the Prince and the gentlemen golloped over to the Inkerman ridge, where we could look down on the Tchernaya, the Traktir bridge, and the scene of the Light Cavalry charge, and of that of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*; and Gen. Kotzebue explained to the Prince the general scope of the very unfortunate Russian attack on the French and Sardinians, on the 16th of August, 1855, which is called the battle of the Tchernaya, or of Traktir. Skirting the ridge of Inkerman, as we improperly style it—the real name being the Sapoun Heights, the party came to the battle field. It was not possible for the pony carriage to get over the rough ground before us, but the Princess and Mrs. Grey could see the scene of the action very well. We rode slowly over the bridge, saw the fatal little glen into which Gen. Cathcart led his men with desperate strategy, and fell with Seymour by his side, the hillocks where for a time our guns were taken by a surging rush, the head of the Careening Creek Ravine, in which Sorinoff, coming from the city, made his saving blunder, and, turning to his left instead of his right, debouched in rear and flank of Pavloff's division, instead of deploying on the ridge between the middle ravine and Careening Creek, and seizing it.

SOLDIER LABOUR

A War Office return, published on Saturday, contains the latest reports concerning the employment of soldier labour on incidental repairs of barracks and on new works by the Royal Marines at Portsmouth, Woolwich, Chatham, and Plymouth. The evidence contained in this return is confirmatory of that recently published with respect to the employment of such labour in the army generally. The Colonel-Commandant at Chatham says that scarcely has a complaint been made against any of the men: and, he adds, "they appear to me to like the work, and being so employed, I am sure makes them better soldiers, and therefore more valuable to the State." The commandants at Forton and Plymouth recommend the system as one that offers advantages both to the men and the public service; and the experience of the colonel commandant of the Royal Marine Artillery at Eastney, near Portsmouth, is that discipline is improved, and drill and appearance on parade not injured in any way whatever. Regarded from a financial point of view, it appears that the actual saving effected at these various stations has amounted during the year to £273 13s 5d. In other words, the saving on the estimated value of work, according to contract schedule, has been about 30 per cent.

Four deserters, belonging to the 29th Regiment, now stationed in this city, were captured in Mooretown's bush, a short distance from Sarnia, yesterday morning. They showed fight, but were easily over-come, and were brought to their quarters in this garrison, last evening.